Executors' Sale
OF A VERY VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY!
In Franklin District, Carroll county, Md.

THE subscribers, executors of the last will and testament of Adam Bloom, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, under a power in said will, as also by an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, will offer at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1891,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the late residence of said deceased, all that Farm and Mill Property of which said deceased died seized and possessed, situated in Franklin district, in said county, containing about

120 OR 130 ACRES OF LAND,

(the exact quantity to be ascertained by said day of sale). This property is located on the road leading from the Old Liberty road, near Dr. Aldridge's barn, to Westminster, about 1½ miles from the former and 6 miles from the latter, adjoining the lands of Jno. T. B. Sellman, Peter Wolfe, Frederick Wagner, David Bloom and others. The improvements consist of a comfortable Log Dwelling House, two-stories, with a Spring House, Ice House and a well of Water near the door, large Switzer Barn, large Corn House, very large Hog House, large Wagon Shed, recently built, a fair sized Mill House, with a good Water Power. A large portion of said land is heavily Timbered, with a variety of Timber. There is also a large number of apple trees and other fruit trees. This property is situated in a thrifty neighborhood, convenient to Salem M. E. Church and Salem Public School, and is a desirable location for a home.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the ratification by said court; the other one-half in one year from the day of sale, the purchaser to execute his promissory note for said one-half, with security to be approved by said executors, bearing interest from the day of sale; or, all cash, at the option of the purchaser. Possession of the land (excepting fire wood for the family reading thereon) on the day of ratification, if the terms of said sale are complied with; and possession of all the buildings on the 1st day of April, 1892.

MARGARET A. LINDSAY,
COLUMBUS LINDSAY,
nov 7-4t Executors.

Trustees' Sale
—OF A—
Desirable Business Property,
At Sykesville, on Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

By virtue of a deed of trust from George A. Zimmerman and others, to the undersigned, duly executed and recorded, we will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, 10th day of DECEMBER,

A. D., 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M., a parcel of land containing

ONE-HALF AN ACRE,

more or less, improved with a conveniently built Brick Store House. The building is 3½ stories high, 28x34 feet, with Counting Room annexed, gas and water, and arranged in every respect for conducting any public business. A successful merchandise has been carried on at this point by Zimmerman & Schultz, and the location and construction of the building is not surpassed in the county. This property is in Sykesville, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about 100 yards from the depot.

Mr. Schultz and wife will unite in the deed upon the payment of the purchase money.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof; one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the days of sale.

Any information in regard to the above property can be had on application to the trustees, at Sykesville, Md., or their solicitors, at Westminster, Md.

WILLIAM H. ZIMMERMAN,
GEORGE H. ZIMMERMAN,
LOUIS H. SCHULTZ,
Trustees.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
Jos. W. Berret, Auct'r. nov-14-ts

Trustees' Sale
—OF A—
DESIRABLE FARM,
Near Eldersburg, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2912, the undersigned, as Trustees, will sell at Public Sale, at the Store House of the late firm of Zimmerman & Schultz, in Sykesville, Carroll county, Md., on

THURSDAY, the 10th day of December, A. D. 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M., a Farm containing

109 ACRES AND 183-10 PERCHES

of land, more or less. The improvements thereon are a large two and one-half story Brick and Stone Dwelling House, Log Bank Barn, Smoke House, Corn House, Wagon Shed, and other outbuildings; water at the house and barn—never failing spring of excellent water near the house. About 12 acres is in Timber; about 12 acres meadow land; balance of the land is in a good state of cultivation. There is also a large orchard of apples, peaches and pears on the farm.

This farm is on the Bartholow Road, is in Freedom district, is about 2 miles from Eldersburg, about 5 miles from Sykesville, and adjoins the land of Oliver B. Buckingham, Thos. Jones, A. P. Gordon Cumming, and others, is convenient to school, churches, market, &c., and is now in the occupancy of Mr. Samuel S. Belt, who will show the property to persons wishing to view it.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof; one-third in one year, and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

LOUIS H. SCHULTZ,
GEORGE H. ZIMMERMAN,
Trustees.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
Jos. W. Berret, Auctioneer. no-14-ts

