AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 30. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 1, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

CHEAP MARYLAND LANDS!

YOUNG MEN, WHY GO WEST?

When brighter prospects present themselves in Maryland; Cheaper Land, a Better Climate, and Convenience to the Markets of two Great Cities, Washington and Baltimore.

BARGAINS IN ST. MARY'S COUNTY.

Awake from your dreams of the West and think of the bright future of our own state. I present to you a few of the many farms I have to offer you, and at such prices as to induce you to drop in and see for yourselves.

No. 1—Small farm containing 60 acres, near California postoffice, improved by a small two room dwelling, a barn, fine spring of water, good meadow; a nice little home for $350.

No. 2—100 acres adjoining California, four room dwelling; land level and fine soil; a capital investment; $1,000.

No. 3—"Vineyard," beautifully situated on the St. Mary's river, within a few minutes ride of St. Mary's City, the historical spot marked by the Calvert monument, and lovely surroundings unsurpassed by nature's handiwork. The site of St. Mary's Female Seminary and Protestant Episcopal Church, fine society, great agricultural improvement in the section; half mile of river front combined with a fine oyster creek on said land; good meadow; finest location for peach culture in the county; fine site for steamboat wharf and ample fruit for domestic use render it a very desirable property. Price $2,500; 185 acres.

No. 4 is a very desirable farm 2½ miles from California; fine loamy soil in good state of cultivation; land level and well watered: conveniently situated; improved by a frame dwelling of four rooms and kitchen; good outbuildings and a lovely home; 300 acres. Price $4,000.

No. 5 is a large 400 acre farm, improved by two large dwelling houses; land level and susceptible of division into two or more farms; four miles from Millstone Landing and one mile from the bay; good outbuildings; all this for the low price of $10 per acre; buildings worth a large per cent. of the money; convenient to Baltimore and Washington markets.

No. 6 is "Flower of the Forest," containing 375 acres; four miles from steamboat wharf; land generally level and very fertile, well watered, fine grazing lands; improved by large and roomy dwelling, two large barns, two corn houses, two tenant houses, fine lot of valuable timber; altogether a very desirable farm for the low price of $3,500.

No. 7 is a model home for all conveniences, one mile from California; mail passes the door twice a day; improved by a large two story dwelling, good barn and tenant house; fine lot of timber; within one mile of the water and steam mill; 220 acres for the small sum of $1,200.

No. 8—One of Patuxent's beauties, which overlooks its mouth, with a complete title of five acres of the finest oyster ground known, which makes it represent a little fortune; within a few minutes row of wharf; soil dark loam and very productive; large dwelling and barn, finely watered, and altogether can be made a home equal to any in the state. This farm contains 140 acres and can be bought for $35 per acre.

No. 9 is 450 acres, on the Potomac river, one mile of river front, with all the advantages the Potomac can afford; fine large dwelling and necessary outbuildings; 300 acres of cleared land, perfectly level, adapted to all crops; fine grazing land, well watered; all this for the small sum of $5,000.

All the above lands are well fenced and are conveniently situated as to churches, mills, postoffice, schools, &c., and the good health of our people is known far and wide. My doctor's bill for a large family in 18 years has been $11. I invite those wishing to purchase land to come to St Mary's and look for themselves. Take the Weems line of steamers from pier 2, Light street, for Spencer's Wharf, Patuxent river. Boats leave at 6.30, a. m., Wednesdays and Saturdays and 9 p. m., Sundays, and return Mondays and Wednesdays in the morning and Monday nights. Refer to Messrs. Henry Vanderford and John W. Nelson, of Westminster, Md., who have viewed these lands and will give further information. Call on or address

L. J. WISE, California,
my-16-tf St. Mary's County, Md.

GREAT BARGAINS

IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND LAND.

Capitalists will find investments in such land much better than Mortgages.

Young Men here is a chance to secure cheap Farms.

No. 1—Beautifully located on the Chesapeake bay; 300 acres of fertile land, 170 acres arable, balance woodland; two story frame dwelling, eight rooms; three tenant houses, good barn and other out buildings; good fencing, apple orchard and other fruit; good water; convenient to churches, schools, stores and postoffice. Price $20 per acre, $6,000.

No. 2—Beautifully located on the Patuxent river, 300 acres of fertile land, 200 arable, balance woodland; comfortable dwelling, 7 rooms, one tenant house, good barn and outbuildings; good fencing, some fruit, good water; convenient to churches and schools, stores and postoffice; good oyster creek. Price $5,000.

No. 3—Tract of woodland, 200 acres, located one mile from Chesapeake bay; 5,000 cords of firewood, an abundance of other timber; the land is level and lays beautifully for a farm, with a fine view of the bay. Price $500, a very cheap property.

No. 4—A farm containing 100 acres, 1½ miles from the Patuxent river; fine soil for all crops and fruit; a small dwelling house of four rooms, barns and other outhouses; good fencing, well timbered, good water, convenient to churches, schools, stores and shipping points. Price $600, a great bargain.

