The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879. VOL. XIV.-NO. 26.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL and PERSONAL PROPERTY
NEAR TANEYTOWN, CARROLL CO. MD.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from Milton S. Star and wife, bearing date 2d day of April, A. D. 1879, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situated about two miles south-east of Taneytown, and near the Plank Road leading to Westminster, on

Saturday, the 17th day of May, A. D. 1879,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., all that part of a tract or parcel of land containing

47 ACRES, MORE or LESS,

and being the same which the said Milton S. Starr obtained from Benjamin Fleagle and wife, by deed bearing date March 26th, 1874, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in Liber J. B. B. No. 43, folio 370, &c. The improvements consist of a large and comfortable two-story Roughcast Dwelling House with back building; Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, and all other necessary outbuildings in good repair. The land is under good fencing, in a high state of cultivation *having been recently limed,* and as productive as any in the district. There is an abundance of fruit of the choicest variety on the farm, a well of excellent water near the dwelling, while it is conveniently located in respect to churches, schools and mills, and in one of the best neighborhoods in the county.

To any person in want of a small farm in first-class order, this sale offers a rare opportunity.

Persons wishing to view the premises can call upon Milton S. Starr residing thereon, and for further information call upon or address the Trustee, at Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in 6 and 12 months; credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the Trustee, and bearing interest from the day of sale.

After disposing of the Real Estate, the following Personal Property will be offered at Public Sale:—One sorrel horse, one red cow, two heifers, one bull, 2-horse wagon, Greencastle grain drill, threshing machine and horse power, wheat fan, Wheeler No. 6 reaper and mower, jagger wagon, eleven acres of wheat growing, wagon gears, buggy harness, plows, harrows, spring wagon with top, Household and Kitchen Furniture, and a great variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale.—All sums of $10 and under cash; above $10 a credit of six months will be granted, by purchasers giving notes with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale.

Persons indebted to Milton S. Starr by note, book account, or otherwise, are requested to settle with the Trustee on the day of sale.

WM. A. McKELLIP, Trustee.
Smith & McKellip, Solicitors.
ap 19-ts Jno. M. Yingling, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE
OF A
FARM near FINKSBURG STATION
WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD.

THE heirs of John and Mary Hollingsworth, deceased, will offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, MAY 20th, 1879,

at 10½ o'clock, A. M., that valuable farm called "Sorrency," containing

284 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a 2½ story Log Weatherboarded Dwelling House, with Back Building, Frame Bank Barn 45x65 feet, Dairy, Corn House, Tenant House and other necessary outbuildings, water convenient to all the buildings; buildings and fencing are in good repair; about 35 Acres is Meadow Land, and about 120 Acres in Timber, the balance is in a high state of cultivation. There is an Apple Orchard of choice fruit in full bearing, together with peaches and other fruit. This property runs up to and adjoins the Finksburg Station on the Western Md. Railroad, is convenient to churches, schools, mills and post office, and is worthy the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale.—One half cash, one-fourth in six months and the other one-fourth in twelve months from the day of sale, with interest from day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by mortgage or notes of the purchaser or purchasers with approved security bearing interest. Upon the payment of the whole of the purchase money a good and sufficient deed will be executed.

Title indisputable, and will be sold free and clear of all incumbrances. For further information apply to John H. Hollingsworth, Finksburg, Md., or to Chas. T. Reifsnider, Attorney-at-Law, Westminster, Md.

HEIRS OF
JOHN AND MARY HOLLINGSWORTH,
deceased.
ap 26-ts P. A. GORSUCH, Auctioneer.

NO. 1884 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll county in Equity.

J. Henry Hoppe, assignee of Edward Lynch, mortgagee, vs. Patrick Gray, and wife.

ORDERED this 1st day of May, A. D. 1879, that the sale made and reported by J. Henry Hoppe, Assignee of Edward Lynch, Mortgagee, in the above cause, made by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Patrick Gray and wife, to Edward Lynch, and assigned by Edward Lynch, to J. Henry Hoppe, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 5th day of June next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 26th day of May, A. D. 1879.

The report states the amount of sale to be $525.00.

FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
may 3-3t FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.

Road Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that, after thirty days publication of this notice, application will be made to the County Commissioners of Carroll county to open a Public Road in Taneytown district, beginning at the public road leading from the Littlestown road by Henry T. Eck's mill to the Plank Road, at Oak Grove School House, and running on the bed of the old road between the lands of Joseph Harnish and Samuel P. Baumgardner to the lands of Thomas Longley; thence through the lands of Thomas Longley, still on the bed of the old road, to intersect the county road running from the Stone Road to the Littlestown road. HENRY T. ECK,
ap 26-5t and 17 others.

Notice to Creditors.

NO. 1813 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll county.
William P. Maulsby, et als., trustees, vs. George Shower and Rachel, his wife.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the creditors of George Shower, who were such prior to the 21st of November, 1877, the date of the deed of trust in the above cause, to file their claims, duly proven and authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 30th day of June, A. D. 1879.

J. J. BAUMGARTNER, JR.,
apr 26-4t Auditor.

Notice to Creditors.

