ONE MONTH FREE
TO-DAY
A JOURNAL OF POLITICS.

A Weekly record of the FACTS AND CONSIDERATIONS which show that individual Liberty is good for the people of the United States;

And that, therefore, Excessive Legislative Regulation is injurious for them.

They are injured by Governmental interference with Banks, Railroads, Postoffice, Education, International Trade, Relations between Laborers and Employers, and by the countless other extensions of the political function in a Socialistic sense;

Leading to the neglect of Justice, the one thing needful.

Those who are in sympathy with the object, or who are likely to be interested in such a paper, may receive it one month free by addressing TO-DAY.

3 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass.

1891.
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.
50th YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The queen of the ladies' monthlies enlarged and greatly improved, making it more desirable than ever, and keeping it in the lead of the Ladies' Magazines.

It's fiction is strong and clean. Some of the best known American writers contribute to its pages, among them Edgar Fawcett, Frank Lee Benedict, Howard Seeley, Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper, Rebecca Harding Davis, Miss M. G. McClelland, Alice Bownan, and Minna Irving.

Historical and Biographical Sketches, with numerous and appropriate illustrations, printed on fine paper, will be given monthly.

In the Fashion department, we aim to combine beauty and utility. The newest and prettiest styles of costume are given with full descriptions, also a monthly dress-pattern sheet. As a fashion magazine, "Peterson" is universally pronounced as far in the land of all others.

Numerous designs for needle-work, embroidery, knitting, painting, &c., with designs printed in colors. Articles on the management of the sick, by a trained nurse, household and garden hints, recipes for cooking and interesting articles on various topics, are given monthly.

The aim of the publishers is to give such variety of contents as will both interest and instruct its readers, and make it a helpful companion of every woman.

Terms: $2.00 per year with large reduction to clubs, and handsome premiums for getting them up.

A sample copy, with full particulars, will be sent for 5 cents.

Address, PETERSON'S MAGAZINE,
306 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Children's Literature.
WHAT "ST. NICHOLAS" HAS DONE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Victor Hugo calls this "the woman's century," and he might have added that it is the children's century as well, for never before in the world's history has so much thought been paid to children—their schools, their books, their pictures, and their toys. Childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery.

Up to the time of the issue of the St. Nicholas Magazine seventeen years ago literature and children's magazines were almost contradictory terms, but the new periodical started out with the idea that nothing was too good for children; the result has been a juvenile magazine genuine with conscientious purposes—the greatest writers contributing to it, with the best artists and engravers helping to beautify it—and everything tuned to the key-note of youth.

It has been the special aim of St. Nicholas to supplant unhealthful literature with stories of a living and healthful interest. It will not do to take fascinating bad literature out of boys' hands, and give them in its place Mrs. Barbauld and Peter Parley, or the work of writers who think that any "good-y" talk will do for children, but they must have strong, interesting reading, with the blood and stress of real life in it—reading that will waken them to a closer observation of the best things about them.

In the seventeen years of its life St. Nicholas has not only elevated the children, but it has also elevated the tone of contemporary children's literature as well. Many of its stories, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," have become classic. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story now produced in America first seeks the light in the pages of that magazine.

The year 1891 will prove once more that "no household where there are children is complete without St. Nicholas." J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner, and many well-known writers are to contribute during this coming year. One cannot put the spirit of St Nicholas into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full announcement of the features for 1891 and a single sample copy to the address of any person mentioning this notice. The magazine costs $3.00 a year. Address The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

THE PRESS
(NEW YORK)
FOR 1891.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY.
6 pages, 1 cent. 20 pages, 4 cents. 8 or 10 pages, 2c.

The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis. A Newspaper for the Masses.

Founded December 1st, 1887.

Circulation over 100,000 copies daily.

The Press is the organ of no faction; pulls no wires; has no animosities to avenge.

The most remarkable newspaper success in New York. The *Press* is a National Newspaper. Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of The *Press*.

The Press has the brightest Editorial page in New York. It sparkles with points.

The Press Sunday Edition is a splendid twenty page paper, covering every current topic of interest. *The Press Weekly Edition* contains all the good things of the Daily and Sunday editions.