No. 5—A farm containing 400 acres, one mile from Chesapeake bay, well elevated with a beautiful view to the bay; good dwelling house of eight rooms, two tenant houses, good barns and other outbuildings; good fencing, apple and peach orchard, good water, fine soil for all crops; convenient to churches, schools, stores and shipping points; 200 acres of arable land, balance well timbered. Price $4,000, a great bargain.

No. 6—Farm beautifully located on Patuxent river, containing 100 acres; good oyster creek for bedding oysters; good land for fruit and other crops; comfortable dwelling and outbuildings, good fences, good water, convenient to churches, schools, stores and postoffice. Price $12 per acre. A very desirable property.

No. 7.—Farm beautifully located on Patuxent river, 150 acres, well improved; good peach and apple orchard, good dwelling, nine rooms and kitchen attached; good water at the kitchen door, good barns and outbuildings; one tenant house; good oyster creek, both for natural growth and bedding purposes and fishing; 100 acres arable land, balance timber; convenient to churches, schools, stores, postoffice and steamboat landing. Price $20 per acre, $3.000.

No. 8—A lot of 10 acres, beautifully located on Patuxent river; good business place; good dwelling of eight rooms; storehouse 50 yards from dwelling; beautiful lawn sloping down to the river, good shape; valuable oyster creek attached, good fishing and oystering; a business of $10,000 was done last year; has a beautiful view of the Patuxent river, and Chesapeake bay; has a view of all sea-going vessels to and from Baltimore; Weems line steamboat landing in front. Price $2,000.

Address
W. F. FORD,
Fishing Point Postoffice,
St. Mary's County, Md.

☞ To visit these farms take the Weems line of steamers, pier 2, Light street, Baltimore, for Millstone Landing, Patuxent river, at 6.30 a. m. Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Sunday night at 9 p. m. Returning, leave Millstone Landing Monday at 10 a. m., Monday night at 8, Thursday at 10 a. m. Round trip ticket from Baltimore $2.50, good till used. For further information refer to Messrs. Henry Vanderford and John W. Nelson, of Westminster, who viewed these lands and can give full particulars concerning the same. m-16-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

PAPER MILL FOR SALE.

THE First-class Paper Mill, known as the "IVY MILL," situated in Carroll county, Md. This property is in GOOD ORDER, and will be sold VERY CHEAP and on VERY EASY TERMS. For further information apply to
JOHN A. DUSHANE,
44 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
an-24-6m

Western Maryland Railroad

CONNECTING WITH

H. & P. R. R. at Shippensburg, Shenandoah Valley and B. & O. Railroads at Hagerstown; Penna. R. R. at Frederick Junction, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS

Taking effect Sunday, June 14th, 1891.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A M. *	11. AM. †	15. AM. †	23. PM. †	29. P M †	53. AM. ‡	55 P M. ‡
New York	9.00	12.15		10.10			
Philadelphia	12.03	3.50		12.35			
Washington		6.35		2.10			
Baltimore	4.10	8.05	10.00	4.00	6.28	9.30	2.30
Arlington		8.29	10.25	4.23	6.52	9.52	2.55
Mt. Hope		8.32	10.29	4.27	6.58	9.57	2.58
Pikesville		8.40	10.37	4.35	7.05	10.05	3.07
Owings Mills		8.50	10.48	4.48	7.15	10.15	3.18
Glyndon	4.50	9.05	10.59	5.01	7.26	10.28	3.32
Emory Grove		9.06	11.00		7.30	10.29	3.36
Finksburg		9.16	11.12	5.14	7.42	10.41	3.45
Carrollton		9.30	11.25	5.28	7.55	10.55	3.59
Westminster	5.20	9.50	11.41	5.44	8.13	11.12	4.17
Avondale		9.57	11.48	5.51	8.22	11.20	4.27
New Windsor	5.32	10.08	11.59	6.02	8.35	11.33	4.39
Linwood		10.13	12.05	6.07	8.42	11.40	4.45
Union Bridge	5.40	10.20	12.09	6.12	8.47	11.45	4.50
Middleburg		10.27	P M.	6.18	P M	AM.	P M
Frederick Jc.		10.28		6.22			
D. P. Creek		10.33		6.27			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.36			
Mechanicst'n	6.03	10.53		7.06			
Edgemont	6.43	11.45		7.35			
Waynesboro	†7.02	12.02		7.53			
Chambersb'g	†7.43	12.40		8.32			
Shippensburg	†8.10	1.11		9.00			
Hagerstown	7.12	12.15		8.05			
Williamsport		12.30		8.20			
	AM.	P M.		P M.			