NO. 1814 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll county.
William P. Maulsby and others, trustees, vs. Adam Shower and wife.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the creditors of Adam Shower, who were such prior to the 21st of November, 1877, the date of the deed of trust in the above cause, to file their claims, duly proven and authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 30th day of June, A. D. 1879.

J. J. BAUMGARTNER, JR.,
apr 26-4t Auditor.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS for sale at this office.

GREAT BARGAINS!

LADIES', GENT'S, MISSES'
AND
CHILDREN'S SHOES,
AND OVER SHOES.
GENT'S AND BOY'S BOOTS.
Best Family Groceries
of all kinds.
Splendid Sugars, from 8 Cents Up.
PURE SPICES, GROUND & WHOLE.
Genuine New Crop New Orleans Molasses.
QUEENSWARE,
CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE.
Lamps and Lamp Fixtures.
Wooden, Stone and Tinware.
TOILET SETS, MANTEL ORNAMENTS,
VASES, PAPER AND ENVELOPES
IN BEAUTIFUL FANCY BOXES.
SILVER PLATED GOODS.

Prices of every article as low as at any other place, either in City or County. Do not pretend to undersell others.

Remember all Goods are First Class,
and guaranteed to be just as represented.

B. G. BLANCHARD,
West End, Westminster, Md.
dec 15

A Long Needed Want Supplied at Last.
Agricultural Implement Warehouse,
LIBERTY ST., NEAR DEPOT,
J. C. WEAVER, PROPRIETOR.

I HAVE OPENED the new warehouse recently erected by E. Wagoner, where the farmers' wants can be supplied. Shall carry a full and complete stock of

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,

including in part as follows:—Buckeye Mower and Reaper, from Single Mowers to the Self Binders, including Droppers and Self Rakers, Combined Machines, Single Reapers. Buckeye Mower and Reaper Repairs, Knives and Sections for any machine in use in the county.

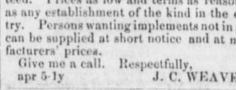
Our Plow Department is Complete.

The Oliver Chilled Plow takes the lead, more being made and sold annually than any plow in the world; Centennial Wrought and Cast Share Plows, Double and Treble Iron or Wood Beam Shovel Plows, Walking and Riding Cultivators, &c. Farmers' Friend Grain Drill, Grain Fans, Self and Hand-Discharging Rakes, Horse Hay Rakes, Cucumber Pumps, Feed Cutters, Corn Shellers, Grist Mills, Horse Powers, Sweepstakes Separators, Farm Wagons, Cider Mills, Stever Wind Engine and Feed Grinder, the most simple, durable and perfect machine of the kind made.

No goods sold that cannot be fully guaranteed. Prices as low and terms as reasonable as any establishment of the kind in the country. Persons wanting implements not in stock can be supplied at short notice and at manufacturers' prices.

Give me a call. Respectfully,
apr 5-1y J. C. WEAVER.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

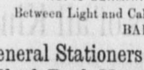


Superior English make. A sample card of one each of the twenty numbers for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 cts.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., New York.
SOLD BY
NEWSON & CURRY,
(SUCCESSORS TO DORSEY NEWSON.)
NO. 18 GERMAN STREET,
Between Light and Calvert Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.
General Stationers & Printers,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE JOBBERS IN
Ruled, Flat and Linen Papers,
Wrapping Papers and Twines,
INKS AND MUCILAGE,
PENS, PENHOLDERS AND PENCILS,
ENVELOPES—ALL KINDS.
School Books, School Supplies,
STATIONERS' HARDWARE, ETC.

Bank Work, Court House Work, Counting Room and Office Stationery, a Specialty.
☞ Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
apr 19-tf

GEORGE C. GROVE,



Watchmaker & Jeweler,
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
SILVERWARE & SPECTACLES.
Special attention paid to Repairing.
SOLE AGENT FOR
King's Patent Combination Spectacles
AND THE
ROCKFORD WATCH.
Watches and Clocks warranted for two years.
HESSON'S BUILDING, Near the Depot,
apr 19-tf Westminster, Md.

TO ERR IS HUMAN.

BUT failing to call before purchasing elsewhere and examining the Stock of

FURNITURE AND STOVES,

at IRA E. CROUSE'S, is a disregard of your own interest that is wholly inexcusable. Having had a long experience in the business, he now flatters himself that he can always exhibit to those wishing to purchase any article in his line, a stock not excelled in variety and quality by any other establishment in the county, and his prices are guaranteed not to exceed those of Baltimore city, or any other place in the State.

☞ Don't mistake the place, one hundred yards east of the Railroad, on Main street, nearly opposite the new Catholic Church, Westminster.
may 21

WILSON, COLSTON & CO.,
Bankers and Brokers,
134 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

INTEREST allowed on deposits, subject to Check without Notice, as in National and State Banks.

SPECIAL RATES OF INTEREST ALLOWED BY AGREEMENT ON DEPOSITS FOR FIXED PERIODS.

STOCKS & BONDS BOUGHT & SOLD.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES A SPECIALTY.
DIVIDENDS & COUPONS COLLECTED

In Baltimore for our depositers, without charge. Prompt reply made to all Letters.
sep 29-1y

GRIMES & WEAVER,
GENERAL Agents for Danforth's Illuminating Fluid. Absolutely non-explosive

Select Poetry.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY COL. THEODORE O'HARRA, OF KENTUCKY.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat,
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful canonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its molder'd slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

Select Story.

