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

Trustee's Sale

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

CONSISTING OF A

DESIRABLE MILL PROPERTY

AND

WOODLAND,

being a part of the Real Estate of which Jesse L. Devilbiss died seized and possessed.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, passed in cause No. 2881, on the Equity Docket of said Court, the undersigned, trustee therein appointed, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises known as the Mill Property, on

SATURDAY, MAY 6th, 1893,

at 2 o'clock, P. M.

First.—That desirable Mill Property, consisting of

14 ACRES, 1 ROOD and 1 PERCH of Land, more or less, with a first-class Flour and Grist Mill. The Mill is a large FRAME BUILDING, newly built, with new gearing complete, superior water power; a good Miller's House, Barn, and other outbuildings, water convenient to the building.

Second.—A parcel of land adjoining the above, containing

ABOUT 4 ACRES.

The improvements thereon are a Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, stable, and carriage house.

Third.—A Wood Lot, containing

7 ACRES, 3 ROODS and 5 PERCHES of Land, more or less.

Fourth.—A Wood Lot, containing

9 ACRES, 3 ROODS and 12 PERCHES of land, more or less.

A plat of the Woodland will be exhibited on the day of sale.

The Mill Property and Woodland are in New Windsor district, Carroll county, Md., the second property adjoins the first and is in Frederick county; both are located on the Sams Creek road, and about 3 miles from New Windsor, and adjoin the land of Charles Nicodemus, John Stem and others. The Woodland is on said road leading from the Mill Property first herein described to Dennings P. O., and adjoins the land of Augustus Norris and others.

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

PINKNEY J. BENNETT, Trustee.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
T. Albert Crawford, Auct. apr-15 ts

MURDER WILL OUT!

AND TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!

We don't beat about the bush and try to make you believe black is white.

But we do want to make you believe by actual facts in our business relations that we do sell goods at the

Lowest Possible Price,

and we are now offering

Special Inducements.

We are closing out a great many things at

Cut Prices way below their Value.

☞Give us a call and be happy. Thanking you for past favors we subscribe ourselves your obedient servants.

T. W. MATHER,
New York Bargain House,
44 W. Main St., Westminster.
aug-23-91

GILT EDGED

Testimonials,

FROM PEOPLE YOU KNOW.

ARE OFFERED BELOW.

A problem solved by Carroll countians. Dr. G. D. Johnson's

Horse, Cattle and Poultry Powder

is cheaper than any Condition Powder or Special Food, and possesses the quality to make it the standard.

An Appeal to your Intelligence.

Johnson's Powder retails at 25 cts. for 32 oz. package. Dose—tablespoonful, all medicine, 64 doses in package, at a cost of less than half a cent.

PRATT'S FOOD costs 75 cts. for 12 lb. bag, or 6¼ cts. per lb. Dose—quarter pound, or about 8 tablespoonfuls, containing probably one tablespoonful of medicine, 7 do. of bran; cost per dose 1¾ cts. The farmer thus pays at the rate of between $40 and $50 per ton for bran, whose market value is about $18.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.—Among many prominent dairymen and farmers who have used the powder with good results, and who speak very highly of their merits, we may mention:

JUDGE CHAS. B. ROBERTS, SAMUEL ROOP.
THEO. F. ENGLAR.

J. W. SHUNK,
Agent for Carroll county,
Westminster, Md.

☞Sold at all country stores. oc22-6m

SAND! SAND! SAND!

Having purchased a sand bank, four acres, I am now prepared to furnish the best sand in Westminster district in any desired quantity, on short notice. I have six masons at work and can put on more when parties are ready, consequently can handle all work that may be offered.

P. S.—Don't forget to use Adam's Cough Candy, made from pure herbs.
apr-15-3t ADAM RICKLE.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 18. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

"ABIDE WITH US."

—:o:—

When evening shadows fall around,
And paler grows the light,
And earth, with all its weariness,
Is fading from our sight—

Oh! may we feel Thy presence near,
Thou blest and holy One!
And feel that we are nearer Thee
Than when the day begun.

O Jesus! Saviour, we would ask
No other bliss beside;
If we may only hear Thy voice,
If Thou with us abide.