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. P M *	4. AM. †	8. AM. †	12. P M. †	18. P M. †	52. A M ‡	54. P M. ‡
Williamsport			7.15		1.30		
Hagerstown	4.20		7.32		1.45		
Shippensburg			6.32		12.50		
Chamb'rsburg			7.02		1.23		
Waynesboro			7.37		1.58		
Edgemont			8.02		2.20		
Mechanicst'n	5.19		8.44		3.11		
Rocky Ridge			8.55		3.24		
D. P. Creek			9.03		3.32		
Frederick Jc.	5.37		9.07		3.39		
Middleburg			9.09		3.41		
Union Bridge	5.44	6.45	9.16	12.45	3.51	6.32	3.58
Linwood		6.49	9.20	12.49	3.56	6.38	4.03
New Windsor	5.52	6.55	9.26	12.55	4.03	6.47	4.09
Avondale		7.04		1.05	4.15	7.02	4.20
Westminster	6.07	7.10	9.43	1.12	4.27	7.12	4.28
Carrollton		7.24	10.00	1.27	4.43	7.30	4.44
Finksburg		7.33	10.13	1.39	4.55	7.45	4.58
Emory Grove		7.48		1.48	5.05	7.59	5.10
Glyndon	6.38	7.49	10.22	1.49	5.06	8.00	5.11
Owings Mills		8.01	10.32	2.00	5.21	8.15	5.25
Pikesville		8.10	10.41	2.09	5.33	8.27	5.37
Mt. Hope		8.18	10.47	2.16	5.43	8.36	5.46
Arlington		8.21	10.50	2.19	5.47	8.40	5.50
Baltimore	7.18	8.42	11.10	2.40	6.14	9.07	6.15
Washington			1.42	8.15	8.15		
Philadelphia	2.20		3.00		9.55		
New York	4.50	6.20	12.30				
	P M.	AM.	A M.	P M.	P M	AM	P M.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

ACCOMMODATION NO. 25.
Leave West, p. m., Hillen Station, 5.15; Westminster, 6.52; New Windsor, 7.12; Linwood, 7.18; Union Bridge, 7.22

ACCOMMODATION NO. 2.
Leave East, Union Bridge, 4.50; Linwood, 4.57; New Windsor, 5.05; Westminster, 5.38; Hillen Station, 7.30.

BLUE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS NO. 21.
Leave West, p. m., Hillen Station, 3.20; Westminster, 4.23; New Windsor, 4.38; Union Bridge, 4.45; Hagerstown, 6.15.

Leave East, a. m., Hagerstown, 6.45; Union Bridge, 8.04; New Windsor, 8.11; Westminster, 8.24; Hillen Station, 9.31.

EMMITTSBURG R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains East will leave Emmittsburg at 8.20 A. M. and 2.45 and 5.45 P. M., arriving at Rocky Ridge, 8.50, A. M., 3.15 and 6.15 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge at 10.40 A. M. and 3.25 and 6.36 P. M., arriving Emmittsburg 11.10 A. M. and 3.55 and 7.06 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Junction at 8.00, 10.32 A. M. and 5.02 P. M. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and York leave Junction 9.58 A. M., and 3.37 P. M.

Through trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore, daily, except Sunday, at 7.06 A. M. and 3.32 P. M. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate points leave Baltimore also daily except Sunday at 10.00 A. M.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
B. H. GRISWOLD Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

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

ESTABLISHED 1846.

WILLIAM MANN,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

AMERICAN CLOCKS

In Wood and Fancy Iron Cases,

Bronze Ornaments

For tops of Clocks and side pieces for Mantels, &c.

Looking Glasses

Walnut Pier Mirrors and Brackets, German and French Looking-Glass Plates.

No. 3 Hanover Street, - Baltimore, Md.
jan-26-1y

WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS.

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL

—AND—

CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain.
Longberry a Specialty.

DAVID ROOP & SON
no 14-tf

Seed Buckwheat.

For sale, a choice article of Japanese Buckwheat, for seed, by
jy-11-3t N. I. GORSUCH, & SON.

MICHAEL E. WALSH.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office with Chas. E. Fink, Esq., 211 E. Main Street (City Hotel), Westminster, Md. fe-

Select Poetry.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace,
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,
Looked up in mine this even;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good night,"
Three little forms from Heaven.

Ah, it is well that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Savior bade them
Bring "little ones" to Him.

And said he not: "Of such is Heaven?" and blessed them,
And held them to His breast?
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis then they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine,
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should say:
"Those angels are not thine!"

Select Story.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

From Demorest's Magazine.

Miss Bettie Perkins took a long but rather unsatisfactory look out between the immovable slats of her kitchen blinds. "Deary me!" she exclaimed, after a vain attempt to extend her field of vision. "I should think anybody with a mite of sense would know better than to make blinds this way. You might as well try to see through the side of the house!"—which was an exaggeration, but some allowance must be made for Miss Betty's mental state.