PUBLIC SALE
OF A DESIRABLE
LITTLE PROPERTY,
Near Manchester, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a Mortgage from Michael G. Webster and Sarah C. Webster, his wife, to William H. Starr, dated April 1st, A. D., 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber G. A. M. No. 25, folio 447 &c., the undersigned, Attorney or Agent therein named, will sell at public sale, at the Court House Door, in Westminster, Md., on

MONDAY, the 7th day of DECEMBER,

A. D., 1891, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that parcel of land, being part of a tract of land called "Stoney Valley Enlarged," containing

13 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 30 PERCHES

of Land, more or less, being the same parcel of land that was conveyed to the said Michael G. Webster by Charles T. Reifsnider, Attorney and Agent, and others, by deed dated August 31st, A. D., 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in Liber W. N. M. No. 64, folio 161 &c.

The improvements thereon consist of a comfortable 2-story log Dwelling House, log stable and other necessary outbuildings; well of excellent water at the door; about 4 acres is in good timber and the balance is in a good state of cultivation. This property adjoins the land of Henry Zimmerman, Abdiel Yingling and others; is in Manchester district, Carroll county, Md., near the county road leading from Westminster to Hampstead; is about three miles from Hampstead, and is now in the occupancy of the said Michael G. Webster.

Terms of Sale.—Cash; or if desired by the purchaser, one-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in nine months, and the other one-third in eighteen months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER,
Attorney or Agent named in Mortgage.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
R. C. Matthews, Auct. nov-14-ts

NO. 2644 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

William U. Marker, Plaintiff, vs. Lewis Myers, administrator, et al., Defendants.

Ordered this 20th day of November, A. D., 1891, that the Accounts A. and B. of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of December next: provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
m-23-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

Wanted.

A Good Cook—Wages $10 per month. No Washing. Also a house Girl at $6 per month.

Apply to E. L. PAINTER,
nov-14-4t* Owings' Mills, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 48. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE BOOK AUCTION.

THOMAS FROST.

On his head Life's snow was white;
Time had sadly dimmed his eye;
Day was waning fast to night
In the old man's winter sky.
Sitting by the auctioneer,
All his years he seemed to con,
And the sad words brought a tear,
"Going—going—going—gone!"

Those old books were all he had
Telling that he once was young;
Each to him in gold was clad,
Each could speak with silver tongue
Of happy hearth, of wife,
Children, hopes, ambitions bold;
But the bleak downhill of life
Lay ahead—they must be sold.

One small volume fell to me;
As I claimed my paltry prize
Shadows born of misery
Lay within the old man's eyes.
"Sir," he whispered, "if you please,
Let me see the book once more."
So I laid it on his knees,
And he turned the pages o'er.

To his withered lips there stole
Smiles unmixed with grief or pain.
Did the long years backward roll?
Did the lost ones live again?
In that moment did he stand
Where life's meads with flowers are gay?
Did his grief-worn breast expand
With the hope of yesterday?

With a sign he closed the book.
Yes; upon his golden years
Memory had bade him look,
And his eyes were full of tears
As he gave it back to me,
And the callous voice went on,
Like the song of destiny,
"Going—going—going—gone!"

Where the lamplight softly lays
On my bookcase, stands the tome.
Will the old book use its days
In a tranquil happy home?
Or within the future, dim,
Waits for me some fate uncouth,
Such as that which fell to him,
Mocking at the dreams of youth?

Who can tell? Both joy and pain
Enter into human life;
Loss is but the price of gain,
None are spared this earthly strife.
Though we walk 'neath evening's gray,
We shall see a morn anon;
As the dark hours ebb away
Griefs are going, going, gone!

Select Story.

THE BIG RED APPLES.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

From SATURDAY NIGHT.

It wanted only an hour of sundown—the crisp yellow sundown of October, when the roads are carpeted with red leaves, and the chestnuts are dropping stealthily in the woodland haunts. Lois Tafton looked uneasily toward the sky.

"Do make haste, Tim," she said to the hired man, or we shan't get through to-night. And I can't spare another afternoon, and father wants the oxen to-morrow and the day after."

"Nine barrels o' Big Reds," said Timothy Perkins, who felt himself in all respects equal to his employer's daughter, and to every other young woman in the state so far as that went. "Well, I don't call this 'ere such a bad job. And every one as smooth as satin and sound as a nut. Them ought to bring four dollars a barrel, bein' table apples is so scarce this year."