For those who cannot afford the daily or are prevented by distance from early receiving it, the weekly is a splendid substitute.

As an advertising medium The *Press* has no superior in New York.

THE PRESS.
Within the reach of all. The best and cheapest Newspaper published in America.

Daily and Sunday, one year	$6.00
Daily and Sunday, 6 months	3.50
Daily and Sunday, 1 month	45
Daily only, one year	3.00
Daily only, four months	1.00
Sunday, one year	2.00
Weekly Press, one year	1.00

Send for The *Press* circular. Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions. Address,
THE PRESS,
Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.

By the Insurance Department.
STATEMENT
Showing the condition of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County, Md., December 31st, 1890.

ASSETS.

Value of Real Estate owned by the company, less amount of encumbrance thereon	$ 2,935.00	
Stocks and Bonds absolutely owned by the Comp'ny (market value)	19,881.50	
Premium Notes in force $192,241.00		
Total Cash Assets		$22,816.50

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid	3,056.00	
Premium Notes in force $192,241.00		
Total Liabilities		3,056.00
Surplus as regards Policy-holders		$19,760.50
Total Income	8,792.00	
Total Expenditures	8,792.00	
Amount of Policies in force in United States on 31st Dec., 1890	2,825,939.00	
Amount of Policies written in Maryland during the year	97,503.00	
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1890	6,416.45	
Losses paid in Maryland during 1890	4,238.82	

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Insurance Depart., Commissioner's Office,
Annapolis, February 12th, 1891.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll county, to December 31st, 1890, now on file in this Department.

J. FRED. C. TALBOTT,
feb 21-3t Insurance Commissioner.

TO HORSE BREEDERS.

On THE FIFTH OF MAY I propose holding at my
Stock Farm, "Naciremа,"
my first annual catalogue sale of horses.

Breeders wishing to join me with FIRST-CLASS ANIMALS are invited to do so.

☞ Entries will close on the 20th of March. Sale will be advertised extensively in all large cities East, West and South.

In addition to "NACIREMA" stock, which numbers thirty-five head, it is intended that Mr. Jesse Tyson, of Sylburn Stock Farm, and Mr. Frank Brown of Springfield Farm, will each send a good string of steppers. Indications are that farmers throughout the state will be well represented, as the offers and inquiries are numerous.

"Naciremа" is only a-half hour's ride from the center of the city, and with special train will be even more quickly reached.

For terms and other information, address
FELIX AGNUS,
feb28-2t American Office, Baltimore, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 9. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

MARCH.

From *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

Light-footed March, wild maid of Spring,
Your frolic footsteps hither stray,
Smiles blent with tears will April bring—
'Tis April's sentimental way—
But your wild winds with laughter ring,
While young and old your will obey:
A moment here, then on the wing,
Coquettish March, what games you play!

I know a maid as blithe as you—
Child of the Ice-King and the Sun—
At her fair feet fond lovers woo;
She flouts and jeers them, every one:
And then she smiles—once more they sue:
Then blows she cold—they are undone:
Oh March! could you or she be true,
Then all were naught, so you were won.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Select Story.

AN ORDEAL OF FIRE.

"Oh, I say, Wyndham," Paul Toy said suddenly letting his heels down to their natural level, and getting up to light his cigar at a swinging lamp of Berlin bronze, "I've been going to ask you several times what became of the little girl who posed for your Psyche. Some of the fellows fancied you were quite serious about her. Old Mangam was awfully cut up about it. He fancied you were going to throw away your whole career" (puff, puff) "by marrying."

Lester Wyndham smiled, but the look on his face did not express much gaiety.

"Uncle Mangam was always imagining something," he said, briefly.

"Well," said Toy, resuming his seat, "I confess that I was a little curious myself. What became of her, anyhow?"

"Why, my dear fellow," Wyndham replied, testily, "how should I know? One isn't bound to keep track of all the pretty models one—flirts with. I should't attempt it. But see here—it is half-past seven. If we are going to hear 'Mignon' to-night, we'd better be off."

