A Big Drop.

Just when the season's at its height we begin to sacrifice all our winter goods, especially

OVERCOATS

AND

Children's Suits.

An opportunity like this seldom occurs. Embrace it quickly. Every Child's Knee Pants Suits, half price. Every Child's Overcoat, age 4 to 12 years, half price.

Men's and Boy's Overcoats:

$15 and $16 Overcoats drop to $13.

$14 Overcoats drop to $12.

$12 Overcoats drop to $9.98.

$10 Overcoats drop to $7.98.

$8 Overcoats drop to $6.48.

$6 Overcoats drop to $4.98.

MEN'S SUITS:

$9.98 Takes choice of fifty $12, $14, $15 black and mixed

Cheviot Suits.

Never sold for less than 12 dollars. A big line of our own make Pants at greatly reduced prices.

All our 50 cent Undershirts and Drawers drop to 39 cents.

All our 50 cent Neckwear in Puffs, Tecks and Four-in-Hand, drop to 39 cents.

A big line of Men's Slippers, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Collars, Cuffs, Umbrellas, Trunks, Satchels and Valises for the Holidays.

SPECIAL:

Choice of fifty $7 and $8 Pants Patterns, reduced to $5, made to order. See our window.

FRED. D. MILLER,

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND,

OPPOSITE R. R. DEPOT.

mar-17-y

J. T. Anders,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

and dealer in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

34 E. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.

I have the largest and most complete line of

Overcoating, Suitings,

Vestings, both foreign and domestic, that has ever been presented to the people of this county, and I say without fear of contradiction, that I can put up Suits that will compare with any city work, both in fit and workmanship, and at prices that will astonish you. I have employed a first-class coat maker from Philadelphia, and can get up Suits to compare with any of the finest shops in this city. If you will give me a call, you can save money and be happy.

My line of

Underwear

is full and complete and at rock bottom prices. The Glove department never was better. You can get Gloves from 25 cents up to $10.60.

NECKWEAR a specialty. Anything so it is Red. Come and look before you buy.

Suspenders in endless varieties and at all prices. Overalls, shirts, jackets, Gum Coats, Mackintoshes, &c., at bottom prices.

Our dress shirt, collars and cuffs department is full and complete; always looking up the latest styles, and way down in price. A splendid line of wool shirts cheap. Gents' jewelry, such as scarf pins, studs, sleeve buttons, chains, rings, &c., cheap and first class.

All I ask you to do is to call and examine my stock before you buy, and if you do not think my goods and prices compare with any house in the city do not buy. We do not ask everybody to buy high priced goods as we keep both kinds and will give you as much for your dollar as any one.

Respectfully,

oct-25 J. T. ANDERS.

LeGore's

Improved Combination of Lime

is superior to all common grades of lime.

By this system and process, a full combination of the salts of lime are furnished, and as a cheap and powerful agent it beats bone. It has no equal. The choicest carbonates of lime exist here, perhaps, as no where else. We use from three different strata or deposits, burn in separate fiurnaces, and then mix and proportion it so as to set on all kinds of soil and crops. This has never been attempted by any other manufacturer. Our rock and improved facilities exceed any in the State. Farmers will not need a pound of bone where this lime is used. Don't be deceived or imposed upon any longer. Be sure you are right and get Legore's combination, and be convinced how easy, quick, and cheap land can be improved and full crops grown. Furnished in car load lots to suit. Farmers can order their own lime. Guarantee a genuine article or no pay. Send for testimonials, prices, etc. Address

J. W. LEGORE,
Woodsboro,
Frederick county, Md.

Sole and exclusive manufacturer of this lime. Be sure and get LeGore's combination.

☞ Burnt expressly for fall use, bulking on large heaps, &c. ☜

CAUTION—Do not be deceived by agents representing other grades claiming as good. No other manufactured like it. Order your own lime and save all commissions. I ship on all Railroads. an-15-6m

Election Notice.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 5th, 1891.

THE Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting for the election of NINE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, the 12th day of January, 1892, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 o'clock, P. M.

de-5-te GEO. H. GEHR, Cashier.

