HERE

IS OUR OFFER TO THE BOARD OF TRADE OF WESTMINSTER.

NOT HOUSES NOR LAND.

But we say without fear of contradiction that we can show you the best line of Suitings, both foreign and domestic, from which to make selection, that has ever been offered in this county, and that we are prepared to make up suits in the very latest styles, and the best workmanship. We can give you as much for your dollar—or more—as any other house in the county. You take no risk. If your Suit does not fit properly we make it do so, or there is no sale. Our line of

Gent's Furnishing Goods

cannot be surpassed outside of the large cities, as we make it a specialty. We have on hand something very stylish in Flannel Shirts; also Satin and Colored Shirts in all styles, on hand. White shirts made to order.

We have the finest line of GLOVES of every description, for dress, driving or work, to be found in the county.

We also have one of the most beautiful lines of GENT'S JEWELRY, such as Studs Scarf Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Chains, &c., ever offered in this city, at low prices.

We have everything in the line of Gent's Furnishing Goods, which we can offer you at prices that we are sure will induce you to buy.

Our Line of Overalls,

Dimity Shirts, Jackets and Underwear cannot be surpassed in style, quality, fit and prices.

Give us a call and we are satisfied you will buy. We have a large stock of GOODS which must be sold, and we want to give you the benefit. Respectfully,

oct-25 J. T. ANDERS.

1891. 1891.

SPRING and SUMMER

THE GRAND OPENING OF THE

New York

CLOTHING HOUSE.

Ready-Made Clothing,

For Men, Boys and Children, in latest styles and at all prices. Fine line of GENTS' and BOYS' HATS. SHOES and SLIPPERS, for Ladies, Gents and Children.

UNDERWAER,

for Ladies and Gents. A fine line of TOP SHIRTS.

NOTIONS, NOTIONS.

GLOVES for Ladies and Gents. Large lot of samples of Ladies' Dress Goods and Trimmings, 25 per cent. saved in ordering by samples.

LAMBREQUINS, SCARFS AND LAP ROBES.

MERCHANT-TAILORING.

Suits ordered by samples. Dealer in

Watches and Jewelry.

Trunks, satchels and umbrellas in great variety.

We have opened the above stock in the REPP BUILDING, UNION BRIDGE, MD.

Ladies and gentlemen, if you would make 25 per cent. on every dollar, please call and examine our goods. We invite everybody, especially our old friends and customers.

Remember the place—The Old Anders Stand, Corner Main and Broadway, Union Bridge, Md. Yours Respectfully,

mar-14-1y JULIUS TRAUB.

GRAND OPENING

—OF—

Spring Goods,

—AT—

OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, MD.,

Our stock is superior and prices lower than ever. Our dress goods are beautiful to look at—both in silk and wool. Wash goods of all kinds in abundance. A beautiful line of Dress Trimmings to select from. BLACK DRESS GOODS a specialty. Percals, Satteens, Challies, Pongees are pretty. In Notions we have a choice variety.

Spring Jackets For Ladies,

NEW AND NOBBY.

Spring Clothing of all kinds in great variety. Children's Clothing is one of our specialties. A beautiful line of Cassimeres and Suitings in stock. Our Hats are always of the very latest. Our Shoe Stock is one of the largest in the county to select from.

CARPETS & MATTING, we can show you a larger line than ever. Queensware, Woodenware, Groceries &c., are always full at the very lowest.

We are prepared to show you the largest general stock in the county to select from. Our prices are lower than ever before. Don't pay any advance on goods your dealer may ask as you can buy at the old price of us.

We ask you to visit us and see for yourself. Don't content yourself by sending for samples, as they do the goods injustice.

With many thanks for your past patronage we hope to receive a liberal share of your trade during the Spring.

Very respectfully yours,

oct-11 GEO. C. ANDERS.

Truth Travels Triumphantly!

AND

and Boldly Proclaims

Frank Z. Miller's

As the cheapest place to buy

Queensware, Silverware, Groceries, Drugs, Stationery, Confectionery., &c, in the County.

Fine Gold Band Tea Sets, $3.50; cheap at $5.50.

Best Iron Stone China Tea Sets, $2.60; worth $3.50.

Beautiful Flowered Chamber Sets, $2.00; sell at other places for $3.00.