"Caserelli in the role, you say?" queried Toy. "I've heard her sing it twice. She is getting too old and fat for that sort of thing. See here—how would it do for me to join you after the second act? I ought to show up at the Snowden reception, you know."

"As you please," Wyndham replied, buttoning his light overcoat over his dress suit and tucking an opera hat under his arm, while he worked on his gloves.

"I'll stop here a while then," Toy said, dropping back into the Oriental chair, which had such charms for him.

Wyndham's rooms were everybody's admiration. Fortune had smiled on the young artist. He had sold several pictures at the Academy, and just as Fame placed the laurel on his brow, his rich old uncle died, leaving him all his money.

The studio of an artist who has plenty of money ought to be the ideal of elegance, and Wyndham's was all that; yet he was not a happy man.

As he stepped into the Hansom summoned to convey him to the opera, the name of his pretty model was ringing sadly in his ears.

Where was Marguerite? Ah, if he only knew what had become of her!

He was alone in the box when the curtain rose. The opening chorus seemed to him to come from afar off. He saw nothing of the painted singers that moved to and fro on the boards as the argument unfolded itself and the audience began its fitful applause. Wyndham saw nothing of the daubed scenery of the stage trappings; he saw his own room and a little, slender figure modestly draped in soft white—Marguerite, with eyes like dark pansies, and a mass of shining hair rippling out of a high, Greek knot.

The opera ran on, but Wyndham sat there, one gloved hand holding the libretto unopened, the other resting passively on the box cushions.

He seemed insensible to everything; but there came at last a full, splendid chorus that might have roused any one.

Wyndham looked up. The stage was full of men and girls. He glanced over them, and then—he started. Leaning forward, he caught his breath.

Could that be—who was that girl in white, with golden hair, singing with downcast eyes, her cheeks glowing with a carmine which art could not imitate?

"Marguerite!" he breathed. "It is my little Marguerite."

Like one spellbound, he sat there leaning breathlessly forward till the last note of the chorus died away.

If she would only look at him! But no! What was that rosy glow above? Why did the prima donna glance up in a startled way, and then dash off the stage?

A sudden burst of smoke and a wild cry of "Fire!" revealed the danger.

Almost instantly the audience was on its feet. The stage manager rushed out amidst the flight of the troupe through the wings, which were wrapped in flames in an instant.

"Sit still!" he cried, wildly. "You will be crushed to death, if you all go at once. There is time for all to escape!"

But the mad rush for the doors could not be stopped, and almost before the stage manager finished speaking, the fire-curtain on the stage was let down with a crash.

It was then that Wyndham darted out of his box, through the wings to the green-room.

There was a wild crush and scramble there, too. Ballet-girls and figurantes flew in their scanty attire towards the narrow stage exit.

Men and women screamed and shouted; but above the din rose Wyndham's voice, crying frantically:

"Marguerite! Marguerite!"

Up and down the narrow corridors, where the smoke was gathering so dense and black that death by suffocation was the first peril, Wyndham dashed like a madman.

"Where is Marguerite Valleau?" he cried, frantically.

"Never heard of her," replied one of the machinists. "Save yourself, monsieur. There is no time to hunt for missing ones."

One of the chorus girls dashed by, wrapped in a great cloak.

"Marguerite Valleau is in the property room," she said.

And Wyndham dashed forward.

He did not know where the property room was; there was no one to tell him. The corridors were almost deserted by the flying troupe; but above the flames swelled and leaped, belching forth sparks and smoke that threatened to choke him. From behind the fire-curtain he heard the roar of the terrified audience, like so many wild beasts trying to burst their cage.

"Marguerite! Marguerite!" he cried.

But there came no reply.

To the right and left he ran, in one door and out another, till at last he came upon a limp, white figure lying on the floor of the deserted room.

"Marguerite—thank Heaven!" he cried, fervently.

And catching her in his arms, he turned to retrace his steps.

His voice and touch seemed to arouse her. She opened her eyes and smiled—smiled with death staring her in the face, for Wyndham's passage was barred by flame. He knew not which way to turn.

"It is thou," she said, softly, in French. "I saw thee from the very first."