There is no wealth in all the world
To make Thy children blest;
We ask no other peace but Thine,
We seek no other rest.

Be thou our guide through every path,
And keep us near Thy side;
And in Thy boundless love alone
May we be satisfied.

And grant that, each declining day,
Our wandering feet may be
Found farther from the things of earth,
And nearer unto Thee.

So keep us in the narrow path,
By sinful feet untrod,
Until we leave the things of earth,
To dwell with Thee, our God.

S. D.

Select Story.

MISS BREWSTER'S GREEN SILK.

BY SOPHIE M. SWETT.

From HARPER'S BAZAR.

Mrs. Deacon Lewis and Mrs. Davis, the postmistress, were conferring together in mysterious whispers as they leaned over their mutual back-yard fence. Said Mrs. Deacon Lewis:

"Seein' is belevin', or else I should say, jest as you do, that it couldn't be true; but I jest stepped into Miss Badger's to see what she'd charge to fix over my black alpaca—I wa'nt in any hurry for the alpaca, but I kind of got an idea that there was somethin' in the wind, and I thought mebbe I could find out what it was there— and there I saw it with my own two eyes, all over pleatin's and rufflin's that it seemed a burnin' shame to cut up good thick silk into, and fixed up in the back so't I couldn't have the heart to set down on it. And Miss Badger, for all she's so close-mouthed, she up and told me who it belonged to, and says I, 'You don't say so!' and says she, 'Yes, I do,' and then she pursed her lips up kind of provokin', as if she could tell a great deal more if she was a mind to. But I've got wit enough to put two and two together, if folks is close-mouthed, and says I, right out —for there ain't nothin' sly about me—says I, 'Then Cordilly Brewster is a-goin' to get married.' And Miss Badger she never denied it."

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Davis. "This has been a sing'lar year, what with the comet and the terrible happenin's all around, and now Cordilly Brewster settin' up to have a green silk dress, when she hasn't worn anything but bombazine and alpaca and her one old black silk for nigh upon twenty years. It's enough to upset anybody's idea altogether, and make 'em think the world's comin' to an end. Though I can't say that such extravagance looks much like the millennium."

Mrs. Deacon Lewis shook her head, in solemn censure.

"A good black silk would have been much more suitable and becomin' to a woman most forty years old, to say nothin' of the wear and the makin' over, and for a minister's wife—"

"You don't say that she's going to marry the minister!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis.

"Why, I suppose so, of course. Who can it be, if it isn't the minister?"

"I never saw any sign of their keepin' company. Parson Greeley is too spiritual to marry a woman that crimps her front hair with hot slate-pencils; and she never put more than three eggs into those custards that she carried to the donation party. I should think more like 'twas somebody that she picked up when she was down to Haverhill visitin', or John Parmenter that used to keep company with her when they was young, and has kind o' been doin' it off and on, ever since."

"Oh, she wouldn't have John Parmenter, even if he had spunk enough to ask her, which he hain't. He is a good fellow, John is, but he'll never set the world afire, and he's been runnin' down hill terribly lately; has had to mortgage his farm, they do say."

"Cordilly's money would come in just right, then; but, as you say, I don't suppose she would have him. It's likely that's what's made John turn out so poorly, her not havin' him. But I can't really believe it's the minister. There's Sammy; let's ask him."

Sammy Greeley, the minister's youngest hopeful, who was engaged in "shining up" a neighboring telegraph pole with the ambitious design of attaching his kite to the wire, descended somewhat reluctantly to the earth, and obeyed Mrs. Davis's beckoning finger. Sammy was a freckle-faced urchin, with a turned-up nose, the expression of which was contradicted by a pair of preternaturally solemn and innocent-looking blue eyes. In spite of his eyes, Sammy was generally regarded as a "limb," and he and his three brothers, Moses, Hosea, and Joseph, caused the old proverb concerning ministers' sons to be often repeated with solemn head-shakings by the towns-people.

"Sammy, is your father goin' to be married?" asked Mrs. Davis, her hand affectionately placed on Sammy's shoulder.

"The old gent? He couldn't remember to. Nobody would have him, either. He's as bald as a door-knob, and he asks a blessin' anywhere along between the meat and the puddin'. And Joe and me would fix her, anyhow."

