JOS. W. SMITH

Successor to H. W. Dell.

DEALER IN LUMBER and COAL,

Main St., Near Depot, Westminster, Md.

Having taken the old and well-known Coal and Lumber Yard of H. W. Dell, I am prepared to furnish all kinds of

Building Lumber

such as Joist, Shingles, Siding, Flooring, Boards, Laths, Palings, &c.

I have on hand

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

Embracing all the best grades for housekeepers', manufacturers', lumbermen's and blacksmiths' use, which will be sold at

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

☞Give me a call.☜

Respectfully,
JOS. W. SMITH.

au-8-1y

WESTMINSTER

FLOURING MILLS.

W. S. MYER & BRO. Proprietors.

Manufacture and have on hand and for sale

FLOUR, FEED,

—ALSO—

Seeds, Salt, Kainit, S. C. Rock, Plaster,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Standard Brands of Fertilizers

At Manufacturers' Prices.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR GRAIN.

☞Grain of all kinds on storage.☜

Mar-28-1y

Central Drug Store,

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

Main St. Westminster, Md.

JOSEPH B. BOYLE

SUCCESSOR TO WELLS BROS.

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, &c. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

Pure Wines & Liquors

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Patent Medicines, Horse and Cattle Powders, &c. A fine assortment of

STATIONERY.

Physicians' orders promptly filled and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. ear-13-tf

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet - Makers

A Fine and Assorted Stock of

Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End, Westminster, Md.
jan-10-1y

REMOVAL.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE

(SUCCESSOR TO ECKENRODE & SNYDER)

MANUFACTURER OF

Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons, Buggies, Phætons, &c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.
☞Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts
no17 1y

FRANK K. HERR. SAMUEL K. HERR

F.K.HERR & BRO

AT THE OLD STAND,

MAIN STREET, OPP. MONTOUR HOUSE

MANUFACTURERS OF

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Jagger Wagons, Phætons, &c.

Special attention given to repairing.
All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted. se-12

G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S.,

SUCCESSOR TO DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA,

DENTIST.

Office 107 East Main Street, one door west of Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:

UNION BRIDGE—1st Wednesday of each month.
NEW WINDSOR—2d Wednesday of each month.
Painless extraction of teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. fe-23

Dr. J. W. Helm, Surgeon Dentist,

(Graduate of Md. University, Baltimore),

New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit Taneytown—on the 1st Wednesday of each month.
☞Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.
A liberal share of public patronage solicited
Respectfully,
1y-20 1y J. W. HELM, D. D. S.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 17. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

TO THE FARMERS!

The Farmers' Fertilizer Company begs leave to say upon the opening of the Spring Season that it is again in the market to accommodate its large and rapidly increasing trade with the Best SELECTED STOCK of

FERTILIZERS

in the county. Its stock is Strictly Pure, for it keeps no other. For Spring Crops it has now on hand several qualities of Fertilizers adapted to character of soils for

Potatoes, Peas and Garden Truck Generally.

Remember that the company guarantees these goods to be as represented, and it further asserts that by buying from this Company you can save on

TRUCK FERTILIZERS

alone from 15 to 20 per cent. on every ton as compared with Maps's and many other of our manufacturers. If you will call on our Superintendent he will be pleased to give you such information as may be necessary in the selection of a suitable Fertilizer for your Spring Crop.

Don't forget that when you bring your sacks you save $1.00 on each ton, and that if you pay cash for your goods you save two per cent. besides.

E. M. BISH, Sup't.
Farmers' Fertilizer Company,
Office 28 W. Main street,
ap4-4t Westminster, Md.

Announcement!

Having purchased the business of Jos. A. Waesche, I will continue the wholesale and retail business of all goods pertaining to house furnishing.

To my stock, which is decidedly the largest in the county, I am daily adding

New Goods,

all from first class importers, to which I invite public inspection.

Desiring to decrease my stock of

Silverware,

for the next 30 days it will be sold at cost. In this department there are many extraordinary bargains.

Queensware

AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS at astonishingly low figures. Persons in need of goods in this line will do well to examine my prices, as they are much lower than the lowest.

The most complete line of

FANCY GROCERIES

every exhibited in Carroll county, in fact will compare favorably with any in the state. These goods have been bought from the first importer, and shipped direct from New York, and will be sold at prices which defy competition.

