CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y. oc-24-91-2y

STATEMENT

—OF THE—

Condition of The Taneytown Savings Bank, at the close of business, Jan. 10th, 1893.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts	$56,701.14
Stocks and bonds	18,100.00
Real estate	3,938.52
Due from other Banks	3,792.22
Premium paid	170.50
Cash on hand	5,759.55
Total	$88,461.93

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$13,000.00
Special Deposits	52,075.45
Deposits subject to check	16,314.66
Savings deposit	151.63
Due other banks	1,302.68
Dividends unpaid	37.00
Profit and loss	2,000.00
Discounts, interest and exchange	3,580.51
	$88,461.93

We, the undersigned, a committee appointed to audit the accounts of the Taneytown Savings Bank, hereby certify that we have examined the accounts of said bank and find the above statement correct.

T. H. ECKENRODE, H. D. MEHRING, JAS. C. GALT, } Com. of Audit.

State of Maryland, Carroll County, to-wit:

I hereby certify that on this 18th day of January, 1893, before the subscriber, a justice of the peace of the State of Maryland in and for Carroll county, personally came Henry Galt, Treasurer of the Taneytown Savings Bank, and made oath in due form of law that the above statement is true, to best of his knowledge and belief.

Sworn before ALOYSIUS F. ORNDORFF, Justice of the Peace.

jan-28-3t

NO. 2558 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Charles T. Reifsnider, George M. Pearce and William H. Bell, Jr., Trustees, vs. William H. Bell, Sr., and Annie E. Bell, his wife, Defendants.

Ordered, this 14th day of January, A. D., 1893, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Charles T. Reifsnider, George M. Pearce and William H. Bell, Jr., trustees, under and by virtue of a deed of trust from Wm. H. Bell, Sr., and Annie E. Bell, his wife, to them, in their seventh and supplemental report of sales, be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of February next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week in each of three successive weeks previous to the 22nd day of February, 1893.

The report states the amount of sale to be $40 00.

CHARLES B. ROBERTS.

True copy—Test: BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

jan-21-3t

Annual Election.

Office Westminster Cemetery Company, Westminster, Md., Jan. 13th, 1893.

Notice is hereby given to the Lotholders of the Westminster Cemetery Company, that the annual election for a President and Board of six Managers of said Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, (Firemen's Hall,) on Tuesday evening, February 7th, 1893, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

JOHN J. REESE, Secretary.

P. S.—Notice is also given that the stated monthly meeting of the present Board will be held at 6½ o'clock, p. m., on the same day, at which time a full report of the operations of the company for the past year will be given to the Lotholders.

JOHN J. REESE, Secretary.

jan-21-3t

Mill for Sale.

THE undersigned wishes to sell his Mill Property situated in Franklin District, three miles southwest of Winfield, on Gillies' Falls. There are 50 Acres of Land, a new Dwelling House, just built, and all necessary outbuildings. New Machinery in the Mill, which comprises Grist Mill, Circular Saw Mill, and Shingle Mill. The Mill runs by Turbine Water Wheel. One of the best water powers in the county. Doing a No. 1 business. Good reasons for selling. Mr. Geo. Jenkins, living on the place, will show the property. Refer to any one living in the neighborhood.

FRANK T. LEWIS, ja-14-3t Mount Airy, Carroll county, Md.

Spring Grove Mills,

JOHN S. WEYBRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

Manufacturer of Superb and Family Flours Corn Meal, Hominy, and Mill Feed. Sawing and Chopping of all kinds. All orders for Flour and Feed will receive prompt attention.

JOHN S. WEYBRIGHT, oc-22-3m Double Pipe Creek, Md.

For Sale.

The two-story Brick Dwelling House, No. 29 West Green street, Westminster, with 15,200 square feet of land, fronting on Green street and Belle Grove Park; well of water at the door; Fruit of all kinds; a very desirable property.

SAMUEL SHUNK, sep-10-tf Westminster, Md.

Farm for Sale.

