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

OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, MD.

The World's Fair and the Silver Question, two of the greatest questions of the day, lost sight of. Hard times repealed and everyone is going, going to Oak Hall for their

FALL GOODS,

where you will find them in abundance and extra cheap.

We are prepared to show the finest line of DRESS GOODS, including trimmings, this side of the city. Dress Goods, 15 cts. to $1.50 per yard. Velvet, Silks, Fur and Braid Trimmings, all prices. Hop Sacking, Mallasse and Honeycomb Suiting, Nattie Cloth, Electric Cloth, Serges and Cashmeres of all shades and prices. A beautiful line of black Dress Goods, plain and fancy.

Ladies' and Children's Coats in great variety, from $2.50 to $15.00.

Our Shoe Stock

is the largest in the county. Don't fail to come to Oak Hall for your Winter Suit and Overcoat. Will save you money.

Children's Clothing a specialty.

Our Gents' Hats are conceded to be the latest.

We will save you money if in need of Carpet and Oil Cloth.

Our Boot Stock is large and extra cheap.

Underwear for Gents, Ladies and Children, all prices.

Hosiery in all grades, both wool and cotton.

If you have any money you wish to spend judiciously, come to see us, as we are selling goods cheaper than ever.

N. B.—A big job in Ladies' Coats, Misses' Jackets. Dress Goods, less than half price.

We are furnishing no excuse or apology when you call, for not having what is advertised.

Thanks for your patronage. We hope to have you call during the fall.

Respectfully yours,

apl-16-93 GEO. C. ANDERS.

Fall and Winter OPENING

—OF—

J. TRAUB & BRO.,

UNION BRIDGE, MD.,

Will begin Saturday, Oct. 21, '93.

Our lines of Suitings,

TROUSERINGS, OVERCOATS,

AND

Children's Clothing,

Have been made exclusively for us, and have been selected with great care. We are making a specialty of a

$10.00 CHEVIOT SUIT

that cannot be excelled.

Call and examine our goods. The quality and price will sell them.

Respectfully,

J. TRAUB & BRO.,
Repp Building, Corner Main and Broadway, Union Bridge, Md.
mar-14-1y

STATEMENT

—OF—

Receipts and Disbursements

For Public School Purposes for the year ended 31st July, 1893.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand 31st July, 1892	$ 436.65
State School Tax for White Schools	14,479.96
State Free School Fund	2,181.69
State Donations, Academic Fund	200.00
County School Tax	29,000 00
Book Fees	3,393.23
Sales of Books in the Office	59.45
State Appropriation to Colored Schools	1,312.53
Sale of Abandoned School Lot	28 10
License Fees	4 132 50
Temporary Loans	5,800.00
	$51,024.11

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teachers' Salaries—White Schools	$33,222.18
Fuel	2,894.71
Incidental Expenses of Schools	1,145.56
Rent	236.50
Books and Stationery	5,627.77
Building Schoolhouses	2,844.34
Repairing Schoolhouses	886.18
Furniture, Blackboards and Stoves	1,664.06
Interest	1,000.59
Salary of Secretary, Treas. and Examiner	1,200.00
Salary of Assistant	600.00
Per Diem of School Commissioners	600.00
Office Expenses and Account Books	160.06
Printing and Advertising	109.25
Paid to Colored Schools	2,946 87
School Libraries and Journals	54 00
Freight, Hauling, Boxes, &c	228.67
Teachers' Associations and Institute	160.63
Columbus Day Celebration and Exhibits at Chicago	121.95
Locating sites, Inspecting Houses, &c	132 30
Repayment of Loans	5,115.00
Balance Cash on hand	181.09
	$61,024.11

JAMES A. DIFFENBAUGH.
Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner.
no-18 3t

EX-PARTE.

NO. 3110 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

In the matter of the Trust Estate of William Kiser, Tobias H. Eckenrode, Trustee.