"Four dollars a barrel! Nine times four is thirty-six," enumerated Lois, pausing with both hands full of rosy apples. "Oh, Tim, if I thought I could make thirty dollars out of my apple tree—"

"To buy a weddin' gownd, eh?" chuckled Tom, hoisting a barrel on the rear end of the ox cart.

Louis frowned, but, after all, if the whole village was gossiping about Ellis Harland's very evident attentions to her, how could she expect Tim Perkins to restrain his free American tongue?

Just then there was a rustle in the yellowing woods on the other side of the stone wall; a light figure in a faded seersucker gown scrambled nimbly over the mossy bars, and alighted with a jump in the midst of the apple barrels.

"Oh, what a splendid load of apples!" cried Lotty the schoolgirl of the family. "And only three barrels of horrid, gnarly, little cider stubs on the Newton pippin tree that father gave me. I never would have chosen it for mine if I'd expected it was going to flat out so. Say, Lois, give me half your crop, won't you? I'd do as much for you. Do Lois!"

"I can't child," Lois answered absently. "I need them all myself."

"Well, a quarter then," pleaded Lotty, pushing her wild hair out of her big, sea-blue eyes. "Say, you might let me have that much, Lois!"

"No, Lotty, I can't. Take care Tim, that barrel isn't far enough on. Don't you see the load don't balance? No, I say Lotty! Don't tease."

"I guess I've loaded up bar'ls of apples afore you was born," sulkily commented Tim.

"You're a mean, stingy thing, and I hate you!" sputtered Lucy, stamping her small, ill-shod foot among the autumn leaves, and shaking her fist at the impressive back of Lois' head. "And I'll be even with you yet, see if I'm not. Oh, you'll be sorry you were so par—parsimonius!"

And she flounced away like a wrathful wood-nymph into the golden brightness of the high-road.

"Oh, Miss Ferrand, I beg your pardon! I didn't know you were there. Did I quite knock you over?"

Lotty stood overwhelmed with shame and compunction. In her self absorbed velocity she had nearly run down Cara Ferrand, the pretty young school-mistress, who was leisurely strolling along the road under the red-leafed rain of the rustling maple trees.

Miss Ferrand laughed. Lotty was rather a favorite of hers, in spite of her freaks and caprices.

"Oh, no!" said she, straightening the coquettish little sailor hat that she wore. "You are not quite such a leviathen as you think. But if I were you, I wouldn't rush through the woods like a race-horse until I was sure there was no one coming in the opposite direction. But look at that lovely western sky! Oh, if I only could paint it. And I've got my water colors in a box here in my satchel, only the tree boughs fall so low and that zigzag fence shuts off the prettiest part of the horizon!"

"There's the old deserted mill," gasped Lotty with a sudden oblique light flashing across her gray-blue eyes, "only a few hundred rods down the road! Up in the second story you could get a lovely view."

"So I could!" cried Miss Ferrand. "Why didn't I think of it before? Is that Lois gathering apples? Oh, Lois won't you come down to the old mill with me before this lovely liquid gold fades out of the sky?"

Lois inclined her head rather stiffly.

"Good-evening, Miss Ferrand!" said she. "I'm very sorry, but I don't care for sunset effects, and I must see after my apples."

"'Troubled with many things!'" lightly quoted Cara Ferrand. "Well, perhaps you are right."

Lois compressed her red lips.

"I can't bear that girl with her aesthetic fancies and her airs of superiority!" thought she, "I suppose she sets me down in her books as an outer-barbarian because I prefer attending to my business rather than to running after fine sunsets."

In the meanwhile Lotty, curling down into an angle of the very picket fence which had offended Miss Ferrand's artist eye, was secretly drawing a folded note from her pocket and scanning its contents.

"It's rather mean to read a letter intended for her," gleefully pondered this young savage, "but she needn't have snubbed me so about the Big Reds; and I'd like to know what El Harland has got to say to her, anyhow."

"My Own Dearest:"—("Tchic! tchic!" with a clinking of her tongue against the roof of her mouth. "I didn't know things had got so far as that!")—"I behaved like a brute last night"—("Oh, did you, sir?" said I'm heartily sorry for what I said." ("I wonder what it could have been?") "Will you, like an angel, forgive me? and meet me at sunset at the old mill, and we'll talk it over?

