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-24-91-2v

FOR SALE.

111 Acres prime limestone land near New Windsor, 7 miles from Westminster; fine buildings, all in good condition; a very desirable farm; price $12,000—half cash, balance on five years time.

300 Acres near Finksburg, Md.; 6 miles from Westminster, 1 mile from Railroad Station land in fair condition; 100 Acres in timber; stone house, bank barn; will be divided if desired; $50 per acre.

32 Acres prime land, half a mile from Westminster; large bank barn, fine orchard, splendid building site for house; price $6,000.

Large brick Hotel in Westminster, on Main street, near Railroad Depot; price $14,000.

Farm 45 Acres, 1½ miles from Westminster land good; buildings good; orchard choice fruit; price $80 per acre.

Farm 75 Acres, 8 miles from Westminster, miles from Hampstead, nearest R. R. Station, good house and barn; 53 acres cleared land in good condition; $35 per acre.

Nice Little Home, one mile from Westminster; 60 Acres prime land, good brick house price $8,500.

Twenty Acres good land, good buildings, near Westminster, $3,800.

One hundred Acres, best quality of land, 2½ miles from Westminster; buildings only fair, good water, &c.; price $8,500.

Small home, 4 Acres, 3 miles from town good new house, fruit, &c., $700.

Brick house and lot in Westminster; $1,200.

Double brick house and lot in Westminster $3,500.

Also, some fine pasture lots, ranging from 2 to 6 Acres, adjoining Westminster.

Farm, 55¾ Acres, 4½ miles from Westminster, 2½ miles from Patapsco Station, W. M. R. R. Buildings fair. Price $2,500.

Choice Little Farm, 55¾ Acres, ½ mile from Westminster; good soil, brick house, large barn, all in good condition. Price $11,000.

Nice Little Home, 8 Acres prime land, 4 miles west from Westminster; brick house, bank barn. More land if desired. Price $2,800.

Plaster and Bone Mill on W. M. R. R. Building new, best of machinery, 14 Acres of land, good water power. A splendid opening to engage in a profitable and growing business. Terms easy. Price $3,000.

Machine Shops at New Windsor, Md. All the necessary buildings for the manufacture and repair of machinery. This property will be sold a bargain at easy payments. Price $4,500.

8 or 9 Acres of Woodland near public road from Westminster to Mount Airy, 4 miles S. E. from New Windsor. Price $350.

2,250 Acres Prime Timber Land on Cheat river, W. Va. Heavy original growth—poplar, red oak, ash, walnut, cherry, &c. Land valuable for grazing purposes after timber is off. Price $7 per Acre.

For particulars call on or address
se-4-tf E. LYNCH, Westminster, Md.

By the Insurance Department.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Westminster, Carroll County, December 31st, 1892.

ASSETS.

Value of real estate owned by the Company, less amount of encumbrance thereon	$	2,935.00
Stocks and bonds absolutely owned by the Company (market value)		18,584.00
Premium Notes in force $211,450,000		
Total Cash Assets...		$21,519.00

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid...		522.50
Borrowed money.....		3,000.00
Premium Notes in force $211,450.00		
Total Liabilities.....		$3,522.50
Surplus as regards policy holders.....		$17,996.50
Total income.....	$	14,531.77
Total Expenditures....		14,531.77
Amount of Policies in force in United States on 31st Dec., 1892...		3,060,685.00
Amount of Policies written in Maryland during the year 1892.....		156,485.00
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1892.....		6,489.52
Losses paid in Maryland during 1892.....		4,325.06

STATE OF MARYLAND,
INSUR. DEPART., COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Annapolis, February 6th, 1893.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Westminster, Md., to December 31st, 1892, now on file in this department.

I. FREEMAN RASIN,
fe-18-3t Insurance Commissioner.

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 furnaces, and then mix and proportion it so as to act 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.

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. oc-29-6m*

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.