"Marguerite," he whispered, holding her close in his arms. "There is no place for us to go. We cannot escape. Are you afraid to die with me, dearest?"

"No," she answered, with a fearless smile; but her eyes met his hopeless look with a fresh inspiration. "Let me go, monsieur," she said, quickly. "Come with me. I know a way. Take my hand—so!"

He obeyed her, and hand in hand they fled together down through a trap under the stage, and into a long, narrow passage, which terminated in an exit into the Rue Marivaux.

"This is for the administration," she exclaimed. "I was on my way here from the property-room when I fainted. If you had not come, monsieur, I should have been left behind."

He pressed her hand warmly as they hurried on.

"Open the door," she said.

And Wyndham sprang forward to obey her, but fell back with a groan.

"It is locked!" he cried, wrenching the knob futilely. "There is no key!"

Marguerite's little hands were quickly dashed against the panels of the door. Wyndham vainly strove to hammer them in with his boots, or attract attention from without. But the awful din around the building prevented them from being heard.

The firemen had arrived, and their shouts mingled with the shrieks of the crowd assembled. The struggling mass of people swarming out of the opira house drowned all minor noises.

"We are trapped!" Wyndham said, in agony. "We cannot get back now, my poor little Marguerite!"

With a low sob, her head sank on his shoulder.

"As Heaven wills it," she whispered. "I am not afraid here."

Wyndham's arms were around her; his face close to hers.

"Do you love me?" he asked, solemnly.

"Truly, monsieur," she replied, her arms clinging close about his neck.

"Then why did you go away?" he asked. "Why did you not let me know where to find you?"

"I was poor," she said. "I had to earn my living. And how could a young girl have stayed on there without—without—. You know I could not!"

"But I meant to ask you to marry me," he said, quickly.

"Yes," she answered; "but Monsieur Mangam, your uncle, said that could not be; that it was not right for you to marry me, because you would lose everything by that."

Wyndham shut his teeth hard.

"Tell me, Marguerite," he said. "Would you marry me now? I am a rich man. My uncle is dead. Would you be my wife now?"

"If I only could!" she sighed. "I have always loved you."

A new light broke over his face.

"Oh," he cried, "to think that we must die now! Just when I have found you my darling. Oh, it is hard to die!"

"Hark!" she cried, "there is some one!"

There were hurried steps on the pavement. Some one shouted without, and the two voices within sent forth an answering shout.

Then came swift, thundering blows against the lock. It burst open, the door was flung back, and they were free.

Wyndham staggered out with Marguerite in his arms.

"Look up, my pearl," he whispered. But the head had sunk, insensible, on his breast, and she knew nothing.

Some one caught Wyndham's arm.

"Lester!" cried Paul Toy. "Good heavens! is it you?"

"It is I!" he answered, fervently. "And this is the girl you asked me about this evening. Get a carriage, Paul."

"The young lady?"

"Goes with us. Do not be surprised. She will by my wife to-morrow."

Paul Toy asked no questions. His thoughts were taken up with the blessedness of having saved his friend from a horrible death.

He had come to the theatre as by his appointment, and found it in flames. He knew it was useless to search for Wyndham in the awful confusion of this scene; but by chance he saw that the door into the Rue Marivaux was not open. He had often gone into the Opera Comique by that door with members of the administration. Perhaps it might serve as an exit to some who were imprisoned in that burning building.

Half a dozen men rushed to open it at his suggestion, and then—Lester Wandham had staggered out.

The full extent of that awful horror was not known to these three till the next day, when the work of bringing the dead from the ruins was sadly begun.

Over that let us draw a veil. The story has been told, with all its horrible details, by journals in all countries.

But amid all the dreadful misery that night entailed, it is pleasant to think that the burning of the Opera Comique brought with it the happiness of, at least, two loving souls.

Before the Camera.

If you are short and stout don't ask the poor artist to make a picture of you full length, writes a photographer in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. He will, if you insist; but he knows he is doing a great wrong thereby. Nothing is so grateful and pleasing in a picture of a stout lady as a sitting

[redacted]

thing bear in mind when you visit the studio—bring along your home expression. Don't spend two days before you come to the studio practicing poses and different expressions before your mirror; and lastly, give the photographer the benefit of exercising his artistic and professional ability.