THE FISHERMAN OF LECQUE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

If you should be fortunate enough some day to visit the island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the guide will, no doubt, conduct you to the harbor of Lecque, one of the most picturesque sites of this enchanting island. All around, as far as the eye can reach, stand out sharp rugged peaks from gigantic cliffs, where, on one side, the face of the rock is notched and hollowed into gloomy recesses and caverns.

No part of the ocean in its course, encounters more terrible foes on which to expend its fury than at this point. All the perils of land and sea and tempest seem here to combine, as on a grand, free pleasure-ground; and this warfare never relaxes its power; where the sea encroaches pitilessly on the land; where the rocks, battered unceasingly by turbid waves, crack, loosen and plunge at the first roar of the tempest into the abyss below, there to add another hidden obstacle to navigation.

Everywhere can be seen the wave, blanching into a fringe of foam as it passes over a sunken reef, and if arrested by some marine bank in its wayward course, then it distorts itself in fantastic shapes and tears asunder as if in a convulsion.

Unfortunate, indeed, is the incoming vessel, if, amid the darkness of grim night, she be overtaken by a northwest gale that drives the hapless wanderer on the rocks of Casquet, or Paternoster, whose name suggests the last invocation in the hour of supreme peril. Destruction is then certain, for the helm is powerless, and the keel strikes on the rocks at the bottom.

The strand of Lecque encloses a small bay, which appears designed by nature as a refuge for ships in distress which have had the rare good fortune to escape the rocks with which the Channel is thickly strewn. It forms a harbor for a large number of fishing craft, whose owners occupy cabins on the step cliffs above.

In November, 18—, a frightful hurricane raged over the Manche, and from the narrow beach could plainly be discerned signals of alarm from one of the vessels which the resistless waves were swiftly driving on the terrible reefs of the Paternoster. To venture out from the shore to the assistance of these unfortunates would be to devote one's self uselessly to certain death. The fishermen, who on returning to port had been followed by these piercing cries of distress, although their hearts were stirred to their innermost depths, were powerless to convey help, or relieve this long and dolorous agony.

At last an old sailor stepped forth, inspired by a heroic resolve. He might perish a victim to his devotion, but at least he would make the trial of disputing with the miserable sufferers the strength of the billows. He launched on the sea a life-boat, and then called for a volunteer to aid him in the fearful experiment. No man came forward at the summons. This failure was not lack of courage; but such an act required more than courage—even a grand heroism,—thus to voluntarily struggle with the unchained winds and waters. The enterprise seemed so reckless that the bravest among them recoiled from it.

Just then, behold! a young sailor—a mere child—glided out from the group of men, son of a fisherman of the coast, and offered himself to serve as a second to the old man. Then, having already mounted on the boat, he turned toward a woman clad in mourning garments, ran to her, and, throwing his arms about her neck, embracing her tenderly, said in a firm yet boyish voice:

"Mother! let me go!"

Now, this poor mother had been a widow scarcely six months. Her husband, a brave fisherman, had sailed out of the little cove on a certain morning to broadcast his net in the sea. When he embarked, the water lay calm as a quiet island sea. But a sudden squall of wind arose. On the following day broken and splintered portions of a boat drifted to the shore, while nothing was ever heard or seen thereafter of the hapless sailor.

It was to the afflicted survivor of this lost fisherman that her only son prayed consent to war—heroic folly! against the fury of the bitter sea, which had served, only a few days ago, it seemed, as the tomb of his father.

This mother, weeping bitterly, at first refused; then, as she heard the despairing cries of the shipwrecked crew, and cast her eyes over the seething waters, she also discovered the flying signals of anguish from the drowning victims. She thought of husbands and of children who were perishing there, and thus silenced her own desperate grief. Turning to her son, this heroic woman said:

"Go, my child! I give thee my blessing. Have courage. May God go with thee and bring thee back safe and sound to thy mother!"

The frail vessel, now at some distance out in its onward course, frightfully tossed by the mad waves, could be faintly traced by the anxious watchers on the shore, while the two heroic sailors, straining every nerve to keep the oars in place and hold its course toward the fated ship, already sinking, could also be seen.

Soon the bereaved mother could gaze no longer. Crushed in spirit and faint with emotion, she sank down unconscious on the rocky shore. The kindly fisherman lifted her gently from the sand and conveyed her to her cabin on the cliff, their eyes filling with tears as they believed that this woman, already widowed and forlorn, would on this day lose all that remained dearest to her in the world—even her only and well-beloved son.

A horrible crackling of timbers was now heard by those on the beach. The staunch and beautiful ship had struck on a rock, and the spectators watched it, little by little, sinking deeper beneath the waves. Above the whistling and roaring of the hurricane could be heard, for a brief space, the shrieks uttered by the miserable crew, suspended above an awful gulf; then nothing could be distinguished, save the creaking of the broken masts, on which clung two or three cramped and stiffened sailors, waiting for death, which came slowly. Daylight faded away, a last cry echoed through the air, a fainter one followed, and then only the growl of angry waves remained as they lashed each other over the rocky bottom.