Large line of

GLASSWARE,

at astonishingly Low Prices to reduce Stock.

Sugar, Tea, Coffee, &c.,

at Bottom Prices.

We are Headquarters for

DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.,

at Greatly Reduced Prices.

FRANK Z. MILLER,

Albaugh Building,

Opposite 1st National Bank,

mar-7-1y Westminster, Md.

CHAS. E. FINK,

Attorney at Law

And Solicitor in Chancery.

Will attend promptly to all legal business. Office, No. 19 Court St., Westminster, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 23. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

WE BEGIN TO-DAY

The Greatest Sale that has ever taken place in this County.

HATS.

5,000 Men's Straw Hats in Mackinaw and Cantons, 23 Cents, Worth 50 and 75.

150 Dozen Malaga Every Day Straw Hats 9 Cents.

Regular price 12 to 18 cents. 10 dozen Children's Hats and Caps 25 cents, sold at 50 cents. 25 dozen Men's Stiff Hats $1.98, sold at $2.50. Just think, $1.98 for choice. 10 dozen do. $1.25, sold at $2.

SHOES. SHOES.

5 Cases Men's Plow Shoes $1.19, sold at $1.25; best made. 5 Cases Men's Plow Shoes $1.00, worth $1.25. 100 Pairs Men's Shoes, odds and ends of our large stock $1.25, sold from $1.50 to $3.50, size 6 to 11. 500 Pairs Boys' Shoes, sizes 12 to 2, 3 to 5½ for $1.25, regular $1.50 shoe. About 100 Pairs ladies' Hand-made Shoes sold at $3.50 and $4.00 to close out for $2.00. 100 Pairs Misses' Heel Shoes, with different style tips, sold from $2.00 to $3.00 to close out for 98 cents, size 11 to 1; a few size 2 in the lot. Lot of Baby Shoes for 25 cents, sold at 50 and 75 cents, some $1.00. 500 Pairs Ladies' Oxford Tie Slippers 98 cents, our regular $1.25 grade.

CLOTHING.

About 100 Children's Suits for $2.50, Sold from $3 to $5.

A base ball and bat free with every suit. 500 Men's All Wool Light Cheviot and Cassimere Suits $7.95, sold from $10 to $16. We consider this the best bargain ever offered. Lot of Men's Pants 75 cts., sold at $1.25. Lot at 98 cents, sold from $1.25 to $2.00. Sweet Orr's Overalls 75 cents worth $1.00. 50 Boys' Seersucker Coats and Vests only 39 cents, sold at $1.00. Big bargains in cheap Cassimere and Cotton Pants Goods. We sell the 25 cent goods at 18 cents. All wool Cassimeres 50 cents, regular price 75 cents. Lot of Men's Unlaundried Shirts 29 cents, regular 50 cent quality. 50 cent Domet Shirts for 39 cents. Inspect our

Merchant Tailoring Department

and leave an order for a suit. It will pay you. Respectfully,

FRED. D. MILLER,

Headquarters for

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Men's Furnishing Goods and Merchant Tailoring.

mar-7-1y

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County. APRIL TERM, 1891.

Estate of Ephraim Lindsay, deceased.

ON application it is ordered this 15th day of May, 1891, that the sale of the real estate of Ephraim Lindsay, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by James H. Billingslea and Laura V. Lindsay, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 3rd Monday, 15th day of June next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 2nd Monday, 8th day of June, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be five hundred and ninty-eight dollars and seventy-seven cents. ($598.77).

DAVID H. HOFFACKER, JAMES P. SUMMERS, JAMES W. WHITE, } Judges.

True Copy—Test:

GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills.

m-16-3t

NO. 2930 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

The Westminster Savings' Institution, mortgagee, vs. Joseph Erb and Ruth A. Erb, his wife.

ORDERED, this 21st day of May, A. D., 1891, that the sales of the mortgaged real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Charles T. Reifsnider, attorney or agent named in mortgages, under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in two mortgages from Joseph Erb and Ruth A. Erb, his wife, to The Westminster Savings' Institution, one dated May 5th, A. D., 1879, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S., No. 13, folio 314, &c., and the other bearing date March 21st, A. D., 1881, and recorded among said mortgage records in liber F. T. S., No. 15, folio 445, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 24th day of June, next.: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Md., once a week in each of three successive weeks previous to the 15th day of June next. The report states the amount of sales to be $1,610.84

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

m-23-3t

NO. 2931 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County as a Court of Equity.