Ordered, this 24th day of November, A. D., 1893, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of December next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
nov-25-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

HORSE BILLS. We have a number of Fine Horse Cuts and print bills cheap

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 62 NO. 48. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

IN THE VALLEY.

To-day, when the sun was lighting my house
on the pine-clad hill,
The breast of a bird was ruffled as it perched
on my window sill,
And a leaf was chased by the kitten on the
breeze-swept garden walk,
And the dainty head
Of a dahlia red
Was stirred on its slender stalk.

Oh! happy the bird at the rose tree, unheeding the threatening storm!
And happy the blithe leaf-chaser, rejoicing in sunshine warm!
They take no thought for the morrow—they know no cares to-day;
And the thousand things
That the future brings
Are a blank to such as they.

But I, by the household ingle, can interpret the looming clouds,
For the wind "soo-hoos" through the key hole, and a shadow the house enshrouds;
And I know I must quit my mountain, and go down to the vale below,
For my house is chill
On the windy hill
When the autumn tempests blow.

My mind is forever drawing an instructive parallel
'Twixt temporal things that perish and eternal things that dwell—
When billows and waves surround me, and waters my soul o'erflow,
I descend in hope
From the mountain top
To the sheltering vale below.

I go down to the Valley of Silence, where the worldly are never met;
I know there is "balm and healing" there for eyes that with tears are wet;
And I find, in its sweet seclusion, gentle solace for all my care,
For that valley pure,
With its shelter sure,
Is the beautiful Vale of Prayer.

—Nannie Power-O'Donoghue in Chambers's Journal.

Select Story.

JACK.

He was gone! There was no doubt of it! Aunt Jane had been up to his little room, and the bed was just as she had left it the day before, when she cleared the room of its litter, and put it in such nice order, wishing all the while that Jack would take a little more pains to put away the things he used, and not leave the towel in a bunch on the stand, and not leave the closet door open, and not throw his hat coat down on a chair where it would be all wrinkled and unfit for wear when he took it up.

The window was open. Jack always shut it when he retired, and the cold air of the morning came in with the suggestion of late Fall in its breath. She hurried to throw open the blinds and look, as if she thought she might see him somewhere outside. Then she glanced again around the empty room, and finally taking in the full meaning of the silence, she rushed to the stairway, and down the stairs, holding on by the baluster, in her haste, hardly thinking how much out of breath she would be when she reached the foot, and into the kitchen, exclaiming; "Jack's gone! He ain't there!"

Aunt Eliza, who had seated herself with a very stern face, and with her hand on the tea urn, was waiting the return of Jane, who had been sent to inquire why Jack did not come to the morning meal, was so astonished that her dignity disappeared, and her mouth relaxed into a surprised curve, as she echoed the words, "Gone! Ain't there!" and then, as if Jane could answer the question, she said, "Where is he?"

The tea cooled, and the ham and eggs would have to be returned to the frying pan before they could be eaten, while the two aunts went up stairs, and examined the room where Jack had slept since he became a member of their family. They even looked under the rafters in the unfinished room, to see if perchance he was not hiding somewhere for a joke; but no boy could be found, and then they looked to see what he had taken with him. Only his every-day clothes were gone, one of his new shirts, and half a dozen handkerchiefs which had been a Christmas gift.

"I do hope he won't use those handkerchiefs every day," said Aunt Eliza.

"Oh, I'm so glad he took them, they were the last things we gave him! I wonder if he thought of that?" and Aunt Jane took up the corner of her apron; but it was clean and starched, and she decided to let the tear dry, rather than run the risk of a spot on its shining surface.

They talked over the boy for some time, and when all had been said that could be, each was thinking of him, and both were in a state of wonder as to what could have induced him to leave what they thought such a good home.