She had by nature an inquiring mind, and took, at all times, a kind and friendly interest in her neighbors' doings; but on this particular morning her opposite neighbor, Mrs. Blake had her parlor windows open at a very early hour, and had been plainly visible shaking rugs in the back yard before breakfast. When Miss Betty shook the crumbs from her tablecloth she had seen a black silk duster waving vigerously from one of the same parlor windows, and now, in the middle of a warm July morning, smoke was coming from Mrs. Blake's kitchen chimney. Truly, Miss Betty might say with the Mikado: "Here's a state of things!"

"You needn't tell me," said Miss Betty, apostrophizing her sitting-room lamp as she examined its wick, "that Mellissy Blake's dishes ain't washed at this time of day, and that's what the fire's for. No, it's comp'ny, that's what it is; and I wonder who they be. I was in there yesterday afternoon and she never breathed a breath about it; but then Melissy allers was close-mouthed. If 'tisn't own folks, and I believe hers all live up at Worcester way, it's pretty funny I wasn't asked, near neighbor as I be. Well folks is queer."

Her first plan was to go over to Miss Blake's and find out what she could about the expected guests. She could at least see what preparations were in progress for their entertainment, which would be something. "I'm 'most out of yeast and could borrow a cupful," she thought, searching her mind for an errand. But on reflection this course hardly seemed advisable, for Mrs. Blake was noted for her skill in keeping her affairs to herself. "Likely's not I shouldn't know a bit more when I come home than I do now," was Miss Perkins' second thought. "No, I won't go. I'll have an early dinner and see who comes."

Accordingly, at half-past eleven she brought out her tiny teapot and sliced her potatoes for frying, and two hours later, dressed in her second best black dress, and with her knitting ready, she seated herself at her sitting room window. The sun had traveled away from that side of the house now, so Miss Betty was screened from the public gaze by one half-blind, while the other was comfortably fastened back out of the way. Capt. Blake on his return from one of his long foreign voyages had found time to plant a row of young maples across the front of his place, and they were now vigorous young trees; but Miss Betty's window was so far in the angle that she could see the front walk and door and one of the parlor windows.

Dalton hours were early, and before three o'clock the first guest came in sight. "Miss Cap'n Swain" announced Miss Betty, half aloud. "Straight as a ramrod, as usual. I believe she's grown an inch or two taller since Cap'n Swain left off whaling and began to go foreign voyages; but law! what have we poor, perishing creatures to be proud of? I wonder if that's a new dress, now." She unconsciously leaned so far forward in the attempt to settle this important point that Mrs. Swain saw her and bowed, which caused Miss Perkins to retire in great confusion; but she came to the front again in time to scrutinize the next arrivals.

"Dr. Kennedy's wife," said she, "and smiling of course. I never saw her sober, even at a funeral. For my part, I think it makes folks look simple to be always a laughing. Who's that with her? I never saw her before. Now I shouldn't wonder if it is Mis' Kennedy's sister, the missionary woman. I heard she was coming. How sin'glar 'tis that women want to go gadding about in that way."

There was such a long interval before any other guest appeared that Miss Betty had just made up her mind that the party numbered three, when Mrs. Randall, the minister's wife, hurried in at the opposite gate. Miss Betty's hard face softened a little at the sight of her, and for once she had no sharp or unkind word to say. Little Mrs. Randall was hardly ever quite in time; she was apt to come in flushed and breathless, but so sorry for her tardiness, and so sweet and lovable withal, that every one made excuses for her.

Mrs. Blake's parlor was full of pleasant talk that bright summer afternoon. "I saw Miss Perkins at her window, as I came in," said Mrs. Swain.

"I don't doubt it," answered her hostess. "Poor soul! It seems hard not to ask her, too; but I thought you might not care to tell how much your dresses cost, how much Dr. Kennedy's fees amounted to last month, and what the minister is going to preach to us next Sunday."

The ladies laughed, and the conversation turned on Miss Plummer's work and adventures. She had been in Mexico and in the northwest and had so much to tell that when the great hall clock struck five Mrs. Blake was quite surprised, and she went out in a hurry to begin her preparations for supper. The house was an old-fashioned one, with the side door opening directly into the kitchen and the only means of access to the cellar by a trap-door in the kitchen floor, and the steepest possible stairs.

Mrs. Blake started a crackling wood fire, opened the outer door for coolness, and swung back the door of the trap, which was of such generous proportions that the corner of the tea-table was on the verge, and the doorway in close proximity; but Mrs. Blake was used to her house, and she made up her biscuits and ran up and down the break-neck stairs, without even a sigh for modern conveniences.

She was justly proud of her table when it was ready. The cloth had been brought by her husband from what the neighbors called "foreign parts," and the china had been her mother's. The egg-shell cups and delicate plates were very pretty, and how nice the thin slices of ham looked, and the great dish of red and white currants. The fruit-cake was as dark and rich and indigestible as need be, and the pound-cake!—nobody but Mrs. Blake knew the secret of that. She went back into the parlor for five minutes while the biscuits got their last touch of brown and the tea one more simmer, leaving the trap-door open to remind her that the cream and the butter were yet in the depths of the cellar.