JNO. M. ROBERTS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WESTMINSTER, MD,

Office in the Albaugh Block, Court street.

THE best Rum in the county for Mince Pies, at STRASBURGER'S.

THE BIG

HOLIDAY STOCK HAS COME!

The Elegant Presents are now on Exhibition!

Never have such nice Goods been Shown!

Never have greater Varieties been Offered!

Never have Prices been so Low!

Something for everybody and everybody is pleased who sees and purchases from our great line of choice selections in

Watches, Jewelery, Diamonds, Clocks, Bronzes, Novelties, &c.

It is impossible to tell what we have. You must see our display to appreciate the many presents we offer for one and all, old and young. There is sure to be a Merry Christmas at your house if you buy your gifts from

A. H. WENTZ,
dc-12-4t The Jeweler, Westminster, Md.

Xmas! Xmas!

CIRCUMSTANCES

Over which we had no control have very much intefered with our

Xmas Arrangements.

But we now have some genuine

BARGAINS

to offer you.

These goods have been bought at prices that will enable us to give you figures that will make it profitable for you to deal with us.

Don't fail to call and see what we have.

J. W. MATHER,
New York Bargain Store,
44 W. Main St., Westminster.
aug-23-91

Christmas Goods.

Everybody is invited to see the finest line of

PLUSH GOODS, in Albums, Toilet Cases, Manicure Sets and Novelties.

We are Headquarters for

Pictures, Engravings, Pastels, Water Colors, Photograph Frames.

Come and learn our prices. It will cost you nothing and benefit you.

We would be glad to show you our entire stock.

Remember our prices are beyond competition, as we intend to let Christmas Goods sell at Christmas time.

MATTHEWS & MYERS,
45 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.
jy-25-1y Opposite Catholic Church.

Election of Directors.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 4th, 1891.

AN election for TEN DIRECTORS for the Bank will be held on Tuesday, the 12th day of January, 1892, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 12, M., of said day at said Bank.

J. W. HERING,
de-5-te Cashier.

Election Notice.

First National Bank of New Windsor, Md. New Windsor, December 5th, 1891.

Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the annual election for SEVEN DIRECTORS will be held at the Banking House on the 2nd Tuesday, it being the 12th day of January, 1892, between the hours of one and three o'clock, P. M.

de-12-te N. H. BAILE, Cashier.

Dividend No. 151.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 16, 1891.

THE President and Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of National, State and County Taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 5th, 1892.

de-19-3t J. W. HERING, Cashier.

Election Notice.

The Stockholders of the Farmers' Fertilizer Company of Carroll county are hereby notified that the annual election, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to manage the affairs of said Company for the ensuing year, will be held at the Hotel Albion, on Monday, the 4th day of January, 1892, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, A. M.

By order of the Board,

JNO. T. DIFFENBAUGH,
dec-12-4t Secretary.

BEAUTIFUL line of Ladies' Seal Plush Sacques and Jackets, to be sold at sacrifice prices, at DEBIS', Westminster.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 80 NO. 1. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1892. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD YEAR AND YOUNG YEAR.

Said the year that was old—
"I am cold, I am cold,
And my breath hurries fast
On the wild winter blast
Of this thankless December;
Ah, who will remember,
As I shivering go,
The warmth and the glow
That arose like a flame
When I came, when I came?
For I brought in my hands
From Utopian lands,
Golden gifts and the schemes
That were fairer than dreams.
Ah, never a king
Of a twelvemonth will bring
Such splendor of treasure
Without stint or measure,
As I brought on that day,
Triumphant and gay.
But alas, and alas,
Who will think as I pass,
I was once gay and bold?"
Said the year that was old.

Said the year that was young—
And his light laughter rung—
"Come bid me good cheer,
For I bring with me here
Such gifts as the earth
Never saw till my birth;
All the largess of life,
Right royally rife
With the plans and the schemes
Of the world's highest dreams.
Then—Hope's chalice filled up
To the brim of the cup—
Let us drink to the past,
The poor pitiful past,"
Sang the year that was young,
While his light laughter rung.

—Nora Perry in Youth's Companion.