The fishermen, who had tarried on the bleak strand for many a weary hour, now returned to their small huts, above the sea,—while saviors and shipwrecked slept, without doubt, ere this in the same dark tomb. Midnight cast its sombre veil over the whole frightful scene, and when another day dawned, the tempest had ceased, the sea lay calm, and the life-boat had not returned to port.

An hour hence, far out on the horizon, could be discerned a small craft, making headway toward Lecque; and soon it entered the little bay, rowed by its two strong heroes. The whole night had they struggled with "might and main" against wind and current, and a miracle it was accounted that they had in the dense obscurity been able to avoid the countless rocks with which the Channel, on this side is thickly covered. They had, indeed, nobly performed their marine duty.

But why does the young fisherman hesitate to disembark at the Greve? Why does one so brave shrink from rushing to his cabin on the cliff, and there casting himself in the arms of his fond mother? Bravest among the brave is his valiant conduct esteemed. Why, then, does he pause in humble attitude at the proud thanks that await him? By his side sits a man of tall stature—a man for whose life he has battled with the raging waters hour after hour—a man whose large, dark eyes, are filled with a tender light as they rest upon the boy.

The boat having now safely passed the jetty, the glad fishermen, who had gathered on the narrow strand, met the old and young friend with glowing warmth of praise. Then, at sight of this man, they hastened to him, exhibiting every sign of utmost joy, pressing both his hands affectionately within their own; for well did they recognize the stranger guest.

"Yet who among the group dare announce to *her* the good news?

A few minutes thereafter, the brave child is in the arms of his poor waiting mother.

"Mother, my dear mother, listen while I tell thee what happened this stormy night, and may God teach me how to speak the words aright! One of the men saved by us was once a fisherman of the Greve. A tempest surprised him at sea a few months ago; his boat was dashed to pieces against the rocks of Paternoster; but as for himself, the man was taken up by a strange ship outward bound. The boat continued on its way, obliging the wrecked fisherman to navigate great oceans, far away from home, from his wife and his friends. Every one believed he was dead. His wife and only child wore a mourning-dress for him. When the ship arrived at its destined port, the unfortunate man received his discharge. He landed in England on the day before yesterday, and was already in sight of his cabin at Lecque, where he looked to find his dear wife and son, when a fearful whirlwind brought him once more face to face with death. But God came to his help." And the voice of the child grew faint and tremulous, while great tears rolled over his cheeks, and falling at his mother's feet, he pressed her hands convulsively.

"Mother, my good mother, learn the happy truth! As thou wast listening, did not thy heart—that heart which forgot its own sorrow before the sufferings of others, and sent me last night to the help of a sinking ship,—didst thou not know—yet how shouldst thou be able to know?—that thou didst send me to save the life of my dear father?—God led me to him. Let us return thanks that God has given him back to us. Yes! mother, let us praise him with all our heart."

The boy could not add a single word more; but mother and son knelt together, and in this pathetic attitude mingled their joyful tears at the mercy-seat of God. Soon an approaching footstep caught the sense, and, lifting their heads, the two gentle worshippers beheld the dear returned wanderer standing on the threshold of the outer door.

A wild cry of joy echoed throughout the apartment, and the tender wife entwined her arms about her husband's neck in a long and close embrace, while the brave fisherman returned the fond caress, his eyes meanwhile overflowing with grateful tears—kind eyes that still regarded, despite their misty veil, with touching emotion, the good, brave young son to whom he owed the happy reunion of today.

The books that collect valuable knowledge into small compass, and do this wisely and thoroughly, are the best books in the world. The same may be said of newspapers.

Our Olio.

WHAT THE PERU-CHILI WAR MEANS

If any one should be required to express in brief terms the immediate motive of Peru in causing the three-sided war between Chili on the one hand and Peru and Bolivia on the other, it might be done very fairly in this way: the immediate cause of the war is the effort of Peru to get up a corner in fertilizers, guano and nitrate of soda. Behind this, as a contributory cause, was the great earthquake wave a year or so ago, which swept destruction along the coast of Peru, crippling her fertilizer works and shipping depots. Further back is Peru's heavy public debt, mostly due to England, which debt and interest is secured on her guano and other trade in fertilizers, which trade and her ability to pay her obligations on her bonds were embarrassed by her losses and by competition springing up among Chilians domiciled on Bolivian territory, and by Chilians on their own territory, in which nitrate and guano beds are now being worked. And beyond all this are the treaties and other relics of an old dispute between Chili and Bolivia about a piece of seacoast territory lying between the two countries. These are all complicated in the war now begun, and of which we are now hearing the far-off echoes of the cannon fired in the naval combat off the mouth of the river Loa, on the 12th of April, in which there was nobody hurt, as far as heard from.