Farm of 69 Acres; good land; two-story Brick House, large Bank Barn, and all necessary outbuildings. This is a very desirable farm, 5 miles from Westminster, and will be sold at a good bargain. For particulars apply to

W. T. WILSON, oc-29-10t Westminster, Md.

Notice of Election.

AN election will be held in the Taneytown Savings Bank, February 7th, 1893, between 1 o'clock and 3 o'clock, P. M., to elect Directors to manage the affairs of said Bank for the ensuing year, beginning March 1st, 1893.

By order of the Directors.

HENRY GALT, ja-21-2t Treasurer.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

MY wife, Annie Phillips, having left my bed and board, without just cause, I hereby forewarn all persons from trusting her on my account as I will pay no debts of her contracting.

ja-14-3t* LEMUEL PHILLIPS.

Farm for Rent,

TO A GOOD FARMER, ON EASY TERMS.

Apply to

ja-21-3t JOHN L. REIFSNIDER.

For Rent.

Desirable Farm near Glyndon; low rent to a good tenant. Possession March 1st.

A. C. TRIPPE, S. W. Cor. St. Paul and Lexington Sts., jan-7-3t* Baltimore, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 5. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY T. L. D.

Here we sat beside the river
Long ago my love and I,
Where the willows droop and quiver
'Twixt the water and the sky.
We were wrapped in fragrant shadow,
'Twas the quiet vesper time,
And the bells across the meadows
Mingled with the ripple's chime.
With no thought of ill betiding,
"Thus," we said, "life's years shall be
For us twain a river gliding
To calm, eternal sea."

I am sitting by the river
Where we used to sit of old,
And the willows droop and quiver
'Gainst a sky of burning gold;
But my love long since went onward,
Down the river's shining tide,
To the land that is far sunward,
With the angels to abide;
And in pastures fair and vernal,
In this coming by and by,
Far across the sea eternal
We shall meet—my love and I.

Select Story.

A FORTUNATE FALL.

From Romance.

"Never, never will I forgive you! You have spoiled all my joy—and now good-by, Gino!"

It was a young woman who spoke, a beautiful one, too, and her eyes were full of anger as she looked at the young man before her.

He looked with equal anger at her, and, taking his hat in hand, he said:

"I am sorry, Angelina, but my mother calls me, and if you had a son, an only son, you would feel deeply hurt if he were to refuse to spend Christmas with you."

"Oh, I—but——" Angelina broke down and suddenly burst into a flood of tears. Her lover then thought so little of her that he had never considered her own loneliness, and what a sad, sad Christmas was in store for herself! She was alone, she had no mother, no father. A stranger, she had come to Florence as a teacher in the public schools. No one there knew that she had been once in a rich home of her own, with loving parents. Her mother had died in her childhood, and two years ago her poor father had also left her, when she most needed him. A lawyer had informed her that the fortune which she thought she possessed had been lost in speculation, and he persuaded her to sell or rent the quaint little home in which she had always lived on one of the small canals of Venice. Sell it? never. But rents were very low, and she decided to become a teacher, that she might make both ends meet and not be obliged to sell the dear home. She did not care to teach in her own native place, and therefore she accepted most willingly an offer from Florence.

There she had met Gino, whose native city was hers also. He was a sculptor and, though young, his talent soon made him well known. He belonged to an aristocratic family, and had persuaded his parents with great difficulty to let him study his art. But now he had attained an assured position, and he hoped soon to be able to make Angelina his wife. Up to this time he had hesitated to tell his parents of his love for the poor teacher, knowing how proud they were. He had intended to spend Christmas with Angelina, and they had made many plans. First they would go to mass, and then old Margherita, the faithful servant, who had followed Angelina to Florence, would light the fire in the big chimney, and they would sit and watch the traditional log of wood burn, and have a nice little supper. But now the poor girl saw nothing before her but loneliness!

"Forgive me, Angelina, my love, forgive me?" cried Gino, kneeling at her feet, as he saw her distress.

She smiled through her tears, and, as if her decision were taken at last, she says quickly: "All right, dear, go now, go quickly, for I am so tempted to keep you!"