William H. Starr, assignee of mortgagee, vs. Jacob Lockner and Catharine Lockner, his wife, mortgagors.

ORDERED this 21st day of May, A. D., 1891, that the sale of the mortgaged real estate, made and reported in the above entitled cause by William H. Starr, assignee of mortgagee, under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Jacob Lockner and Catharine Lockner, his wife, to a certain Thomas M. Shamberger, bearing date August 12th, A. D., 1878, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S., No. 13, folio 379, &c., and duly assigned to the said William H. Starr, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown, on or before the 24th day of June, next.: Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Md., once a week in each of three successive weeks previous to the 15th day of June next. The report states the amount of sale to be $200.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:

BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

m-23-3t

Geo. W. Matthews,

17 E. MAIN ST., NEAR DEPOT,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Collector and General Agent for Life and Fire Insurance.

may-8

THE best Axes, Hatchets and Hand Saws at BABYLON & GILBERT'S

ORATION

Delivered by Major J. Thos. Turner, Commander U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., at the National Cemetery, Alexandria, Va., May 30th, 1891.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and Fellow Citizens:—The history of the world is written in blood. War, conquest, and subjugation have been the *ultima thule* of man's ambition.

The brutal struggles for existence among the primitive and savage races of men begot a spirit of contest, which under the influence of a later civilization became moulded into an aggressive spirit, excited and stimulated by an unconquerable desire to excel in feats of arms. The fervor of pious conviction blended with the love of fame, and the inborn savagery of man, was diverted from its murderous instincts toward a classic conception of military glory.

Thus governments became established by military power, and their progress, grandeur and decay were measured and controlled by the valor of their troops and the strength of their legions. War and conquest became the inspiring motive which actuated the nations from the earliest period of time, and the encouragement and nurture of the warlike spirit became the cherished object and design of all governments and rulers.

The exercise of unlimited sway gradually merged into absolute despotism. The enslavement of the people to regal power became, through the selfishness of rulers and the machinations of ecclesiasticism, the highest duty of governments.

The people were taught absolute submission to this dual authority, and, inspired by the impassioned appeals and brilliant displays of military grandeur, became reconciled to their peculiar condition. Under the dazzling glamour of imperial magnificence they gloried in their own degradation and riveted more firmly the chains which bound them to the *juggernaut of despotism*.

They were taught blind obedience to the mandates of kings and emperors, and their devotion to a cause destructive of every principle of human rights was dignified by the exalted name of *patriotism*. Plunged into the fiery ordeal of mortal combat, incited by plunder and revenge, frenzied by the vindictive animosities of envious rivals, and led on by unfaltering devotion to religious duty, poor, frail humanity has ever been engaged in a relentless struggle for the accomplishment of its own destruction.

A people crushed beneath the iron heel of tyranny and thrust into the darkest abyss of ignorance are easily deceived by the supercilious hypocrisy of wily rulers.

Accustomed to tremble at the thunders of royal mandates, they crouch in abject fear at the feet of the throne and smile in humble submission at the bitterest decrees of arbitrary authority. They are cowed by the dread of punishment and allured into acquiescence by the gorgeous pageantry of kingly power.

In all nations and at all periods ignorance, bigotry and superstition have combined to lead man away from his true interest, and under the tempting delusion of a chaste ideal he has been blinded to the miseries of the existing reality.

"When fiction rises pleasing to the eye;
Men will believe because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solid proof to pass her down."

[redacted]

fiery zeal of ambitious rulers has shaken the world with the fury of carnage.

THE LOVE OF CONQUEST

was the absorbing incentive which actuated and controlled the unholy desires of soulless despots.

'Twas the lust of power that excited the cupidity of Alexander, and kindled the unquenchable fire of ambition which grew upon what it fed, while the whole earth resounded with the tread of his conquering hosts, until naught was left to gratify the still insatiate greed. Envy, jealousy and revenge were the burning passions which shook the jarring states of Greece, until the overpowering effect of factional contention destroyed the last vestige of patriotic fervor.