A large and varied stock of Drugs and Patent Medicines, at very low figures.

A fine line of

Confectionery and Stationery, Etc.

You are especially invited to inspect stock, and receive our prices.

FRANK Z. MILLER,
Opp. 1st Nat. Bank, Westminster.
☞Country produce taken in exchange for goods. mar-7-1y

THE LEADING HOUSE in TOWN

IS AT

M. W. BABYLON'S.

Pure Wines and Liquors of all kinds.

Rum and Brandy for Mince Pies. A full line of Fruits, such as Seedless and other Raisins, Citron, Currants, Figs, Dates, Lemons, Oranges, Bananas. Spices of all kinds. Full line of

FRESH GROCERIES,

Syrups, and New Orleans Molasses. A fine line of

Plain and Fancy Candies,

Cakes and Crackers of all kinds. Canned Goods, Apple Butter, Jellies of all kinds, a fine line of

Lamps of Assorted Colors.

QUEENS AND GLASSWARE of various styles, &c. ap-19-1y

E. O. GRIMES. J. Q. STITLEY.

E. O. GRIMES & CO.

AT THE

Principal Depot, Westminster, Md.

PAY the highest cash price for Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, and all kinds of Country Produce. Constantly on hand a full line of

Choice Groceries

CANNED GOODS,

Cigars, Tobaccos, &c.

THE BEST BRANDS OF

FLOUR AND FEED

OF ALL KINDS.

GUANOS AND PHOSPHATES

of all the principal dealers for sale at manufacturers' prices. Agents for Laflin & Rand's Blasting Powder and Judson's Dynamite for Stump Blasting, &c.

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best goods in our line that the market affords, at the lowest cash rates.

an-5-1y E. O. GRIMES & CO.

MACHINERY REPAIR SHOP.

JOHN A. SHOWER

Liberty St., Westminster, Md.,

IS PREPARED TO

Repair All Kinds of Machinery.

Special Machinery Made to Order.

Castings and Repairs

for Machinery built at the old Union Works and by E. Wagoner can be furnished at short notice.

All Work Guaranteed.

oc-12

Select Poetry.

NOBILITY.

True worth is in being—not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-bye.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses;
Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which we get.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

—C. K. Shetterly, in Detroit Free Press.

Select Story.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A COMPOSITE ROMANCE.

A Story Told from Seven Different Stand-Points.

I.

THE LETTER CARRIER'S STORY.

There is one family on my route that gives me more trouble than all of the others put together. Not that they ever complain of me or compel me to walk to the top of a five-story building, but I can't make 'em out. I don't usually bother my head about the people to whom I deliver mail; there is something so singular about this one family, however, that I can't help taking particular notice of them.

They live in an elegant stone house on Kenyon avenue, and consist of a middle-aged gentleman, John Godfrey, by name, his maiden sister and his daughter, a girl of seventeen.

Mr. Godfrey, who is a wealthy railroad man, has a hard, stern look, and his sister doesn't appear to be any too amiable, but the daughter has fairly won my old heart. She is as handsome as a picture, and she always had a smile for me when she came to the door (the maiden aunt answers my ring now), and how her face would light up when I handed her a letter addressed in a round, manly hand to Miss Nena Godfrey, and postmarked C——.

At first, when she and the servants stopped coming to the door, I couldn't understand it, but I have arrived at the conclusion that the maiden aunt always takes the mail in order to prevent Miss Nena from getting her letters. During the time Miss Nena came herself I brought her a letter postmarked C—— nearly every day. Since then I have delivered only two for her and the maiden aunt's face has worn such a satisfied look as she took them, that I am sure the letters are from some young man Miss Nena is in love with, and her father and aunt are trying to break off the match.

I met her on the street one day a short distance from the house, and she stopped as though to speak to me. She changed her mind, however and passed on with a pleasant "Good morning," but I noticed that her lips quivered as she spoke. I think she wanted to ask me something about her letters. Poor girl! I wonder how it will end!

II.

THE MESSENGER BOY'S STORY.

