THE FIRST CLAP

OF THE

Season of 1891.

Yes the first grand exhibit—the largest and best and most attractive display of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

ever seen here, a crash in cost of 40 per cent.

A saving to everybody of 40 cents on the dollar—a giving back on everything you buy 40 per cent. in extra value. To increase our business, we put every dollar's worth of goods under our roof in stock to sell at 40 per cent. under the market price.

A BOLD DRIVE,

But 'tis bound to draw trade—and that's what we're after. Big business—double what we did last year—and we've put in the goods to do it with—an immense quantity of the right reliable kind in correct style and in the newest fancies.

Behold This Offer!

40 Per Cent. Saved on New DRESS GOODS.

Ladies' and Children's Wraps, Dress Trimmings, Blankets, Comforts, Lap Robes, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Ruggets, Ladies' and Gents Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery, Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Do not fail to call and inspect our

FINE NEW STOCK!

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S. Kann, Sons & Co.,

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OF

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AT

The Large Dry Goods Emporium

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COLORED DRESS GOODS,

in all the latest shades and fabrics. Beautiful line of new

DRESS TRIMMINGS,
BLACK GOODS, SILKS,
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ALL STYLES **SHOES!** ALL GRADES

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Rugs, Mats, and Hassocks. Our line has never been equaled. UMBRELLAS, TRUNKS, and Window Shades.

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These are not living prices. You may say how do I live. I have no rent to run a store and fuel, &c., and do all of my own work. I don't pay any hands one year to do three months' work in season. This is a chance to get papering done cheap. Take advantage while you have a chance. I will do as before,

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There has been a great deal said about me being a scab workman, but it was only said by those who can't compete with me in price and workmanship and who are afraid of me—never by a party that I did work for. Write for sample and price, or I will come to see you in person and tell you what your job will cost. I can be found at No. 50 West Main street, Westminster, Md.

Thankful for past favors,
Very Respectfully,
jun-28 L. GLADHILL.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

We, the undersigned, hereby warn all persons against trespassing on our lands, for the purpose of hunting with dog or gun, or trapping in any form.

Andrew J. Reese, Jeremiah Mathias,
Jonas Boyer, Samuel L. Myers,
Elias Bixler, Charles Reese,
Theodore Beggs. Denton Reese.

Dr. THOS. J. COONAN

has associated himself with Dr. Edward D. Wells for the practice of Medicine, in Westminster and the surrounding country. Office No. 39 East main street, opposite the Catholic Church. Residence No. 150 E. Main street, Westminster. apl-11-tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 44. **WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.** ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

WHEN THE STARS SHINE.

Look! Daylight's faintest glimmer
Pales out of sea and sky,
The serried cliffs wax grimmer,
Then into darkness fly,
And all the sea's white shimmer
Has dimmer grown and dimmer,
And darkened far and nigh.

But yonder, yonder, yonder,
Blooms forth each golden star;
Plucking the night asunder,
God lights them thick and far,
While all the heavens wonder,
And all the beings under,
Because such glories are!

Ah! when joy's sun is going
And darkness downward rolls;
When sorrow, blacker growing,
The lives of men controls,
Then in God's heaven glowing,
Their tender fireness showing,
Bloom out his star-like souls!

Select Story.

From NEW YORK LEDGER.

NAN'S CONQUEST.

BY NANA SHIELDS.

Mr. Edward Carpenter was described by the gossips of Snowville as a "crusty old bachelor, too hateful to live," having refused for some 25 or 30 years to yield to the fascinations of maid or widow. He lived in a large, old-fashioned house, occupying the lower floor, and his domestic duties were performed by Jonathan Stubbs, who was older and crustier than his master, but who cooked and cleaned to his entire satisfaction.

Unprejudiced eyes would have seen that Mr. Carpenter was yet on the bright side of fifty, that his features were fine, his eyes large and expressive, and the form that he clothed in mean, shabby garments was erect and vigorous. That he was wealthy, all Snowville knew, as well as that there was but a small part of his large income spent upon his personal wants.

But he was stern, harsh to the boys, savage to intruders upon his privacy and had been heard to declare that—

"He hated a widow or a brat. If anything was more detestable than a widow it was a brat; and if anything could be worse than a brat it was a widow."

Therefore, May Carroll, being a widow, though not yet twenty-four, and mother of Nan, who was but four, bestowed upon Mr. Carpenter her most scornful glances and withering frowns.