"Wouldn't you like to have him marry a nice, kind lady like Miss Cordilly Brewster? She would teach you how to behave—"

"Know how good enough now, and I'd wring her old parrot's neck! I don't believe it, anyhow, but I'm goin' to find out."

And off went Sammy, regardless of his kite, and burst, breathless, into his father's study.

"You *ain't* goin' to marry Miss Brewster and her old green parrot that swears, and have her always clearin' up and dustin' and losin' your papers, are yer?" demanded Sammy.

The minister turned from his sermon-writing, and regarded Sammy with wild amazement. Gradually his expression changed to one of perplexity. He removed his spectacles from his eyes to the top of his head, and then he tapped his forehead with the tips of his fingers, as if to summon forth some straying recollection.

"That must be the very thing that I was trying to remember! Wait a moment. I must have set it down somewhere."

And Parson Greeley drew from one of the pigeon-holes of his desk some loose sheets of foolscap paper which had evidently been used as a diary. Several pages were devoted to memoranda; these the minister read aloud:

"'*Mem.*—To confute the infidel peddler's argument by St. Paul. and—

"'*Mem.*—To tell Deborah, mildly but firmly, that so much saleratus is not conducive to health.

"'*Mem.*—To punish Joseph and Samuel for unseemly conduct at prayer-time.

"'*Mem.*—To admonish Brother Bates (gently) that he is becoming unsound in doctrine.

"'*Mem.*—To endeavor so far as lies in me to restore peace to the singing seats.

"'*Mem.*—To endeavor to exercise such a measure of wholesome restraint over Moses and Samuel that they may not become a cause of scandal to the neighborhood.

"'*Mem.*—To devote a greater measure of attention to worldly matters, such as applying blacking to my boots, and brushing my raiment.

"'*Mem.*—To consider prayerfully whether the use of hair-dye is incompatible with the principles of the Christian religion or the duties of the Christian ministry.

"'*Mem.*—That the singing seats are in the hands of God, and that He causes even the wrath of man to praise Him.

"'*Mem.*—To consider prayerfully the subject of contracting a matrimonial alliance with Miss Cordelia Brewster.'

"That's it! I knew I was not mistaken; and I felt that I had leadings from the Lord in that direction; and yet, in the midst of manifold cares and directions, it wholly slipped my mind, weak and erring mortal that I am. But it may not yet be too late." And the minister seized his hat, giving it a hasty brush with his sleeve, and hurried to the door, turning, however, to lay his hand with unwonted tenderness upon his son's head, saying, solemnly, "Samuel, I thank you for this suggestion, and I would that I could perceive in you as lively signs of the workings of grace as I do of wisdom and discernment beyond your years."

Samuel, left alone, looked after his father with a most lugubrious face.

"For a fellow to go and *do it himself*, that's the worst of it! I hadn't better let on to Mose and the rest that I did it. No more fun if she comes here; she'll want a feller not to tear his clothes, and have his hair brushed every minute, and no pie or cake between meals. We'll make it lively for her, though—Mose and Hose and Jo and I."

All unconscious of what was in store for her, Miss Cordelia Brewster was engaged in inspecting and admiring her green silk dress, which had just been sent home from the dressmaker's. Miss Cordelia was a plump little woman, with a pinkish bloom still lingering upon her cheeks, and no trace of Time's frosting upon her chestnut locks. Why she had never married was a mystery. For ten years after her father, the village doctor, had died, leaving her a modest competence, the gossips had been on the lookout for signs of matrimonial intentions on her part. When she had passed thirty, and was still Miss Cordelia, people gradually ceased to speculate about her. For some inscrutable reason, they decided that Miss Cordelia meant to be an old maid to the end of the chapter. It was observed that even John Parmenter, who had somewhat indefinitely "hung round" her for years, "kind o' dropped off"; he no longer sat in the singing seats, where Miss Cordelia still serenely kept her place, despite the rivalry of younger choristers; so they were not so frequently thrown together, and he was seldom seen to walk home with her from the weekly prayer-meeting; his old sorrel mare was very rarely seen fastened to the hitching-post before Miss Cordelia's door of a Sunday night; and only once or twice had he been seen shyly to offer her a nosegay of southernwood and cinnamon pinks, which grew to great perfection in his garden, and of which, in her girlhood, Miss Cordelia had been very fond.