Meanwhile it had been a long afternoon to Miss Betty. She could catch the sound of voices from across the way occasionally, and the desire to know what they were so merry over grew stronger every minute, till at last a brilliant idea came into her head. There was that yeast that she,—yes, really needed; she would go now and borrow it. She would go in at the side door, and if Mrs. Blake had company, how should she know it when she was not invited?

So she put on her bonnet and mitts, took her green silk parasol, for the sun was still high, and carrying a cup for the yeast, crossed the street valiantly. Mrs. Randall had left the gate open, so she entered without any click of announcement, and, as it happened, all the ladies were looking at some pictures and did not see Miss Betty at all.

She glanced in at the open side door, but the kitchen was dark, and looking in from the outside she could see nothing. She stepped on the door sill and struggled with her parasol, which declined to shut. Setting her cup down she pushed harder, but still it did not yield. To bring her muscles into better play she stepped back a pace or two—and went down the open trap! In falling she clutched wildly at the nearest object, which happened to be a corner of the tablecloth. There was not much staying power about the damask, and it went down with her—with all its load.

Mrs. Blake was just expressing polite regrets about the absent husbands when a sudden and awful crash drowned her voice and drew them all to the kitchen. What a sight was there, my countrymen! The table, which had been such a thing of beauty a few minutes before, now stood bare and desolate; the cloth draped the cellar stairs, currants had rolled to the farthest corners and bits of cake were still hopping from stair to stair, and in the center of the cellar floor was Miss Betty Perkins, with her parasol still spread over her head, standing erect in a tub of soft soap, unhurt but considerably crestfallen, and a prey to such varied emotions that her face was void of expression as a blank wall.

The amazed spectators looked at this scene and at each other and then broke into a laugh in which even Mrs. Blake joined, although her supper and her cherished china lay in a common ruin, and the air was full of the aroma of burning biscuits and boiling tea. Miss Betty looked up and smiled feebly.

"How—how do you do?" she stammered, "I came to borrow a cupful of comp'ny. I'd no idee you had any yeast or I'd have come to-morrer."

At this added touch of absurdity the laughter was so prolonged that Miss Betty looked up at last, in some indignation. But whom did she see among the laughers! The minister himself, who, having knocked unheeded, had admitted himself and joined the group in the kitchen, and was now laughing with the rest. This was the proverbial last straw, and Miss Perkins sank under it. One wild struggle to free herself from the clinging soap, a consequent loss of equilibrium, and she sat down in the tub and was completely extinguished by her green umbrella.

"Now, Mrs. Randall," said Mrs. Kennedy, as soon as speech was possible, "you and Mr. Randall and Mrs. Swain just go into the parlor for a little while, and Anna and I will help clear up here; but, Melissa," she added, "do ask the town next time, and not leave anybody to come borrowing company."

Italian Cookery.

All manner of small birds were eaten in the sixteenth century by the Italians as they are at the present day. Most persons who have been at Rome in winter will remember the strings of those unfortunate little creatures which are hung up in the shops of the poulterers and greengrocers. Hawks, owls, crows, cuckoos, and other birds of prey are associated with their victims—such as robin-redbreasts, goldfinches, linnets, nightingales, and other birds which in England are placed in a cage for their song and in Italy on the spit for their flavor. Fruguoli in his "Escalcara" even mentions the ostrich as fit for the table, but he cannot recommend it, as its flesh is of bad quality, and the bird not easily obtained. He does not, therefore, give a receipt for dressing it, but he reminds his readers that the Emperor Heliogabalus had the heads of 600 ostriches brought to his table only to eat of their brains.

Scappi recommends that all small birds, and especially the delicious "beccaficho" (the best came from Cyprus through Venice) and ortolans, should be roasted on the spit, wrapped up in lard and sage leaves, and should be served hot, placed on crusts made of fine flour, pounded sugar, and fennel. It is painful to find him classing with these morsels the swallow, which he says should be eaten young from the end of April to the end of June.

After giving directions for cooking beasts and birds, Scappi turns to fish. For dressing them he gives no less than two hundred and eighteen receipts, of which twenty-six refer to the sturgeon. Cervio calls the sturgeon "il piu honoratio de' pesci," and tells us that the best came from a branch of the Po near Ferrara. They are in season from the beginning of March to the end of August, but are good eating all the year round if they can be had. Salmon were sometimes served at great banquets, but were rare in Italy except salted. They were brought from Gascony. The shad was reckoned a special delicacy. Lampreys are fish of great price, and, says Cervio, much relished by gluttons. "They should be cooked in their own juice, and are equally good whether eaten hot or cold. Among fish are mentioned eels, "calamari," (cuttlefish,) sepias, frogs, turtles, tortoises, crabs, snails, and a variety of shellfish scarcely eaten out of Italy.