Las' night 'bout seven o'clock I had ter take a message up on Kenyon avenue. It was fer Miss Nena Godfrey, an' w'en I rung th' bell a young lady comed to th' door. I axed her if ther' was a answer an' she tole me to come in an' she would see. She then went inter the parlor an' tore open the message, an' w'en she read it she turned as white as a sheet, an' I thought she was goin' to faint. Jes' then the boss came inter th' room an' he said to her, awful stern:

"What's the matter! Who's the telegram from?"

She didn't answer, an' he said: "Let me see it," but she turned quicker'n a flash an' threw it into the grate w'ere a fire was burnin', an' it blazed up in a second.

Th' old gent started for her, lookin' awful mad. Jes' then he seed me an' he axed what was I waitin' fer. I told him th' answer. He said ther' wasn't nun an' fer me to clear out. I didn't wait fer him to tell me twice. I'll bet, though, he talked mighty sharp to his daughter after I'd gone.

I sees a good many funny things carryin' round messages, but I never seed anyihin' like that before.

III.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S STORY.

Something rather out of the common happened at our office last evening. The following message was sent from C——:

"Miss Nena Godfrey, 193, Kenyon avenue. Come at once, if possible. Will is very low.
DR. OTTO SCHMIDT."

The message was delivered to Miss Godfrey, and about nine o'clock the lady's father came into the office. The clerk having stepped out for a moment, I got up to wait on him.

Mr. Godfrey wanted to know if we had a copy of the telegram that came for his daughter that evening. I told him that I was acquainted with the contents. He then wanted to know if I would tell him what was in it. He said he was not at home when the message came; that his daughter had gone out and had left the message for him, but that the servants had mislaid it.

As Mr. Godfrey is a well-known citizen, I complied with his request. The contents of the telegram had an entirely different effect upon him from what I expected. Instead of being surprised or shocked, it seemed to make him very angry. He recovered himself quickly, however, and, with a curt, "Much obliged," he walked out. I wonder who Will is?

IV.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

There was one incident connected with the accident to my train last night that I did not give to the reporters.

A young lady boarded the train at R——whom I recognized as the daughter of John Godfrey, one of the stockholders of the road. She had a ticket for C——, and I noticed when I stopped at her seat that she was pale and agitated. After the accident she was one of the first to get clear of the wreck, and did not appear to be injured.

Luckily, the engine was not disabled, the accident having been caused by the rails spreading just as the baggage-car passed over them, and I determined to send to C—— for assistance. I was consulting with the engineer when Miss Godfrey touched me on the arm and begged earnestly to be allowed to ride on the engine to C——. It was a case of life and death, she said.

She appeared so distressed at the thought of delay that I told the engineer to take her with him. She was up in the cab in an instant, and they "pulled out" at once, so that one of my passengers at least arrived at C—— nearly on time.

V.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

That's a plucky gal of John Godfrey's. She rode with me on the engine to C—— after the wreck last night, and I tell you she's true grit.

I didn't want to take her with me at first, 'cause I was afraid she'd make trouble and delay me, but she didn't. She never opened her head after she got into the cab, but just clung to the seat. Well, she had to hang on, for the way old Forty-seven rocked was a caution. I tell you, we never made them ten miles in the same time before.

After we got started I looked across at the gal. She was starin' straight ahead and it seemed as if we weren't goin' half fast enough for her. She was terrible pale and her teeth was set like a brake, but it wer'n't because she was frightened. She had somethin' else in her mind.

She jumped from the cab the moment we pulled into the yard at C——, and hurried off across the tracks. I heard her tell the conductor at the wreck some one was dyin' and she wanted to get to C—— as soon as ever she could.

VI.

THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

A dispatch was received at headquarters last evening from R——, requesting the department to send a man down to the station and arrest a young woman who was on the 10:40 express from the east. I was detailed for the work.

I waited around the station, until nearly train time, and then heard a rumor that there had been a wreck down the road. I investigated and found that such was the case; in fact, the accident had occurred to the very train I was waiting for. I obtained permission to go on the relief train, and when we had arrived at the scene of the wreck I commenced to look around for the young woman.

As I could find no one who answered to the discription sent, I made inquiries of the conductor and learned that the person I was after had gone up to C—— on the engine that brought the news of the accident to the city. It was after three a. m. before I got back and made my report, and they decided not to do anything more about the matter until they heard again from R——.

The accident was a costly one for the railroad company, but a lucky one for the young woman. Had it not occurred she would have spent the night in the station house.