Beginning with this ancient territorial dispute, we shall endeavor to furnish the readers of the *Ledger* with the nature of the troubles between our little sister Republics on the Pacific coast of South America. Any reader who will take down his or her atlas and turn to a map of South America will find on the Pacific coast Peru stretching from above Cape Blanco, about the 3d degree of south latitude, to the river Loa, which is near the 22d; then further down he will find Chili, stretching from Lavata Bay below the 25th degree, all the way south to Cape Horn. Some maps, however, place the northern boundary of Chili at the 24th degree, according to the treaty of 1866 between Chili and Bolivia. But whichever boundary is taken, the reader will perceive, it leaves a strip of seacoast from two to four degrees in width, which is not covered by either Peru or Chili, and this, whether it be two degrees wide or four, belongs to Bolivia, and is the only seacoast frontier for Bolivia's immense tract of interior country which lies back of Chili and abuts against Brazil and the tributaries of the Amazon. This little strip of coast line contains three or four harbors where ocean commerce may be carried on, and in this respect is important to Bolivia. At one time it was considered to have no other value, being nearly utterly barren land. Still its ownership, or the ownership of part of it, was in dispute between Chili and Bolivia until 1866, when, by treaty, it was settled that the southern boundary of Bolivia, on the seacoast, should extend to the 24th degree of south latitude. But about this time, guano deposits were found in this desert place, and Chili stipulated that she should have one-half of whatever revenue might be derived by Bolivia from that source, as compensation for yielding the ownership. Eight years later (1874) another treaty, to run 25 years, was made between Chili and Bolivia, by which Chili renounced her half of the revenue above mentioned, and Bolivia on her part agreed that no additional export duties should be levied on the products of Chilian citizens who were engaged or might thereafter be engaged in working mineral deposits in the relinquished territory; and so the matter stood until last year, when Bolivia, stimulated by Peru, anxious to establish complete Government monopolies in the guano and nitrate trades, placed an almost prohibitory export duty on these productions of the Chilians in the territory mentioned, and in violation of the treaty.

The reader must now track back a few years to take up another part of the story. Between 1866, when the disputed territory was in part ceded by Chili to Bolivia, and the present date, explorations of that territory have shown that, whilst it is barren for agricultural purposes, it is rich in very extraordinary mineral deposits. Besides silver, which was found at an early date, there are (back among the mountains) very large beds of crystalized nitrate of soda and of guano, both of them being immensely valuable articles of commerce. These beds are besides extremely interesting in a geological point of view, for, along with the veins of nitrate of soda, the guano is found interstratified like any other mineral vein would be, just as we find coal and slate or shale alternating in our coal regions. On the guano islands it will be remembered that guano is found as a superficial deposit, supposed to be the accumulation through many years of the excrement of sea-coast birds. Similar mineral deposits had been found northward of the disputed territory in Peru, and southward in Chili proper, and a very large and lucrative trade has been developed in them within a few years. The nitrate of soda is interchangeable with guano as a fertilizer, but has many other valuable uses as a chemical agent, one of which is in the production of nitrate or saltpetre for the manufacture of gunpowder. The Duponts, near Wilmington, Del., use it for this purpose.

Now, taking up the main thread of the story again, it is to be said that the working of these new beds of fertilizers by Chilians outside of Peruvian territory interfered very much with the financial affairs and plans of Peru. The latter was largely in debt for money borrowed, mostly in England to build railroads. She owes $250,000,000, which is a heavy load for a little Republic with a population of between two and three millions, mostly Indians and others of mixed race. To get money she had to pledge something as security, and as her trade in these fertilizers was her most available if not her best asset, she pledged the revenue from that having made the guano export a Government monopoly, and later on tried the same thing with the nitrate of soda. The complete control of the trade, as to both quantity produced and the price of the article are, therefore, of great importance to Peru. But here came in the rich Bolivian beds worked by Chilians in the old barren and formerly disputed territory, and other beds inside of Chili proper, and Peru's control so vital to her and to the holders of her bonds was passing away. Then she resorted to her neighbor Bolivia, and persuading her to join in the effort to control the trade, she also induced Bolivia to freeze out the Chilians who had developed the mines and erected works in the old disputed territory, and to that end to put a tax on the export of nitrate and guano so heavy that the trade of the Chilians could not live under it. This was done, and, as already mentioned, in violation of the treaty of 1874, which forbade such export duty on the Chilians in the territory. The Chilians refused to pay the tax, and their works and other property in the district were declared confiscated by Bolivia. Chili proposed to refer the matter to arbitrators, but this being refused sent a military force to take possession and to protect her citizens and their property. Then she declared war, and as Peru was the instigator of Bolivia, or, with good reason, believed to be, she declared war against both Peru and Bolivia.

Both the principal belligerents (Chili and Peru) have small navies, and there will be considerable skirmishing among these, like that on the 12th of April, with blockades of ports, and, possibly, some bombarding of exposed seacoast places. Chili has already done some bad work in the way of destroying nitrate and guano works and depots, in which the sufferers are foreigners, and, therefore, innocent strangers to the quarrel. Doubtless there will be more of this, by way of retaliation and re-retaliation.

The war is likely to be carried on under difficulties, for although the population of both Chili and Peru are in a high state of enthusiasm, neither of them has any spare money; and moreover, the locality of the dispute is in a desert country which can only be reached by armies after several hundred miles of march through equally desert tracts, with no supplies except those they carry with them or transport from beyond the sea. If they should ever encounter each other, however, while their blood is at its present fever heat, there will be killing work, for these South American Republicans fight to the death. They have proved it on many a field. On all accounts, therefore, it will be in the interests of humanity, in the interests of the commercial world, in the interests of our own newly developing trade with these countries, and a most friendly and graceful act, if our Government should earnestly tender its good offices as mediator.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The White House.