Many other admirers had Miss Cordelia, but she had turned a cold shoulder upon all, and seemed perfectly contented to live in her comfortable old house, with trim box-bordered flower beds in the front yard, and lilac bushes crowding in at the windows, with her handmaiden Tryphosa, who was not, as her name suggested, a blooming and romantic young maiden, but an ancient and angular spinster, who believed in signs and omens, and always "felt" coming events "in her bones." Tryphosa was now gazing at the green silk with a melancholy expression of countenance.

"Green means forsaken; there ain't no denyin' it. And Seliny Wilson, that was merried in green, was laid out a corpse in it before the end of the year; and Mertildy Lyman, that was merried in a white muslin sprigged with green, and green bunnit strings, she had a drunken husband that fell off the haymow, and dislocated his spinal column, and everybody knew her twins wa'n't bright; and—"

"But I am not going to be married in it, you know, Tryphosa," said Miss Cordelia, turning a merry face up to Miss Tryphosa's doleful one. "Perhaps it is only unlucky as a wedding dress. As for being forsaken, there doesn't seem to be anybody left to forsake me but you, and I am not afraid that all the green dresses in the world could make you do that."

"There ain't no luck about green nohow," said Tryphosa. "If 'twas laylock, now, or a handsome brown—"

"I suppose I ought to have had black," said Miss Cordelia, meditatively; "but some way the spring coming on, with everything so fresh and bright, made me feel as I used to long ago, and I've made believe to myself—I wouldn't own it to anybody but you, Tryphosa—but I've made believe I was a girl again. And that's why I had this green silk."

"And that's why you've been putting posies in your hair. Well, it beats all what a difference there is in folks. Now spring puts me in mind of house-cleanin' and soap-bilin' and bitters— Land sakes! if there ain't Parson Greeley a-comin' up the walk, and nothin' but the old cripple-crown for dinner, and all skin and bones at that, and he a-comin' in the yard this blessed minute!"

Miss Cordelia whisked the green silk out of sight, and smoothed her crimps demurely down, as she hastened to greet her visitor.

It happened that Miss Polly Watkins, who went about the village peddling a concoction known as Watkins Unapproachable Liniment, was so fortunate as to be passing just as the minister opened Miss Cordelia's front yard gate.

"There! I knew well enough that there wa'n't never so much smoke without some fire. Miss Badger needn't think she could make me believe that green silk gown with a train didn't mean something. So it's the minister. Well, men-folks is terrible short-sighted creturs. There his them in Westfield that would make him a good sensible wife."

Miss Polly was so unhappy as to go on for nearly a quarter of a mile before she met anybody to whom she could tell her news, and then it was only Dr. Ramsay, jogging along behind his old white horse, and between him and Miss Polly "there wa'n't," as she expressed it, no great likin', no more'n there was apt to be between two of a trade." But still news was news, and Miss Polly could not resist the temptation of an opportunity to share it.

"Well, things do turn out queer!" said the doctor to himself, meditatively flicking a fly off his old white horse as he jogged along again. "I wouldn't have thought she would have had anybody, let alone, the old parson. If I had thought— Why, I'm ten years younger'n he is, and a sight better calculated to please the fair sex. And that's a snug bit of property of Miss Cordilly's, and she's a wholesome-looking, good-tempered woman, to say nothing of being handsome, which don't signify. I believe I can cut out the parson if I try. I always said I would die a bachelor, but it's a wise man that changes his mind."

And the doctor actually whipped his horse out of his accustomed jog into a lively trot, and everbody ran to the window, for the doctor in a hurry it was a sight that the oldest inhabitant had never seen.

In the mean time Miss Polly had met Abner Phillips, one of the "back folks," who lived three miles from the village. But Abner could not have been more intsrested in Miss Polly's news if he had lived next door to the possessor of the green silk.

His homeward way led him past John Parmenter's house, and John was hoeing in his garden.