Nan was a tiny creature—blue-eyed, fair-haired; and to see her draw up her childish stature to its full height and flash contempt from her baby face was really something wonderful.

Who first called Mr. Carpenter "Old-Snap-'em-up," from the short, cross speech he bestowed upon children, was never clearly proved. But everybody in Snowville knew the name.

Still it was rather startling to the proprietor to the title, when sauntering through the woods, just at dusk one summer evening, to feel a wee cold hand slipped into his own, and to hear a pitiful voice say:

"Please, Old Snap-'em-up, take Nan home; Nan's lost!"

He looked down. A baby face, red with weeping, purple with berry stains, but beautiful with its large brown eyes and rosy lips, looked up at him. No hat, and the golden curls all tangled; one shoe quite gone; an apron, berry-stained and torn; hands grimy and dress to match. That was Nan!

"Nan's so tired," she pleaded, "and the little chicky is runned far away."

Was that Mr. Carpenter who lifted the child and put her on a fallen tree as tenderly as her mother could have done? Was that Old Snap-'em-up, who said: "The naughty chicky!" and then dipped his handkerchief in a little run of water, and gently washed Nan's face and grimy hands?

"Yes it was," said Nan, "and it runned so far that Nan lost her shoe and hurted her foot, and she's so tired! Please take Nan home!"

And Nan was lifted into strong arms and cradled so comfortably that she was fast asleep when Mr. Carpenter met Mrs. Carroll in distracted search of her darling, and did not hear him say in his gruffest tones:

"Yes, I found her. Here she is, and I wish people would look after their own brats, and not let them run wild all over town."

How could the mother's thanks be gracious after such a speech as that? But she did not fail to give her timid acknowledgement of his kindness, her great, blue eyes misty with tears, and her little white hands trembling as they were stretched out to take her one treasure.

"You know I am teaching all day," she said in apology, "and I must leave Nan with Jane, or I cannot earn enough to feed her."

A grunt was the answer to this, and Mr. Carpenter strode homeward, frowning heavily, like the woman-hater he was known to be. How could Mrs. Carroll know that just such baby blue eyes as hers had desolated his life, just such a wee rosy mouth spoken false vows and broken faith.

But Nan remembered the gentle touch, the sympathetic voice long after that naughty chicky was entirely lost. She was a thorough gypsy, always wanderi g away in spite of Jane's vigilance, and was as independent as a boy, perfectly fearless and full of resource.

Snowville's Main street was the magnet that was most powerful, and when Jane, at the hours when Mrs. Carroll might be expected, went in search of Nan, she was usually found lost in admiration at the window of the five shops that comprised the mercantile enterprise of Snowville.

It was three weeks after he had met her in the woods, that Mr. Carpenter, walking up Main street, felt again a tiny hand in his, and looked down upon Nan's yellow curls and big, brown eyes.

"Good morning," said Nan, politely.

No answer but a scowl, yet the little hand still nestled closely. Presently, still walking beside her friend by election of one, Nan said:

"I'm pretty well, I thank you," as in reproachful reminder that her greeting had not been answered. The tone said:

"If you are too rude to inquire how I am, I am polite enough to tell you."

Still no answer, and the heavy beard hid the quivering lips. Then the little hand gave a strong pull, and the baby voice said imperiously:

"Candy!"

"Candy?" said the bewildered bachelor, stopping, obedient to the pull.

"Candy! Nan wants some!" and the wee finger was extended to a tempting row of molasses-candy pans in the window of the only cake and candy store in Snowville.

A silver piece was put in the rosy palm by Mr. Carpenter, amazed at himself and hoping nobody was looking. But Nan was still holding fast to his hand.

"You come, too!"

"No, no," he said, hastily; "get your candy and run home!" And gently disengaging himself, he hurried off.

But a silver piece bought more candy than Nan had ever before possessed, a great sticky parcel her baby hands could scarcely grasp. Eager to show her prize, and to share it, she ran quickly down the lane leading to Mr. Carpenter's house, and reaching it, thumped on the door with all the strength of her baby fist. Jonathan Stubbs was out, and nobody came. Nan pounded till she was tired, and then her restless eyes spied a little round window wide open.

It was such a small window that burgarly could find no entrance there; but it was over a water-butt, and under the butt was a bench. How Nan scaled the water-butt and wriggled in at the window, without losing the precious paper of candy, must ever remain a mystery. But she dropped through, on the floor of a wide hallway, and looked about her.