"Ever yours, repentantly. E. H."

"Oh," said Lotty, spreading the hurriedly scrawled note on her knee, while her beryl eyes glittered diabolically—"at the old mill, at sunset!"

She stretched her neck to get a glimpse of her sister's blue gown, as it moved to and fro among the piles of rosy apples on the orchard slope, and then refolded the note and dropped it into her pocket.

"No, no, Princess Elder-sister, you've deserved your fate! And I couldn't call Miss Ferrand back if I would, and I wouldn't if I could. And you may say and look after your apples to your heart's content, and much good may they do you!"

But Lotty Tafton had not the pleasure of seeing just what effects were produced by her neglect to deliver the billet-doux with which Ellis Harland had entrusted her; for early the next morning a cousin from Lake Champlain swooped down on the farmhouse and carried Lotty off to spend the winter with her own young daughter, and the February snow-drifts lay white along the edges of the steel frozen lake when her brother Rolf, en route for Montreal, whither he was carrying some choice mink-skins, brought an installment of home news with him.

"Lois has been sick," said he, "real sick!"

"Oh, Rolf!" Lotty's conscience roused up into tardy activity at this. "Is she better now? Was it a fever?"

"The doctors could not tell exactly what it was. Oh, yes, she's better, but she droops around the house as if there wasn't any backbone to her. Father, he's 'most a notion to send her to uncle Nicholas, in Southern Californy, if she don't chirk up a little. And Cara Ferrand she's engaged to Doctor Bassett, and Polly Clask is teaching the deestrick school. And Ellis Harland he's gone to Eureka City, in Idaho. Started off real sudden, the very week you went, without even comin' to bid us folks good-by."

"Not even Lois?"

"No, not even Lois. I did s'pose there was something between them two, but I guess likely I was mistook."

Lotty looked intently at his honest, stolid countenance.

"Oh, what a fool you are!" she pondered—"what fools all men are!"

And Lotty made up her mind she would return with Rolfe on his homeward trip. Even Undines have souls of some sort, and Lotty's conscience pricked her sorely. And all that afternoon she spent in penning a letter to "E. Harland, Esq., Eureka City, Idaho," which she mailed herself with an enclosure secured within its folds.

"And what a mercy it was," she told herself, "that I didn't quite muster enough courage to burn that wretched scrap of paper!"

She went back, quite a subdued and proper-behaved Lotty, and developed an unusual capacity for waiting on pale Lois and clinging around her until the elder sister opened her eyes wide and murmured softly:

"Why, you are a good little creature after all Lotty!"

And Lotty burst into tears and cried out:

"No, I'm not—I'm the hatefulest thing alive!"

After that Lotty fell to watching the front gate, and examined every letter that came from the postoffice with feverish interest.

But it was not until the footsteps of spring left violet marks all over the vales that a tall, sunburned young man strode up to the gate, with an overcoat flung lightly across his arm, and asked for Miss Tafton.

"Yes," Lotty cried, breathlessly, crowding herself before the maid-of-all-work; "yes, Ellis, she is at home. And oh, please say you don't quite want to murder me?"

Ellis Harland fixed his stern, dark eyes on her.

"Not quite that," said he, "but I think you deserve almost anything short of capital punishment."

Lotty shrank back into the shadows, wringing her hands, just as the sitting room door opened and Lois' white, frightened face peeped out.

"But it will be all right," she whispered. "Oh, if it wasn't all right at last I should truly feel like a murderess!"

It did "come all right." When the evening lamp was lighted and the curtains were drawn, Ellis Harland sat among them all, the accepted son-in-law of the household.

"But you can't imagine Lois, darling, what an ice-bath seemed to chill me," said he, "that evening when Cara Ferrand walked in upon me at the old mill, and innocently told me she had entreated—and in vain—for you to come, too. What was I to believe? What was I to think? Oh, my darling, you don't know what a miserable wretch I was then, any more than you can fancy what a happy fellow I am now."

Lois' face was softly radiant.

"But here is poor little Lotty groveling at the door," said she, "and she can't breathe easily until she knows that she is forgiven for that little bit of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness."