"Wa'al, now, Parson Greeley is goin' to do a pretty good thing for himself, ain't he?" drawled Abner after the usual comments and inquiries concerning crops had been exchanged. "He knows which side his bread is buttered on. Parsons ginerally does."

"What is he going to do?" inquired John Parmenter.

"You don't mean to say you hain't heard? Wa'al, I declare, you don't know what's goin' on so well as back folks does! He's a-goin' to marry Miss Cordilly Brewster. He's turrible tejus, the old parson is, and she'll have to step around lively to fetch up them boys. But women-folks always does set by a minister."

After Abner had gone, John Parmenter dropped his hoe, and stood wiping his forehead with his handkerchief with a bewildered look.

"I don't know why I shouldn't have expected she'd marry, but somehow I didn't. I never thought of such a thing. I don't know why I should feel so about it. If I hadn't the courage to ask her when I was young and prosperous, surely I couldn't now. I always began to be a coward the minute I came in sight of her. I never felt so before any other woman; but then I never cared anything about any other. Anyway, I can't rest until I find out whether it's true or not. Cordelia can't object to telling an old friend. Madam Rumor rules this village, and she's very apt to be mistaken."

So John set out to call on Miss Cordelia. As he passed the bed of cinnamon pinks, he found that, although it was early in the season, three had blossomed that very morning, and he made them into a little nosegay with some sprays of fragrant southernwood. And he was in such haste that he forgot to conceal them from the public gaze by a bit of paper, as—feeling that it was somewhat ridiculous for a stout old bachelor of forty-five to be carrying about little bouquets—he had done on other occasions.

The doctor was driving away from Miss Cordelia's door as John approached it, the horse going at his old-fashioned jog, as if there were nothing in the world that was worth hurrying for.

"I hope she isn't ill!" thought John, and then a sudden suspicion seized him. Here might be another rival, and a more formidable one than Parson Greeley. Were rivals springing up around him like mushrooms, when he had never thought of the possibility of the existence of one?

Miss Cordelia's cheeks were very much flushed, and they grew redder still at sight of John's nosegay.

John, strange to say, did not blush or stammer as he presented it. Rivals seemed to be a wonderful stimulus to his courage.

"Cordelia, I heard that you were going to marry Parson Greeley. It isn't true, is it?"

There was something in the tone of his voice that made Miss Cordelia start. Was John going to speak, after being dumb so long?

"No, it isn't true," said Miss Cordelia, and cast down her eyes.

"Nor—nor anybody else?" John was stammering now. Was his courage going to fail?

"No, nor anybody else," said Miss Cordelia. "That is—"

Tryphosa, coming into the kitchen from the back yard at that moment, saw a sight which caused her to drop the cripple-crowned rooster, but just deceased, into her pan of dough.

"Elviry Kimball needn't have knocked me up at five o'clock this mornin' to inquire if that green silk dress had a train. *I should think it did have a train!*" said Tryphosa, grimly.

AN ILL WIND, AND THE FORTUNE IT BLEW TO FORREST MARSH.

Charles H. Day, in New York Journalist.

Denhard's Roman Circus, Hippodrome and Oriental Caravan started out very much handicapped in the spring. There was a legacy of debt hanging over it from the previous disastrous season, and it had been prophesied that it would never move from its winter quarters; but it did, contrary to general prediction.

Denhard was a manager of rare ability, but circumstances had conspired to make his past season a losing one. The incoming of the gigantic railroad shows had eaten up the territory and drawn the patronage of the crossroads by their system of excursions to the centers.

He had hesitated to take to the rail himself when he was able to do so, and had listened to the advice of his principal adviser, an agent of advanced years, who had spent a lifetime in the routing of wagon shows. The veteran of the road could not cave to the newer method of transportation, and had a hearty contempt for all shows moved by rail.

So it was that Denhard adhered to old methods until he had reduced his bank account to an alarming condition, and was barely able to pay off his company and agents and winter his show. The manager was now brought to a position where he must leave the turnpike and travel by train.

The sale of his surplus stock of horses and extra wagons helped him out, and a printer, whom he had patronized for many years, gave him a limited margin of credit. The reader is here put in possession of all the facts of the unfavorable circumstances under which Denhard's tent show started out in the spring of 1876.