Select Story.

HOW HE GOT HIS WEALTH.

A Weird New Year's Tale by Ex-Diplomatist.

You want to know the origin of my wealth, do you? Well, that certainly is a rather indiscreet qustion, and by right deserves no response. But, however, as tonight is New Year's eve, and I have enjoyed my dinner, I don't mind telling you something about it while we are smoking our cigars beside the fire. It's a queer yarn—one which you are at liberty to believe or not, as you think fit. The origin of my fortune dates back to an eventful New Year's eve, just eighteen years ago to-day, and I am indebted for its possession to a conversation which I overheard on the Christmas eve a week earlier.

I was a farmhand in those days. You stare!—I know, I don't look much like it now—more like an old general, eh? I have been a soldier; in fact, I had just completed my time in the army at the period which I am speaking of, and I remember what difficulty I expcrienced in reaccustoming myself to the humdrum and monotonous life of a farm laborer after the gay, rollicking times I had in the garrison towns of France. Many a night did I lie awake on my bed of straw, in the long low barn where I slept along with the oxen during the bleak Breton winters, thinking of my past years of soldiering and regretting them.

It was Christmas eve, and on my return from midnight mass I had thrown myself wearily onto my hard couch, tired and sick at heart and cursing my miserable fate. Fatigue, however, soon overpowered me and I speedily lost consciousness of my wretched surroundings.

I supposed that I must have been asleep about an hour, when I was suddenly aroused by the sound of voices close beside me. The tones were strange, muffled and unnatural, and filled me with a nameless terror which I had never felt before, for I am no coward. During a few minutes I lay there with closed eyes listening intently, trying to concentrate all my mental and physical powers in endeavoring to find out who had spoken.

Curiosity at last impelled me to raise my head cautiously and to look around me. The barn was but dimly lighted by a great lantern, but my perceptions were rendered so acute by fear that I could see almost as well as in broad daylight. Again and again I glanced at every nook and corner, but I could discover no one in the stable excepting the cattle, standing knee keep in the thick litter, and yet a voice was proceeding from the stall beside which I had made my bed. The occupant of this stall was a very aged ox who was on the farm more for the sake of his past services at the plow than for any actual present use. I peered through a chink in the low wooden partition separating us.

Now, my friend, believe me if you can—it was the old ox who was talking!

For a short spell I was thunderstruck with astonishment. Then, like a flash, the memory of the old legend, according to which animals are endowed with the power of speech on Christmas eve between the hours of midnight and daybreak, came back to my mind, and, although a cold shudder ran through me, I resolved to hear what they had to say.

When he had finished the story, its thread was taken up by an equally antiquated donkey at the farther end of the stable.

"Ah!" exclaimed he in conclusion; "how blind men are not to understand the sounds of nature. If they were told that we were enabled on Christmas eve to speak as they do, they would only shrug their shoulders and laugh in scorn at the idea."

"Men only care for us," retorted the ox, "because we assist them to gain money. Money is all they are after. Yes, yes, only money; and—aha! if they only knew!—I could tell where gold and riches are to be found in such abundance that"—

"What on earth are you talking about, old friend?" interrupted the donkey. "You must be getting on toward your dotage to tell such extravagant tales. The clover has gone to your head."

"Laugh away," replied the ox, evidently nettled by the donkey's remarks. "But for all that I can assure you that on the eve of St. Sylvester (New Year's eve), once in every hundred years, at midnight, the old Druidical stones of Plouhinec, a mile from here, leave the spot where they have stood so many long centuries and go down to the sea to drink. Beneath the place they leave vacant during that time are great holes filled to the brim with treasure—and I have been told long ago that the glitter of the stones which men call diamonds, the soft gleam of pearls, the fiery light of rubies heaped up therein, make a halo around the spot equal to that of the brightest moonshine."

"Whew!" exclaimed the donkey, "that must be a grand sight. But how is this treasure to be reached?"

"The treasure is known to none; the secret thereof has never been betrayed, and even if man knew about it it could not be touched, for the stones would rush back and crush the thieves like insects under their ponderous mass, unless the blood of a Christian were sacrificed to the spirit which animates these monuments of past and pagan ages."