Jack, the boy who had thus unceremoniously left his home, was the son of a niece of Jane and Eliza Newton. This niece had lived with them until her marriage with a young man by the name of Cleve. She ran away to unite her life with his, and the aunts never forgave her, though Aunt Jane always cried when she talked of her, but Aunt Eliza always left the room whenever she tried to make any excuses for the girl. She had written Mary that they would be glad to see her, but they did not care to see her husband, and, as might have been expected, they never saw either. When her husband was killed in a railway accident, she had already a bright red spot on either cheek, which Jack, only thirteen, said was pretty and made her look young, and when, a few weeks later, she died, she had written a pitiful letter to her aunts, asking that they receive the boy into their home and try to love him, and Jack had carried it to his aunts and presented it in person.

Consternation was in the hearts of these ladies when they tried to picture to themselves what it would be to have a boy in the house all the time, and I fear they did not like the idea very much; but there seemed no other way, for they could not put a relative on the town farm.

Jack Newton Cleve was like all other boys of his age, except that he might have been a trifle more lively. He had a kind heart looking for love, ready to receive should it be offered; but his aunts were not used to children, especially boys, and did not know how to find his heart. Aunt Eliza talked to him a great deal about being quiet and orderly; but he could not remember never to whistle in the house, and that singing caused headaches. They took such peculiar ways of correcting his faults, that it is no wonder he thought they did not care for him, nor want him in their home. Was his hat on the floor, then, "His mother never taught him to hang it up, and what could you expect of one who ran away from home," and with a long sigh Aunt Eliza would walk to the window as if she had given up all hopes of Jack and could now look only to the outside world for consolation.

Did he rush pell-mell through the house, then, "His mother ran away from home, and she guessed he had started the same way."

Then Jack would go to the barn, or in the Summer time to the orchard, and there think of his mother till the breezes brought forgetfulness and he could begin again. But often he thought he would never stay a minute longer, for he was so sure his aunts didn't want him.

He had come in October, and the Winter had been dreary enough, but in the Summer it was pleasant, and if it could only last all the time, then he thought he could stand it. He gathered bugs and butterflies and pinned them to the walls of his room; but by and by their legs and wings began to fall off, and his aunt told him to gather them all and never to bring any more such trash into the house. Aunt Eliza said, "Why don't you read?"

But Baxter was dull and there was only one Ancient History in the house, and that he knew almost by heart. Everything he did or did not do was laid to his mother, and her way of leaving home, or t father, from whom he "probabl herited all his restlessness."

There was not a day when marriage was not spoken of, though Jack told them, "Mother she was wrong in leaving hon she did," they only said they glad she realized it, and talke just the same, and one day, whe could bear it no longer, he burs with: "Aunt Eliza, Papa Cleve her, and if you didn't care any for her than you seem to for me glad she left home, and I don't der she did, for I know she happy with dear papa, and used to take me down to the Na History rooms, and show me al butterflies which she said used to come in the orchard at home, and I've found 'em most all. I think she comes in summer, and if it could last always I would stay forever, but I can't stay another Winter. Oh, I can't!" And the big tabby was dropped to the floor, where she fled to Aunt Jane for comfort, and to have her back straightened, for Jack, in his excitement, had been stroking it the wrong way. The next day his room was vacant.

Aunt Jane cried in secret, but Aunt Eliza said she expected he'd go the way his mother did, and then would hear no more about it.

She was stiffer, and colder, than ever before, and even the cat gave up trying to make friends with her. But deep in her heart were uncomfortable thoughts, and many a night she failed to sleep, and Jack's words, spoke so hurriedly, still rang in her ears: "If you didn't care for her any more than you seem to care for me, I am glad she went, for papa loved her."

Over and over she said the words, and wondered if Mary had been driven from home to find what should have been so plentiful there, namely, love. And now Mary's boy had gone for the some reason. She thought of writing somewhere. But where could she direct a letter! He had left no trace, probably thinking that if he went away, they would be glad never to hear from him or know where he was.

She told the next door neighbor that he was to be gone some time, and Mrs. Jones began to say much they must miss him. He always so bright, so happy, she m him herself, even if he did l mile away.