VII.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

For the last three weeks I have been tending an old schoolmate of mine. His name is Will Holbrook and he has been very low with brain fever. He was at one time quite well off, but lost everything by an unlucky speculation, and was forced to accept a clerkship with one of the firms with which he had formerly done business. A too steady application to his duties, coupled with great depression of mind, brought on his illness which has threatened to terminate fatally more than once.

I noticed just before he gave up how badly he was looking, and one evening when he called at my office he confided everything to me. The loss of everything he possessed was naturally a heavy blow to him, but it was nothing in comparison to what it had brought with it—the breaking off of his engagement with the woman he loved.

Her name was Nena Godfrey, and they had been engaged for about a year. As soon as her father heard of the change in Will's affairs, he wrote to him, giving him to understand that he could no longer regard him as a future son-in-law. On learning, however, that Miss Godfrey's heart was unchanged toward him, Will determined not to give her up, and to make every effort in his power to regain his lost fortune as quickly as possible.

When he was taken sick I had him brought to my house; and, during his delirium, he would keep asking for Nena; then he would imagine that she was with him and would implore her not to leave him. Late yesterday afternoon he became so much worse, and begged so piteously for her to come to him that I sent Miss Godfrey a telegram, and about 11 o'clock in the morning I was informed that she was waiting for me in the office. I went to her at once. She attempted to rise as I entered the room but sank back on her chair as though completely exhausted. I attributed this to perturbation, and hastened to quiet her fears about Will. She insisted upon seeing him without delay.

Will seemed to be conscious of her presence the moment she knelt by his bedside and took his hand. He became more composed, and at last sank into a doze, still holding her hand. This lasted until midnight, and then he opened his eyes and I saw that he would live. He spoke her name in a whisper, and tried to raise her hand to his lips. She made no sound, but gave him a look of love and tenderness that he understood at once, and he closed his eyes again as though her mere presence was all he asked. After he had lost himself, Miss Godfrey looked up at me, and the expression on my face told her the glad truth. The next instant she had fainted. I carried her into the adjoining room and called my wife. She came to my assistance at once, and, after we had worked over Miss Godfrey for a few moments, she opened her eyes and said, with a faint smile:

"I am sorry to make you so much trouble, but I think my arm is hurt, and that is what made me faint. The train on which I left R——met with an accident, and I guess that I have not escaped uninjured."

On making an examination I found that her left wrist was sprained and the forearm considerably bruised. Although suffering intense pain, the plucky little woman had managed to keep me in ignorance of her injuries until she knew whether her lover would live or die. I did every thing for her that my skill suggested, and then forced her to take some rest. A couch was arranged for her in the room adjoining Will's, and although she obtained but little sleep—she was up every hour to look at him and ask how he was—her condition this morning was much better than I had expected.

Shortly after daylight some one rang the office bell, and when I opened the door I knew instinctively that the man standing before me was John Godfrey. He stepped into the office, told me his name, and asked if his daughter was in the house. I told him that she was, and he requested me to send her to him. Whatever his feelings toward me were he did not show them.

I went to Miss Godfrey and informed her that her father was waiting to see her. She trembled for an instant, and then closed her lips over her firm little mouth and went to him without a word. I had placed her arm in a sling, and the pain and emotion she had lately undergone had left their marks on her face. I was sure that the sight of her would move her father to pity.

What took place during the interview I did not learn. It lasted for over an hour, and then I was called. I was not unprepared for the scene that met my gaze. Nena was holding her father's hand, and Mr. Godfrey's eyes showed that he had been shedding tears. Nena turned to me with a happy smile.

"Father has forgiven us," she said.

SEAS OF FLAME.

What a Prairie Fire Meant to the Farmer of Pioneer Days.

A Prairie fire, when viewed under proper circumstances, is an interesting and beautiful sight to behold, but when a fierce gale drives it on its way consuming property and destroying life in its path its grandeur becomes an object of terror. To the early settlers of the plains of Illinois, Iowa and the west, prairie fires were a familiar spectacle, yet their oft recurrence never robbed them of the interest-awakening sense of danger with which they were invested. The average prairie fire was not the all-devouring calamity which yellow-backed novels and western romances represented it. In fact under ordinary circumstances it was a reasonably harmless and quite pleasing affair. This is particularly true of the far west, where the short buffalo grass covered the prairies. In Illinois and Iowa, where the wild grasses attained a height of several feet in considerable areas, a high wind would, when the grass was sufficiently dry, drive the conflagration on with an almost irresistible sweep. The new settlers in a prairie country who had not seen a prairie fire would discount the stories told them concerning the speed with which the fires traveled and the distance the flames would leap, but one lesson, often dearly learned, would convince them of the dangerous possibilities that lurked in the seemingly harmless dried grass.