As the ox pronounced these last words a distant bell boomed forth the hour of daybreak. This was the end of the time allotted to the animal's yearly power of speech, and with a deep drawn sigh they relapsed into silence.

More dead than alive I lay there almost stunned by what I had just heard. Could all this be true? Could it be within my reach to become one of the wealthiest men on earth? A cold and clammy perspiration gathered on my brow, and I shook in every limb at the mere thought of it. Gradually I grew more accustomed to the idea, and a firm resolve filled my heart to make the attempt, and to enrich myself by robbing the stones of some of their treasure, if human strength and courage were of any avail.

The light of dawn was stealing into the stable when I arose from my bed. All was still and silent around me as I made my way toward the door. But as I was about to open it I paused transfixed with astonishment, for there, stretched out on a bundle of straw, I caught sight of a human form. It was that of an old man, miserably clothed in rags, and with long, unkempt locks of grizzly hair falling in disorder about his wrinkled and emaciated face. I drew nearer, and recognized in him an old beggar of evil repute, who wandered about the country craving his daily bread from the peasants and fishermen. On the impulse of the moment I bent over him, and rudely shaking him by the shoulder I cried:

"What are you doing here, Kerrick, and who allowed you to intrude in my master's barn?"

The old man opened his bright glittering eyes, which shone strangely in his yellow, parchmentlike countenance, and shaking me off impatiently he said, with an ugly grin:

"Keep quiet, my lad; you and I had better be friends. For there is much at stake for both of us if we agree. The master allowed me to take shelter in his stable last night, and I thank the spirits that he did so."

It was evident from his words that the old man had, like myself, heard the words spoken by the animals, and I realized at once that I must submit to all he might ask, even if it were to share with him the wealth which I hoped to obtain from the stones of Plouhinec. I had surmised right, and, after a short discussion, we finally decided upon going together on the vigil of St. Sylvester to the Bay of Plouhinec, and if we really found that the words of the ox had been true, to unite our efforts and to carry away all we could gather of gold and precious gems.

During the week which followed this eventful night I lived as one in a dream, and on the 31st of December I was almost sick with anxiety and expectation. At 11 o'clock on the vigil of St. Sylvester I started, accompanied by old Kerrick, for the Bay of Plouhinec. The weather was very cold and the waves were rolling heavily with a deep roar upon the beach eighty feet below the cliffs along which we were walking. All around us rose huge piles of Menhirs and Dolmens, sacred Druidical stones of the times of the Gauls, looking ghostly, weird and terrible in the fitful rays of the moon, which now and again was hidden behind banks of angry, snow laden clouds. It was almost 12 o'clock when we reached the spot where the gigantic bowlders known as the "Stones of Plouhinec" raised their rugged heads toward the sky.

Silently we crouched behind a rock close to the edge of the cliff, in near proximity to a steep incline leading down to the beach. We remained quite motionless, gazing anxiously at the apparenty unmovable masses of granite.

The minutes seemed hours to us, but at last the dim sound of the far-away church bell was wafted toward us as it began to strike the fateful midnight hour.

One, two, three—a smothered cry escaped from my lips. For now we could no longer doubt. The enormous stones were slowly oscillating on their bases. They swayed to and fro, faster and faster, with a heavy swinging motion, till at the last stroke of 12 they tore themselves from the spot where they had stood, and rolled pell-mell past us down the incline, on their way to the sea.

For several minutes we remained spell-bound. Then we rushed toward the places left empty by the erratic memorials of paganism.

Oh! what a sight met our eyes! In the cold light of the moon, now shining brightly, diamonds sparkled between heaped up gold bars and nuggets. Rubies, emeralds and sapphires glittered and scintillated, and twinkled like so many wicked eyes alluring and tempting us in the open flanks of the earth.

"Fill your pockets; hurry, hurry, hurry," whispered Kerrick, falling on his knees, and throwing handful after handful of gems in a spacious canvass bag which he had brought with him. Feverishly, passionately I obeyed his directions, stuffing the precious jewels in the bosom of my shirt as quickly as my trembling hands would allow me to do so.