She extends her hand and they part.

As she closes the door, she calls hastily into the other room: "Come, Margherita, I am going to Venice. I am pining to see the dear old place again.

Come, let us get ready for to-morrow morning!"

And as if she were going to leave within an hour, Angelina hurried to the trunk, to the drawers and closets, and soon she had selected the few things she wished to take with her.

Her house had been rented to strangers, but she had made it a point to reserve one room for her own use, in case she should wish to return.

Oh, how happy she felt when the train started! Venice, dear Venice! She loved Venice as only a Venetian can.

The hours fled; soon Bologna was left behind. *Mestre!* how her heart beats.

"Margherita!" she says, "I must go to San Marco, before I go home. You take the gondola with the trunk, and I will follow, after I have seen the dear old church again."

Poor Margherita does not answer, the tears are running down her old cheeks, for at last she, too, will be back in her own home again.

As soon as Angelina sees Margherita safely on her way, she speeds through the narrow streets, toward the Piazza. She must walk, for her emotion nearly stifles her. It is bitter cold, and the steps of the many bridges are slippery. But the young girl's foot barely touches the ground. The last bridge is reached and she has passed it, when she hears a sudden cry of pain behind her, and, turning sharply, she sees a lady on the ground.

"Oh, are you hurt!" Angelina cries; and she hastens to help the lady rise. But it is hard work, for she is not young.

"I must have sprained my wrist, and bruised my knee," she groaned.

"Can I get you a gondola, signora?"

"No, thank you my child. My house is only a few steps distant. Will you help me to reach it?"

"Indeed I will. Lean well on me, and we will walk slowly."

Angelina supports the old lady and walks gently, asking: "Does it hurt?"

"Well, yes, it was a bad fall for an old lady. But I beg your pardon! I may detain you? Perhaps you were in haste. It is Christmas, and, probably, you were hurrying to buy some presents for your dear ones."

"I have no dear ones. I am alone."

"Alone!" The old lady looks up at the young and pretty girl, and again she says: "Alone? And no one to spend Christmas with?"

"No one, Madame. Do not wonder. My friends, who knew me when I was a rich girl, or at least thought I was rich, left me when misfortune came, though not without a word of good advice?" She smiles bitterly. But soon her better nature conquered and she added: "I am no better than they were, for I have forgotten the one good friend left to me. Our old servant did not abandon me, and I should have forgotten to buy her a Christmas gift if it had not been for you!"

In a few words she then told the old lady that she was a teacher and earning her own living. By that time they reached Meerecria, and turning into one of the little streets branching off from that, they stood before an old palace.

Upon ringing, the door was opened by an old gondolier, who seemed to do also duty as a servant.

"Madonna santa!" he cried, "what has happened to the Marchesa?" and had he not been prevented, he would in his fright have called all the house together. But the Marchesa said decidedly: "Give me your arm, Battista, and keep quiet." Then, turning to the girl standing in the door, she added: "*Grazie*, thanks a thousand times, dear child. And please give me your name and address. I hope we may meet again."

Angelina gave the desired information reluctantly, for she felt almost hurt at the brevity of this farewell. But the old lady suddenly extended her hand and, pressing Angelina's, said gently: "Go and buy Margherita her present. Good-by."

Angelina stood alone. Why had she felt almost happy, leading this old lady? Now she realized again how lonely she was. But Margherita, at least, would be glad to see her, so she hurried to dear old San Marco, and tried to pray. Alas! she could think of nothing. "Ah!" she sighed, "If I only had a mother!"

Oppressed with loneliness, she left the church. Stopping at one of the stores, she purchased a warm shawl for Margherita; then crossing the Piazza, she took a gondola, and in a short time found herself at the door of her own house.

It was a quaint little palace, containing only a few rooms, but it was her home, and she had once been rich and happy in it. Margherita was watching for her darling mistress. The people who had rented it were from the Cadore and had gone to their country home for the holidays, leaving only an old man in charge of the house. He had been gondolier for Angelina's parents, so that he and Margherita were old friends, and he, too, loved Angelina—"*la padronica*," as he called her.