Door after door yielded to her sticky grasp; and at last Mr. Carpenter was startled to see, right before him, Nan's little figure and tiny hands holding a great parcel of sticky sweetness.

"See!" cried the baby voice, in glad triumph; "Nan got all that. Nan's brought you some."

Would anybody in Snowville have believed it if he had seen Nan perched on the bachelor's knee forcing bits of candy between his lips, prattling happily and receiving such gentle caresses as won her baby heart forever. Nobody saw them, the strong man and the little child, as they exchanged kisses. Nobody heard them as they talked freely of nursery experiences, and gave each other views of the merits of "stupid dollies that can't talk, and nice, dear little chickies and kitties that play." Day after day Nan wriggled through the little window, missed only by Jane, and coming home before the weary little mother completed her daily round of teaching. Snowville began to wonder "what had come to Mr. Carpenter." The rough, shaggy beard gave way to a pair of silky whiskers, that didn't scratch Nan's face when he kissed her. The shabby clothes were replaced by a suit of cheviot, because Nan turned up her dainty nose at the fringe on the trousers and the grease on the coat. White linen took the place of gray flannel, at Nan's request to "look like the picture," after discovering a photograph taken years before.

Nobody guessed how the baby fingers were tearing away the crust a woman's treachery had spread over a tender, generous heart, and letting in the sunshine of protecting love. Jonathan guessed, but Jonathan was mute.

It was winter weather, when one mornining Mrs. Carroll, who was giving a music-lesson, was startled by a boy who rushed into her pupil's room, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Carroll, come! come! Old Snap-'em-up is a-killin' o' your Nan! You can hear her a-screamin' 'way down the road!"

The mother flew to the rescue. Already there was a crowd around the house, and everybody talked at once. Doors and windows were barred and bolted; but from its fastness came wailing cries:

"Oh, come to Nan! Oh, mamma! Come!" And then wordless screams of childish fear and agony. No mother could long endure them, and in answer to her frenzied appeals, two men forced the door. The first object that greeted them was old Jonathan, gagged and bound fast to one of the hall chairs. Hurrying on, guided by Nan's cries, they opened the door of the room where Mr. Carpenter spent most of his life. The master of the house lay on the floor, senseless; bleeding, and, kneeling by him, Nan was screaming with terror.

Gentle hands lifted him; a doctor was hastily summoned, and life came back, very faint and fluttering. But there was a smile for Nan, as the injured man's eyes rested upon her. She had clung to him so desperately that no one had the heart to force her away, and it was Mrs. Carroll who deftly assisted the doctor, as he bandaged and patched up the sorely wounded man.

Investigation proved that Mr. Carpenter had been robbed of a large sum of money drawn from the bank the day before, and it was in a vain endeavor to fight three men at once that he was stabbed and felled by a blow upon the head.

Many long weeks he lay upon his bed, and Nan perched herself beside him. Mrs. Carroll had to take her away to her meals and bed, and when she came for her how could she come empty-handed? Jonathan never could make such jellies and broths as the widow brought, and with which Nan fed the invalid. And if another little hand steadied the grasp of the spoon, there was no word of objection spoken. If little feminine comforts crept in to take the place of Jonathan's well-meant but clumsy devices, who could blame the womanly pity that suggested them?

The doctor said the injuries were fatal, and no one in Snowville was inclined to blame Mrs. Carroll's ministrations to a dying man. But for once medical judgment was at fault. June roses were blooming when the calls were reversed, and Mr. Carpenter began to visit Mrs. Carroll though Nan still crept through the round window.

There was a wedding in October, eyes being true eyes this time, and love vows made in heartfelt security. But Mrs. Carpenter laughingly declares her husband was Nan's conquest, and only married her that he might give Nan a father's love and care.

Dairy Suggestions.

The advice to supply salt where the cows can get it at will is often but not universally adopted. But it is good advice nevertheless.

The man who kicks the liveliest against the artificial coloring of butter is about as sure to select colored butter for his own use as anybody else.

December, January and February are the three months when the cows require the best of feed and care in order to get the greatest profit from them. From now till then we should do all we can to prepare the cows for their winter's work. And now is the time to weed out the herd and sell the poor cows.

Always be on the lookout for an extra good cow. There is such a vast difference between an extra good cow and an ordinary good one. Sometimes the difference is one hundred per cent. but a fifty per cent. gain is common. Some cows are good for six months some for eight and some all the year. It is the all-the-year cows we want.