Suddenly a fearful rumbling noise reached our ears.

"The stones are coming back," shrieked Kerrick, and as he spoke the great granite blocks came rushing back toward us up the incline, knocking against each other in their fearful haste to reach us.

"We are lost," I called despairingly, struggling to my feet.

"You are; not I," yelled the old beggar, throwing himself on me.

At this frightful moment I remembered the last words of the ox's revelation, namely, that the blood of a Christian could alone pacify the spirits which animate the stones! Kerrick, to save himself, was going to kill me, I saw the flash of a knife in his upraised hand.

Gathering my strength together I seized the old villain by the throat and hurled him against the towering block of granite which was already almost upon us. There was a scream of agony, and I fell in a dead faint on the ground.

When I recovered consciousness I gazed around me in horror. The stones of Plouhinec were standing motionless at their old places as if they had never stirred, but there, close beside me, lay the blood stained body of Kerrick, with his shattered skull pillowed on the bagful of stolen treasure. I sat up and tried to collect my scattered thoughts. In spite of all I was lost, for I should certainly be accused of the man's murder and also of robbery, for nobody would give credence to my strange story. Nothing remained for me but immediate flight.

As soon as I was able to stand on my feet I dragged the corpse under a projecting rock, covered it with furze, and, shouldering the precious bag, wended my way along the cliffs toward the oak forests of Penerck. There I remained concealed for some hours, and on the following night I walked to the next seaport, which was only some miles distant.

I worked my passage to this country before the mast in a small trading vessel, and I only breathed freely when I reached America.

Such is the origin of my wealth, my friend. It is romantic, I confess, and perchance many would doubt the truth of my story, for only those who will be alive a century from now can prove the veracity of my statements by visiting the Bay of Plouhinec, when the sacred stones will once more go and drink at the sea, laying bare the sources from whence I obtained riches.

In the above I have striven to reproduce exactly as it was given to me, only in more condensed form, the curious story told me one New Year's eve by a rich old Frenchman in New York regarding the origin of his wealth. That his riches are considerable is well known to everybody in New York. But it is only right to add that there are many strange rumors as to its source among his countrymen—whom he persistently shuns. Indeed there are not a few who assert that its derivation is not altogether free from crime and bloodshed.

EX-DIPLOMATIST.

Leap Year and Its Observances.

BY ISABEL A. MALLON.

Leap year we all know to be that one which has 366 rather than 365 days in the year; this was arranged so that the perfect system of time might work itself out, and the 29th day of February is said to be the one upon which the sun frowns because somebody has to do an extra day's work. If according to some scientists "de sun do move," it is probably old Sol himself who has an extra hard time of it. This year is the one in four during which lovely woman has the privilege of asking her sweetheart to be her very own. When this custom first came into use nobody knows, but if the legends are to be trusted it was leap year when Eve made her appearance in the Garden of Eden and suggested matrimony to Adam, but about this no man is certain.

Among the Roman maids leap year was ushered in with great festivity, and gay parties assembled at the various houses, where a special kind of spiced cake was cut, in which was a ring, and the young woman fortunate enough to get the ring was the one who would take her choice from the group of handsome Roman men and ask him to be hers. In Scotland a less dignified procedure obtained—the maidens who were anxious for husbands were required to jump a broomstick, and the one who leaped the highest had the credit of being the most desirable bride. As we have a fancy nowadays for tracing everything back to antiquity, may it not be possible that the skirt dancing is only an outcome of the broomstick leaping? In any case, the maiden who proposes in leap year does not suffer, for the man brave enough to say no to her has to give her the sweetest of kisses and a silk gown.

It would seem as if prefacing a kiss with a refusal would not add to its sweetness, and there are stories of high tempered women who nearly bit the lips off of young men who dared to deny them their wish. If, however, the swain is agreeable, then the duties of the bride elect begin at once. She must give him "a faire gold ring" and a linen shirt made by her own fingers to show that not only is she capable of loving him truly and well, but that she also knows how to care for his comfort. The maiden of today would have no trouble to get the ring, but how many of them could put the many neat stitches required to make a new shirt?