For 1893 we have combined a most novel and charming feature in the way of hundreds of beautiful and appropriate poetical quotations from the best authors, making The Poets' Number of Vicks' Floral Guide a source of interest and pleasure the whole year. The practical part contains Colored Plates of Alpine Aster, Begonia, Dahlias, Dutchman's Pipe, Clematis, Pansies, Cannas, Corn and Potatoes, hundreds of Engravings; descriptions of the sweetest and most prolific Pea—The Charmer, The Golden Nugget Corn, which was such a favorite last Summer, new Roses, new Chrysanthemums, and scores of other grand and good things. Names and prices of everything one could desire in the way of Flowers, Vegetables, Plants, Bulbs, etc.

Sent for only 10 cents, which can be deducted from the first order, thus it costs nothing. Cash Prizes.

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
feb-4-4t Rochester, N. Y.

Notice.

Office of the Mutual Fire Insur. Company, in Baltimore county, Feb. 14th, 1893.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Annual Meeting of the members of the Company will be held on MONDAY, the 6th day of MARCH, 1893, between 12 M. and 1 P. M., at the Company's Office, in the "Hoen Building," No. 304 East Lexington street, Baltimore, for the purpose of electing Thirteen Directors, for the ensuing year.

FRANCIS SHRIVER,
fe-18 3t Secretary.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 9. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 4, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Public Sale
—OF A—
House and Lot,

On Court St., in the city of Westminster.

THE subscriber, as surviving executrix of Lydia Kelley, deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on Court street, in Westminster, on

MONDAY, MARCH 6th, 1893,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., that valuable House and Lot directly opposite the Court House, adjoining the residences of Hon. Charles B. Roberts and Capt. Charles N. Kuhn. The lot fronts 44 feet on Court street and extends back 273 feet to a public alley. The dwelling is of frame, containing 7 rooms, with good cellar. There is also on the premises a Log Wash and Smoke House, well of good water with pump at the door, good fruit, etc.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid to said executrix on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the said court, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in six months and the other payable in twelve months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills, of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

Possession given April 1st, 1893.

ANNIE E. FOWLER,
feb-11-ts Executrix.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF A
HOUSE AND LOT

On Union Street, Westminster, Md.

BY virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from William Warner, and Rebecca Warner, his wife, to David D. Bonsack, bearing date May 11th, A. D., 1887, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber W. N. M. No. 25, folio 400, &c., the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, the 18th day of MARCH,

A. D., 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that parcel of land, described in and conveyed by said mortgage, containing about

ONE-EIGHTH OF AN ACRE,

more or less. The improvements thereon are a comfortable Two-story Frame Dwelling-House, with Back Building attached, and other outbuildings. This Property is situate on Union Street, in the West End of the City of Westminster, a few doors from Pennsylvania Avenue, and is now occupied by Mrs. Frock.

Terms of Sale, Cash; or, if desired by the purchaser, one-half cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, and the other one-half in 6 months from the day of sale, the credit payment to be secured by the note of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CATHARINE BONSACK,
Executrix of the last will and testament of David D. Bonsack, deceased, M ortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, solicitors.
feb-18-ts Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct.

Public Sale
OF VALUABLE
Real and Personal Property,

In Westminster, Md.

By virtue of orders of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the subscriber, as acting executor of the last will and testament of David Zepp, late of said county, deceased, will sell at public sale, on the premises, West Main street, nearly opposite Pennsylvania avenue, Westminster, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, 1893,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp, the following valuable Real and Personal Property, to-wit:

A Lot of Ground, fronting 20 feet on Main street and running back 198 feet to an alley. The improvements are a two-story Log Dwelling House, Weather-boarded, containing 5 rooms, with porch at the rear; Carriage House, Hop-Pen and other outbuildings; well of good water at the rear door; fruit—grapes, apples, &c.

This is a very desirable little property, being pleasantly situated, convenient and comfortable.

The Personal Property consists of Beds, Bedsteads and Bedding, Bureau, large Leaf Table, Stands, Chairs, Clock, Looking Glasses, Carpets, Ten-Plate Stove, Queensware, Tinware, Tubs, Buckets, and many other articles not necessary to be mentioned.

Terms of Sale of the Real Estate:—One-third of the purchase money, cash, on the day day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the court; one-third in six months and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale.