A stong wind prevents the formation of dew, by keeping the air well mixed, and leaving no part of it in contact with the ground long enough to become cool and deposit moisture.

When you hear a great deal of one side of a story, the other side receives from you a great deal of sympathy.

A Street Car Romance.

Tickets shouted the smart young conductor, as he elbowed his way through the passengers standing in a car which was being drawn swiftly up California street.

This was about half-past five o'clock on a Thursday afternoon that I found myself inside a car filled with men returning from business, scattered among whom was a sprinkling of members of the fairer sex, who, incumbered with their innumerable purchases and wrapped up in cloaks, allowed only the tips of their noses to appear over their long boas of fur or feathers. It was one of those cold foggy evenings that make pedestrians hurry along at top speed, while the policemen at the corners of the streets tramp up and down to keep themselves warm. The ladies seemed to have great difficulty in bringing their purses out from their small muffs or from their deep pockets, and a continuous string of apologies was offered for involuntary elbowings, caused by endeavors of their benumbed hands to obtain hold of the nickels of their fares.

"Why, where is my purse? You haven't got it, have you, Ethel?" exclaimed a sweet-voiced lady of middle age, after a hasty search in her muff and a lengthy exploration of the mysterious depths of her handsome gown.

"No, mamma."

"Then some one must have stolen it, or, perhaps, I have left it in some of the shops—down at the White House, probably."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the lady who had spoken, and the conductor began to look very knowing.

"Haven't you got any money?" he demanded, in a gruff tone.

"No; I have lost my purse, which contained all the money I had about me. But my husband will pay for us in the morning, or I will send the money to the office at once on returning home."

"Can't do it, ma'am," replied the conductor. "You've got to pay now or get out and walk."

"Here, conductor," I said, tendering him a dime; and then, turning to the elderly lady, I added: "It is the rule of the company, madam. The conductor can never give credit to passengers. I hope you will permit me to spare you the annoyance of having to get out at this hour."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," replied the lady, "and I accept your kind offer willingly. Will you be good enough to give me your address, that I may discharge without delay this small debt?"

"Oh, it is a mere nothing, madam," I said; "I will be very well satisfied if you will give the sum to the first poor person you meet."

"Oh not at all, sir, I must insist—"

Under such pressure I could hardly refuse, and as the car was now approaching Hyde street, where I transferred to the cross-town line, I took the three transfers the conductor gave me, and, confused by the deep interest of the other passengers, now all eyes and ears, I hastily drew out a card, and, raising my hat, extended it, with two transfers, to the lady. But it was the young girl who, blushing deeply, took them.

The following day I had almost forgotten the incident, when among my letters I found one, in an unknown handwriting, bearing the city postmark. I opened it and saw attached to the top corner of the visiting card inclosed, five two-cent postage stamps. On the card was printed:

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Carman.

While underneath was written:

Mr. and Mrs. Carman present their compliments and thanks to Paul Barnard for his kindness and courtesy.
Tuesdays. No.—Pine street.

I put the card aside on my desk, under a vase of violets, and it was not till one morning, nearly a week later, that I came across it again.

Now, every day you meet people in a street car whom you look at for an instant with more or less attention; but, in my case, I had hardly had a glimpse of the mother or the daughter, and had not even the least idea if they were pretty or otherwise. From their accent and manner, however, there could be no doubt they were of the upper world—but, after all, of what interest could they be to me?

Nevertheless, I did feel interested, so why should I attempt to deny it? Their address had been given to me, and also their day at home. The address was printed, but "the day" was written in a modern, angular English hand. Not so the lines of thanks; the handwriting there was the delicate, precise kind that young misses were taught thirty years ago. The mother had certainly written them.

But who had written "the day?"

I became curious. How could I find out? Yes, there was a way. But to call on people with whom I had only exchanged a few words, almost on the street, and who, in a week, might have forgotten both my name and my face, rather a delicate matter. Then I should have to undergo the torture of feeling myself an intruder, as the servant would announce me in the reception room where, perhaps, half-a-dozen ladies, unknown to me, would look me over from head to foot as I advanced, as if to ask: "Who is this person, and where does he come from?"

When I thought it well over, however, I reflected that there had been occasion to talk of me, and, at the name of Paul Barnard, Mrs. Carman would know very well who I was. At all events, I determined to renew the acquaintance, and so the following Tuesday found me at the door of No. — Pine street.