Borers of the city artesian well at Fort Worth, Tex., are of the opinion that the drill will soon penetrate a huge volume of boiling water, as the temperature increases with every few feet they go down, and at last accounts was 121 degrees, at a depth of 2,900 feet.

Buttermilk, it is said, will remove freckles.

DID BOTH OVERHEAR IT?

It was nearly service time on Sunday morning, and the church bells were tolling their cheery welcome on the frosty air. Pious souls, clad in furs and velvets and other forms of modern purple and fine linen, were hurrying to reach the scenes of their devotions.

Foster Millard was not a pious soul and he did not hurry. He was not sure that he was going to church at all, and he sauntered leisurely along with his hands in his overcoat pockets and his big collar turned high around his throat.

What a world it was, to be sure, and what a fool—but, pshaw!—that was all over now, and he was glad of it.

At this moment he became aware of a slight figure enveloped in fur coming down the cross street, and they met at the corner. She held out her hand with a gesture that bespoke embarrassment and uncertainty, and he took it gravely.

"I believe," he said, "it is quite a year since I saw you last, Edith."

"Yes," she said.

Willard turned and joined her in her walk.

"And I believe," he continued, "that I am very glad to see you."

Miss Arnold was silent on this point.

"You might, perhaps, say as much," suggested Millard.

"Are you going to church?" asked Miss Arnold.

"Well, I don't know; that is, I will go if you will take me with you."

Miss Arnold hesitated a moment.

"Why, of course, if you like," she said.

Why shouldn't he like, wondered Millard. A pretty girl, good music and lots of people? What difference did it make that once—stuff! He had forgotten all that, and of course she had.

"Have you heard the new rector?" inquired Miss Arnold, evidently with an attempt at conversation.

"No," said Milliard. "I have not been there. I am a heathen. You are a missionary. Perhaps I am an angel unawares though."

Miss Arnold laughed.

"That's a trifle mixed, isn't it?" she said.

"Well, perhaps," admitted Millard. "I'm not up in that sort of thing."

"But you used to go to church?"

"Yes, I did—when you took me. I have degenerated. If your theology admits backsliding, I have backslidden. I am now distinctly a heathen."

Miss Arnold laughed again.

"On the contrary, I think you have improved," she said.

"Ah!" said Millard, with faint sarcasm, "I really was not looking for a compliment."

They reached the church and the usher showed them to a seat. Miss Arnold kneeled on the cushion and leaned her head on her little prayer book against the pew in front. Millard watched her silently, as he had done so many times before. She made a pretty picture—dainty, fur wrapped and devout, and the hand that held the prayer book was very small indeed. One little lock of hair had squirmed away from restraining hairpins and was curling prettily near her pink ear. He felt a curious desire to put it in place, and then he became conscious of two voices speaking behind him in not inaudible whispers.

"Isn't that Foster Millard with Edith Arnold in front of us?" asked somebody.

"Why, sure enough it is!" said somebody else. "I thought she jilted him a year ago."

"Hush, he will hear you!"

"They must have made it up. Queer isn't it?"

The choir began to sing again, and the people all rose. Millard heard no more. Edith held her prayer book up to him, and they read the responses out of it. Like those flashes of previous existence that the philosophers talk about, it all came back to him—intangible, indefinite, and yet familiar. How often he had heard that smooth full voice, reading the same old, sweet words of the Episcopal service. He seemed to take up the thread of life a year back, as if the year just passed had been a dream from which he was now awakening.

The Te Deum was over and they sat down again. Presently the two women behind began to whisper again. Edith was intent upon the service.

"Pretty bonnet she has," said one.

"A trifle too high, I think. They say she threw Howard Gale over too. I don't see what those men find in her. She is a perfect flirt."

"For that reason probably they like her."

"I suppose Mr. Millard took it too easily, and she wants to dangle him again."

"Dangle him?"

"Yes. You know what I mean—keep him around and abuse him."

"Hush! I'm afraid he heard you."

"No, he didn't. It would be a good warning to him, anyhow."

Millard moved uneasily, and the whispers broke off suddenly. He wondered if Edith had heard them. He glanced at her, and she looked so unconscious that he concluded she had not.

The rector had commenced his sermon, and she was giving close attention. Millard listened awhile, but it did not interest him. He seemed to have heard the same sermon a thousand times, and his thoughts wandered away into other channels. They went back to the days when he had been wont to read the responses out of Edith Arnold's prayer book, and then he thought of the two women he had heard discussing his case.

He looked at Edith surreptitiously as she sat there listening so intently to the sermon, and he thought she did not look like a girl who would care to "dangle" any one. He knew he might be mistaken, for he did not claim to know women. No man does who has once thought he did. But certainly she did not look like a girl of that sort. He knew she had never seemed so to him, even at the last. But then who could tell? Perhaps she would like to "dangle" him, as they called it.