Terms of Sale of the Personal Property:—All sums under five dollars, cash; on all sums of five dollars and upwards, a credit of six months will be given, on notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,
fe-4-ts Acting Executor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
TWO HOUSES AND LOTS,

On College street, Westminster, Md.

By virtue of the power contained in two mortgages from Catharine E. Fowler, and William H. Fowler, her husband, to David D. Bonsack, one bearing date March 29th, A. D., 1881, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S. No 16, folio 355, &c., and the other one bearing date July 9th, A. D., 1881, and recorded as aforesaid in Liber F. T. S. No. 16, folio 358, &c., the undersigned, Executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, the 18th day of MARCH,

A. D., 1893, at 2½ o'clock, P. M., all those parcels of land described in and conveyed by by said two mortgages.

First.—A parcel of land containing

ONE-QUARTER OF AN ACRE,

more or less. The improvements thereon are a comfortable Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, with basement, Frame Stable, Hog House, Smoke House and other outbuildings, well of excellent water on the premises, garden, &c.

Second.—A parcel of land containing

ONE-QUARTER OF AN ACRE,

more or less, adjoining the above, improved by a good Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, with basement, and other outbuildings.

These properties are situate on College street, in the West End of the city of Westminster, and are worthy the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale.—Cash; or, if desired by the purchasers, one-half cash on the day sale or on the ratification thereof, and the other one-half in six 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.

CATHARINE BONSACK,
Executrix of the last will and testament of David D. Bonsack, deceased, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
fe-18-ts Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

DAVID D. BONSACK,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 7th day of September, 1893; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 7th day of February, 1893.

CATHARINE BONSACK,
feb-11-4t Executrix.

ASK for Applewood Whiskey, at STRASBURGER'S

Select Poetry.

WHO WILL CARE?

BY E. E. R.

Can the ones we love forget us
In our resting-places low,
Where no earthly ills beset us,
And no pain, or care, or woe?
Who can know?

Will they come to whisper to us
Of the love we left behind,
Or will love be like a flower
Scattered by the summer wind?
Who can tell?

Will they come with tender yearning
To the graves of those they miss,
Wishing vainly our returning
To their presence and their kiss?
Ah, they will!

But if rest and peace is given,
When we hear the angel's call,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

Select Story.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

From Omaha Bee.

One rainy day in the late winter of 1882 I found myself bag and baggage on the railway platform at Grand Junction, Colorado. As the train lessened in the distance I took a survey of my surroundings. Not a tree, not a spear of grass—mud which looked as if it might ingulf one to be some time dug up as an unknown fossil—not a sidewalk visible—except now and then the uneven remains of a brick pavement fast resolving itself into its original clay.

I had been traveling through the West, and now on my way here I had stopped to see one who was my oldest and dearest friend, the wife of the superintendent of a mine on the headwaters of the White river. She had tried to prepare me for the discomforts of the journey after I should leave the railroad, but I found no words could describe it as vividly as I afterwards felt it, and I heartily wished myself safe in the luxury of a Pullman and speeding eastward. However I pulled myself together and went to the agent to ask when the stage would leave for Meeker, and found I could not go till morning; so giving a small boy a quarter to carry my grip, I gingerly picked my way from brick to brick along the causeway that led to the town proper.

The next morning was clear and pleasant and the air bracing as we dragged laboriously out north through the almost bottomless clay road. There were no other passengers, but two men and myself, so I turned my attention to the scenery.

The two men had eyed me curiously at first and then began talking of mines and the various arts and tricks of the unscrupulous to outwit the guillible tenderfoot. But gradually they overcome their apparent diffidence in addressing a woman and began after true American style to want to know all about my antecedents, and above all my reason for taking such an unusual journey. When I told them I expected to visit Mrs. Renfrow at the Tin Cup Mine one whistled expressively and said: "You'll be likely to stay all winter."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, if signs go for anything, there is going to be an everlasting snowfall before long."

All the discomfort of my journey was forgotten in the overflowing enthusiasm of my welcome. Over and over again did "My Margaret," as I had called her in oldtime school days, rush in from her little log kitchen to ask me if there was anything she could do to ease my aching bones. As I looked around the little rooms, unplastered save with grout dug from neighboring hills, I began to appreciate the decorative possibilities of dotted Swiss and red ribbons, but then Margaret could find beauty to utilize on the bleakest of desert isles. From my seat by the same window I could see the log mine buildings on the opposite slope of the gulch and the day shift coming out like bees from a hive and scattering to the various shanties dotted along the side of the stream.