Aunt Eliza questioned wheth had always been so happy a seemed to be, but she said not except to give assent to all that Jones said, and was glad when could change the subject.

When Aunt Eliza thought she did miss him more than she tell. More than she missed his, n er, for she was older now, and needed the young life to make the days bright.

Then, when Jack's room was cleaned, in one of the drawers was found a small book in which was kept Mary's Diary, and which Aunt Eliza took charge of at once. Her heart smote her as she read therein how the young heart had yearned for love, and how she had learned to care for Jack Cleve through mutual sympathy for each other.

"I have seen Jack to-day; he had to go at eleven o'clock last night and coax his father home from the saloon."

"Jack's father is dead."

"Jack has asked if I will go West with him to live. I know aunt will never consent; but I love him and he loves me, and they don't."

"Jack has gone, and he says he will send me the money to come when he is ready."

"I shall ask Aunt Eliza once more, and then if she will not consent, I shall go without her knowledge."

"I have said good-bye to the bees and the colt, and the brook, and shed tears in the old apple tree, and just as I came from the bridge I heard Aunt Eliza say in her hard voice: 'What does make you stay out so? I should think you'd know better. Some folks like the darkness better than light.' I wonder if she would have spoken any more pleasantly if she had known?"

The little book told the whole story. She had written Jack that same night she would step off the express, and he must be all ready for her, and she had left the only home she knew, without her aunts' knowing when and where she was going. Jack vowed, when he read the letter, with the tears very near the surface, that she never would want for home and love again.

Some pages were tear-stained and worn. Then came the story of a happy home, and then page after page of Baby Jack, and then at the very last, after the years had gone by, there were one or two pages full

[redacted]

said, "So Jack's gone to Caswell, has he?"

Aunt Eliza had hard work not to show the joy that would come into her face at these words, and turned away her head as she said, "How do you know?"

"Oh, he bought a ticket of me, and said he should stay all winter if he liked it down there."

He hurried away, and Aunt Eliza felt faint with the emotion of good news. Now, if he was in Caswell she could write; but, then, there came the thought that Caswell was a city, and she knew nobody there, and to whom could she write? She might send to the station agent, but it was now nearly six weeks since he left home, and probably the boy was forgotten in the numbers that would come and go.

A sharp October wind met her as she turned the corner of the lane leading to the house, and a cloud of leaves scurried before it. Down the lane came the big bronze gobbler and behind him a train of lesser turkeys, and thoughts of the near Thanksgiving filled her mind, and she did thank God that though she did not know just where in the great city he was, still he seemed a little nearer than when she left home a few hours before. Mary's journal had wonderfully softened her heart, and though she did not say much about it she longed to see the boy and tell him she would make up for the harshness of the past.

Thinking very hard, she passed up the lane, and suddenly, she seemed to

[redacted]

white apron was left talking t the scales on which he was weighing a piece of meat which he would send to that very dry good's man's house.

"Seems to be in a hurry, don't he?"

Yes, he was in a hurry, for having laid out all but a few pennies on his ticket, he must find work soon, or go back, and he never intended to do the latter.

Into the offiee of the merchant he was shown, and with a "Good morning!" he started the conversation. "The butcher said you wanted an errand boy. Is that so?"

"Yes, I did want one"—

"Then you have found one. I am so sorry," Jack said in a very disappointed tone of voice.

"No, I am waiting to hear from some one I partly engaged."

"Can I have the place till he comes?" was the eager query.

"Have you any recommendations?"

"Only one."

"Let me see it."

In an instant Jack slipped off his shoes and stockings, and saying, "now time me," he flashed out of the o ran the whole length of the store and back again, before the merchant had entirely recovered from the surprise caused by the sudden movement.

Flushed and panting, Jack stooped to draw on his stockings, and tried to say between his gasps, "mother said I could do errands quicker than any one she knew, except—"

He looked up to find the man before him laughing, and heard him say, "you don't mean to tell me that you always go at that gait when you do errands?"