Decision of character is one of the most important of human qualities, philosophically considered. Speculation, knowledge, is not the chief end of man in action.

The worst of slaves are those that are constantly serving their passions.

Wyandotte Poultry.

The *Fanciers Gazette*, says: "This is purely an American breed, produced within the knowledge of the present generation, and of comparatively recent introduction into this country. The wide popularity which it has attained, and the unchallenged position which it holds, show at once that the novelty, beauty, and utility claimed for it by its producers and breeders in America were no idle boast. It has forced its way into the foremost rank of middle-sized poultry by sheer merit, both as an exhibition fowl and as a meat and egg producer. It is the great and only rival that the Plymouth Rock has had since its introduction, and it is practically admitted by everyone, even Rock breeders themselves, that, as a food-producer and commercial fowl, it holds a superior position to the Rock.

"In describing the type and carriage of the Wyandotte family, I should certainly call it 'Brahma,' of a decidedly refined nature; the general appearance and carriage being sleeker and smarter in a marked degree. This family takes its stand on the same platform as the Plymouth Rock, midway between the large breeds and the Mediterranean and Game, and other families, and, like the Rock, is a combination of every useful quality, but to a greater extent. It is the finest all-around fowl ever yet seen. An unequalled egg-producer amongst the sitting varieties, unsurpassed as a table bird for rapidity of growth and quality of its meat, small-boned, plump, and not overwhelmed with noxious fat, and one that, with proper treatment, is always ready even for a connoisseur's table, without any system of artificial fattening. Moreover it is hardy, easily reared, and is the breed of all others from which to select hens for hatching and raising chickens. No hens will set steadier or become more quiet and careful mothers than the Wyandotte. They are, par excellence, the farmers' fowl, and it is really a pity to note how very few the farms are on which they exist. For quick growth and early maturity they are only beaten by the Leghorn. This point alone is a very great consideration in a monetary sense. As egg producers they are better than many of the non-setting breeds, this average being fully 170 eggs per annum, and some 30 odd hens in the season of 1888-89 averaged 180."

"The Wyandotte as a commercial breed is unsurpassed and hardly equalled. No other breed will lay so many eggs, and at the same time produce so large a quantity of meat on a compact frame and in so short a time. This alone should make the culture of the Wyandotte a matter to be desired by all alike, and if the breed advances with such strides in future as it has done in the past, no one, not even the birds themselves, will be more satisfied than the author of 'The Wyandotte Fowl.'"

The Deadly Tornado.

When trying to escape from a tornado, never run to the northeast, east or southeast, writes Lieutenant Finley in *Forum*. Never take refuge in a forest or a grove of trees, or near any object that may be overturned by the wind. A frame building is safer than one built of brick or stone. The former is more elastic and holds together longer; the latter goes down in the first crash, and the debris is whirled into a heap in the center of the foundation. In a frame structure the cellar is the safest place, but in a brick or stone building it is the most perilous. In the former case the debris is carried away from the foundation, while in the latter instance the cellar is filled with it. The tornado cave offers absolute security to life and limb, and no means of protection can replace it for that purpose. As regards protection to property, no building can be made sufficiently large, strong, high, or low to resist the force of the tornado's vortex. There is no changing the path of the tornado by the employment of explosives, or by any artificial barrier. To contemplate the dispersion of the cloud by the use of any electric contrivances is also idle. All buildings should be constructed as would be done without the knowledge of the tornado, and then protected by legitimate insurance. Protection must be accomplished by organized capital, the safety of one being assured by the legitimate and successful co-operation of many. The writer strongly advocated this method of protection during his tornado investigations in the West in 1879, and now several million dollars' worth of property are thus insured every year.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

Spurgeon's Proverbs.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Idle men tempt the devil to tempt them. He who plays when he should work has an evil spirit to be his playmate. He who neither works nor plays is a work-shop for satan. If the devil catch a man idle he will set him to work, find him tools, and before long pay him wages.