Forrest Marsh, the press agent, was one of the advance men who remained in Denhard's employ, not so much from choice as from necessity. No offers for his services had reached him from other managers, and, being broke, and more than that, in debt, he made the best of things as they were, and remained under the old banner.

The writer of puffs and hurler of adjectives had had experience enough to feel shaky about the future of the show, but he did not worry much about his foreseen impending fate; he was too much of a Bohemian for that. If he had a place to sleep and a full stomach he allowed the morrow to take care of itself, and gave no heed to the future.

From the start things did not go well with Denhard. The people of the town felt little interest in the show from the fact of its wintering there, and the less because they knew to the smallest boy in town that the manager was in financial straits. The spring was a late one, and the snow clung to the ground with no warming sun to melt it, and when the thaw did come the breakup of winter was brought on by long and heavy rains.

The receipts at the opening were next to nothing, and Denhard looked glum. It would be tedious to detail the movements of the show for the first month, but it moved, but salaries and remittances to the printer were omitted. The manager did manage to keep his advance corps moving and hold his company together.

When the weather improved other causes served to interfere with prosperity. The people had seen the great big shows and no longer cared to patronize the more modest outfit; then the route agent had oversized the caliber of his show and placed it in several of the larger western cities which should have been avoided.

Denhard saw these errors of judgment when the bills came in and the local expenses wiped out the receipts. If a show has anything unusual happen to it in the way of misfortune it is a show in distress.

The mishaps were so numerous that it was a frequent remark that there must be a Jonah in the organization, but who the ill-starred individual was never satisfactorily arrived at.

In justice to the advance of the show it must be said that they worked as hard as men ever worked to create success. At times they grew faint-hearted and seemed to realize that the show was doomed, but professional pride would come to the rescue and the elder of the agents would recall seasons of the past in which they had, under like circumstances, pulled through and won the banner of victory in the very teeth of defeat.

Bad news travels fast, and even as the men were billing towns they heard that the show was not doing well, and it seemed as though it must suffer collapse at no distant day. Still it moved because Denhard was a master at his trade, and all he had in the world was invested in his show.

For nearly three months the manager stood the strain with a bold front, but the anxiety was telling on him, and when he received a visit from the printer, who was importunate for funds, he felt that the end had come. And it was near.

The arrival of the printer caused dismay in the dressing room and the musicians discussed the situation in more languages than ever heard before since Babel.

Denhard talked long and eloquently to the printer, but he war importunate and said:

"Denhard, you have my sympathy, but selfpreservation forces me to protect myself. I cannot ruin myself to save you."

Then came to an end Denhard's Roman Circus, Greek Hippodrome and Oriental Caravan, and all of the agents were notified of the disaster by wire.

Philosophic and Bohemian Forrest Marsh was shaken when he received the news, as he was penniless and awkwardly placed. Ten days ago he had arrived at the little Mississippi river town, when at the hour of his expected departure he had received a telegram from the general agent in advance instructing him to "wait orders." And he had waited without hearing further from his superior.

It was a dull place to be hanging about in for ten days. The majority of the inhabitants were Germans, and the hotel at which he was stopping was combined with a brewery, the proprietor of which was a gruff old fellow with the voice of a basso profundo, and very much of a tyrant in his way,

The only person about the premises who seemed to have control or influence over the brewer and landlord was his pretty blonde daughter, Lena, and when he got into one of his guttural tantrums she would wind her plump arms about him and lead him captive.

On occasions the ruler of the tavern and brewery had an interval of good humor, and at such times he would invite his order-stayed guest to join him in a beer, and frequently Lena, too, would take a kliner.

Forrest Marsh was quite skilled at the piano, and when the old man was in good humor he would thump out a german waltz as Lena tripped about the room.

The writer of circus literature whiled away the time as he could trying to preserve his patience and wondering what was up. Perhaps they were going to "take up the stands" ahead; but what was the use of conjecturing? He was obeying orders and had nothing to do but make the best of the situation.

Forrest Marsh had another annoyance besides the delay. On his arrival his finances were in a low state and when he telegram from his manager arrived he was bankrupt.

No matter how many times he read over the telegram, the fact remained, he was stranded, but he would return to the show.