Jack laughed, too, and said, "No; but that is my only recommendation; and I wanted to show you what I could do if it was necessary."

"What was the exception you mentioned?"

"Once I stopped to see a new case of birds that had just been put in the window of the Natural History rooms, and I didn't get home quite as quick as I ought. But I never did that but once, for mother said it wasn't right to work for other folks and then take the time for ourselves."

"Where is your mother?"

"Mother and father are both dead, and I have lived with Aunt Jane and Aunt Eliza; but the orchard in the winter isn't a good place, and the house isn't big enough."

"They are poor, then?"

"No-o-o! I don't think they are poor as you think; but I guess they are the poor in heart Aunt Eliza reads about in the Bible."

Mr. Green smiled at the queer quotation, and then asked, "Did you tell them you were coming?"

"I told them I could not stay another winter, and I am going back in the summer for the birds, and the butterflies, and the river—oh, I like to stay in the summer time, and aunts always send me for all the herbs they want, and I get the cows, and tend the horses, so the men can get the hay and grain."

Mr. Green was very much interested in the boy, and thought he would write and find out more about him, but meanwhile he told him he might stay a few days. He called the manager and directed him to set the boy to work, and tell him a good place to get his meals and where to lodge.

* * * * *

"Here, parson, I've got suthin' for you!" and the same man with the white apron who had talked with our Jack, stood in the doorway of the shop, and shouted to a man in a tall hat who was fast disappearing down the street. "Hold on, Parson, wait a minute, I've suthin' I guess was meant for you!"

The parson was Rev. Mr. Worth, and he returned to the shop, expressing some curiosity as to what there might be there for him.

"You see its like this: there was a load of turkeys come down this mornin' from Joe Ray's farm, and in with 'em was one that had a card 'round his neck sayin' "for the minister;" and I knew you'd jest come to Grace Church, and I thought nobody'd remember you, coz you wouldn't be acquainted much, and I'd turn it over to you."

"Don't it give any name?"

"No, not a word, except give it to the minister."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you, if you think I ought to have it." He walked away with his thoughts full of the queer way in which he had obtained his Thanksgiving dinner, and wondered what it meant, and half-wishing he had not taken it, for he could not help feeling that he must have robbed some one else.

But the explanation was inside the the fowl, and read something like this:

TO THE MINISTER:

DEAR SIR—Six weeks ago our grandnephew ran away from home, and we have learned that he went to Caswell, but we do not know whereabouts in the city, and we write to ask you if you will not look for a boy of fifteen, who must be in some of the stores, or at work at something we hardly know what. He has black eyes, is small of his age, and is fond of birds and butterflies. We, his aunts, are two old ladies, and we didn't know how to get along with such a lively boy; but will you tell him that we love him, and want him to come back, for it is so lonesome without him. He went away, we think, because he thought we didn't want him here; but if he will come back, he may bring all his stuff into the house any time he likes and we will say anything he wants us to, for we feel that we drove him away by our harshness. We could not eat the turkey that he fed, and we want to do some one good with it; and when you eat it won't you remember the boy that fed it, and his old aunts who might have done better by him.

We are, yours very truly,
ELIZA AND JANE NEWTON.

He could not sit down in the house after that, for he felt that he must be looking for the boy. Up and down the streets and into the stores, and in every office he went, and then as he came down the long main street, after office hours, he saw standing in front of a window, where was a cage of paroquets and a big white owl, the boy he had for sought so long.

Mr. Worth went near, and while Jack watched the birds, he watched Jack. Then he said. "You like these things, I judge."

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Did you ever go inside?"

"No; I have only been here about six weeks, and I haven't had time."

"Six weeks!" He was sure of it! It was the boy! His face showed the joy he felt. Then, how could he tell him what he wanted to here in the street!

While he was wondering what to say, Jack turned away and hardly knowing what he said in his fear lest Jack should get so far away that he could not speak to him he said, "I've got a letter for you."