He wondered if he would care, and concluded that he would not, it might even be pleasant. Something suggested to him that he might let her try, and he favored the suggestion.

They rose to sing that last hymn, and then knelt a moment while the rector prayed. The organist played a low solemn recessional and the people began to file out.

They passed the choir gallery as they went, and the tenor was helping the alto to put on her furs.

"See," said the alto, "there is Edith Arnold, with Mr. Millard in her train again. They must have made up. You're not looking at all."

"I have something better to look at," said the tenor.

"Oh"—said the alto, and then stopped. Millard turned his collar up again when they reached the door.

"Not a long service," he said, for want of anything better to say.

"No," said Miss Arnold absently. "Did you like the sermon."

"Well, I don't know, I didn't hear much of it. I forgot to listen."

"Oh!" said Miss Arnold, very much as the alto had said a moment before.

"I think the soprano would do better if she would leave out some of those trills and quirls," suggested Millard.

"Do you?" said Miss Arnold. "I don't know. I'm afraid I was not listening."

"Oh!" said Millard.

"I don't think I meant that exactly," said Edith.

"Meant what?"

"What you thought when I said I was not listening."

"I had no idea you did."

They walked along awhile without saying anything.

"Edith," said Millard at length, "did you hear what those women behind us were saying during the service?"

Edith looked up seriously innocent.

"What women?" she asked.

"In the pew behind us."

"I was listening to the service," replied Miss Arnold with dignity.

"Except when the soprano sang," commented Millard.

Presently they reached Miss Arnold's home, and he opened the little iron gate for her.

"You had better come in and see mamma," she said.

"Well, perhaps I had," said Millard. He wondered if he was beginning to be "dangled."

Mrs. Arnold and the little sister looked a trifle surprised as the two entered, but each received him cordially in her own way. Little sister slipped her hand into his and gave it a comforting squeeze. That was her method. They were alone when she did it, for Edith went to take off her wraps and Mrs. Arnold went somewhere after a few words with Millard. The latter reflected that he had come in to see mamma, but he did not say anything.

"Are you and Edith spoons again?" asked little sister.

Millard laughed helplessly and wondered what to say. Little sister relieved the situation.

"Because," she continued, without waiting for a reply, "because if you are, I am glad. I don't like the others near so well as I do you."

"Don't you? I'm so glad."

"Are you, really? Say, will you keep still if I tell you something?"

"Like the grave," said Millard.

"And never tell any one I told you?"

"Never."

"Not even Edith?"

"Not even Edith," said Millard solemnly.

"Well, then," said little sister, "I'll tell you. Edith's last beau doesn't come here any more, and I guess she wants another one."

"Oh," said Millard.

"Yes, and I thought perhaps if you knew you would come some more. I do wish you would. You don't snub me like the rest."

"What on earth are you two talking about?" asked Edith, coming into the room at this point.

"Don't you tell," whispered little sister.

"Of course not," said Millard gravely.

"We were talking about the weather," he continued to Edith. "Your sister says it is not as cold as it was."

Little sister slid out of the room. "That was an awful fib," she said to Millard as she went out.

A couple of hours later Edith lifted her head from Millard's shoulder and looked up at him a trifle uncertainly.

"Foster," she said, "did you hear what those odious women behind us were saying during service?"

"I did, but you will remember that you did not. You were attending to the service."

"Hush! I am in earnest, Foster!"

"What is it?"

"What did my sister say to you in here?"

"I promised not to tell."

"Never mind then. Did you believe those women?"

"No, Edith."

"Did you believe what my sister told you?"

"Partly. Not as she meant."

"You are a good boy. I should have believed them if I had been in your place."

"Why?"

"Because," said Edith slowly, "because I am not a man."

A Remarkable Feat.

A truck horse performed a remarkable feat recently—swimming a mile and a half across New York Harbor. The horse and his mate ran away with a heavy truck wagon to which they were attached, and plunged into the water at Long Wharf. One of the horses was killed but the other one m naged to extricate himself from the harness and struck out for the East Haven shore. He swam directly away from the wharf, pointing straight for the opposite shore. Longshoremen followed in a row boat, reaching up with the horse about three hundred feet from the dock.

The horse paid no attention to the boatmen, and kept on swimming in a straight line. About a quarter of a mile from the dock he struck mud and floundered. He was helped up by the men in the row boat, however, and started again for the shore. A short distance further on he again struck a mud bank, and rolled over on his back, but once more he was assisted to his feet, and working his way through the mud, again started out this time in deep water. He swam as straight as an arrow, and did not need further assistance until within a short distance of the shore when he struck a reef of fine stone and disappeared under the water. The spectators on shore thought he had gone down for good, but the next instant he came to the surface, and clearing the reef, found a firm foothold and walked ashore through water about three feet deep. He was exhausted, but apparently uninjured.

A Big Spider.