The genius of Alcibiades, the heroism of Miltiades and Leonidas, the eloquence of Demonsthenes, the philosophical grandeur of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, the judicious statesmanship of Pericles and the patriotism of Epaminondas, all, all were forgotten amid the clash of contending factions and the chaos of discordant elements.

"Heard ye those loud contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's pillared state?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up and tremble at her fate?
Who shall calm the mighty storm,
Who the dreadful task perform?
And bid the raging tumult cease?"

The towering military genius of Hannibal was devoted to the gratification of the undying and inherited hatred of Rome. Reared and educated amid the triumphs of military prowess, he devoted the best years of his life to revenge, in which he displayed a heroism and an energy undaunted and unparalleled in the history of the world.

Not a single principle, however, of a laudable character, was advanced by his phenomenal success, but misery and woe stalked like spectres in the wake of his conquering hosts.

The Roman conquerors fought for gain and the aggrandizement of the Imperial City, at the sacrifice of all the rights of the surrounding people. Here, too, the lust of power and the vengeance of thwarted ambition did its poisonous work, until the glory of the commonwealth went down amid the throes of civil conflict and the bitter rivalry of Cæsar and Pompey.

The sun of imperial power rose resplendent over the ruins of the republic and illumined the world of centuries with the brilliant displays of military achievement and imperial pomp. Overwhelmed at last by the fury of internal discord, the Eternal City fell to rise no more.

Modern history is filled with the recital of similar events. The wars of England and France were waged for conquest. The struggles of continental Europe were for power and political supremacy. The strength of human endurance was well nigh exhausted when the *star of hope arose in the western hemisphere*. Here was established a government based upon the rights of the people. Here arose a race sprung from the loins of the oppressed and persecuted.

Profiting by the experience of the past, upon this virgin soil they knelt around the altar of a common faith and consecrated this land to freedom. They founded a nation inspired by noble purposes and actuated by the holiest desires. They infused into its early organization a love of liberty and a hatred of oppression.

They built this governmental fabric upon the corner-stone of justice and equal rights. They organized a system of governmental policy founded upon the consent of the governed, and stamped upon its very existence the impress of patriotic virtue.

In the fullness of time the struggle came, which was to test the perpetuity of this experiment of human government. It was to be decided whether free institutions should perish from the earth or whether an institution which had grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength should triumph. Whether freedom should rule, or its antipodes be firmly established on Columbia's fair shore.

Can we, my countrymen, forget the terrors which environed us? Can we forget the bitterness of the contest? Can we ever forget how the patriotism and valor born of adversity and persecution nobly vindicated the wisdom of an immortal ancestry and crushed the last despairing hope of despotism?

"Yet Freedom; yet thy banner, torn by flying,
Streams like the thunder storm against the wind;
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where musing nature smiled
On infant Washington.' Has Earth no more
Such deeds within her breast, or Europe no
such shore?"

Well named, indeed, is this 30th day of May, "Memorial Day." A memorial to patriotism; a memorial to honor; a memorial to the fidelity of heirs to a noble heritage bequeathed by patriotic sires; a memorial to American valor. To-day is the feast of the dead; to-day we rejoice not in the defeat of our countrymen, but in the triumph of liberty. On this Memorial day we place the floral coronet upon the brow of victory; victory over tyranny; victory over slavery; victory over error; victory over our own wrongs.

We rejoice in the triumph of free speech, free thought and free schools. We rejoice to know that here upon this soil, where was planted the first tree of liberty, that here it still flourishes in its pristine vigor. No ruthless hand can destroy it. The spirit which inspired the genius of our institutions is consecrated by the blood of heroes. The spirit which sacrificed five hundred thousand lives upon the altar of duty, has enshrouded the temple of liberty with the halo of immortal glory.

On this Memorial day we can congratulate ourselves that freedom still lives and wields the genial sceptre of universal empire.

While garlanding the "passionless mounds" which contain the ashes of our heroic dead, we can console ourselves with the blessed reflection that they have not died in vain. We can recognize the fact that

"Freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son"

has maintained and impregnably established those immortal principles the seeds of which were planted in the New World by the persecuted of the Old. Let us hope that there may be instilled in the youthful heart an undying love of those great political tenets upon which our very existence depends. That the atmosphere of freedom may never again be polluted by the noxious vapors which arise from the glow of partisan fury. That the restless ambition of aspiring demagogues may never again be permitted to disturb the equilibrium of American patriotism by sectional contest over a false political philosophy.