As I looked Margaret came and looked over my shoulder and exclaimed: "There's John," and then, "Why, what can be the matter," for just behind him on an improvised stretcher of pine boughs four men were carrying another, so stiff and still it did not seem as if he could be living.

Margaret said: "Help me get a bed ready," and by the time the men reached the doorway with their burdon a bed was stripped to mattress and sheets, and they had laid him upon it, while John said, briefly: "An accident to the machinery. He is not dead, but I don't know how badly hurt."

We soon found one arm and one leg broken, but no evidence of other injury. Mr. Renfrow, with the assistance of two of the men, who through many years of Western life had learned a rough sort of surgery, set the limbs, while the women waited the result in suspense. Through the long night we watched beside the poor fellow for some signs of consciousness, and towards morning were rewarded by seeing him open his eyes and recognize Mr. Renfrow.

During the weeks of nursing which followed we women had not much time to think of weather, but my friend at Meeker had been a true prophet, and the feathery flakes began to fall during the first night after my arrival and kept it up steadily for a week, and trail and canon and side slope were covered with a white pall.

We were as securely shut up from the outside world as if we had been walled around with adamant. While one's sympathies cannot fly round the world with the click of the electric needle, one naturally seeks for subjects of interest in the humdrum life around, and so I began to study our charge as I sat beside him day after day. Not that he seemed a difficult subject or wrapped in any mystery, but as he lay there swathed in bandages he seemed to be intently thinking. One day he abruptly asked how long since he had been hurt. I told him three weeks. He turned his head away with a deep sigh and said no more for a few minutes. Then he asked: "'Bout how far is it to Cairo, Ill.?" I said I didn't know exactly, though nearly a thousand miles.

"Wish I was there," he jerked out, with an effort.

I began to suspect that "The girl I left behind me," was troubling him and he wanted to talk about it and did not know how to begin. So I rather banteringly said: "Tell me about her."

He looked at we with a look of comical dismay, and said "why, how did you know?" and he said: "I might well tell some one, though there ain't much to tell. I used to live down in Cairo and was a roustabout on a Mississippi steamer. There was another fellow always worked on the same gang with me and we were thicker than molasses in winter. He was as vain as a peacock and thought he was some one when he got on his Sunday togs, and he was a purty sizable sort of a feller. Well, there was a girl who lived down the river a few miles, whose dad run a truck farm and sent garden sass to St. Louis, you know. Hank Simpson and me both met her at a dance one night. I got introduced first and danced twice with her before Simpson did, and then she danced several times with him, and when I came up once to ask her she said she couldn't, as she was going to dance with Mr. Simpson. That made me hot and I went and told Hank he was not doing the fair thing, not allowing her to dance with any one but him. He laughed and said she didn't seem to think of any hardship. Well, we both got mad, and I told him I would dance with her anyway, and I went back and said Hank couldn't keep his engagement. Well, she danced with me, but Hank and me were enemies and he did me every bad turn he could. Well, I used to go down the river every Sunday to old man Lee's place, and sometimes found Hank Simpson there, and he went down sometimes in the week. I couldn't tell which of us Elsie liked the best or whether she was fooling both of us. She was pretty enough for better than us."

Here a tender note crept into his voice.

"I had to go down on the boat to Vicksburg, which would take about two weeks, as we would have to wait for a cargo. It was a regular purgatory to me all the time I was gone, for I was afraid Hank would get the best of me, and I made up my mind to have it out when I got back. The next Sunday I went down. I had bought a ring in Vicksburg, with two clasped hands holding a little garnet, to give her, and thought maybe that would help me out. I found her in a little arbor in the corner of the garden. She seemed glad to see me, but she acted the same to Hank, so I couldn't tell anything from that. She asked me about the trip, and wanted to know if I had lost my heart to any pretty girl in Vicksburg. I thought it was now or never, so I said: 'How could I when I left it at home?'