"Little bit!" echoed Ellis, biting his lip. "Well, never mind, Lois. For your sake, I'll forgive every crime on the calendar. Come here and kiss us, Miss Monkey. But mind you, never do it again!"

Lotty devoutly promised that she never would; and when the Big Red apple tree was wreathed with pink blossoms in May, the wedding took place, and Lois' white surah silk dress was purchased with the original thirty dollars that the nine barrels of apples had brought in.

Proves the Truth of Holy Writ.

Many a reader of the Bible has puzzled over the allegation that so insignificant a thing as a grain of mustard seed, when planted, sprang up and became a plant in whose branches the birds of the air found shelter. The mustard plant of the Atlantic coast, a foot or two in height, could not by any stretch of imagination be thought capable of sheltering even the smallest of birds. But when one sees the vast mustard fields of California the Biblical account is easily understood. The mustard plant of California shoots up 12 or 15 feet in height. A horseback rider is easily lost in the thicket, while the branches of the great plants can and do at times afford shelter for thousands of the feathered tribe.

Blood travels from the heart through the arteries ordinarily at the rate of about twelve inches per second; its speed through the capillaries is at the rate of three one-hundredths of an inch per second.

Cape Town.

In a valley between two mountains—one high, flat, and of pure rock, its stupendous front overhanging the town, the other lower and rounder, its cliff worn away everywhere but on one mighty head—the town with its flat roofed houses and long, straight street lies on a bay as blue and delicately curved as that of Naples. Here it was that the wondering Hottentots on the shore saw the first sails creep across the blue waters of their bay. Here it was that Jan Anthony Van Reibeek, the servant of the Dutch East India Company, landed in 1653 with his dependents, and built the first small town, and made the first gardens. We still walk under the oak trees they planted, the fort which they built in those early days may still be seen on the seashore; the small block houses still standing on the spurs of the mountain were used in those days as lookout towers against the excursions of enemies.

Here the Dutch East India Company imported slaves often from Madagascar, English slave ships sometimes bringing them; the reason for the importation of slaves being, says the old chronicles, that native Hottentots would not labor for their masters as imported slaves would. Here Peter Kolben tells us that about the year 1712 he saw a slave burned to death. They are, he says, speaking of the slaves, "most detestable and wicked wretches," and "'tis now and then a most difficult matter to keep them in order." This slave had tried to burn down his master's house, and was tied to an upright post by a chain which allowed him to make one turn about it. "Then," says Peter Kolben, "was kindled a fire around about him just beyond the stretch of the chain; the flames rose high, the heat was vehement, he ran for some time to and again about the post, but gave but one cry. Being half roasted he sank down, and said (speaking in Portuguese), 'Oh, God, my Father,' and then expired."

These things have passed away now. For 10 miles along the foot of the mountains stretch the suburbs of Cape town, villa and garden and pine and oak avenue mingling themselves in endless succession. Here a man might dream away his life, buried among roses and plumbago blossoms.

Perhaps the finest view in the world is that from the top of the Kloof behind Cape Town. To your right is Table Mountain, the sublimest mass in the world, its gigantic crags of unbroken rock towering up into the blue; below are the pine woods and the town, with its white, flat houses, and beyond the blue curved bay, the mountains of Hottentot's Holland, with a canopy of clouds appearing and receding again into the blue. If you turn, behind you is the blue South Atlantic, as far as the eye can reach, and the terrible serrated fronts of the Twelve Apostles stand facing it, front beyond front, the sea breaking in little blue bays at their feet.

The population of the Western Province is partly English and partly Boer or Dutch-Huguenot, the descendants of the Dutch East India Company's servants and settlers, and of a large number of French Huguenots, who arrived in the colony about 1787, driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and who, winnowed by the unerring flail of religious persecution, form, perhaps, the finest element that has ever at once been added to the population of South Africa. The laboring classes are here, as elsewhere, dark, and here largely half caste, being the descendants of the first Dutch residents and their slaves, or more rarely of blended Dutch and Hottentot blood. In Cape Town itself are found also Malays, Chinamen, Hindus, and the representatives of all European peoples.