Americans have learned in the severe school of adversity and unwelcome truth that royal sympathy with republican government is a delusion and a snare, and was fitly portrayed by the hypocritical grimace of foreign potentates at beholding our apparently hopeless condition.

While the grand Army of the Republic is passing away, and one by one the boys are departing, the deeds which they performed will shine with renewed lustre as times moves forward.

That while their bodies lie mouldering in the grave, their souls go marching on.

Future generations will never cease to admire that brilliant record which shines resplendent upon the pages of history.

"But to the hero when his sword has won the battle for the free,
The voice sounds like a prophet's word
And in its hollow tones are heard,
The thanks of millions yet to be."

Let us cherish in everlasting remembrance the heroes who have died that the nation might live. Let us endeavor to stimulate a noble emulation of so worthy an example:

"Oh brave and true farewell;
Though south winds make your knell
And springs of cypress fell
Upon your grave,
In memory shall abide,
The gallant ones who died,
Our land to save;
No better place to die beneath the sun,
No better time than when our duty's done."

More than two decades have passed away since the last warlike echo ceased to salute our ears. Five lustrums have flown since the two great captains met and ended the strife. What an eternity of events is crowded within that brief space.

One by one the boys are marching to their last retreat. One by one the "Blue and the Gray" are passing in review under the solemn truce of death.

The great leader whose memory the Grand Army of the Republic will revere so long as there is a comrade left has heard the long roll and the bugle call for the last time.

He whose undaunted courage and determined zeal led on to never failing triumph has won his last victory succumbed to his first defeat. The reminiscences connected with this period of our country's history are filled with sorrow and sadness, mingled with the joy of ultimate triumph.

The members of the Grand Army are growing old. From the flush of vigorous manhood they are rapidly hastening to the sere autumn and yellow leafage of life. From the wearing of the *blue* which they covered with glory in the prime of youth, they are at last compelled to yield only to the *gray* which the pitiless hand of time impresses upon them.

Those who survive now live upon the memories of the past. With a consciousness of duty well performed, they rejoice in the pride of an honorable and lasting peace.

Let us, my countrymen and comrades, never forget that the battle for universal freedom was fought on American soil, and that all mankind are participants in the grand result. Let us lay aside all passion and prejudice, and gathering around the altar of a common country with one voice and one mind exclaim, "*Be thou perpetual!*"

Let us vindicate before the world the genius of American institutions by a holy appreciation of the fearful cost which preserved the priceless boon of freedom. Let us resolve that no sacrifice is too great to maintain intact the integrity of the Union. We need but to revive the high purpose of those who fought with clubbed muskets at Bunker Hill; of those whose shoeless feet crimsoned the snows of Valley Forge; of those who followed the sword of "Mad" Anthony Wayne up against the streaming fire of Stony Point; of those who went down to the red death of battle that this Republic might live—live as a beacon to the appressed, live as a heritage of liberty to mankind.

May the recollection of the fearful struggle through which we have passed serve to inspire our hearts with a fuller and deeper appreciation of American valor, and arouse a just pride in the soul stirring feats of heroism which were exhibited on every field of battle. We have learned that true courage is the inheritance of no section, but is a genuine trait of American character. Our loyal sons met foemen worthy of their steel.

Our misguided fellow countrymen of the South struggled for a mistaken idea of duty. They fought like brave men for what they deemed to be right, and won the admiration of their antagonists for the sincerity of their motives and the willing sacrifices which they made for the success of a hopeless cause.

The wailing of grief stricken hearts was not confined to the North alone, but every hearthstone throughout the land heard the echoing groan of bitter lamentation.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

The battle fields of our country have become sacred shrines devoted to friendship and valor. They are the *silent witnesses* of a nation's penance. They are the eternal monuments of a nation's woe, garlanded with flowers of peace. They are the quiet and solemn retreats where the youth can read upon a single page the history of the civil war. They are the lasting tribute of a grateful people to the memory of their preservers.

They are

"The sepulchres of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep in Glory's brightest bed."