Is not this where the drunkenness comes from that fills our towns and villages with misery? Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil. Fellows have two stomachs for eating and drinking, when they have no stomach for work. Their mouth swallows up in idle hours that money which should put clothes on the children's backs, and bread on the cottage table.

We have God's Word for it that the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and to show the connection between them, it is said in the same verse, drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. I know that drunken, loose habits grow out of lazy hours.

I cannot make out why so many workingmen spend their evenings at the public house, when their own fireside would be so much better and cheaper too. There they sit hour after hour, boozing and talking nonsense, and forgetting the dear good souls at home who are half-starved and weary with waiting for them. Their money goes into the saloon till, when it ought to make their wives and children comfortable.

As for the beer they get, it is so much fool's milk to drown their wits in. Such fellows ought to be horse-whipped, and those who encourage them and live on their spendings, deserve to feel the butt-end of the whip. These beer shops are a curse to the country. I wish the man who made the law to open them had to support all the families they have brought to ruin.

Beer-shops are the enemies of the home, and the sooner their licenses are taken away the better. Poor men do not need such places, nor rich men either. They are all the worse and no better. Anything that hurts the home is a curse, and ought to be hunted down.

Washington's Death.

It was in 1732 that George Washington was born, and now it is 1891. One hundred and fifty-nine years ago, then, it was that he first saw the light, and it is only in recent years that men have begun to comprehend the true greatness of the man. When two years ago the one hundredth anniversary of his inauguration as President of the United States was observed by the American people, public attention was extensively drawn to a serious contemplation of his character as a man and as a stateman. Men who have given much of their time to a study of history turned their attention to that portion of time covered by his eventful life, and discov-

[redacted]

called his disease. How little the medical men of these days really knew about diseases and their proper treatment! They bled him and when they found that this did no good they held a consultation of physicians and bled him again. Excellent physicians of the present day say that the disease which attacked General Washington was by no means necessarily fatal and that with the knowledge possessed by the medical profession of to-day his life might easily have been preserved, perhaps for many years. The wonderful advance which both medical and surgical science have made during the past century should be better appreciated by the world at large.

The power of pigeons on the wing is proverbial. All trained birds of this species have two qualifications in a marked degree. The first is speed, the second long and sustained powers of flight. This proposition can be amply demonstrated, and the following is one of the most remarkable records: On Oct. 6, 1850, Sir John Ross dispatched a pair of young pigeons from Assistance Bay, a little west of Wellington Sound, and on Oct. 13 a pigeon made its appearance at the dovecote in Ayrshire, Scotland, whence Sir John had the pair taken out. The distance direct between the two places is 2,000 miles.

An Eartern Mystery.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the Government, and even though special facilities had been provided for transmission of the news. This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in bazars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the extent of their fortunes. Indeed, upon one occasion the "secret mail" beat the Government courier fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch.

The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code of signals; but that they do possess a system of thought transmission, which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will. But though most people with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weaknesses of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The "secret mail" is an indubitable reality, and no westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery. If news is transmitted by signals no one has ever seen the signalers; nor if there is a vast system of stages in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery. And, indeed, it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.

Worth to be Immortalized by a Poet

In his reminiscences of Gettysburg in *The North American Review* for February, General Henry W. Slocum narrates this interesting incident: "We called at the house which has always been an object of interest to all who visit this field. Near the line occupied by the brigade under command of General J. B. Carr, of Troy, N. Y., stands a little one-story house, which at the time of the battle was occupied by a Mrs. Rogers and her daughter. On the morning of July 2 General Carr stopped at the house and found the daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age, alone, busily engaged in baking bread. He informed her that a great battle was inevitable, and advised her to seek a place of safety at once. She said she had a batch of bread baking in the oven, and she would remain until it was baked, and then leave. When her bread was baked, it was given to our soldiers, and devoured so eagerly that she concluded to remain and bake another batch. And so she continued to the end of the battle, baking and giving her bread to all who came. The great artillery duel which shook the earth for miles around did not drive her from her oven. Pickett's men who charged past her house found her quietly baking bread and distributing it to the hungry. When the battle was over, her house was found to be riddled with shot and shell, and seventeen dead bodies were taken from the house and cellar; the bodies of wounded men who had crawled to the little dwelling for shelter. Twenty years after the close of the war General Carr's men and others held a grand re-union at Gettysburg, and learning that Josephine Rogers was still living, but had married and taken up her residence in Ohio, they sent for her, paid her passage from her home to Gettysburg and back, and had her go to her old home and tell them the story which they all knew so well. They decorated her with a score of army badges, and sent her back a happy woman. Why should not the poet immortalize Josephine Rogers as he did Barbara Frietchie?"