Hiram Maxim, the scientist and electrician, says it is a mistake to suppose that the discharge of a rifle loaded with smokeless powder is noiseless. There is, says he, no such thing as noiseless gunpowder. The report from a discharge of smokeless gunpowder is much sharper and higher pitched than that from black or ordinary gunpowder; it can not, however, be heard any thing like so far away. The recoil of the piece is much less, also, with smokeless powder.

A German inventor has devised a new material which is intended as a substitute for leather in many of its uses. This material consists of panels of wood with wire netting between, the whole being glued together under heavy pressure. The sheets thus made are said to be very tough and pliable, and suited for making trunks and other uses that require strength.

Queer Birds.

From the Washington STAR.

"New Zealand is a country of queer birds," said Mr. F. A. Lucas of the Smithsonian Institution. "For ages the Islands have been so completely isolated from the rest of the world that their fauna has become peculiar. The latter did not include any mammals whatever save two small species of bats until the advent of the Dutch. Of the feathered creatures no less than ten families are incapable of flight. Presumably the reason for this is that, in the absence of predatory four-footed foes, they had no occasion to make use of their wings for the purpose of escaping, and so those organs became atrophied.

"Perhaps the most peculiar of these birds which cannot fly is the apteryx, a relative of the moas—giant fowls weighing 1000 pounds apiece when full grown, which became extinct in New Zealand not much more than a century ago, chiefly owing to a season of unusual cold. The apteryx itself is doomed, hunted not only as it is by man, but also by the carnivorous attendants he brings with him, dogs and cats. This bird lives in a burrow, and, owing to its flightlessness, is an easy prey to the hunter.

"The only known bird whose bill is bent sideways belongs in New Zealand. It is the crooked-billed plover, and although such a structure seems at first sight to be a malformation, yet the owner of the beak finds it very useful. The curved bill enables it to readily turn over pebbles and to poke around them in search of food. It is also believed to have something to do with a corresponding peculiarity of plumage. In feeding, the birds turn naturally to the right, thus exposing the left side, which is marked less conspicuously and is not so likely to attract the attention of enemies.

"In New Zealand also is found a big species of rail called the weka. It cannot fly, not for lack of wings, but because the feathers are too soft and yielding. However, it is an excellent runner and trusts to its legs for getting away. Like the jackdaw, the weka is a bird of thievish propensities, stealing everything it can lay beak on, even to such articles as pipes and watches. Apparently it steals for the mere love of the thing, neither hiding its booty, like the jackdaw, nor using the object stolen, like the bower bird, to decorate its nest.

A peculiar group of birds belonging to New Zealand are the honey eaters, and the most striking of them is the 'parson,' so called from its black coat and white tail of curly feathers. It has surprising powers of mimicry and is most amusing when kept in a cage. From time immemorial a cousin of the parson's, known as the bell bird, has been snared by the natives, certain of its favorite resorts being looked upon as the exclusive property of the tribe residing near by. Recently, in investigating the validity of the title of the aborigines to land claimed by them, the snaring of the bell birds by their ancestors has been brought forward in their behalf as evidence.

"Many curious parrots are found in New Zealand. One of them, called the kea, is a very bloodthirsty bird. Having acquired a taste for mutton during a cold and hungry season, it has taken to killing sheep for the purpose of devouring their kidneys. It is only in winter, however, that it follows this carnivorous habit; during the warm months of the year it subsists on fruits and flowers. Under the circumstances the farmers have considered themselves warranted in doing their best to destroy the keas, and the species has been pretty nearly wiped out.

"There are plenty more queer birds in New Zealand. One of the sparrow kind is the only known species in which the sexes are distinguished by bills of entirely different shapes. The beak of the male is stout, like a woodpecker's, while that of the female is slender and curved. This difference in the shape of the bills leads to a difference in their use. The male enploys his beak like a woodpecker, while the female carefully probes all holes where the surrounding wood is so hard as to defy the efforts of her mate.

"Man and the animals he has introduced are rapidly destroying the avian fauna peculiar to New Zealand. The flightless birds will naturally be the first to vanish, because they are the most easily caught. Dogs, cats, and rats imported from Europe are doing their best to wipe out these curious feathered creatures, and it will not be long before the islands lose forever the characteristic forms which render the ornithology of that region so interesting."