Let us never forget that to us is consigned the liberties of mankind. That suffering humanity is waiting in anxious expectancy for the culmination of all its hopes in the permanent establishment of free government. Let us fully appreciate this great responsibility. Let us move forward with unbroken, unwavering front, a solid phalanx toward this glorious consummation, and prove that the poet was more of a philosopher than a dreamer when he said that "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." Let us not prove false to this worthy obligation, but firm in justice, right and law, let us transmit to posterity an unsullied record of the faithful execution of this sacred trust.

"O, beautiful and grand
My own, my native land
Of thee I boast;
Great empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most."

Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand."

Intelligent Chimpanzees.

Among the most remarkable stories in Mr. Stanley's book on Africa is one told to the explorer by Emin Pasha. Here it is:

The forest of Msongwa is infested by a tribe of chimpanzees of great stature, which make almost nightly raids on the villages and little plantations of the Mswa natives, carrying away their bananas and other fruits. There is nothing very remarkable about this fact, since many kinds of animals make pillaging forays upon the habitations of men; but the surprising part of Emin's narrative is the statement that in these thieving raids the chimpanzees make use of lighted torches to hunt out the fruits.

"If I had not been myself a witness of this spectacle," Mr. Stanley reports Emin as saying, "nothing would have ever made me believe that any race of monkeys possessed the art of making fire."

On one occasion, Emin says, a chimpanzee of this intelligent tribe stole a drum from the huts of his European troops and made off with it, beating it as he ran.

The monkey took the drum to the headquarters of his own "people,' who were evidently much charmed with it, for the Egyptian soldiers often heard the monkeys beating it vigorously, but irregularly. Sometimes in the middle of the night some sleepless chimpanzee would get up and go to beating the drum.

But what other chimpanzees thought of this midnight musical performance will never be known positively, but, from the fact that no sound of battle and slaughter among the intelligent chimpanzees ever followed, the Egyptians were forced to conclude that they liked it.

Here at least, therefore, we find an indication that the grade of intelligence of even the chimpanzees of Msongwa is still far below that of the human race.

Select Poetry.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY EMMA P. SEARUBY.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling,
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day,
But it smoothes the furrows out of the care,
And lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find,
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
'Till 'tis bitter, and hard to live.

Select Story.

"VOX."

'Twas the Lonesome, and Not the Joyful, Stop That was Broken.

Miss Susan Smith, music teacher, stood at the front window of her little parlor counting the buds on her rose bush.

It was a sort of cheerful little room, after all. Of course the carpet was worn and faded and the curtains had been darned and darned again; but there was a gay yellow sheepskin rug laid over the worst spot in the carpet, and the curtains were hung so that most of the bad places came under the folds; and the whole air of the place was so homelike and cosy that you quite forgot that the furnishings were poor.

There was a whatnot in one corner with the lower shelves filled with books and the upper ones with knick-nacks and keepsakes.

There were some cane-seated chairs and two rockers and an organ with an open instruction book upon the rack—a well-thumbed book with fingering marked in lead pencil and with its 1, 2, 3, 4, and mysterious looking black crosses where you ought to put your thumbs.

The organ had two stops, "Tremolo" and "Vox." Miss Smith didn't know what "vox" really meant; whenever she felt lonely and depressed she instinctively pulled out the tremolo-stop and let the notes quiver as they would; but when she was happy she noticed that she pulled out the other stop, so she concluded that it must mean gladness or something like that.

Now Miss Smith was a sweet-faced little old maid who had very little musical knowledge or skill, but she had unlimited patience, and there was no other music teacher in the village, so she had quite a large class of pupils—young girls whose ambition it was to play the organ in Sunday-school or to entertain the sociables with selections of "instrumental"—and small boys and girls who hated to practice and didn't like music a bit, but whose mothers were ambitious for them in the way of accomplishments.

A little click of the gate latch makes Miss Smith look up from her roses and she runs to open the door before the newcomer has time to knock. It is little Sallie Walters with her music book under her arm and a boquet of grass pinks in her hand. Miss Smith greets her cheerily: "Good day, Sallie, O! them posies for me? Thank ye, dear, I'll run and get a tumbler for 'em."

"Now, Sallie, we will have the scales first, dear;" and Sally blunders along with her right hand a note or two in advance of her left.