He examined his railroad pass and made a discovery which quite took his breath away. It did not call for a return trip. It should have done so, for it is often necessary that the principal agents of a circus have the privilege of passing up and down the line.

Marsh's long stay at the hotel had been a surprise to its proprietor, but the show was billed, and other agents and the bill posters and programmers had come and gone, else the landlord would have long before called on the sojourner for an explanation or a settlement.

When the press agent did make an explanation, as he was forced to, the German fairly exploded and filled the air with a mixture of oaths rarely heard, even in the tavern or the brewery in his wildest moods, winding up by denouncing his guest as a "swindler."

And when he yelled "swindler!" you could have heard it half over the town.

Denhard's misfortune had bequeathed as a memory a good big bill for the entertainment of his advance, and the fury of the loser was visited upon the head of the unfor-Forrest Marsh.

In his rage the old man might have done the young man violence but for the opportune arrival of Lena, who exercised her wits, and, when he had cooled down a bit said:

"Papa, you are unreasonable. Poor fellow, you can't blame him; it is not his fault."

"Vell, if it ain't hish fault," returned the father, "he had not better not go away from here."

As Lena led him away he turned and thundered:

"You stay right here! Don't you dare to go avay!"

Marsh had expected to be turned out of doors, and the command furnished some satisfaction, even though it was uttered in anger.

The next day the circus man in distress was put in a small room under the roof and became a handy man about the premises instead of a guest. There was plenty to do about the hotel and the brewery, and the way the proprietor kept him hazing was wearying.

But the prisoner had a place to sleep and enough to eat, and there was some consolation in that. When the victim was not too tired we would laugh to himself at his dilemma. By the end of a week the old man had experienced a change in his temper and even deigned to address the captive graciously.

As the boss' good humor grew, Forrest March gained in the stern, old Dutchman's good graces, and, being ready and willing and apt beside, he proved so useful to the jailer—not employer—that one day he heard the father remark to the daughter:

"Dot fellow is a pretty smart fellow, Lena, tear; so he ish, py jiminy."

As the retained and detained guest won favor in the eyes of the father, he, too, grew in the esteem of the fair-haired daughter.

It was not long before it was Forrest here and Forrest there all over the place. Forrest could do everything; everybody wanted him, and never was there a more willing helper than the factotum.

One night over his pipe and beer the stern old fellow unbent as Lena and the young man sang to the latter's accompaniment, and when the little festivities came to an end, the ruler of the establishment broke out:

"Mister Marsh—"

He had never addressed the young man so formally before, and Forrest pricked up his ears to listen to what followed.

"When you vas first come here and no pay your hotel bill, I vas purrty mad of you; put ven I got me over dot mad I say myself to myself dot vas not your fault but dot fault of dot circus vot got bust up."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Marsh, deprecatingly.

"Nein, nein," protested the old man, "It vos all wrong, put I makes dot right mit you; to-morrow we have some talk. Good night."

With that the old man tramped off to bed, leaving the young folks to chat until the mother's call of "Lena" warned them that the time was getting into the small hours.

On the morrow a very satisfactory arrangement was made with Forrest Marsh and he was at once placed in the position of a paid employe, and it was but a short time before the young man was "next to the throne" and the moving and active spirit about the double establishment.

The old man as time passed lived more at his ease and gave less personal attentian to his business, and at the end of a year all callers on business were referred to "Mister Marsh," with the added remark: "He's ter poss."

The hotel prospered and the product of the brewery sold to the limit of its capacity. Forrest Marsh hustled and the old man smoked his pipe and quaffed his beer with his cronies.

How were Lena and Forrest getting along? Why, Lena was teaching Forrest German; and what a willing pupil he was. And what young man would not have wrestled with a foreign tongue to have had such a teacher? But the task was not such an easy one, and when he failed to catch the pronunciation of a jaw breaker the pretty teacher scolded and stamped her little foot in well pretended anger.

The pupil persisted and aired his new accomplishment in the brewery until by practice he could, to the delight of his employer, converse readily in the language of the fatherland.

Lena was a great match, but none of the beaux or the swells of the little city by the river gained favor in her eyes, which were all for Forrest Marsh.