It is strange, but the dregs of a pot of "red paint" are always blue.

Dead For Forty Days.

From CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father, and his authority was the well known General Avitable, Runjeet Singh's right hand man, who was present.

Those facts are that a certain "joghee" (Hindoo anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and, declining to obey, was brought by force into the tryant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce.

He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor, who was present, declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put into a carefully made box, the lid was closed and sealed with Runjeet Singh's own signet ring.

The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows of Lahore, and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Avitable's own supervision.

Sun and rain came and grass [redacted] the vault was uncovered and the box extracted from it with its seals intact.

It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them and which he had publicly explained before his burial.

He revived, as he had said he would, and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life. He refused all gifts and retired to his former retreat, but shortly afterward he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler.

Old and Curious Trees.

From NEW YORK RECORDER.

A curiosity in the shape of a willow tree, on the Noble farm, in Westtown township, Penn., has lately become the subject of great interest hereabout. Although situated in the centre of a dense woods on an elevated knoll of dry, hard ground, a perpetual rain falls from its branches even in the warmest days, and the soil beneath it is always reeking wet. The tree is of the ordinary willow species, with roots extending an in[redacted]

A new invention that will doubtless "go" next summer when the swimming season sets in again is a webbed rubber glove for use in the water. Young swimmers find one of the most difficult points to learn is to keep their fingers together in the water. With the webbed glove this will not be necessary, as the swimmer will then be web-fingered and can safely compete with the Newfoundland dog.

Dead For Forty Days.

From CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father, and his authority was the well known General Avitable, Runjeet Singh's right hand man, who was present.

Those facts are that a certain "joghee" (Hindoo anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and, declining to obey, was brought by force into the tryant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce.

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A Girl to be Avoided.

She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be a "dead secret;" and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and, possibly, she doesn't, that many of the sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own, to help mother and to have your pleasures at home, and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the windows and the people is "just delightful."

She is the girl who persuades you that slang is witty; that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an [redacted]dence of your charms and fascina[redacted], instead of being, as it is, an out[redacted]d visible sign of your perfect fol[redacted]

[redacted]he is the girl who persuades you [redacted] it is a very smart thing to be [redacted]rred to as a "gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And of all others she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is the girl to be avoided.

Most Terrible Spiders.

West Africa possesses the most terrible of spiders, a being so foul and malignant that no reptile compares with it for horrors. It dwells in the woods, but by one chance or another it too often finds its way into dwellings. This is called the tarantula; with legs spread, it covers a dinner plate, clothed in pretty fur very like a tabby cat's. Its beak is the shape of a parrot's, and the size of a sparrow's; the venom of it fatal to women and children—often to strong men, as the natives say. Its paws end in suckers, clinging so tight that they must be picked off when the legs have been cut away. They say that the brute springs a great distance, and alights with its suckers together in a bunch; the frightful beak is inserted quick as thought, and no human strength can move that hideous excrescence.

It seems unlikely that a creature which has no claws, but holds on by expelling the air under its feet, could jump; but, after studying the tarantula one inclines to believe any [redacted]dish habit attributed to it. A [redacted]gnificent but comparatively harm[redacted] spider of the West Coast, almost [redacted]big, spins a web twelve feet or [redacted]re in diameter, so strong as to in[redacted]venience the traveler who walks [redacted] it.

Relic of a Prehistoric Race.

[redacted]Well diggers at Laconia, Ark., [redacted]e made a remarkable find. At a [redacted]th of 125 feet the drill penetrated [redacted]eculiar, hard substance, which they [redacted]lared must be a layer of bricks. [redacted]re are no brick houses in the town [redacted] people laughed at them. The [redacted]llers persisted in their assertion. [redacted]er, in a mass of mud brought up [redacted] the drill, was found a piece of [redacted]ney. It is octagonal in shape and [redacted] hieroglyphics on it which have [redacted]been deciphered, but which evi[redacted]ly are meant to represent the [redacted]e of the piece. It is totally dif[redacted]nt from anything ever seen in that [redacted]hborhood, and the piece was taken [redacted]Helena, Ark., where it was shown [redacted]umismatists, but all agreed in pro[redacted]ncing it as something beyond their [redacted]wledge. It is claimed by anti[redacted]rians that the bricks and coins are [redacted]cs of a prehistoric race which lived [redacted]Arkansas many years before the [redacted]ans, and who built the pavements [redacted] roads which were discovered at [redacted]phis on the other side of the [redacted]r above Helena. The coin will be sent to the Smithsonian Institution for examination, but the owner says it will take a large amount of money to buy it, as he thinks it is worth a fortune to some one.