"'Who took care of it while you were gone?' she asked.

"'I'd like to think you did,' I said. 'I wish, Elsie, you could like me a little better than Hank Simpson. You know how much I care for you.'

"She looked down and dug her shoe into the dirt and said: 'How should I? You never told me.'

"'Well I tell you now, and I can't bear to think of Hank coming here to see you when I want you to marry me.'

"Elsie looked at me and then said: 'Why, Bob, I didn't know that you meant anything.'

"Well, Miss Majors, she didn't make much fuss when I put my arm around her and kissed her. I felt as if I was in heaven and even felt sorry for Hank Simpson. I wanted to do something great that would make me worthy to have Elsie for a wife. After she had given me her promise I didn't care for Hank Simpson and wasn't a bit jealous of him. She told me that she had begun to care for me at the dance but had been afraid to cross Hank, as he had such a temper.

"Maybe you want to know why I am away out here. Well, Elsie and me agreed that it was no use trying to make any money to buy a home working for day's wages on the river. I heard that good men in the mines in the mountains got big wages, and so I thought I would try. I went to see Elsie the night before I came away, and she cried and hung to me till I almost lost my courage to go, but I did. I have been here a year now and saved a good deal. I have written to Elsie every time any one went out to Meeker, and had letters pretty often. We were to have been married at Easter, and now it is only a month away, and here I am laid up and snowed in, too! What will Elsie think when she don't hear from me?"

The poor fellow turned his head away with tears in his eyes. By way of consolation, I said: "You may be able to send a letter soon."

"No," he said, "there's ten feet of snow in White Canyon."

He seemed in the depths of misery and I left him.

Two weeks slipped away, and the weather was steadily cold, with occasional light falls of snow, and as Rob Traversly looked out of his little window at the rounded outlines of the peaks I could see that his heart was far away with the girl he loved, perhaps thinking that his rival was taking advantage of his silence to catch a heart on the rebound. A week before Easter the weather suddenly moderated. The snow melted rapidly and began to disappear in our little valley and on the lower slopes of the mountain. Every now and then on some distant peak we could see a slide come down, leaving a black trail behind.

A couple of days before Easter two of the men had announced their intention of trying to get to Meeker. Mr. Renfrow warned them to be careful, and above all things not to get caught in a slide. In the afternoon I was sitting reading to Rob, who was lying with his face to the wall and apparently not paying much attention. Suddenly he turned over.

"Have I been asleep?" he asked.

"No, why?" I asked.

"I've been dreaming awake then. I thought I heard Elsie's voice."

Then sitting straight up in bed without any regard for broken legs, he ejaculated with the greatest astonishment and joy: "Elsie!"

I turned to the door, and there was the living embodiment of the pretty girl whose picture Bob kept under his pillow. But only an instant she stood there, and then had both arms around Rob crying and laughing by turns.

It seems she had arrived at Meeker a week before, but could get no one to venture with her through the snow to the Tin Cup Mine until the fortunate arrival of the two miners. The only thing that prevented a wedding on Easter was that there was no minister nearer than Grand Junction.

Of Historic Epidemics.

As far as records go, there is no age, however remote, in which great infections are unknown. A terrible plague is said to have desolated the world 767 B. C., and the authentic histories of Greece and Rome show a tolerably continuous record of such scourges.

The Welsh Bardic Triads reveal to us three dreadful pestilences of the Isle of Britain, and the more prosaic Saxon Chronicle gives us the date of many similar visitations.

There was a great pestilence A. D. 664, while under the year 397, the chronicler records: "Thanks be to God, the army (of invading Northmen) had not utterly broken up the Angle Race; but they were much more broken in three years by a mortality of cattle and men."

Another great mortality is recorded A. D. 962, when "the great fever was in London;" and the year 1087 saw the visitation of a disorder, which was perhaps a kind of influenza, widespread, but not assuming the destructive character of a pestilence.

The beginnings of the Black Death arose in China about the year 1333, with drought and famine in the great river plains which were followed by floods so violent that four hundred thousand people perished.

Great telluric convulsions occurred over the same tracts. The mountain Tsincheou fell in, and vast clefts were formed, from which it is said that noxious vapors ascended.