And yet, after all, there are more ways of asking a man to marry you than putting the straight question to him. Women can look love in their eyes, can speak it with their lips and yet be silent, and can tell it in a touch of the hand without ever using a pen. She is indeed an ignorant woman who cannot make a bashful wooer understand that she is ready and willing to listen to the story of his love and to tell him how much she loves him in return. This is a lesson that one seldom needs to teach. Folly may lie in women's eyes, but after all a deal of wisdom is also found there.

The patron saint of the 29th day of February is St. Oswald, an old Saxon one, who was a great believer in the desirability of marriage, who tied the lover's knots into the holy bonds of matrimony and was joyful thereof. So if you want to suggest to a shy admirer what he ought to do, ask him to read about St. Oswald and to discover how good and holy are his ideas and practices. If this doesn't suggest matrimony to him he is predestined to be a bachelor forever. And a sorry lot he'll have.

The elderly bachelor who rises on New Year's morn and finds that his random shot at midnight killed two unnecessary and deep lunged cats is entitled, under the constitution of the United States, to offer himself the congratulations of the season.

New Year's Forklore.

BY J. H. BEADLE.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then they say no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

So Shakespeare says, or makes Marcellus say and Horatio agree with him, but for some reason I could never discover, the traditions of the south and of southern peoples generally have transferred the larger share of these gracious influences to New Year's night.

The rare "Yankee" who penetrated to our section of the lower Wabash valley in the forties and fifties was amazed at our notions, and the New England critic sometimes said that our parents had been "Africanized" in their old homes in the border south. He meant, I suppose, that the poor and middle class whites—the early settlers of the Wabash region—had imbibed the superstitions of the negroes; and there must have been some truth in it, for surely we had many beliefs that no white race would have invented. "To watch the old year out and the new year in," was to see strange sights indeed.

Then the cows would fall upon their knees and low in a strange, prayerful way; the chickens would rise on their perches and stretch their wings as if in prayer; other animals would show devotion after their manner, and all nature would take on an appearance that indicated the beginning of a new life. If the potatoes in store had sprouted, as they too often did in a warm cellar, the sprouts would often shoot out six inches in as many minutes, and if the ground near the smokehouse was bare, peculiar white plants would spring up.

"I have pulled shoots as long as my arm," one good old lady told me, "but they never would keep. They jes' dried up and blew away before daylight."

All this and much more I steadfastly believed, and why not? Hundreds of the best negroes in Kentucky had testified most positively to having seen such things, and though our favored, they did not contradict the old negroes and the old white people who had seen them. One sight, however, I did see, and that was the "world in an egg."

If the sun shone bright on New Year's day the trial was made by opening the south door of the dwelling and setting a glass half full of water on the floor in the sunshine. Into this an egg was broken, and as the contents slowly mingled with the water the bright rays of the sun illumining the mass would show in it men of various nations pursuing their employments. I saw the "egg men," a few of them, once when I was about eight years old, but have never been able to see them since. Philosophers may supply the explanation. In those days, too, I often saw wonderful things in the clouds, in the coals of the wood fire and in the frost upon the window—angels, fairies and marvelously beautiful birds, lovely faces and deep vistas of garden and woodland—but I cannot see them now.

New Year's in the west and south was then a sort of supplementary Christmas—there was less rioting and more quiet, homely cheer. On Christmas the tendency was to gather at the village or country store to drink and sing, shoot at a mark, wrestle and race; New Year's was the day for relatives and intimate friends to gather and partake of a bountiful dinner. It was about 1850 that "watch night" began to be observed with religious services, at least in our neighborhood, and the old superstitions seemed to disappear all at once. No more praying cows or reverential roosters, no more sprouting plants or "men in the egg," and no doubt the young people of that region would now hear with amazement that any one, no matter how ignorant, ever "took stock in such things."