"Here, dear try again, and don't forget your thumbs this time," and Sally tries again and she dosen't forget her thumbs for a minute; she uses them wherever she can twist them under and over as she plods up and down the scale.

"Oh, Sally, hain't I told you never to put your thumbs on the *black* keys." Sally is apologetic. I hain't practiced much this week," she says, with charming frankness as she turns to her exercises with a sigh. "Mandy Mull is to our house sewing this week."

"Oh! somebody's goin' to have a dance to-morrow night. Tom Jones is agoin to play fer 'em."

"Oh! is he? Sally, you *must* curve your fingers more and keep your elbows still."

"Yessum. Tom he's going away soon. I reckon this is the last dance he'll play for. He come a piece-way with me today; it was him that give me the flowers for you; I forgot to tell you when I come in."

Miss Smith's face turned the color of the pale grass pinks, but she said nothing, and the lesson went dragging on; "one-two-three—*rest*," she counted, and Sally's fingers slowly picked out the notes pointed by the teacher's pencil.

At last the lesson was finished and Sally remembered a message which she had almost forgotton. "Oh, Miss Smith, ma and Maria tole me to be sure and ast you if you'd come over to-morrow night an' play; they're goin' to move the orgin into the kitchen an' have double music."

Miss Smith had sometimes played "double music" with Tom Jones before; and the little old maid remembered how pleasant it had been to play chords to the lively strains of Money Musk, with Tom Jones bending over her to ask if he went too fast for her or if she was tired pumping, so she told Sally that she would come.

Tom Jones was the other musician of the village. If Miss Smith's specialty was sacred music, his was certainly secular and his fiddle was the life of all the country dances.

After Sally had gone Miss Smith dropped into her little creaking rocking chair and sat quite still looking at Tom Jones' flowers. She was thinking that she was sorry Tom was going away. They had been children together in this same village and when he was a young man and she a pretty girl, they had been half lovers, but their love had never been confessed and they had drifted apart although neither one had married anyone else;- and now that Tom was going it made her feel lonesome, somehow.

She knew where he was going; she had heard of the farm he had bought in a western state and she had known that he had meant to go there to live sometime—but she had not thought it would be so soon.

Miss Smith was alone in the world. Her mother and she had lived together until her mother had died, and now she had nobody to take care of but herself—and Tom had nobody to look after either. It was a lonely way to live after all.

But Miss Smith heard another pupil coming and she jumped up and set the tumbler of flowers away, out of sight in her bedroom, before she opened the door.

The next day Miss Smith fussed about a good deal, basting lace in the neck and sleeves of her green merino gown and brushing an imaginary speck here and there; and occasionally she would lay Tom's flowers against the dress to try the effect. When she was dressed and quite ready she hesitated for some time before she pinned the pretty blossoms at her neck with the great hair brooch which had been her mother's; then she threw her shawl over her head so that she might not muss the flowers, and she tripped down the street to Sally's house.

The big kitchen at the Walters home was clean and shiny, and the bare floor smooth as wax; rows of chairs were set along the sides of the room, and the bashful, red-faced beaux and country belles were sitting in an embarrassed silence which was broken by an occasional giggle.

The organ was at the end of the room and Tom Jones stood near it tuning his fiddle. Everyone looked expectant and eager as the hostess bustled in and led Miss Smith to her organ. Tom gravely called:

"Places for fust set."

"Fust lady balance to the right hand gent"—called Tom, cheerily, and then he leaned over and nodded toward the posies at Miss Smith's throat: "I'm glad ye wore 'em," whispered he.

Miss Smith blushed to her eyes and struck a whole handful of false notes, but nobody noticed it and the dancers danced on, obedient to Tom's call, through figure after figure, ending with "Gran' right an' left; you done it so well you can do it agin, agin," and then Tom called "*Seats*—all," and there was a stampede to the water pail and dipper which stood on a chair in the corner.

When supper was announced, Tom stiffly gave his accompanist his arm and they followed the rest to the dining-room. The chairs were all full and there was left only a wash bench, and they were laughingly told they must share that.