The White House is the greatest residence in America. It has cost more money than the Stewart mansion, on Fifth avenue, New York, or with its rebuilding, refurnishing, &c., about $1,700,000. The original cost, in 1792, was about $433,000; and it was begun in that year, occupied in 1800, rebuilt in 1815, re-occupied in 1819, and its porticos completed as late as 1829. The east room was finished only fifty years ago. Every one of our Presidents, except Washington, has lived at this great house, and he has poked his horse's head into its portal to look up at the workmen plastering on the scaffold. An Irish architect named Heber, direct from Dublin via Charleston, took the award of $500 for the design and he built and rebuilt it, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery here, and his descendants are respectable lawyers and citizens of the city. A building for a private residence of 170 feet front by 68 feet deep, with one room in it 80 by 40, may yet attract republican attention; its vestibule within the front door is alone 50 by 40 feet, 20 acres of park and garden immediately enclose it, and on either side each separated by only 450 feet, are buildings which cost seven to twelve millions apiece. Yet, in all its apparent antiquity, how new! The lawn is still a naked plain, reaching off to the Potomac, like a desert reaching to the palace stairs. Like Versailles in the time of Louis XIV, Washington is a Government creation, and this White House is hoary only by events. The President's office, which is in the second story, is also the Cabinet room, and is not a very large apartment for the White House, although about 35 or 40 feet in depth by perhaps 30 wide with a high ceiling. A long table is in the middle of the room, with leather seated chairs around; the two windows have lambrequin curtains of a dark bluish gray color. A large map of the United States is on the wall. The carpet is of a red tint with large figures. The general effect of the room as one enters, is that of a library without books.

How the Chinese Fish.

A thousand years ago, the Chinese had the same ideas in regard to the catching of fish and the working of nets as they have at the present. On the coasts, however, the general accepted system of procuring fish is in vogue. The lakes and rivers of China, especially those in the North, are so abundantly stocked, that the fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing the fish out of the water with their hands. The man goes into the stream, half swimming, half walking, raising his hands above his head and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hands. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. By a rapid dive, he brings up a fish in his hands. Striking the surface frightens the fish, who sink below, and thereby are felt by the feet and secured. Another curious method is sometimes practiced on several of the great rivers. A man sits at the stern of a long, narrow boat, steers her with a paddle to the middle of the river. A narrow sheet of white canvas is stretched along the side of the boat, and along the other side a net is fastened so as to form a barrier of two or three feet in height. The man keeps perfectly still, while the fish, attracted by the white canvas, approach and are caught in the net. The fishing cormorant is often trained in this country to catch fish, and are diligent workers, obeying promptly the call of their master. On the rivers and canals near Ning-Po, Shanghai and Foo-Chow-Foo, the employment of these birds is by no means an uncommon sight, but they are never to be seen fishing in the summer months, their work being in the winter, beginning always about October and ending in May. The birds have, of course, to be trained, which is carried on in the cormorant breeding and fishing establishments, one of which is at a distance of thirty or forty miles from Shanghai.

LIEBIG'S CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.—The *Scientific American* contains an account of an experimental test of Liebig's theory for the cure of habitual drunkenness. The experiment consisted of a simple change of diet, and was tried upon twenty-seven persons, with satisfactory results. The diet proposed is farinaceous, and, in the cases reported, was composed of macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas and lentils. The dishes were made palatable by being thoroughly boiled, and seasoned with butter or olive oil. Breads of a highly glutinous quality were used, care being taken to prevent their being soured in course of preparation. In his explanation of the theory, Liebig remarks that the disinclination for alcoholic stimulants, after partaking of such food, is due to the carbonaceous starch contained therein, which renders unnecessary and distasteful the carbon of the liquors.

Iridescent glass, now so much in fashion, is obtained by exposing it when strongly heated to the fumes of chloride of tin; if very deep colors are required, some nitrates of baryta and strontia are added to the tin.

Religion is the best armor a man can have, but the worst cloak.

Choir or Congregation.

Dr. Holland, in a discussion of church music in *Scribner* for May, writes as follows:

For ourselves we are very much afraid of the movement toward congregational music. The tendency thus far has been to depreciate not only the quality of music, in the churches, but the importance of it, and to make public worship very much less attractive to the great world which it is the church's duty and policy to attract and to influence. The churches are full as a rule, where the music is excellent. This fact may not be very flattering to preachers, but it is a fact, and it is quite a legitimate question whether a church has a right to surrender any attraction that will give it a hold upon the attention of the world, especially if that attraction is an elevating one, and in the direct line of Christian influence. Congregational singing is well enough in its place and proportions, but very little of the inspiration of music comes through it. It is, indeed, more of a torture than a pleasure to many musical and devout people. The ideal quartette, made up of soloists, who take a prominent part in the public service, with a single choral in each service given to the congregation to sing. In this way, the two offices of music in public religious assemblies seem to be secured more surely and satisfactorily than any other.

How Interest Eats.