Many persons admire the boquet of fine wines, but almost any kind of liquor will make a nose gay if you use enough of it.

Experience is the cream of life—but it sours with age.

The Habit of Reading.

P. T. BARNUM, in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The habit of reading does not come, Minerva-like, full grown. Like everything else we do for advantage, whether we are men or boys, it needs usually to be cultivated, though many boys naturally love to read. You don't mind, I am certain, whittling with your jack-knife for a whole day if you wish to make a tug-boat, or you will work vigorously to make a kite. It is all very well to do this, but, you see, it requires a certain amount of work to secure your triumph and joy with these things. I am sure there never was a boy who would hesitate to do this work when he thought what the result of it was to be.

Abraham Lincoln, of whom you have all heard, laid the foundation of his greatness when he was a boy by taking time to read. He did not have the great variety of good books and papers that are to be had now; but he found the best he could, and made the most of them. As gas and kerosene lamps were not in use in the time of his boyhood, and even candles were not to be obtained by him, he was glad to avail himself of a torch made from a pine knot, and sitting over the fireplace on a winter night in his home, which was a rude cabin, I dare say he enjoyed what he read better than anything he found to read in later life, when all the modern books and facilities were at his hand. I know this is not a new story that I am telling you; but it illustrates so well what I want to say that I would be glad if you could hear it over and over again, so that you may never forget it.

It supplies for all of us, in fact, a very good lesson to remember. It makes emphatic the truth that what we get through difficulties we get most thoroughly and retain longest. You will learn when you are older that into all your attainments and successes a question enters which we call *cost*. In other words, you have had to give something for them—time, toil, or money. At any rate, either you have given it, if you have obtained the object you desired, or some one else has given it for you. Do you remember the story of the King who asked the great mathematician for some easy method whereby his boy, whom he inclined to favor, might be enabled to obtain a knowledge of mathematics? But he was told "there is no royal road to geometry." Neither is there to any desirable success. It would not have been a favor to the King's son if there had been, and he had been allowed to travel it.

Poverty is Expensive.

There is nothing so expensive as poverty, says a Washington housewife. It seems paradoxical to put it so, but no poor man can afford not to be a few dollars ahead in the world. The extreme case is that of the very poor, who must pay for coal double the price charged the rich because they have to get it by the bushel or scuttleful, and so with everything else. The poor woman must pay $50 for a sewing machine on installments, though she could buy it for $35 cash down. Her lack of the ready cash costs her $15; that is, whereas it is the poor who ought to get everything cheaper, they have always to pay enormously more than the rich for the same things; merely because they are poor. In extremity they must seek the pawn-broker, who again preys upon their slender resources because they have so little. Credit for anything always costs money, and the poor are those who must pay for it. Our means are very moderate, and the only reason that we get along so comfortably as we do is that we never owe for any thing. Years ago we were always in debt, and the struggle was severe to get along, without counting the distress and annoyance incidental to owing tradesmen money. Finally, we found out what the matter was, and got square with the world by a long effort of self denial. Our income is no greater now than then, but it produces at least one-third more because we have no bills. Depend upon it, a poor man can not afford not to be somewhat ahead of the world, otherwise the world will soon get so far ahead of him that life will be a burden.

Many of the interesting remains of Troy, which were excavated at such pains by the efforts of the late Dr. Schliemann, have been stolen and destroyed by the Turks and Arabs, and some of the most valuable stones used to build their wretched huts. The guard which was placed in charge of these relics, after the death of Dr. Schliemann, has been discontinued, and there is nothing to prevent the depredations of the natives.

A strange bird, which attracted the attention of hundreds of people, was on exhibition on the farm of John Rodabaugh, a farmer living six miles east of St. Mary's Ohio. The bird resembles an owl very much in form, has a head shaped like a heart, the face of a monkey, and a snow white fur adorning its face, while the feathers are of a