As he helped Miss Smith to the cakes and pies and the various dainties, Tom told her that he was going away, and she murmured that the young people would miss him sadly. Then he asked her if she would miss him, and she murmured, even lower, that she would, and then he followed that up with another question which he half whispered and she answered very low—quite under her breath, but he understood it, for he looked very proud when he led her back to the organ after supper.

When the party "broke up" everybody came to bid Tom good-by and he said: "Boys an' girls, you'll hev to say good-by to Miss Smith too, fur she's goin' with me."

Everyone was delighted and surprised, of course, and wondered how it all happened, only Mandy Mull and Mrs. Walters shook their heads and said despairingly that it seemed too bad for the village to lose all its musical talent at once, and six of the girls secretly determined on the spot to apply for the position of organist in the Sunday school.

When Tom kissed Miss Smith on the doorstep that night he told her that if he had known how very easy it was to propose he would have done it twenty years before, and she said: "Oh, Tom!" and ran into the house.

When Tom came to pack her organ for its journey to a new country they discovered that the tremolo-stop was broken and the keys would not respond to its doleful command. Tom puttered over it in vain, until Miss Smith said: "Never mind, Tom; I don't care a bit if it's never fixed—I only used that stop when I was lonesome and sad. I'm glad it isn't 'Vox' thet's broke. Somehow it seems kind of a good sign, as though I wasn't goin' to need the lonesome one no more. 'Vox' is joyful—let me show you," and the little woman pulled out the stop and sat down at the organ and played Old Hundred with a will.

Turkish Rugs.

"I was very much amused," said a gentleman who has recently returned from Constantinople, "at some of the efforts made in this country to reproduce Turkish designs in rugs and fabrics. Anything that was odd-shaped was called Turkish. An oriental rug, to the native, tells a story as clearly and as expressively as literature. The details of the design are not meaningless marks or figures; they are symbols and suggest historical events and romance. I could probably explain the matter more lucidly by this analogy: You have been to Europe and collected bric-a-brac and curios—a few vases from the Sevres works, an old sword from Damascus, some pottery from Rome and strange relics from Pompeii. You have come back and conventionalized these shapes and introduced them in a flat way into some fabrics. To you, these various forms bring up a wealth of reminiscence. They tell of a tour of Europe, and the incidents of the trip are revived at every glance. So, to the oriental mind, every detail of the rug of his district arouses a fund of reminiscence.

Foolish Funeral Customs.

Experience, especially in recent years, teaches that funerals produce funerals. Many a fatal disease has been contracted through standing in cold and wet beside the open grave of a friend or relative, and inhaling, while the last rites of religion are being paid to the memory of the dead, the seeds of death. There are thousands of examples to prove this fact. The members of the family, who are exhausted by long and trying vigils beside the bedside of a loved one, who has, at last, been obliged to succumb to the grim reaper, are subjected on the day of the funeral, especially during the winter season, to the severest tests, and it is not at all surprising that many of them are involved in the same fate. They stand, shivering and wet, beside the grave until it is filled up, grassed and trimmed. Some of the public men, who have recently died, owe their fatal illness to this pious but extremely dangerous custom. A sensible reform seems to be eminently in order in this direction.

An Enthusiast in a Company.

Did you ever chance to sit in a room where every window was closed and all the sashes wool-listed? Where a steam readiator cooked the dead air as boiling water cooks a chicken? Where the people sat around with bulging eyes and flushed cheeks until some blessed "crank" suddenly walked in and threw open a window? Oh, how the splendid azone rushed in and set all the air a sparkle! Everybody straightened up, didn't they, and even the old cat gave a sigh of relief. Well, just what the fresh air is to a stuffy room is the right down, honest enthusiast to any company he enters. He exhilerates, purifies, quickens and makes alive. Blessed be his coming for ever and ever.

Making Children Obey.

A mother should be careful to make only reasonable demands upon her child's obedience, but when once made, to enforce them implicitly. One should be very careful never to enter into a contest over a point that cannot be enforced. A child may be made to do certain things, but no power on earth can force him to do others, or to say words that he has made up his mind not to say. The prudent mother will enforce her authority and teach obedience on ground that she is sure of being able to hold. Points that she knows she cannot carry she will avoid until the habit of obedience is formed, and then there will be no discussion.

Eyeless but useful needles—Those on the compass.

A millionaire has large will power.

A tall man can't help living long.

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