Anyhow, flood and famine were followed next year by a terrible plague, which carried off five millions of the wretched Chinese, while in 1337 a still more dreadful famine destroyed another four millions.

In England the Black Death made its first appearance in Dorsetshire, and quickly spreading over the west, it reached London by way of Oxford, leaving death and desolation behind it everywhere.

It was as fatal in the country as in the town. Whole villages were depopulated, and small towns were almost wiped out of existence.

The dead lay unburied as they had died, for priests had been swept away with their flocks, and in many parishes there was no one left to celebrate mass, while every trade and craft was suspended in the universal terror and suspense.

To add to the horror of the times, bands of marauders roamed about unmolested, robbing alike the dead and the living; and dogs, deprived of their masters by death, came together in packs, made ferocious by hunger, and scoured the country like so many [illegible] and made its first appearance in England in the thirteenth century.

[redacted]

If the sixteenth century was notable for its "sweating sickness," the seventeenth was no less so for successive visitations of the Oriental plague.

The eighteenth century, though not distinguished by any widespread pestilence, was visited by many destructivs local epidemics. Smallpox was especially virulent, with scarlet fever and typhus, and while the rude municipal precautions of an earlier date had fallen into disuse, no effective sanitary system had taken its place.

The present century will be known to posterity, probably, as the age of cholera.

The first great world-famed pestilence had its first recorded origin in 1817, at Jessore, a town not a hun[redacted] Hamburg in 1831, and from thence a ship's crew brought the disease to Sunderland. London was devastated in 1832, and it made its appearance in America.

For battles and sieges in general the cholera has an unfailing appreciation. It appeared in 1866, during the Astro-Prussian War, and if we escaped a general pestilence after the Franco-German War, that was due perhaps to the severe winter which concluded the campaign. But cholera wrought havoc enough among the Turks and Russians in their sanguinary struggle, although its ravages did not extend far beyond the limits of the battle-ground.

A remarkable visitation was that of 1830, in the shape of an influenza which spread over East and West, and in England preceeded the terrible invasion of the cholera. Another influenza epidemic followed the disappearance of that pest, and reached London in 1834, when almost the whole population was attacked, and the mortality was great. Since then, up to the time of the grip's last visitation, the disease has only shown itself in a mild sporadic form.

Treasure laid up in heaven draws interest on earth.

Novel Use of Ammonia.

Years ago, when I was a youngster, I became an assistant of Doctor Blank, the superintendent of a public insane asylum. As in all insane asylums, some of the patients were docile and tractable, and had the freedom of the high walled garden, while others, being violent and dangerous in their madness, were confined to their rooms. Sometimes one of the last named gentlemen would get loose, a fact he usually announced by breaking things generally, upon which announcement the doctor would repair to the spot, and advancing upon him with a steadfast gaze would march him off to his room.

We had one lunatic by the name of Jones, large and strong as an ostrich. He had broken out of his room two or three times, but had always gone back docilely when any one of us made his appearance.

The asylum had a saloon in the center, with a door at each end; one of the doors requiring repairs, a carpenter was engaged upon it, when in trundled Mr. Jones and quietly possessed himself of a long, sharp chisel. When the carpenter looked around the madman grinned and poked the chisel at him, whereupon the man of chips scuttled out and locked the door. Then, while the enemy was battering away at it, he rushed around and locked the door at the other end. Having thus caged Jones, he gave the alarm, and I, supposing it was an ordinary case which I could control, unlocked the door and entered boldly, whereupon he made a rush at me. I incontinently bolted.

The doctor was sent for. He soon came, reconnoitered through the keyhole, and ascertaining that the enemy was at the other end of the room, he opened the door and saw at once that he could do nothing with the maniac. Here was a dilemma. A crazy individual, as strong as a bull, perfectly uncontrollable and in possession of a weapon. To capture him by force was a difficult and dangerous undertaking, and to starve him would be a tedious affair. But the Doctor did not hesitate long.

"Alfred," said he, "go down into the surgery, fill the largest syringe with hartshorn and bring it up."