One of the causes of bankruptcy is that so few persons properly estimate the difference between a high and low rate of interest, and therefore often borrow money at a ruinous rate that no legitimate business can stand. Very few have figured on the difference between six and eight per cent. One dollar loaned for one hundred years at six per cent., with interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to $340. At eight per cent. it amounts to $2203, or nearly seven times as much. At three per cent., the usual rate of interest in England, it amounts to $19.25; whereas at ten per cent. which has been a very common rate in the United States, it is $13,809, or about seven hundred times as much. At twelve per cent it amounts to $84,075, or more than four thousand times as much. At eighteen per cent. it amounts to $15,145,007. At twenty-four per cent. (which we sometimes hear talked of) it reaches the enormous sum of $2,551,799,404.

One hundred dollars borrowed at six per cent., with interest compounded annually, will amount to $1842 in fifty years, while the same $100 borrowed at eight per cent. will amount to $4690 in fifty years. One thousand dollars, at ten per cent. compounded will run up to $117,390 in fifty years.—*American Almanac.*

Rose Culture.

One of the first secrets of success with the rose in guarding against its several persistent insect enemies, such as the rose-bug, green-fly, rose slug, etc., is to keep the plant healthy and in vigorous growth. To insure this, a rich soil is indispensable. Let it be composed of old decomposed sods or thoroughly rotted manure. This earth should never be permitted to *bake;* but should be kept friable by frequent stirring. The aphis, or green-fly, first attacks the young, tender shoots, feeding upon their juices. The pests may be killed by placing a barrel over the infested plant and burning tobacco in a flower-pot or other vessel underneath. The rose-slug, that green-bodied, jelly-like pest that feeds upon the surface of the leaves, leaving only the veins and ribs, may be kept in severe check, if not destroyed, by dusting the plant with fine coal ashes. The rose-bugs may be brushed off into a pail of water, or picked off separately by hand and destroyed. As much as has been written about the culture of the rose and about its insect enemies and their destruction, the above, in our experience, embodies the whole story.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Darien Canal.

Imagination can scarcely set too high the changes to the trade of the world that would be wrought by a canal through the Isthmus of Darien, and our lively contemporary, the London *World,* asserts that the project is actually to be carried out. It says, that is, that a company is on foot in Paris to undertake the work and that M. de Lesseps will preside. It is time that the hero of Suez should should sigh for more worlds to conquer—or to divide—and if he has so many ladies to help him as the London *World* says that he has his triumph ought to be a foregone conclusion. An age that has seen the Atlantic cable ought not to flinch from a Darien canal, but the engineering difficulties are great and the cost will be enormous. It would be a grand thing to see steamships running from Melbourne and Hong Kong straight to New York by way of Realejo and San Juan del Norte, and if the spectacle is denied to this age, there is little doubt that it will be enjoyed by the coming generation.

The Campanero or Bell-Bird.

I think there should be a revised edition of the Cock Robin tragedy. I never could see any propriety in the bull being at that bird-funeral. The Campanero or bell-bird could have tolled the bell, even though there had been no bell in the world. It has a fleshy "horn" on its forehead, you see, which is connected with its palate, and at a moment's notice it can fill this with air,—and then you should hear it! It utters a solemn, clear bell-note, like the toll of a distant convent bell, pauses for a minute or two, then gives another toll,—another silence and another toll,—and the sounds can be heard three miles off.

It is a sad pity the Campanero was not at Robin's funeral, for it is a gentle creature and its dress is most appropriate for such an occasion—being snow white, while the "horn" is jet black with a few white feathers True, they would have had to send to the country of the Amazon for it, but the birds could have managed that.

PLEASANT BEDROOMS.—There is nothing more indicative of refinement and a genuine culture in a family than bright, cheerful and tastefully decorated bedchambers. Tasteful decorations do not necessarily mean expense, and it is possible to make a chamber look very pretty at a very small outlay. Indeed, in many instances, no outlay at all will be required beyond what would be incurred under any circumstances. The women of a family, especially, are apt to pass a good portion of their time in their bed chamber, and in some households the sleeping apartments are used alike for sewing-rooms, sitting-rooms and nurseries. It is worth while to obtain all the innocent pleasure we can find in this life, and there can be no doubt that life is pleasanter if most of its hours are passed in cheerful looking apartments.

The way to get credit is to be punctual the way to preserve it is not to use it much.

The Farmer.

For the Democratic Advocate.

Agricultural Resources of Central Maryland.

LISBON, Howard Co., May 6, 1879.