I must confess, I did feel rather uneasy when my inquiry, "Mrs. Carman?" brought the answer: "Yes, sir; shall I take your coat, sir?" and was presently ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where I proceeded to pull myself together while awaiting Mrs. Carman.

Since then some months have passed.

"Paul, what are you writing there?"

"A little story, darling."

"Let me see."

"No, mamma."

"Then some one must have stolen it, or, perhaps, I have left it in some of the shops—down at the White House, probably."

But she had looked over my shoulder, and a small hand soon covered my eyes, while an arm slipped around my neck and her soft lips pressed mine.

"Oh, you naughty boy! But just wait a minute."

She disappeared laughing, and came back quickly with a blue sachet, from which she drew out two pink street-car transfers.

"You see, I've kept them safely—you did not think I had thrown them away, dear? The first Tuesday I cried all night. If you had not come the second—"

"Well, what would you have done, Ethel?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes, do."

"You won't be cross? Well, I would have sent you one of them by post."

"How jolly! And Mrs. Carman knew—"

"No, no no! She was ever so surprised when you called. It was I who, before closing the envelope, secretly wrote at the foot of the card 'Tuesdays.' Are you sorry?"

(And then there is the sound of kissing.)

A Big Day's Work.

One of the principal owners of the Mollie Gibson mine at Aspen, Col., had a daughter, who was married a few years ago. Shortly after her return from her wedding trip she went to her father and told him she wanted a house. The old gentleman, after a few moment's deliberation, said: "My girl, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will give you one day's work of any two men in the mine you may select." The bride thought this was rather a slim allowance from one who could afford to be generous, and she was not slow to express the disappointment which she felt. The young lady was very popular with the miners, and when they heard of the proposition which their chief had made to his daughter they held a meeting and selected the two best workmen from among their number. These two worthies presented themselves before the young lady, and, after a vast amount of preliminary bowing and scraping, the spokesman addressed her as follows: "Say, Miss, if you will only choose us two fellers you'll never be sorry for it. We'll git an everlastin' rustle on us and we will stick the old man like creation for you. You can just bet your sweet life we will." She selected these two men, and on the appointed day they did "git an everlastin' rustle on them," and they succeeded in sticking the old man to the full extent of their promise. Ore to the value of $31,000 was taken out by those two miners in one day, and one of the very finest mansions in Aspen was the result of their toil and the selection made by the young bride.

Considerable olive oil is manufactured in Northern Persia in the province of Gilan. There are about one hundred thousand olive trees and these produce from six to nine pounds of olives yearly. Only about seventeen per cent. of the weight of the olives of good oil can be obtained by the Persian presses. This gives a crop of about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds. After the good oil is extracted, the olives are pressed again and the oil is used in making soap. The residue is used as a manure around the trees.

Marv Lee's Story.

On the great plains of Kansas, seventy miles due north of Sheridan, there is a lonely grave on the crest of a sterile mound. It may be that no one could find the spot to-day, for the storms of summer and winter wash great ravines in the earth, and level even the hill-tops after a time. But I saw the grave twenty years ago, and at its head stood a board on which was painted:

Here lies
MARY EMMA LEE,
who was
killed by the Indians
on this spot after an heroic defense,
in July, 1867.

As 200 cavalrymen grouped around that lonely grave every man uncovered his head in reverence for the dead, and the story of that young woman's death has never been told around a camp-fire in the West without making men's hearts ache.

This is the story: There were five or six families of emigrants journeying across the lonely plains, when they were beset by hostile Indians. Mary Lee was a girl, only eighteen years old, and had been brought up on the Iowa line. The family consisted of father, mother, two sisters and a brother. The attack was made very suddenly, and Mary, who was riding her own horse, was cut off from the band. When she realized this, she turned and rode away and was pursued by seven Indians. This was at about 9 o'clock in the morning. Her horse carried her thirty-six miles before he became exhausted, and when he fell she made her way to the crest of the mound and there scooped out a shallow riflepit, piled stones up around it and prepared to die fighting.

The Indians were three miles behind her when her horse gave out. She had a Winchester rifle, which was fully loaded, but no extra cartridges. Her first shot killed an Indian and her second crippled another for life. The other five dared not charge her position. On the second day she killed another Indian, and the other four posted themselves in positions and waited for hunger and thirst to conquer her. On the third day they were joined by twenty of their band, but the girl was not attacked. On this day an Indian, who was creeping up to spy upon her, was shot through the right lung, and the others contented themselves by a dropping fire at long range to harass her.