Soon the poor child had forgotten her loneliness, sitting and chatting with those two humble but devoted friends.

The next evening was Christmas Eve, and Angelina made some purchases also for the old man, and provided for a nice little supper. Giovanni, the gondolier, was to take her to mass at seven, and then she would come home and have a quiet evening. As she returned from her errands, she saw a gondola leave her door and Giovanni standing at the door gazing after it with a curious expression. He was holding a little log of wood in his hand.

"What is it, Giovanni?"

"I am to give this to the signorina."

He handed her the little log. Angelina well knew where it came from. While she had been shopping, she had seen Gino in the distance with a gentleman, his father, no doubt, and her heart nearly stood still. She hoped he had not seen her, and she hurried hastily into a store. But now the log showed that he had noticed her, and she was glad he had not stopped to speak to her.

Soon it was dark, and Angelina dressed carefully to go to the so-called "midnight mass," which takes place at seven. Did she hope to see Gino? She had turned the log of wood over and over, hoping to find a message there, but the only thing she found was the date of the day carved on it.

As she stepped into San Marco, she told Giovanni where to wait for her, and he returned to his gondola. She had not seen how he had exchanged a sign with some one in the distance.

The mass began, and she became completely absorbed in it. She was recalled to herself again by the close vicinity of some one who seemed to protect her from the crowd. She did not look up. She knew it was Gino, and a sudden calm came to her

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journey's end. The gondola has stopped; she has alighted, helped by Gino. But where is she? Not at home.

"O Gino!" she says, "let me go home!"

"Trust me, darling, and come," is all the reply which he vouchsafes her.

She is so bewildered that she follows him like one in a dream. He holds her hand.

"Here she is, mother dear!" he says at last, "tell her that we may be happy."

Angelina stands in a beautiful parlor, trembling before an old lady in an arm-chair. She sees only a hand stretched in welcome, and hears the words: "My daughter."

She kneels at the feet of the dear old lady, and all she says is: "Oh, I have so wished that you might be my mother since yesterday."

For it is indeed the Marchesa. She cannot rise, she cannot extend both hands, but her eyes tell of the love that is in her heart for the chosen wife of her son.

"You shall never be alone again at Christmas, my daughter. Make my Gino happy!"

"And have you no word for your father, my child?" says another voice, and Angelina is held by the two encircling arms of Gino's father.

"God bless you both! And now quickly come to supper and light the fire of joy. Would you like to burn the log I brought you, my pet?" says Gino teasingly.

Supper is over.

It has been made happy by mutual confidences.

"I have no regret for my misfortune," says the mother, and as she does not suffer, she is happy at the result. Gino had told her as soon as he had arrived of his attachment, and while they were hesitating to accept the stranger as a daughter, destiny had brought them near each other.

They sit and talk until the door opens and the smiling old face of Margherita looks in: "A happy Christmas, and please, Signorina, may we remain in Venice now?"

"Yes, my good Margherita." And she smiles gratefully at her lover, who has not neglected to include the faithful old woman in his plans for the Christmas celebration. Angelina has quite forgotten that she was ever angry with him.

Oysters and Public Roads.

[redacted]

the means of increasing the revenue of the State for the purpose of building roads.

"No one can deny that money is necessary for road building since good roads, unlike great men, are made; not born.

"There is a lost and sunken treasure at the bottom of the Chesapeake Bay, which has been used for a time by a portion of the citizens of the State, then wasted and thrown away.

"The bottoms of the bay and all its navigable tributaries belong to the people of the whole State. Below these great salt waters lies the State's farm. We are tenants in common of this vast inheritance. Who owns the title in fee simple to the bed of the broad and beautiful Patuxent, the Choptank, the winding Wye and the aristocratic Tred Avon? The dweller among the rocks of Deer Creek, the inhabitant of Alleghany County, together with his brother from Talbot, St. Mary's and Dorchester.

"How has this property of the State been managed? What is its present condition? What are the future possibilities?