Jack turned, "No! have you though? I didn't think they would write." And amazement was in his face.

"You'd better go right up to my house and get it." On the way Jack asked how they knew he was in Caswell? What made them write? Were they well? and said he wished he had not gone without telling them, for his mother went that way, and she thought afterwards it wasn't right. Nearly the whole story came out, and when in the pastor's study the letter, with its pitiful appeal, was read the big tears ran down his face, and he laid his head on his arms and said, brokenly, "I'm—I'm—sor—sorry."

Mr. Green had intended to find out all about the boy; but, alas! the cares of business had interfered, and he knew no more of the lad's people than when he came. He did his work well, and that was all Mr. Green really cared for.

That night he received a call from Mr. Worth and Jack, and the latter stated that he wanted to leave the store, and could he go without giving notice? Then Mr. Worth told the story, and said he thought it was the best thing for the boy. He knew the city was no place for a boy who could live on a farm.

Though loth to give him up, Mr. Green would not keep him against his will, and, telling him the place was his if he should ever want it, he bade him good-night, and hoped he would have a happy time in the future.

Then to his lodging room where everything he had brought with him was gathered up, and then back to the parsonage to spend the night.

The early morning train found Jack, Mr. Worth and his wife, for Jack insisted that they go, too, and a large box, with the turkey securely packed in it, on their way to the old home. Jack was very quiet all the way, and seemed to be anxiously waiting for the little village to appear in sight.

"Jack's come home! Mr. Jones is bringing him!" and again Aunt Jane went headlong down the stairs from the little room which had been Jack's. But this time it was to announce his coming, instead of his departure, and both rushed to the door, where Aunt Jane used her apron to such an extent that she had to put on a clean one and then used that till Aunt Eliza said she wouldn't have any apron left if she wasn't more careful. Aunt Eliza's eyes were dim as she said it, and the suspicious brilliancy of he nose betrayed the frequent use of a handkerchief.

It was truly a Thanksgiving dinner to which all sat down that day, and none more thankful than Jack, for he had felt homesick and lost in the city, where no one cared to look out for a strange boy, and he had felt the need of his aunts' kind care, and realized that to be without a home was, indeed, a sad thing.

Just before Jack went up to his room that night, Aunt Eliza said "I'm glad you came home, Jack."

"Yes, Aunt, I'm glad, too, and I shall not go away again," and then a moment later, "I think mother's glad, too."

There was a world of confession in those words. But each understood all that the other had left unsaid, and each thought of the days to come, when a different life would be lived on the old homestead, when each should try to do for the other all that love can do to make the days pleasant, and the paths thornless.

Aunt Jane has expressed a wish that Mr. Worth might sometime settle down in town as their pastor, but till that time comes, he has an invitation to come every Thanksgiving, and more frequently if possible, for they feel that without his help they would never have had Jack again.

Aunt Eliza says she is going to cast more bread upon the waters if it is to come back so soon, and in such measure, but I think she means turkeys—don't you?

Story of a Horse.

From St. Louis Republican.

In the fire department of a certain city out west was a fine horse named Star. He had been on the force a long time, and was very trusty and intelligent. His name—I am sure you have guessed it—came from a white star on the forehead.

Star knew his duties very well, and whenever the electric bell rang, whether it was the signal of a fire or only for the daily drill of the engine house horses, he would rush out of the door of his stall and take his appointed place.

Each stall had its own door, so that the horses, in case of fire, could get to their places in the least possible time; but when they went back it was more convenient to have them enter by one door, so they were numbered, and each knew his own number.

When the horses returned from a fire, or from exercise, numbers were called in order, and the first horse, or number one, passed into the farthest stall from the general door while the one with the highest number had the one nearest the door. All the horses, you will thus see, were bright, but Star was considered the brightest.

One time the horse in the stall next to Star's grew ill and would not eat.