On the fourth day not a shot was fired. The weather was terribly hot, and the sun glared down on that mound until the grass withered and shrivelled and seemed about to flame up. On the fifth day, an hour after noon, the girl shot herself through the head, and was dead before any one reached her. I afterward talked with one of the warriors who was there, and he told me that she had been almost roasted alive by that fierce sun. She had neither food nor drink, and was little better than a skeleton. The Indians simply stood about and looked down upon her. She had a wealth of golden hair, but they did not scalp her. She had rings on her fingers, but they left them there. They did not even take her rifle nor the saddle from her dead horse.

"White squaw heap brave—fight hard—no scalp!"

That was her eulogy. Two or three years later her scattered bones were collected and buried by a surveying party, and to-day her dust mingles with sterile soil fifty miles from the nearest dwelling of one of her race. Bronzed and bearded Indian-fighters, reckless and desperate cowboys, stern faced and taciturn pioneers have whispered the name of Mary Lee around the evening campfire a thousand times since her death, but ever and always with gentle tongue and a swelling of the heart. She was not only a woman, but she had died game.

It is announced that we are to have an American smokeless powder. Prof. Chas. E. Monroe, govenment chemist at the naval torpedo station at Newport, has invented a powder that is practically without smoke and that has been found to work admirably in tests with the new three and six pounder rapid fire guns. Careful attention is to be paid to developing and perfecting this compound, and it is confidently asserted that it will be equally available for small arms.

Oregon farmers are coming to the conclusion that there is more money to be made in horticulture than in any other branch of farming and are rapidly turning their grain fields into orchards.

A thing more difficult than to be economical is always to have a plenty with which to economize.

Means of Defence Against Ostriches.

When the birds are savage, or quei, as the Dutch call it, they become very aggressive, and it is impossible to walk about the camps unless armed with a weapon of defence called a tackey. This is a long and stout branch of mimosa, with the thorns all left at the end. "It seemed but a feeble protection against a foe who, with one stroke of his immensely powerful leg, can easily kill a man; the kick, no less violent then that of a horse, being rendered infinitely more dangerous by the formidable claw with which the foot is armed." Those, however, who are well practiced in the use of the tackey have no difficulty in dealing with the most furious bird. They thurst the thorns in the face, and he shuts his eyes and is bewildered, and the man goes on. Fortunately, one is never assailed by more than one ostrich at a time; for, in the large camps, each one has his own domain, separated from those of the others by some imaginary boundary-line of his own, within which he defends his claims with vigor. Any other ostrich daring to invade his territory is at once attacked, and the human intruder is carefully looked out for till he is seen safely away. Immediately after thus speeding the parting guest, the most savage bird is quite harmless; he dismisses you from his thoughts, and walks quietly back, feeding as he goes. And in the distance you see the head and long neck of his neighbor, whose kingdom you have now entered, and whose sharp eyes spied you out the instant your foot crossed the frontier. He now advances toward you with jerky, spasmodic movements, as if he were bowing you a welcome; this, however, is far from his thoughts, and after sitting down once or twice to give you his challenge—whereby he hopes you will be intimidated—he trots up defiantly, and the tackey's services are again required.

The Paris Rag-Pickers.

A curious series of statistics establishes the value of the refuse of the Paris streets. The figures seem incredible, and show that the rag-pickers discharge a duty of primary importance. Working at night, busy under the gas lights with hook and panier, the value of what they collect is estimated at £2,000 each day. Assuredly one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Of course the conditions of Paris life are exceptional. Population is very close, the tall houses are crammed with inhabitants, there are no gardens as with us—there are but the houses and the streets. The Parisians have a way of emptying all kinds of lumber and refuse into the streets, and then the rag-pickers gather in their harvest. A use is found for everything, and metamorphosis never ceases. All the details are interesting, though some are rather disturbing. Rags, of course, go to make paper; bones after the process of cleaning and cutting down, serve to make nail brushes, tooth brushes, and fancy buttons; little wisps of women's hair are carefully unraveled, and do duty for false hair by and by. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which syrups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty are toasted and grated, and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonized and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut up into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. A silk hat has a whole chapter of adventures in store for it. All this work employes a regiment of rag-pickers numbering close on 20,000, and each earning from twenty pence to half a crown a day. With all the wonders of our great cities we have nothing quite like this.