There may be more of greatness and of glory in the higher developments of manhood, but surely, in womanhood God delights to show the beauty of the love of which He is the Infinite source.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything unless one is a hero in faith.

Women Who Please Men.

Man, in many respects, is a peculiar animal, says a writer in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for March. He is easily persuaded by a woman, but he cannot be driven. A woman who seeks a man's admiration and says by her demeanor or by suggestion "Admire my beauty or my brightness," is the woman from whom a man will turn quicker than from anything else. A woman always makes a mistake when she attempts to force her beauty or her talents upon a man—or upon another woman for that matter. A woman who seeks admiration always reminds me of a hollyhock, conspicuous and flaunting, and anxious to be seen. Now, men never care for hollyhocks. It is not man's favorite flower. The violet, or a half-blown rose, is more by his taste. Go where there is a company of well-dressed men, in evening costume, with boutonierres, and, if in season, the violet and the rose will be seen on the lapel of nearly every coat. And what is true with man of flowers, is true of what he always associates with them—women. A man likes to discover a violet or a rose; he wants to find out its charm himself; he doesn't wish a directory to aid him in this, and he is very contemptuous for the woman who here, there and everywhere asks his admiration. The women who are popular with men are the women who impress them with their womanliness, and by this is meant that subtle something that says "I do not thrust myself forward, but perhaps if you find me you may like me." Men have always liked voyages of discovery, and they like to seek the ideal woman, and not have her thrust her greatness upon them.

How to Dress in March.

The Ladies' Home Journal says: There is a very curious predjudice among many against the overshoe, and yet the despised rubber is an essential protection against the melting snow and slush of March. The thickest sole of the heaviest walking boot absorbs enough moisture to dampen and chill the feet, and yet nothing is more perilous than sitting in a warm room with rubbers on, excepting going about the ordinary house in slippers. Draughts hug the floor and lie in wait for the unwary. The clinging of wet skirts against the ankles is a fruitful source of aches and pains. Leggings of leather water-proof or rubber will obviate this trouble in a degree, while a skirt of flannel, faced with rubber band, avoids the danger altogether.

While the feet are kept warm; the head should be cool. The hardiest nations in the world are those which cover the throat and head lightly. Reserve the fur hat and muffler for the sleigh ride, and banish them from the promenade. Catarrh and throat troubles are often caused by the introduction of foreign particles into the nasal passages, so wear a thick veil as a safe-guard against the dust which March winds bear on their wings; and, lastly, avoid injudicious dressing for social events. Evening costumes for men and women are much thinner than those habitually worn during the day; and care should be taked to increase correspondingly the outer and under-garments. It is a trifle presumptuous to discard flannels, and then after hours in a hot ball-room, to put on a creation of lace and ribbon for a drive or walk in the night air of March.

Nature's True Tonic.

One of the advantages of light gymnastics, says *The Ladies' Home Journal*, is that the sick and convalescent can make what appears to be trifling efforts, and by them in time, be restored to active health. If too feeble to be practically able to make but little exertion, try what are known as deep-breathing movements. Lie flat upon the back, take as long and as deep breaths as possible, and while the mouth is closed, slowly throw the arms up in front and then at the sides. Rest for ten minutes. Try again the same inhalation and exhalation of air, the latter being pure and fresh. After awhile, attempt the same, sitting up. These exercises can safely be taken by the sick one every day, several times, and the whole muscular system will be improved, just as if some revivifying tonic had been given, a far better one than any charged with alcohol or some like stimulant.