"Twenty years ago the beds of the Chesapeake Bay were as prolific as the far famed waters of Arcachon or five cents per bushel to farmers of tidewater counties as fertilizers.

"The result of the overfishing in the beds of the bay are manifest. Many packers have amassed wealth; many commission men have made the land beneath Cancale Bay. Baltimore dredgers operated then only in the upper waters of the bay. In those days only the largest and best oysters were taken. Thirty years competencies; thousands of boatmen have earned their living.

"The present condition of these great natural beds is well known. Many of the most famous natural beds or rocks of the bay are exhausted. Not one is as prolific as it was ten year ago. A great portion of the supply during the last season came from the rivers.

"In 1884 there was to the credit of the oyster fund the great sum of $244,081.59. The report of the Comptroller for 1892, shows that there is now to the credit of this fund a balance amounting to only $46,708,-48. The Comptroller makes the following significant statement. 'For a number of years there has been a gradual decrease in the balance to the credit of this fund and recent legislation has not tended to increase it.'

"What are the possibilities of this property of the State in the future? The answer to this question depends upon the action taken by the next Legislature.

"If no action be taken beyond a

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that this sum amounts to $500,000 every year."

"The area of the natural beds of the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland has been estimated to be 200,000 acres, leaving an immense tract of about 400,000 acres of land unproductive, but which might be made valuable through oyster culture. Rhode Island received in 1882, $11,000.00 from 1000 acres of leased land. This is at the rate of $11 rental per acre. A rental of only $1.00 per acre from our waste lands would yield a revenue of $400,000.00 per annum. This would surely be better than an average annual loss to the treasury of about $25,000."

The speaker then furnished statistics from France, England, Holland and other European countries; also from Government Reports and letters from the Fish Commissioner regarding oyster culture in Connecticut, Virginia and other portions of the United States.

In conclusion, Mr. Haman advocated a system of leasing the portions of the bay now barren of oysters, which his figures prove could be made as productive as the natural beds. He said if the tongers should ask for the privilege of leasing the entire bottoms of the rivers, including the natural rocks, he would not oppose this; but the plan he advocated was, leaving the natural rocks as commons of fisheries, under the supervision of the State, and allowing the barren bottoms to be leased for a term of years.

Under the system proposed by Mr. Haman, persons owning water fronts should have the first right of selecting areas adjacent to their farms. Subject only to this right, persons actually engaged in fishing for oysters should have the exclusive right for a certain period of selecting choice portions of the bottoms intended to be improved through oyster farming.

A resolution was passed by the Road Convention tendering a vote of thanks to Mr. Haman for his address and ordering five thousand copies of his speech to be printed at the expense of the Convention.

A Laughing Owl.

From Kansas City Times.

Over twenty years ago, travelling on foot through a rough section in the eastern part of Missouri, I found myself toward sunset in a solid German settlement. They almost without exception keep cross dogs—usually bulldogs of savage ferocity, often dangerous for their owners if approached after being loosened from their chains at nightfall. For this reason it was hazardous to travel after sunset, so I began an hour before sundown to find a lodging place for the night, but the Germans either could not or would not understand me. The shades of night were gathering when I saw with pleasure the light of a camp fire shining on two white covered emigrant wagons in the woods down below the road I was traveling. They proved to be Americans, and when I told them how I was situated they gave me a friendly welcome, and we passed a pleasant evening by the camp fire.

After we retired to rest, and perfect quiet reigned in the camp, there arose on the still night air the most hideous diabolical laughter that ever greeted the ears of a mortal man. The boy lying beside me made a fair imitation of the sound. "What is it?" I asked. "That," said the father. "Is a laughing owl; the boy is mocking it in his sleep."

Some time after, still prospecting in Missouri, I reached after dark a ferry house and which was also a tavern, on the Osage River, in a thinly populated district. The house was filled with mulattoes and negroes of all shades, from that of a new saddle to a pot black. The ferryman was preparing for spring work on his farm, so there was no room for me. Two negroes rowed me across the river, and going up the bank I soon found by the starlight a road which I followed but a short distance, when my way was barred by a fence. As I hoped to strike the road again at another point, I turned off into an apparently new road in the woods, but soon in the darkness lost my landmark, the fence and my way, too.