In this section of the State the soil is of both an arinacious and argillaceous nature, which mixture renders it, with a moderate application of barnyard manure or lime and a sprinkling of fertilizer, unequaled for the growing of Indian corn, tobacco and wheat, while potatoes, rye, oats and hay yield quite remuneratively. The land is moderately undulating and naturally productive, while the wheat crop only requires a small amount of the phosphates to nourish and perfect the grain, and ammoniated limes, etc., to invigorate the growth, as the abundant vernacular flint gradually disintegrating, furnishes the silica or oxide of silicon which is requisite to give stiffness to the stalks. The Fultz variety of wheat is pretty generally sown by the farmers of this vicinity of late years. As a rule on these lands—though occasionally there is an area of impoverished soil that must be excepted—an application of 200 to 300 lbs. of fertilizer will insure a yield of 20 to 35 bushels of wheat per acre, according to the strength of the soil. Stone lime, so abundant in portions of Frederick county, a few miles north-west of this place, can be obtained at the kilns, burnt and ready for use, for 11 cents per bushel. Oyster-shell lime can be had at the kilns near Baltimore, for 7 and 8 cents per bushel, and is considered by some to be nearly as durable as the stone lime. The prices of fertilizers, guanos, bones, etc., are, however, exhorbitant, and it is mainly from this fact that the farmers are not enjoying the success that they should. Freight and transportation rates are also high, but possibly public sentiment will eventually do something to redress these wrongs inflicted upon the tillers of the soil. The culture of tobacco is an important industry, and a number of farmers confine their cultivations almost entirely to this crop. The labor attending tobacco growing is, however, arduous and constant, though it is usually well compensated. Occasionally a pest in the form of a "tobacco worm" demands the almost constant attention of the grower, and not unfrequently they are very stubborn to subdue. Large flocks of turkeys and guinea keats are often employed in the tobacco fields and do good work in destroying the worms. The yield is about 1100 to 1500 lbs. per acre, when stripped, which realizes from $3 to $15 per hundred weight according quality. A fair quantity and quality of timothy hay is mowed upon the meadows and low lands and clover upon the upland, either of which finds a ready sale in the Baltimore markets at $8 to $14 per ton, the former commanding the higher figure. Blue grass is also grown for pasturage, and for this purpose it has no equal. Dairying receives considerable attention by those living along the route of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and it is estimated that nearly 2500 gallons of milk are shipped daily to city consumers from the scope of country lying between Frederick and Baltimore. The rearing of sheep and stock cattle is by no means neglected but rather constitutes an important industry. Appended are substantially the statistics of the crop returns, with the varieties grown:

Wheat, 15 to 35 bushels per acre, Fultz and Amber.
Rye, 14 to 30 bushels per acre, Black.
Oats, 20 to 35 bushels per acre, ordinary white variety.
Potatoes, 60 to 150 bushels per acre, Early Rose, Peach Blow, etc.
Hay, 1½ to 2 tons per acre, Timothy, Clover.
Corn, 6 to 12 barrels per acre, White and Golden or Yellow.
Tobacco, 1000 to 1500 pounds per acre.

These are the maximum and minimum figures, and by adding the two extremes and dividing the sum by 2 we have a fair average.

This locality has been remarkble for the excellent quality of chestnut, oak, hickory and maple wood, of its groves, but the constant demand for fuel and "new ground" which is required by the tobacco crop has caused a serious denuding of these and now only about 16 to 18 per cent. of the land is wooded. Our farmers do not seem to be cognizant of the fact that this devastation will eventually bring drouths and violent storms upon them if meteorological researches can be relied on.

In certain sections granite is extensively quarried—particularly in the locality of Ellicott city, where the well-known Belgian blocks, employed in the Baltimore city street improvements, are obtained. Flint rock is also found in abundance, and along the Patapsco river bowlders of forcible dimensions crop out.

We will now consider a few of the expenses which farming necessarially incurs: 1st, tax rates, which, though excessive, can not be complained of when you take the rates of other counties, into consideration. 2d, farm labor wages, which seem heavy with the present anti-bellum market rates. Men receive $12 to $15 per month, the lower figures including, the higher excluding, board. Boys get $3 to $8 per month, according to ability. Day labor commands 50 cts. and 75 cts.

An important item in the farm expenses is fencing, which is rendered absolutely necessary because of the deprecable custom of the poorer class of village residents of pasturing their stock upon the public highways. Measures to suppress this nuisance are being taken by some of our citizens.

Finally, we may say, that the average Maryland farmer, though not wealthy, is generally in good circumstances, and is at least prone to enjoy the few pleasantries of life. He unmistakably presents a much more favorable condition than the British agriculturalist whose misfortunes have been so graphically pictured by recent English writers. B. D. W.

TO BIT A COLT.—The true way to bit a colt is not to bit him at all; that is, let him bit himself. When my colts are one year old I begin to teach them to hold a bit in their mouth. The bit is of pine, some half inch in diameter and five inches in length. This piece of soft wood is held in the mouth by a cord tied to either end, and passing over the head back of the ears. The colt loves to have this in his mouth, because it enables him to bring forward the teething process. He will bite it and work it over in his mouth, and enjoy it hugely. He will welcome it, and will actually reach out and open his mouth for it, as a trained horse will for the bit. After a few days you can tie strings, making miniature reins to this bit, and teach the colt the proper use of it. When this is done, he is ready for the regular steel bit. Put your bridle on with a leather bit, large and pliant; throw your checkline, if your bridle has one attached, into the pig sty; get into your wagon and drive off. This is all the "bitting" a colt needs. Treated in this way, he will have a lively, yielding, sensible mouth. He will take the bit bravely when working up his speed, but yields readily to the driver's will. A horse, bitted in this sensible way, can be driven a forty-clip with the lines held in one hand, or be lifted over a five-barred gate with the strength of a single wrist. If you do not believe it, try it and see.—*From W. H. H. Murray's Perfect Horse.*