The fashion seems setting in for improving the New Year's call out of existence. The advance of fashionable progress is a retrogression in common sense. With our hurry scurry mode of life, we have already knocked half the poetry out of it, and it is really time to call a halt on the movement for wiping out what remain of the good old customs of our grandfathers. Why should the fraternal, spirit-kindling wish be allowed to mummify itself into a dry conventionality? What we want is to restore its old time genuineness and renew its pious grace.

It takes some people a long while to find out that poor health is not religion.

Saxony imposes a tax on cats. This is something new in the feeline.

A Place of Death.

From the CHICAGO TIMES.

Every visitor to the beautiful harbor of Nagasaki, Japan, in the south of the Japanese peninsula, is shown, as the steamer moves slowly up to the anchorage beneath the foreign settlement, the lofty rock of Pappenberg, near the entrance, with one enormous cliff descending sheer for some hundreds of feet into deep water and in external appearance not unlike the huge cliff known as Gallantry bower near Clovelly. From the top of this cliff, the traveler is told in every book referring to the subject, thousands of Christain converts were cast into the sea or dashed to pieces in the fall, during the bloody persecutions about the middle of the seventeenth century and the place has, therefore, acquired a gloomy notoriety all over the world. The late Laurence Oliphant told a story in his "Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan," and described Pappenberg as the Tarpeian rock of Japan. Every writer in Japan has accepted the story to this day and the tale of human cruelty and human sufferings, of which this frowning precipice has been the witness, has excited the awe and pity of persons to whom Japan itself is no more than a name. It appears now, however, that Pappenberg had nothing to do with this tragely. Dr. Riess, a professor of the university of of Tokio, has recently investigated the course of the Christian rebellion in Shimabara in southeran Japan in 1637-8, one of the most interesting episodes in the history of European relations with Japan. It was after the suppression of this rebellion that the executions at Pappenberg are alleged to have taken place. In a paper read before the German Asiatic society of Japan, Dr. Riess shows that the rock was not used for the purpose; no mention of it is made in any of the contemporary records, and, seeing what the course of the rebellion was, it would have been absurd to have dragged the prisoners there. What happened, however, was far worse, though the scene was different. Shimabara is a peninsula near Nagasaki, the interior of which is occupied by a volcanic mountain mass called Onsen, which is said to have one of the largest craters in the world, and which is about 4,300 feet high. Its slopes and base are full of boiling sulphur springs in a constant state of effervescence. The frightful persecutions of the Christians in the peninsula which led to the rebellion are referred to by Dr. Riess:

"The new lord of Shimabara," he says, "Matsukura Shigemasu, and Matsukara Shigetsugu, who succeeded him in 1630, are held up in the reports of Christian eye-witnesses as exceptionally cruel persecutors of their Christian subjects. The peninsula became the scene of an organized inquisition, with the noblest of martyrs for its ever-persistent confessors of faith. Pages has carefully reproduced the pathetic martyrologies of these heroes from the reports of the fugitives who gave evidence before the commission of missionaries established at Macao and Manila. I have selected but one, the most note-worthy, of these torturings, and that which exacted the greatest number of victims, as an example. In this case the zealous Christians were led to Onsen, one of the massive rock barriers that precipitously overhang the ever-seething sulphur springs, and from thence were hurled into the boiling depths below. Japanese sources coincide with the missionary reports that this was a form of execution most commonly employed, and that it remained in use for a long period. The irony suggested by the name, in that those who awaited Heaven should be cast into depths known as 'the nethermost hell' (Oji-go-ku, literally greatest hell,) gave this method of inflicting punishment a special charm in the eyes of the persecutors."

It remained fresh in the traditions of the European resident in Japan, and has given rise to the legend that Pappenburg was the scene of the tragedy.

It is said that the larks of Scotland are the sweetest singing birds on earth. No piece of mechanism that man has ever made has the glorious music in it that the lark's throat has. When the farmers walk out early in the morning they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing, they circle, and higher and higher they go, circling as they sing, until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strains the earth ever listened to. Let us begin to circle up, and sing as we circle, and go higher and higher toward the throne of God, until the strains of our voices melt in sweetest sympathy with the music of the skyes.

A NEW YEAR'S PETITION TO 1892.