I caught the idea, rushed down and brought back a quart syringe with hartshorn diluted, for I did not want to kill the man. Then the doctor, the carpenter and myself, formed an army of invasion. We threw open the door and entered in the following array: I, being the shortest of the three, marched first, holding a chair in front of me by the back, so that the legs might keep off a rush if our popgun should flash in the pan. Then came the carpenter, with the syringe resting on my shoulder, like a piece of flying artillery. Finally, in the rear, in the safest place, like a good general, came Doctor Blank.

The lunatic sat at the other end of the hall, on a chair, eying us keenly and savagely. Slowly, very slowly, we advanced toward him. The nearer we got the more wicked that chisel looked and the handle seemed to increase until it was very, very long. When we were within a few feet of him he jumped up and sprang toward me. Whiz! spatter! splash went the quart of hartshorn into his countenance; down he went like a log—I would have knocked down a battalion—and while he was catching his breath we caught him.

A Full-Grown Ostrich is Magnificent.

From the Scientific American.

A full-grown ostrich is a magnificent creature, weighing 250 pounds, and measuring five feet from the ground to the back, and ten feet to the head when erect. The hens, however, are less than these figures. The [redacted] make an excellent omelette. Ostriches are notoriously voracious, and will greedily devour refractory substances if allowed to do so. But their main diet is corn, melons, fruit and vegetables. They reject meat, insects and all animal food, although taking a malicious joy in killing the young of poultry if they come within reach. Their method of destruction is grotesque. I saw one of them reach over a fence, and in defiance of a mother hen, pick up one of her brood, lift it aloft, hold it there for a while, and then let it drop. A few repetitions of the lifting and dropping were fatal, and this seemed to satisfy the prosecutor. The ostrich has no gizzard, but takes his food directly into his capacious stomach. His feeding attitudes are unique. He first gathers as large a mouthful as possible; and then, lifting his head on high, lets the force of gravitation convey the load slowly down his long œsophagus.

Confederates as Pensioners.

From the Philadelphia Press.

One curious thing about the Democratic assult on the pensions is the tender care they show for the Mexican pensioners and the pensioners of Indian wars, the only class drawing service pensions, and nearly all of whom are from the South. One of the amendments which they wanted to put on the Pension Appropriation bill was that any person in receipt of an income of $600 should not be allowed a pension under the act of 1890.

When it was proposed to extend this provision to the Mexican War Service Pension law, the Democrats opposed it; and yet, as Mr. Boutelle showed, Senator George, of Mississippi, who was a colonel in the Confederate army; Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, who was a major general in the Confederate army, and many other ex-Confederates in both the House and Senate, are drawing pensions under the act approved by Mr. Cleveland. The widow of General Lee's Confederate adjutant general, a man who deserted from the Union army before the war, is drawing a pension under that act, and the widow of Stonewall Jackson has made application under the same law, and she will get her pension undoubtedly soon after March 4.

Senator Maxey, of Tex., who served in the Confederate army during the entire war, made application May 23, 1887, for a pension under that act, and the case was rushed through under the Cleveland administration at such a rapid rate that four days afterward Mr. Maxey got his pension. Captain Bryan, Major Gatlin, Captain Claiborne and many other men who left the Union army in 1861 to serve in the Confederate army, and who remained in the Confederate service during the entire war, are now drawing pensions under the Mexican Service bill approved by Mr. Cleveland. Not one of these men were in any way disabled during the Mexican war, and some of them never crossed the Mexican frontier, and yet, with thousands of other ex-Confederates, they are drawing pensions, and, so far as known, not a Democratic newspaper in the United States has had the manhood or honesty to say a word on this subject, while devoting columns in criticism of disabled Union veterans drawing pensions under the act of 1890, and some of the very men who are drawing pensions, in addition to their $5,000 salaries for serving in Congress, voted this week to deprive any Union veteran of a pension under the act of 1890 who is in receipt of an income of $600—and that is Democratic consistency on the pension business.

Question and Answer.

A number of candidates for schoolmasters' certificates were recently examined in Germany. One was shown a stuffed squirrel and asked, "Where is this species of squirrel to be found?"

"In the dealer's window," was the reply.

"What is this?" asked the professor, showing another candidate a butterfly.