To stay in the woods on a very cool April night was not desirable, so I listened earnestly for some sound of a human habitation, as the crowing of a cock or barking of a dog, that would lead me to a house. Standing there in that impressive silence of the woods at night, there came at length a welcome sound, a low laugh as from a distance, from some negro hut, perhaps, but better to sit up at night, even in a negro shanty, than to stumble around in the darkness in the strange depths of the Osage woods. I started in the direction, traveled some distance and listened again for a repetition of the sound, when suddenly, right overhead, arose that unearthly, blood-curdling, fiendish laughter.

I have stood face to face with a furious maniac and looked on his glaring, bloodshot eyes, lips flecked with foam, face of a cadaverous hue, and heard his forced, soulless laughter until it seemed as if more in contact with some hideous demon than a man; yet to me that night that horrid laughter of the laughing owl was a greater strain on the nerves than the demoniac laughter of the maniac.

However, the laughing owl had done me a good turn in bringing me back to the road again, for his voice was the low laughter in the distance I first heard. I climbed over the fence, followed the road about a mile, roused up the inmates of a farmhouse, and was comfortably lodged.

I have examined works on natural history, but cannot find any description or picture of the laughing owl. As I never saw him, he exists in memory and my imagination only as some imp of darkness.

A Serious Case.

Old Widow Barbara Sellers has the finest flock of geese within a radius of five miles of Williamsbridge. She supports herself and educates two grandchildren on the products of the birds, all but one of which contributed, either with eggs, feathers or flesh, to her income says the Toledo Blade. The exception was a goose, known to be twenty years old, and with a possible claim to much greater age, for nobody could say when it was batched. It long ago ceased to lay, and its age protected it from slaughter. After it was last plucked, five years ago, its feathers did not grow again, and every winter it suffered severely from the cold. Its companions insulted it with derisive cackling, stole its share of the food and occasionally assaulted it with their broad beaks. Life was a burden to it, and the other morning before Williamsbridge awoke to the fact that it was freezing hard, the old goose died.

Mrs. Sellers is in doubt whether it committed suicide or was murdered. Long before daylight she was awakened by the cackling of her geese, and, though it was too dark to see them by looking out of her bedroom window, she knew by the direction of the sound that they were in and around the duck pond, a sheet of water about three feet deep at the rear of the house. At intervals, she says, she could hear the querulous complainings of the old goose, but its voice, after being several times cut off, at last ceased altogether.

At dawn Mrs. Sellers saw that the pond was frozen over, and in the center was the old goose with its head under the ice. The other birds were around on the slippery surface. They were watching it closely, and had it moved they would, no doubt, have forced it back. It was quite dead, however, and Mrs. Sellers thinks the younger geese beat its head below the water and made it stay in that position until the ice formed around it. She admits, however, that it may have grown weary of its life and bent its neck while the water froze it in.

Real Womanliness.

There is among women of a certain temperament a confusion of ideas as to womanliness and sentimentality. They seem to be under the impression that real womanliness indulges publicly in lavish use of terms of endearment and in that outward display of affection which the world will always regard coldly or sneeringly. Those qualities which radically distinguish women from men are qualities of character, of mind, of soul. They are matters of inheritance very frequently, and in any event are traits improved by cultivation, by self control and by unceasing vigilance and discipline of life.

Affection with its tender manifestations, its own peculiar vernacular, is sometimes so sacred that it should be forever guarded from the eyes of the scoffiing and censorious multitude. It is no more intended for the platform, for the routine of the public meeting, for interpolation in the minutes of the session of a convention than the silks and jewels of festal array are meant to be dragged through the dust of the highways, worn in the ordinary avocations and in the light of noon.

The Growth of a Flower Garden.