The prairie fires usually began in October, soon after the first frosts had fallen. Often the first intimation a settler would receive of an approaching fire would be given by falling ashes of the burnt grass that a strong upper current of air had carried a long distance. In the hazy sky of Indian summer the smoke of the fire, which might be miles away, could not yet be discerned. The falling ashes might not be noticed unless one chanced to look upon the smooth surface of still water, where their presence was easily discerned. With the coming of the first shades of evening a blush at a point on the distant horizon would indicate the location of the fire. If the night were cloudy the brightness of the flames would be reflected above. It required experience to tell by the appearance of such illuminations how far away a fire was, but an "old-timer" of the prairies could thus accurately locate the fire, and tell by the force of the wind how long it would be in reaching a given point.

A "newcomer" was apt to think a fire much nearer than it really was, though sometimes he made the opposite mistake. If no wind was blowing and a heavy dew fell the speed of the fire was greatly slackened, if, indeed, the flames did not entirely die out. This, however, was not likely to occur if the sun and frosts had completely cured and dried the grass.

Sometimes during still weather a fire would appear to burn in almost the same locality for several days. The same appearance would result when the fire burned against the wind or was "backing up," as the settlers termed it. Under such circumstances a roadway, a small stream, or even a cow-path across the prairies might stop the progress of the fire. That kind of a fire formed a pretty picture at night. The long stretches of flame reaching across the level plain or extending over the undulations of hill and vale suggested to the observer a line of soldiers marching with unbroken front upon an enemy. The incessant flash and fading of the flames added to their life-like appearance, and it required not the most creative of imaginations to transform them into living creatures, each armed with a sword of fire and a torch of destruction. The tongues of flame were not more delusive to the vision than were the dark shadows that lurked between them. One who was unaccustomed to seeing prairie fires was almost certain to declare, upon viewing one at night: "There are men running back and forth along the line of fire," so like living beings did the shadows move up and down the bright, ragged-edged ribbon of flame. All night long the flames would stand like sentinels waving signal torches, or like giant fireflies play hide and seek along the slowly advancing line.

But much to the early settlers' misfortune, all prairie fires were not of this type. Sometimes, driven by a fierce gale or whirlwind which their own heat created or doubly intensified, they would leap forward with an irresistible impetuosity. Within a few hours after a settler discovered such a fire on the distant horizon to the windward it would be upon him, and woe to him and his if he had not provided his home against such calamities.

Many stories are told of the speed of such fires, the truthfulness of some of which is well founded. Wolves and deer have been pursued by fire until they sought safety in settlers' barnyards, and in such an exhausted condition that men afoot, armed with clubs, easily overtook and dispatched them. Emigrant trains in the early days had many thrilling escapes from the fire, while not a few were overtaken and destroyed by the prairie conflagrations. The traveler possessed of presence of mind and matches feared no such fate. When no other means of escape from a coming fire offered itself he would set fire to the grass, and as the burnt area enlarged he would extinguish the flames on the side of it toward the point from which the wind was blowing, and once inside the burnt district he had nothing to fear. The harder the wind blew the easier it was for him to subdue the fire which was "backing up" and get inside of the haven of safety.

Settlers protected their farms by fire breaks made by plowing up two stripes of sod several rods apart around their farms, and on a still favorable day burning the grass between the strips. The same results were sometimes obtained by cutting two strips of grass and burning it as soon as dry, and then burning the grass between the burned strips when the frosts had ripened it. At times all of such precautions were in vain. Weeks of scorching sun and hot winds would render the prairie as dry as tinder. Then when the flames came on the wings of a strong gale they seemed to feed upon the air, and fire breaks availed nothing. In instances of this kind back-firing was the settlers' only hope of immunity from the flames.