Star who was always observant knew something was wrong, and would put his head over the partition and give his friend a gentle poke with his nose, talking to him, perhaps, in a quiet horse way, and showing all the sympathy in his power.

The men in the engine-house tried to induce the sick horse to eat, but nothing they offered him seemed to tempt his appetite. They began to think he would starve to death, and so he might if Star hadn't helped them out.

One day, after the horse had refused all sorts of food, Star took a whisp of hay from his own manger and thrust it over the partition, holding it up to his friends nose, as if coaxing him to eat.

At first the sick horse did not notice it, but Star held it out patiently until at last he took it and ate it.

Star then held another whisp and then another until the sick horse made quite a good meal.

It seemed as if all the invalid had wanted was a gentle horse nurse to feed him. And Star proved to be a faithful nurse indeed, for he fed his friend regularly after that from his own manger until he was well again.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world altars the world.

The prayer of faith always holds out both hands to receive the answer.

A Siberian Tiger Hunt.

From Harper's Young People.

It is quite a remarkable fact that the tiger, which we ordinarily expect to find only in American wilds or Indian jungles, also roams through Siberian's northern latitudes, as the laborers employed on the Trans-Siberian Railroad have recently had excellent opportunity to discover. The terror caused by these marauding monsters was so great, and they carried off so large a number ot workmen, that work had to be stopped some months ago until a plan of protection should be devised. Finally the Governor of Eastern Siberia decided to send for a corps of marksmen to systematically hunt down these terrible tigers and rid the vicinity of them forever. I must explain that to most Siberian regiments are attached companies of sharpshooters. These are picked men. They are raised in the wilds of Siberia, and from childhood are accustomed to the use of fire-arms and to hunting.

When the Governor called for aid against the tigers, every man who belonged to an Okhotnik Corps wanted to volunteer. Finally, after much competition, three officers and four men were selected for the task. Their names were Sub-Lieutenants Truboff, Schmidt, and Malchevsky, Corporals Stepahoff and Aksenoff, and Private Neutessoff and Bychkoff. They were drawn from the third and fourth battalions, Siberian Rifles.

On July 15th last the soldiers struck the trail of a beast whose movements they had been watching for several days. The pursuit led them into a wooded district some distance from the railroad camp, and toward night-fall, finding themselves belated, they resolved to halt and bivouac. First of all, they built a cheery fire, and were standing in a circle around the ruddy blaze, when an ominous crackling noise in the brushwood caused each man to grasp his rifle. In another instant, almost before they had time to think, the underbush parted, and like a flash there sprang out of the gloom the brilliant-striped terrible form of a gigantic man-eater. Falling like an avalanche upon Truboff, the ferocious animal bore him to the ground, fastened its teeth in his left shoulder, and soon would have crushed out his life, but for the courageous action of his comrades. Aksenoff threw himself flat upon the ground, and taking exact aim, sent a ball through the tiger's eye. Had his hand once faltered, he must have killed or maimed poor Truboff, who lay prone and helpless in the animal's grasp. Hardly had Aksenoff's bullet gone home, when Private Schmidt, rushing forward, buried his long hunting knife in the beast's neck directly below the skull. Truboff was saved, and the dead tiger carried in triumph to camp. By this time its magnificent skin has become the property of the Governor of Eastern Siberia, who will keep it as a trophy. The two brave privates will be rewarded with promotion.

The Humming of Telegraph Wires.

From the Boston Journal of Commerce.

You have heard the humming and singing of telegraph and telephone wires as you pass the poles along the street. No doubt you have concluded that it is caused by the action of the wind on the wires, and gave it no further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind, and, if you are at all observing, you will notice that often the humming sound is to be heard on cold winter mornings, when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe.

The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both on the wires and the poles.

When this humming has been going on birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside as they do upon the apple and other trees. The story is told of a bear that mistook the humming noise as coming from a nest of bees, and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base in the hope of finding the much-coveted honey.