In a little village in Sussex there is a veritable milky way of lillies, where thousands of white blossoms shed their perfume, and where women gardeners tend and pack and ship the fragrant product. Twenty-five years ago a single lily bulb was given to Mrs. Bates, a farmer's daughter, who tended the gift with the devotion women bestow on flowers, and when sixteen bulbs had resulted from the original one, and Mrs. Bates, finding that her children, as she called them, had outgrown the sunny window where they grew, she planted them in the corner of the garden. Ten years ago a daughter of Mrs. Bates, inspired by the enterprise of the time, sent some blossoms to the London market, and now, in association with her sisters, has made the Bates lilies famous for their beauty and perfection. The daughters are keen business women, interviewing their buyers at the 6 o'clock market and selling without the interference of agents to private customers, florists and commission merchants. The average product is 600 dozens a week, which are packed by women in the garden.

Fall goods for winter use—skates.

The Fly Eating Plant.

One species of the drosea has its leaves rounded, while the other has them elongated, but both alike have them reddish in color and covered with short hairs or filaments. At the end of each of these hairs thre is an enlarged gland which secretes a tiny drop of what appears to be harmless dew. Harmless, however, the liquid is not, for to most insects, especially small flies, the drosea is a most insidiously bated trap. The liquid is in reality a sweet, sticky substance, and if the very smallest fly does but touch it ever so lightly it sticks there and dies. The manner in which the plant afterward actually digests the body of the flies it entrape is interesting in the extreme.

Within a short time of the capture of a fly—so excessively sensitive are the glands—all the filaments growing around the one which has made the capture commence to bend inward, covering the luckless insect until it is securely within the grasp of the relentless plant. Each gland then pours out upon the body a digestive liquid, not altogether unlike the gastric juice of animals, and in the course of a day or two the fly is completely digested, the nutritive parts have been wholly absorbed by the plant and the filaments have bent back to their original position, ready to make another capture upon the first opportunity.

If, however, the substance caught by the leaf is of an indigestible nature, such as a grain of sand or a piece of stick blown by the winds on to the glands, the leaf does not remain closed more than a few hours. The number of insects thus caught must be very great. The plants themselves are very abundant in most upland bogs. Each plant has five or six leaves, and as many as thirteen dead flies have been found on a single leaf.

Curiously enough, Darwin, whose researches into the subject were of a most exhaustive and interesting nature, found that the leaves on his plants were killed when he gave them a surfeit of cheese and raw meat. The excessively sensitive nature of the glands almost surpasses conception. Darwin found that the absorption of only the 1-20,000,000th part of a grain of phosphate of ammonia or thereabout was sufficient to cause the filament bearing the gland to bend toward the center of the leaf.

Parata, the Maori Sea Monster.

The Maoris of New Zealand and the adjoining islands have a strange belief concerning the cause of the ebb and flow of the tides. These phenomena they attribute to a huge water breathing dragon which they call Parata, who is said to do this work by powerful respirations or ingurgitations and regurgitations of water. With one tribe in Australia and another in the Sandwich Islands it is customary to speak of a drowned person as having fallen into the great throat of Parata, a superstition which proves a connection between these widely separated islands at a remote period of their history. The New Zealanders also have a myth which tells them that their island was originally populated by this same water breathing monster, which is said to have brought a loaded canoe in his mouth from some far-away land. A cunning priest confined in the monster's mouth with the others recited a charm which caused Parata to disgorge his load in time for those in the canoe to land safely on the coast of what is now New Zealand. The words of this charm are still known to the natives and repeated in times of great danger.

Quickest Creature Alive.

The loon is the quickest living creature. A loon that has had experience can dodge the flash of a gun. You see a loon on a lake, but long before you see him he sees you and has taken a mental inventory of you and your belongings. If you have no gun you may, perhaps, approach within one hundred yards before he laughs at you with that horrid shriek which gives him his name and disappears under the water, but show a gun and he does not stop to laugh—he goes instanter. When in a sportive mood he sometimes waits until he sees you about ready to fire, when, at the flash, he dives and you see the shot spatter the water where he has just gone down.