"Newcomers" usually had a very faint idea of the intense heat and force of the fire. An early settler of Illinois tells of one such who in the pioneer days built a home near his own. "I had been some distance from home and was returning when I saw the smoke of the coming fire. As I hastened toward home I saw that my new neighbor's house was directly in the path of the fire. I lost no time in reaching his place and found him calmly waiting the coming of the fire.

"'Why are you not trying to save your home!' I eagerly asked.

"'Oh! I'm all ready to meet the fire," said he, pointing to two buckets of water he had drawn.

"I immediately went to back-firing, and by doing so barely succeeded in saving his home. When the flames came dashing up many feet high and so hot that we could not stay within several rods of them, he saw how utterly useless his two buckets of water would have been."

Tumble-weeds, which grow abundantly on newly-broken ground, are great fire carriers. They are often much larger than a bushel basket and almost round in shape. Sometimes these, when ignited by the fire, would be rolled a long distance by a fierce wind before they were consumed, scattering the blaze along their paths.

Fighting fire was one of the liveliest and most memorable of the early settlers' experiences. The ordinary two-bushel grain sack, made of hard, closely woven material, and a bucket of water to moisten it in, were the best means of subduing the flames when their mildness would permit one to get within striking distance. Sometimes the whole family would turn out and fight until they could fight no more, only to see their property consumed by the merciless flames.

Prairie fires have almost become things of the past, except in the extreme west and northwest. The plains and hills over which they used to leave their blackened trails are now cultivated fields, and the sweet-scented clover blooms where once the curlew hid her nest in the wild grasses. Where once the smoke of the prairie fires darkened the skies are now busy, bustling cities. The flames no more charm nor make afraid the farmer boy who searched for the belated kine on the boundless sweep of prairie. The fires have gone out, but in the memory of the "oldest settlers" their afterglow remains, one of the brightest memories of the pioneer days on the prairies.

The Spread of Electricity.

A very interesting publication has just been put forth by one of the leading companies of this country. It is a large atlas, showing State by State the distribution of electric lighting central stations and of electric railways, the various plants being marked at each of the towns and cities in which they are installed. The grand totals shown are 1,985 central station plants and 240 electric railways, figures which, of course, would be much larger if brought down to later date. A vivid idea is given of the great variety still existing in electrical apparatus by the fact that in such States as New York and Pennsylvania no fewer than sixteen different kinds are running in the stations to produce light and five different kinds for electric railway work.

The tendency during the last five years has been toward a reduction in the number of "systems," but as fundamental patents expire and the industry is more generally thrown open, it is not unlikely there will be as great a variety of dynamos and lamps as there now is of steam engines or of locomotives. These new systems, however, will be sold on a basis of ordinary manufacturing profit, unless radical departures are made, for the time when either a charlatan or a genius could put a "system" together and get $1,000,000 for it off-hand has gone by. Up to the present period much of the apparatus has had somewhere in its selling price the items of cash or stock given out to the inventor, and of costly experiments that probably led no whither. In the older branches of electrical industry much of that experimental work has been done forever, and the knowledge of the things that need not be attempted has become common property.

Mr. Edison himself has said that he had 3,000 theories about his incandescent lamp, and it is safe betting that he tried them all. It is said that when the first big electric railway was tried at Richmond, at least 100 "underrunning" trolleys were put to test in a few brief weeks, to say nothing of new forms of gear, new styles of brushes, new lightning arresters, new switches and other details. In work of that nature money goes like water, but there is no help for it; and in due time there is the reward, for had there been no Richmond in 1888 there certainly would have been no atlas in 1890 with 240 electric roads, 200 of which, with nearly another 100 now building, dating from that eventful victory in a great new industry.

Prince Bismarck is credited with the story that when the well-known African traveler, Dr. Robert Felkin, was staying with the blood-thirsty King Mtesa, of Ugada, many years ago, the King, out of gratitude for his visitor's medical treatment, wished to cut off his head. On Dr. Felkin representing that the treatment was not finished, and if interrupted it would cause Mtesa's death, the latter granted him a reprieve until he was quite recovered. Then, however, nothing availed, and the execution was determined upon. Emin Pacha, who was a friend of Dr. Felkin, had instructed him most accurately about the state of affairs in Ugada and the court of King Mtesa, and had revealed to him an important State secret—namely where Mtesa's powder store was hidden. Dr. Felkin remembered this at the right moment, and as a last resort threatened that if Mtesa killed him he would bring down a flash of lightning upon his powder store. Mtesa replied incredulously, "Tell me where it is;" whereupon Dr. Felkin whispered in his ear, "It is concealed under your harem." Mtesa turned pale, and allowed Felkin and his companions to live. The "lightning maker's" authority increased when the next day a flash of lightning happened to strike near the harem.