In the jungles of Sumatra is found an enormous spider which measures three inches across the body and seven across the legs. It is black in color, with red and yellow markings. It spins a geometrical web about four feet in diameter between two trees, which web is strong enough to knock off a pith hat. In one case the web was extended between trees at least twenty feet apart by a system of guys and stays, of which not one was unnecessary or out of place; and besides, was stretched with a vertical direction by two good sized pieces of wood—and chips, in fact—slung to its lower margin. Some of the Sumatran spiders are of such extraordinary and unspiderlike shape that only drawings could give an idea of them. One species, about the size of the garden spider, has a hard, shelly body, with a pear shaped projection on each side, which, as well as the body, is covered with spikes.

Christ's Death Sentence.

A Copy of Pontius Pilate's Decree of Crucifixion.

A correspondent of L'Echo Salonais, a Paris journal, writes to the editor that, in the course of a trip which he made in Spain last year, he obtained a copy of a very curious document found in the archives of a little Spanish town. It was the sentence of death issued against Jesus Christ, which was transmitted to the governors of all the Roman empire, and it reads as follows:

In the sixteenth year of the reign of Cæsar Tiberius, Emperor of Rome and Invincible Monarch of all the Earth; in the 121st Olympiad, the thirty-first age of the Creation, according to the Hebrew calendar four times 1072; of the foundation of the Roman Empire, the seventy-second year; of the delivery of Babylon from Slavery, the 450th year; of the Restoration of the Holy Empire, the year 496, the Consuls of the Roman Empire being Livedus, Pizanus and Marcus Lauricus, Pro Consuls of the Invincible Valerius Palestrinus, Public Governor of Judea, Regent and Governor of the city of Jerusalem; Flavius IV, his Very Gracious President, Pontius Pilate, Regent of Lower Herodian Galilee; High Priests Annas and Caiaphas; Ales Mado, Master of the Temple; Rabbi Ambel; Centurion of the Roman Consuls and of the city of Jerusalem, Quintus Cornelius and Sextus Pampilius Rufus, and the 25th of March.

I, Pontius Pilate, Representative of the Roman Empire, in our Presidential Palace of Larchi, judge, condemn and sentence to death Jesus, called Christ of Nazareth, of the tribe of Galilee, accused of violation of the Mosaic law against the Emperor Cæsar Tiberius. I decree and pronounce by reason of this accusation that he suffer death nailed on a cross, as is the custom in treating criminals. He has been accused by many men, rich and poor, of provoking tumults in all Galilee, declaring himself the Son of God and King of Israel, threatening the ruin of Jerusalem and the Holy Empire, and refusing to pay tribute to Cæsar, having beside the courage to enter into the city with palms of triumph, accompanied by a crowd and entering into the Holy Temple.

In consequence of all this, I order my centurion Quintus Cornelius to conduct publicly Jesus Christ from the city of Jerusalem, bound and clothed in purple, with a crown of sharp thorns on his head, with his cross beside him, that he may serve as an example to malefactors; that there be conducted with him two murderous thieves, who shall be at the same time put upon the cross, one to the right and the other to the left, after having bound their arms and legs. All shall go out by the gate of Jeancaroa, called to-day Antonio, and they shall proceed to the mount of the wicked called Calvary, where Jesus Christ shall be crucified unto death; his body being left upon the cross, to furnish a spectacle and example to all those that do evil.

I order, also, that on the said cross the following inscription be placed in the three languages, Hebrew, Greek and Latin: In Hebrew, Jesus alvi olisidia; in Greek, Jesus Nazareno; in Latin, Jesus Nazaren rex Judæorum. I order also that no man rashly dare to prevent justice being done and administered with its fullest rigor, according to the decrees and laws of the Romans and the Hebrews and under the penalties which are prescribed against those who revolt against the Empire.

(Signed) I. PONTIUS PILATE.

The Forestry Building of the World's Fair.

Chief Buchanan has sent out letters to all of the state boards of agriculture advising them as to the design of the proposed forestry building at the World's fair. The building will be about 200 by 500 feet, and will occupy a commanding position on the lake shore. It will be designed to illustrate in its construction and arrangement the forestry wealth of the world. The architecture is of a rustic character and will make a beautiful effect. A feature will be the wide colonnade along the front of the building and across either end. The supporting columns of this colonnade will be trunks of trees with the bark on, representing the characteristic woods of the United States. This will not only add to the unique beauty of the structure, but will furnish the states an opportunity to show specimens of the trees. These tree trunks will be twenty-five feet long, about twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering gradually to the top. Each trunk will have attached to it a tablet on which will be engraved the name of the state furnishing it, the name of the tree, and the estimate of the quantity of such timber in the state or territory. Chief Buchanan asks each state board of agriculture to send on three of such tree trunks.

It is not easy to win a woman's love, but it is even easier to teach a girl to love you than it is to teach her the intricate mysteries of base ball.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2297-0534