When Nature seeks with fond caressing
To clothe the earth in vernal dressing,
Give us, we beg, an Easter blessing!

On May the first, when moving traces
Can be discerned upon our faces,
Move us, we pray, to better places!

When July comes, with tramp and bummer,
And iceman takes the place of plumber,
Give us a Fourth that is a hummer!

When Summer girls get tired of rowing,
And take to reading and to sewing,
Give them some men to keep things going!

In Autumn, when the trees grow thinner,
And leaves descend on saint and sinner,
Give us a good Thanksgiving dinner!

And when, in hoary old December,
We sit before the dying ember,
Give us a Christmas to remember!

TOM MASSON.

Lost in the Woods.

From the TORONTO GLOBE.

"Last Sunday was cold and wet," said the manager of a well-known lumber company the other day, "and I had a dreary time of it up in Huntsville. We gathered round the fire in the rain, and tried to shorten time by telling stories of the woods chiefly, as most stories are in the back country One old trapper, a character in his way, but not of a romancing disposition, told us a story something like this: A good many years ago, when trapping was a better business than it is now, I did a great deal of work in the district back of Fenelon Falls. One summer I built a camp—really a wigwam like an Indian's—and stored away my traps. It was on the bank of a stream, and in the course of the summer when I passed up and down in my canoe I sometimes stopped over night and slept there. One night, as dusk was changing into dark, I came down the stream on the way to Fenelon Falls, some twenty miles away. I felt tired and decided to sleep at the camp and see that my traps were all right.

"As I came up to the wigwam I noticed something white inside. It was so dark that I could not tell what it was, but I concluded it was some animal that had crept in and made a den for itself. In that wild country the thought never struck me that it could be a human being, and besides, it lay stretched along the ground just as a wolf would be. I had my revolver in my belt and raised it to shoot, but lowered my hand again. A second time and a third I took aim, but something seemed to keep me from drawing the trigger. Then I lit a piece of bark and went up to the camp.

"A woman lay there, with a white dress all torn to shreds, with one shoe and stocking gone and the other in rags, but with three magnificent rings on her fingers. She was almost dead, and though she looked in my face gave no answer to my questions. She was dying of hunger I saw at once, and running out I started a fire. While it kindled I gave her biscuit and other refreshments that I had. Then I cooked some fish, and the first sign of life she gave was to point at the fish and to her mouth. She was ravenous, and ate till I was afraid to give her more. But what to do with her? She could not stay there in the woods, and was fast becoming delirous. I tied her feet together and did the same with her arms, so that she could not move or jump up and upset the canoe.

"Laying her down in the bottom as comfortably as I could I set out for Fenelon Falls, and you may be sure I paddled that night at my best speed. She was recognized at Fenelon Falls as the daughter of a wealthy American visitor and carefully tended. Afterward we learned that she had been out boating and, landing, had wandered into the woods and lost herself. Her boat was found and it was supposed she was drowned. She had been six days in the woods when she found her way to my camp.

Water Denser Than the Dead Sea.

A wonderful lake named Alia Paakai has been discovered on the Hawaiian islands. The waters are more salt than those of the Dead sea. Samples of the water have been analyzed in the laboratory of Oahu college, with results of peculiar as well as scientific interest. The water, which in dry weather deposits salt abundantly, is of course saturated brine, yet differs essentially from the brine obtained by evaporation to saturation of ordinary sea water. The difference is strikingly shown by merely mixing the two clear fluids, when a copious deposit immediately forms of sulphurate of lime, so that the mixture almost solidifies. The sea water contains sulphate of magnesia in abundance, but scarcely any lime, while the salt lake waters contain chloride of calcium, lime salt, with only a trace of sulphate.

In composition the water of Alia approaches closely to that of the Dead sea. The specific gravity of the water, even at a temperature of 80 degs. Fahrenheit, is 1.256; at standard temperature it would of course be higher. The water of the Dead sea is considerably lighter, its specific gravity having been found by different observers to range from 1.13 (Lynch) to 1.2400 (Lavoiser). The most remarkable peculiarity of the water is the excessive quantity of the lime it carries. This should give it peculiar medicinal virtues.

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