At the Illinois experiment station tests have been made to determine the constancy of the amount of butter fat in milk, and it appears that though the general law, that the amount of milk decreased and the percentage of butter fat increased as the period of lactation progressed held true, yet there were surprising variations of almost daily occurrence. The amount of butter fat might be six per cent. more in the morning and by night drop off three or four per cent. From these investigations it is apparent that a single test for only a day or two can give no reliably correct idea of a cow's milk and butter-producing capacity.

Almost any man will extend a helping hand to a friend in trouble, if it is not asked that he have silver in it.

About Spotted Fields.

There are to be found on almost every farm what may be termed "spotted fields." By this are meant fields which have defective places in them, where the crops have made a poor return. In this oat field there may be found a spot where the straw was short and on the stalks no heads. In that cornfield is a place where the ears failed to set and where there was scarcely any growth of stalk. Out in the meadows are thin spots where the grass forgot to grow, and yonder barren knoll in the pasture is evidence in itself that it is not doing as well as it should.

It is well to consider these significant hints furnished by the fields and patch up the deficient places. Some one has said that he who farms poor land should always go about the place with clover seed in one pocket and gypsum in the other. This figurative expression may be taken quite literally by almost every farmer immediately after harvest, for the farms—particularly in the east—are few upon which no unproductive places are to be found. It needs not the chemist to analyze the soil to tell what these places need. Two things may be given as the remedy on nine-tenths of the farms, viz., manure and drainage. Let the barren spots be well covered with manure or fertilizers of some sort, and if the operation is repeated again in the spring so much the better. Let the wet places be drained and thus convert waste into productive land. Tile is a good investment on any land that needs it, for the land is virtually worthless without.

If intensive farming is to be the most successful farming in the future, then every acre and part of an acre must be made to produce its very best. Wet places must be reclaimed, half productive spots must be made to bear full crops, and wide brier hedges along the fences must fall before the bush hook. Rocks perhaps appear in patches, endangering plowshare, reaper and mower. They should be picked up and carted off. They are commonly heaped in some corner or along the edge of a field, where they are still in the way, instead of being hauled on the bare ruts and sags in the road, where they are out of the way and useful.

A Coincidence.

It is the subject of frequent wondering remark that our roads and railroads, that is, our great thoroughfares and "through lines," are almost identical in location with the paths of the Indians, and that our town sites were their town sites. In the west, in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi, where the mound builders once dwelt, ours is the third race which has occupied the country, and the seats of greatest population—the chief town sites of the three successive races—have been almost always identical. There is, in reality, nothing strange about it when one puts his thinking cap on—sometimes we find out more that way than by asking questions. Of course, the considerations which were essential in making a given locality desirable as the abiding place of a body of people of one race, will prevail in influencing a like body of another race a hundred years or a thousand years later.

So the mysterious mound builder, the red man and the pale face have built their towns upon the same spots. The main paths or roads have, as a natural consequence, been upon pretty nearly the same lines, the most direct lines of communication between important points. The routes along which the locomotive of to-day rushes through the riven atmosphere with roar and shriek and rumble, drawing its mighty load and making an old-time day's journey in sixty minutes, are almost exactly coincident with the first rude wagon roads of the pioneers of a century or more ago, and also with the paths and trails, often along the water courses and through the easiest mountain passes, trodden from time immemorial by the moccasined foot of the Indian.

The skillful surveyor and engineer has followed with scientific instruments where the red men first went guided only by the instincts of woodcraft. The difference between the new and the old is far less in the lines of communication than in the methods of travel, and the moderns with all of their wisdom and knowledge have done little beside making magnificent improvements on old routes, building with stone, and iron and steel, it is true, but nevertheless along the old, narrow, leaf strewn path that the savage denizens of the forest first found out. The "solid" vestibuled parlor car, through train" follows on a steel trail the old trail of the Indian.

The most extensive salt mine is in Wieliczka, near Cracow, Austro-Hungary. For six hundred years it has been constantly worked, and from it 55,000 tons of salt are annually taken. The mass of salt in it is estimated to be five hundred miles long, twenty miles broad, and 1,200 feet in depth. Its collective gallaries are fully thirty miles in length, and its lower level contains streets and houses, making it a complete underground village.

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