He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve is seldom a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is guided is the goodness of his own heart. It is only the base who believe all men base, or, in other words, like themselves.

Letters Older Than Solomon.

From the WASHINGTON STAR.

The Smithsonian Institution has received information of the discovery at Tell-el-Amaria, in upper Egypt, of a number of tablets relating to the history of Jerusalem, and dating back 600 years earlier than any records hitherto known. When it is understood that these tablets of stone are letters passed between the king of Jerusalem and the Pharoah of Egypt 400 years before the birth of David, who was the father of Solomon, some notion will be formed of their extreme interest. These letters were written, so Dr. Cyrus Alder told a Washington reporter, about the year 1500 B. C. and cast a great light upon the relations of Egypt at that ancient epoch. This, of course, was long before Jerusalem was captured by the Jews.

At that time Palestine was a federation of independent cities, each of which, like Jerusalem, was governed by a "prefect"—this word meaning literally "king of a city." Nevertheless, these towns paid a tribute to Pharoah, and it was in relation to this tribute that several of the letters found were addressed to the rulers of Egypt by the king of Jerusalem, Abdi-Taba. In them he tries to explain, with due respect, that he occupies a more independent position than the other prefects, and ought to be treated accordingly. For example, in one missive he says:

"Behold, this city of Jerusalem neither my father nor my mother has given unto me, but the call of a mighty king."

This refers to the ancient custom in Palestine, by which rulers were sometimes chosen in consequence of a supposed divine call and without any reference to hereditary law. Having been summoned to his throne by the Deity, Abdi-Taba argued that he should be treated more leniently with regard to tribute. In another of the letters he says:—

"Behold, neither my father nor my mother has appointed me in this place, but the call of the mighty king has made me enter into the house of my fathers."

That the "mighty king" spoken of was the Deity is proven by the fact that to him as authority is referred an oracle inscribed upon another tablet, which says that "as long as a ship sails upon the sea so long will Mesopotamia and Babylonia conquer."

The chief aim of the three other letters written by Abdi-Taba is to ask the Pharaoh for military aid against foreign conquerors invading Palestine, and especially the district of Jerusalem. These warlike strangers he calls people of Habiri—in ether words, they were Hebrews. It seems hardly probable that the Hebrews as a nation should have invaded Palestine at so early a date, and so it is likely that these were some advanced tribes of Israel which settled down west of the Jordan and made incursions from time to time. In one of the letters on this subject Abdi-Taba says:

"The Habiri people are conquering the cities of the king"—i. e., the cities tributary to the Pharaoh—"therefore the king may turn his face to his subjects and send troops. If the troop arrive this year the countries of the king, my lord, may be saved, but if no troops arrive the countries of the king, my lord, will exist no longer."

This tremendous "find" at Tell-el-Amaria includes 200 tablets, largely of Babylonian cuneiform script, which is thus discovered for the first time to have been in use at so early a period in Egypt and Palestine. Many of the other tablets are dispatches of about the same date from prefects of other cities of Palestine to the Pharaoh. Some of the inscriptions are in an unknown language, which no one has so far been able to translate. It is funny to think that Solomon himself would have looked upon these tablets as remote antiquities.

The Utility of Shark's Teeth.

The natives on some of the Pacific Islands, being provided with neither metals nor any stone harder than the coral rocks, of which the atels they inhabit are composed, would seem badly off, indeed, for material of which to make tools or weapons, were it not that their very necessity has bred an invention no less ingenious than curious and effective. This is nothing less than the use of shark's teeth to give a cutting edge to their wooden knives and swords. The mouth of the shark contains 300 teeth, arranged in five rows, all closely lying upon each other, except the outer row, and so constructed that as one tooth is broken or lost another takes its place. The teeth are not only pointed and keen-edged, but are finely and regularly serrated, so that the cutting power is greatly increased. Indeed, so great a faculty have these teeth for wounding that the implements and weapons upon which they are used have to be handled with great care. The Kingmill islanders make many strange articles of shark's teeth.

To Banish red ants from the pantry strew whole cloves around the shelves. The same is considered a good moth exterminator.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2297-0453