It always makes a bad man feel better when he finds out there is somebody just like himself.

If guilt makes such cowards of us before men, what will we be when we have to stand before God?

There is no wealth like knowledge for thieves cannot steal it.

What Polly Did.

From Youth's Companion.

"I feel as cross as a bear!" said Polly as she came in from school.

"Then you have a good chance to make the family happy," and grandma smiled.

"Your mother has the headache, the baby wants to be amused and little brother is fretful. A cross bear will make him cry, and then the baby will cry, too, and that will make your mother's headache worse, and"——

"Why, grandma, what do you mean?" interrupted Polly.

"Oh, I haven't finished what I want to say. That is what a cross bear will do, but a good natured bear can make Jamie laugh, and then perhaps Jamie will make the baby laugh, and if your mother hears them perhaps her head won't ache so badly, and if she grows better it will surely make papa smile when he comes home, and, if papa smiles I shall be happy too."

"All right," said Polly. "You'll see what a good natured bear can do."

She went into the nursery and capered so comically that Jamie laughed with delight. Then she took his hand and they danced back and forth before the baby, sitting in her high chair, and Jamie's laugh was soon echoed by little May.

Mother heard the happy little voices through the closed door and said to grandma, "It is better than medicine to hear those dear children."

"That is what I told Polly," replied grandma.

At the tea table papa said, "It is such a comfort to find mamma's headache is really better," and he smiled at Polly, while grandma beamed at both of them as she poured the tea.

"It's like a 'Mother Goose' story," said Polly. "The bear began to please the little brother, the little brother began to amuse the baby, the baby began to cure the mother, the mother began to comfort the father, the father began to cheer the grandma, the grandma—she began it all!" and Polly stopped for want of breath.

Beauty in the Lip.

Among the Babines, who dwell to the north of the Columbia river, a large under lip is regarded as a type of beauty. A small incision is made in the lip during infancy and a fragment of bone inserted. This is replaced from time to time by larger and larger fragments, each operation being attended with severe pain, and, according to the Brookyln Eagle, at length pieces of wood measuring not less than three inches in length and one and a half inches in width, are inserted, causing the lip to protrude to a frightful extent. A similiar custom exists among the Paraguay Indians, and the labnets worn by the Botocudos are inserted in a slit made in the lower lip. The Botocudo has been noticed to take a knife and cut a piece of meat on it and tumble the meat into his mouth. Among the Hydahs (Queen Charlotte islands) it is considered a mark of the lowest breeding to be without this labial ornament of the lower lip. When a young woman and an old one quarrel the elderly dame will reproach the younger one with her youth, inexperience and general ignorance, pointing, were futher proof necessary, to the inferior size of her lip. This lip of beauty is not, however, peculiar to these aborigines, but is common among some of the African tribes.

The Berrys, for instance, who inhabit Sanbriat, a tributary of the Nile, insert in the lower lip a piece of crystal an inch in length. The Bougo women in a similiar way extend the lower lip horizontally till it projects far beyond the upper. The mutilation of both lips is observed among the women of Kadje in Segseg, between Lake Tsad and the Beuwe.

Reversible Snakes.

A snake not often heard of, at least in America, is the liver-colored snake with two heads, or perhaps they should be called mouths, though it does not have two mouths at the same time. They are reversible mouths, occupying the opposite end every six months. It lies with the two ends crossed on each other, as with folded hands. Every six months, according to the Hartford *Times*, the change of the seasons reverses the functions of the two ends, the head becoming the tail and the tail becoming the head. The mouth at one end heals, or closes up all but a small opening, while the opposite end becomes the mouth for the next six months.

A friend of mine in India who told me about this remarkable snake said he refused for a long time to believe that the functions of the two ends were reversed every six months, but one day he found one of these snakes in the jungle and carried it home, where he had a physician examine it. The result was, the physician confirmed the stories of the creature and my friend was skeptical no longer. I learned no other name for this singular reptile than that of "the liver-colored reptile."

There are reformers who never think it worth while to work at their trade on themselves.

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