An original mode of sounding a fire alarm is adopted in a town in Colorado. In that region the revolver is considered an indispensible article of daily wear, and affords the quickest means of announcing to the rest of the community the impending danger. Whenever a fire is discovered a rapid and promiscuous discharge of this firearm spreads the news through the town. This method, though crude, is found to work fairly well. It has, however, one draw back in that the Fire Department, as well as the public, is often uncertain whether a fire or a fight is in progress, and whatever the truth may turn out to be, somebody is sure to be disappointed.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

Flowers on a Glacier.

In 1888 Mr. John W. Kelley discovered on the northeast coast of Alaska, emptying into the Artic Ocean just above Cape Lisburne, a new river, which has been named the Pitmegea River. The river and its narrow valley are very winding, and the natives say they can ascend it for a distance of forty miles. The stream has not previously appeared on the charts. Mr. Kelly ascended the river for a distance of twenty-five miles, where he found a large glacier emptying into the river. The glacier faces southward and receives the full benefit of the sunlight during the short polar summer. Gales have deposited on the glacier particles of soil and seeds of plants to a depth of from 4 inches to a foot. The snowfall of winter soon vanishes the June sun. Then vegetation on the glacier is warmed into life, and in a remarkably short time the brown crust of soil is covered with a robe of green and with bright flowers, such as buttercups, dandelions, daffodills, and yellow poppies. There are also some hardy grasses, whose roots penetrate the light covering of soil. A few arctic willows are also seen, but they grow only a foot in length and trail along the ground.

Such a spectacle is not often witnessed in the arctic regions. This mass of green, diversified by the brilliant colors of arctic flowers, has only scanty depth of soil to flourish in, and covers, like a carpet or a brilliant robe, the great ice mass on which the soil rests. During the summer the ice front melts away, leaving the protruding soil above it like the eaves of a house. When it protrudes too far for the strength of the grass roots, it topples over into the river.

The Laplander's Bible.

The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation. Over thirty years ago a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta. During the riots several homicides occurred, and Lars and some other of his companions were committed to prison on a charge of murder. They were found guilty and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment.

Commiserating his condition, his keepers and the prison chaplain extended to him such favors as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write. Lars became interested in the Bible, grew day by day more fond of reading it and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on, for Lars was no great scholar and the Lapp language, as may be readily supposed, is not a fluent literary medium of thought. But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of Haetta's sentence was commuted. He was living as late as 1870, and though an old man, was still active, and often served parties of travelers as a guide.

About Sponges.

The sponge is a simple thing, but very few people know anything about where it comes from, or how it is got into shape for the market. The sponge is simply a marine animal, and it grows in the sea, just as an oyster or a clam grows. The best sponges are caught off the Florida coast. The work of catching sponges is a regular industry. Men go out in boats with long spears and hooks. The sponge catchers wear box-like oblong glasses that fit over the face and around the front part of the head. There are magnifying arrangements in these boxes, and the glasses are made to enable the wearer to see through the water. Whenever a sponge is described from the surface of the water the catcher thrusts down his spear and hooks and pulls up the flabby mass. There is a good deal of work necessary on sponges before it is ready for the market, and in the processes of preparation there is much adulteration. Sponge is sold in wholesale by the pound, and very often the material is weighed with sand, glycerine and other things to increase its value. A good deal of sponge is caught off the coast of Cuba, but this is much the cheapest kind of sponge. Carriage and harness people, who are the chief consumers of sponge, must buy the best material, for adulterated sponge might do much mischief to the fine wood and leather work. The best sponge retails for something over $3 a pound, and the cheapest can be had as low as 75c a pound.

A man never fully realizes the wealth of information he doesn't possess till his first child begins to ask questions.

Why is a newspaper like a wife? Because every man ought to have one of his own.

What hath ears but heareth not? A crib of corn.

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