Lena's parents had not been blind to the growing affection of the young folks, neither did they object to it; they just remained passive and let events take their natural course, and events went tending rapidly toward matrimony.

So it was no surprise when the young man asked for the hand of Lena. The answer almost caused the lover to faint.

"How could my torter marry a fellow vot has got nodding!"

The next moment the old man broke forth in a roar of laughter at Marsh's glum visage and then he said, reassuringly:

"My tear poy, I fix dot. I vos too old and too lazy to run ter pizness. You vos ter poss. I can't get along mitout you any longer. I trust you mit my pizness and my money. You vos a nice fellow. You vos smart. You vast honest. Vot more would I want? Put my Lena must never marry a poof man. I fix dot. I give you Lena—all of Lena, and half the brewery, and half the hotel, and the biggest wedding vot was ever of this town since it vos porn."

And the wedding was an event, and will ever be remembered in that locality and vicinity. Forrest Marsh by his affability had made himself exceedingly popular, and everybody declared he was a "lucky fellow," but the girls, in their view of the alliance, said "Lucky Lena."

In after years, in his happiness and prosperity, Forrest Marsh looked back upon the circumstances which brought him to the spot. An event which impoverished Denhard and blasted his life had enriched him and crowned him with happiness, and at such times as he mused he was wont to repeat to himself the familiar adage: "It is an ill wind which brings no one good."

A Fight with Wild Ducks.

Capt. William T. Bernard and the steam tug Plymouth arrived from Boston to Philadelphia a few days ago with three barges in tow, after one of the roughest passages ever made and more than the elements to contend with during the trip, having been attacked in the Vineyard sound, during the terrific hurricane of February 19, by atremendous flock of wild ducks that had been carried from the land by the wind. They fought desperately against the side of the tug's house and powerful electric light on the masthead, which was the object that first attracted them. Mate Willard went on deck and was knocked flat by one of the infuriated birds, which flew directly at him, striking him on the breast. To substantiate this strange story told to a Press reporter Capt. Bernard saved twelve of the birds that fell exhausted from their struggles on the decks and they are now at his home. The Plymouth, after passing Chatham just before sundown on Feburary 19, experienced heavy rains. Soon the wind veered to the northwest and blew a hurricane accompanied by blinding snow squalls. At nine o'clock at night Capt. Bernard and Mate Willard were both in the pilot house, when a fluttering noise was heard to windward. With the aid of marine glasses they could discern a huge dark formation moving directly toward them, and soon a flock of fully three hundred ducks made for the vessel. They flew directly toward the electric masthead light and in striking the pole fell by the dozen to the deck. Some of the sailors were terrified at first by the fluttering noise, but on being convinced what it was went on deck and caught fully fifty of them and stowed them away in the fore peak. The birds were ravenously hungry, having been carried miles from the land in the teeth of the heavy gale. They could not fly back, such was the force of the wind, and those that failed to light on the Plymouth were carried off to sea and no doubt perished. For fully an hour the birds kept things in a state of excitement on board the tug, and Capt. Bernard confessed it was one of the most remarkable experiences he had ever seen or heard of in upward of a quarter of a century of sea life.

The Robber Crab of Hawaii.

Strange to say, very little seems to be known of the crab around Honolulu. It is a fact, however, that it makes its home in the hollow of a decayed cocoanut tree and that it climbs live cocoanut palms and saws at the stems of the nuts until they drop to the ground. Then the crab descends with marvelous rapidity and by aid of its powerful nippers strips the husk from the nut. When the eyes of the cocoanut are laid bare the crab inserts its horny claws and bursts the succulent nut, devouring the kernel with great relish. This particular crab was located by the mass of husks and nutshells around the root of the tree where it lived. It managed while being brought to Honolulu to strip the flesh from the finger of a Kanaka who was endeavoring to get on terms of familiarity with it. The crab, when its claws and tentacles are extended, covers a space of about twenty inches.

The latest feat in spoon carving is reported from the capital city of Iowa, and was accomplished by S. E. Wilcox. He took a common Iowa souvenir spoon, one bearing the Iowa coat of arms on its handle, and wrote the whole of the Lord's prayer in its bowl. Every letter and comma is in its proper place and can be easily read with the naked eye.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2298-0084