Call the day lost on which you have not been anxious to make somebody happy.

Curiosity is one of the permanent certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect.

For the SENTINEL.

Thrift.

A great wonder-worker is the spirit of thrift; but it is a modest, humble worker whose worth and deeds are not always duly appreciated. Thrift has to do with the prosaic part of life—the savings of its earnings, or the making of them yield the greatest possible good. Though less brilliant than the spirit of genius, it is in all respects worthy to be compared with it. Genius earns; thrift preserves. Genius startles the world with its achievements; thrift plods with little notice. Genius is sometimes an erring son who makes little of much. Thrift is a wise father who makes much of little.

Thrift may not be the "secret of life;" certainly it is the secret of the success of life, the secret of individual progress, of national progress, and through these, of the world's progress. Without it there can be no advance in civilization. The savage remains rude and barbarous because he is thriftless. In summer he lives a free, indolent life, subsisting on what Nature furnishes him gratuitously, with little or no thought for the future. In winter he suffers cold and hunger, but they teach him no lesson of thrift. He walks in the foot-steps of his ancestors.

Thrift has an eye to small things, turns everything to some account, wastes nothing, and lays up for the winter, for hard times, sickness, and old age. These things are sure to come, to say nothing of the thousand *unforeseen* accidents incident to life, and, if no allowance is made for them, the result is suffering, humiliation, and dependence.

Labor, diligence, perseverance, foresight, and the denial of present good for future enjoyment are all implied in thrift. The thrifty are public benefactors, contributing to the general welfare, just as the thriftless are public enemies by not only failing to add to the wealth of the state, but by increasing its expenses. He who lives constantly up to the full measure of his income, lives ever on the verge of ruin, and is almost sure at some time to become a burden, either to friends, or the community.

The spirit of thrift may be inherited, and he has a good foundation for life who begins to build on the sturdy, thrifty character if his forefathers. More commonly thrift is inculcated, and herein lies hope for the world. The children of thriftless, improvident parents are numerous. If they should be compelled to follow the example set them by paternity, how dark indeed would be the outlook! But no such fatality rests upon children. Thrift can be taught. The youthful mind is open to such teaching. It should be taught at home and at school, both by precept and example. He who freely sows such seed is a true helper of the race in its struggle upwards, is a friend to humanity, and is certain to reap a rich harvest in the happy, useful lives it will produce. J.

For the SENTINEL.

ON PAINTING.

This year we had the following buildings and pump shed painted. I give the dimensions that you may know the amount of surface painted over. The barn, 40x70 feet, and 16 feet to top of square; wagon shed, 18x30 feet, and 16 feet to top of square; hog house, 18x26 feet, and 12 feet to top of square; buggy and implement house, 14x24 feet, and 8 feet to top of square. The buildings all have peaked roofs, and were never painted before. They had been whitewashed some four or five times, bnt not for four years, and the lime had nearly all fallen off. What had not fallen off was scraped off before beginning to paint. The short cut in the painting was the using of milk, at 10c. per gallon, for the first coat, which took 56 gallons, instead of oil, which costs 57c. per gallon by the barrel. In the next two coats oil was used, and the buildings all now have a gloss. Venetian red was mixed with the milk and oil; 1½ lbs. of Venetian red and forty-six gallons of oil were used, besides 60 lbs. of white lead for trimmings.

MANAGING HOGS.

To pen up hogs for fattening and other purposes, the following will be in season. Instead of using a cudgel and beating the hogs across the nose, as they try to run past you to get away, let each of two persons have a bushel basket, and as athe hogs try to run back, get the basket in front of his nose, and if he is not afraid of the basket, he will run his nose into it, but you can hold on to it and turn him, and he will not try it again. Most of them will be afraid of the basket, and they can be backed into the pen, if in no other way.

CHAS. W. OTTO.
New Windsor, Md.

Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

We can all leave something behind us that will increase the powers of those who follow us.

Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live.

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