"That's a butterfly, sir."

"No doubt, but what kind of butterfly?"

"Ach, Himmel," was the answer, "we have so many of them in our parts that we never pay any attention to him?"

"It is now four o'clock here," remarked the examiner to a candidate for honors in geography; "what is it in London?"

"Well, it must be quite as late there," was the reply.

"How many square miles does the North Pole cover?" was another question, to which came the answer, "No one knows.

"A great many people have tried to [illegible] there, but not one has succeeded [illegible] the attempt."

"How do you teach children the difference between the right and left bank of a river?"

"I don't teach them that, because there is no river in our parts."

Another candidate was shown a skeleton map and asked to name a particular mountain; but he observed that the map was a bad one, as the names were not marked on it as in the one at home, which was far superior.

"Why did the companions of Columbus refuse to go further?" was another question.

"Because," replied the candidate, "they had come to the spot where the ship would have tipped over; for you know, sir, the earth is round!"

There are people who want to do good until they sit down and count the cost. Then they back out.

Indecision is the greatest robber on the face of the earth.

God's Child.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, went the bell of a house in Columbia Street and the echoes reverberated and clanked about like a troop of noisy spirits who had a message to deliver.

"It must be a telegram," said the mistress of the house. Like Martha, she was cumbered with much serving, and she waited anxiously for her daughter to open the door.

"Mother! mother!" called the girl, "come here!"

It was one of those calm spring evenings when Nature perfumes herself with sweet odors, and gives of her loveliness to every living thing.

There was a basket of lilacs at the door, and the fragrance from them was almost overpowering. The mother reached down to take them, but the daughter stopped her.

"There's something else there—its—its alive!"

"How you do talk, Alice!" Again the mother stooped and took a firm hold of the flower-laden basket. A cry came from its depths, and the good woman came near dropping it.

"Its a baby!" she exclaimed, and she drew off the coverlid of flowers, and, sure enough, there lay a poor little outcast baby.

The whole neighborhood soon knew of the find, and each one had some advice to give.

"Send it to the poorhouse."

"Call a policeman."

"Send it to the station."

"Its nobody's child."

"How do you folks know? It may be God's child," said the mother of the family, who was feeding it warm milk. "We'll keep it to-night, and see what we'll do in the morning."

What the family did or said when they went into session on the subject, was never known to the neighbors. But from time to time such comments as these went the rounds:—

"Wouldn't let the policeman take it."

"Bringing it up just like her own."

"And she with so much to do already!"

"The idea!"

"Yes, the idea!"

Tha listening Christ said:—

"Who so shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

There is a lovely girl at the house on Columbia Street, who is the light of her mother's eyes. They call her Lily, but she writes her name Lilac, and says, reverently, when troublesome questions are asked:—

"Next to mother's, I am God's child."

Household and Personal Cleanliness.

We may certainly gauge the morality of a country by the condition of the women and children, by the beauty or disorder of the homes, and the respect or disdain for personal cleanliness and adornment—all of which depend solely on woman's will and perception—as we learn by the existence of railroads or the frequency of telegraphs where the country stands in relation to the more advanced conditions of civilization.

The women who disregard the charm of what we may call the luxury, the elegance of the household and personal cleanliness; whose eyes are not open to dirt; to whom rags are no shame, personal unloveliness no disgrace, home disorder no neglect of natural duty, are mainly responsible for the corruption sure to result from this uncared-for-condition of home-life.

With personal disregard comes personal degradation; with indifference to home comfort, neglect of property; and neglect of property brings loss, which is poverty, which is mendicancy—than which no agent is more powerful in the destruction of all self-respect.

The Test of Character.

An umbrella, it is said, can be taken as a test of character. The man who always takes an umbrella out with him is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him is one generally who makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street-door open when he goes home late at night, and is absent to such a degree as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its mother. The man who is always losing his umbrella is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are coming off, whose change is sure to have some bad money in it. Be cautious how you lend a hundred dollars to such a man. The man who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of uneasiness and low suspicion. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him; he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than his wife.

More people would be happy today if they would stop worrying about the troubles of to-morrow.

One of the two things is true. We either give according to our means or according to our meanness.

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