The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886. VOL. XXI.-NO. 49.

FOR SALE.

111 Acres prime limestone land near New Windsor, 7 miles from Westminster; fine buildings, all in good condition; a very desirable farm; price $12,000—half cash, balance on 5 years time.

90 acres on road leading from Westminster to Taneytown, 3 miles from Westminster; land in high state of cultivation; brick house, bank barn, all in good condition, well watered, &c.; price $85 per acre.

91 acres on road leading from Union Bridge to Middleburg; land in fair condition; buildings fair; price $80 per acre.

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

145 acres adjoining Frederick city, Md.; the best of lime stone soil, in high state of cultivation, no better farm in the State; large stone house, bank barn; price $140 per acre.

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

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

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

Farm 73 acres, 8 miles from Westminster, 2 miles from Hampstead, nearest R. R. Station, good house and barn; 53 acres cleared land in good condition; $35 per acre.

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

245 acres prime land; elegant buildings; 17 miles from Baltimore, near railroad; price $13,000. 100 acres of same farm would be sold with good dwelling, &c.; price $5,000.

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

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

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

Splendid farm, near Bridgeport, Md., 172 acres, good land; about 20 acres good timber, large house and barn, all in good order; near schools, store, mill, postoffice, &c.; price, $45 per acre.

Forty-seven acres of prime land, near Westminster, on which there is a fine building site; $6,200.

Ten acres, finely situated on turnpike road; would make a choice home; $1,600.

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

Double brick house and lot in Westminster; $2,500.

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

For particulars call on or address

sep 4,tf E. LYNCH, Westminster, Md.

FOR THE FALL TRADE.

One of the finest lines of

FALL SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS AND PANTALOONINGS,

which will be made up in the latest style and best workmanship.

Fit Guaranteed or no Sale,

and at prices that defy competition. Any one in need of

A SUIT OR OVERCOAT

can rest assured they can be accommodated. I also keep one of the finest and best assortments of

Gent's Furnishing Goods

outside of the city, such as UNDERWEAR, DRESS SHIRTS, BOTH WHITE AND FANCY; COLLARS, CUFFS, SUSPENDERS, NECKWEAR, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, and everything pertaining to gent's first-class outfit. The largest and best line of Buckskin Gloves ever offered in this county. The most perfect fitting; every pair warranted. Also Kid Gloves, and every kind that a gentleman would want, and at bottom figures. The Scratch Pocket Shirt always on hand in stock, or we will make it to order, either white or colored, and guarantee it to be the most comfortable and best fitting shirt, and one of the best made in the market to-day. Give me a call. It will pay you. The ARGOSY SUSPENDER still takes the lead. We keep them at all prices. Every pair guaranteed for one year. A splendid line of

GENTS' JEWELRY,

SUCH AS COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, PLAIN, FILLED AND SOLID GOLD RINGS, WATCHES AND CHAINS, AND EVERYTHING TO COMPLETE A GENT'S OUTFIT, AND AT BOTTOM PRICES.

A splendid line of Silk and Alpaca Umbrellas. As special drive will be sold cheap. Overalls, Cardigan Jackets, all sizes and prices, at bottom figures. The best Gum Coats in the market, and warranted first-class, at prices that cannot fail to sell them. A call is solicited before purchasing.

Give me a call. It will be appreciated, and will save you money and make you happy.

J. T. ANDERS,
sep25 3m Westminster, Md.

DRY GOODS.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,

Baltimore Street,

East of Charles St., White Marble Building,

BALTIMORE, ARE

Large Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of

DRY GOODS.

Their assortment includes goods of every class that pertain to a well arranged, first-class Dry Goods House.

We aim to keep nothing that will not prove of good value to purchasers for the money paid, and the best goods for the price can invariably be found with us.

Our business reputation for the past 56 years, and the fact that every article has the price marked on it in plain figures, thereby giving the assurance to those who do not know the value of goods, that they are paying no more than those who do, is a great inducement to deal with us.

In addition to our Retail Trade, Country Merchants can buy from us the better class of goods, not usually found in Jobbing Houses, at the Wholesale Price.

We send samples when we receive plain and explicit direction in regard to color, and about the price wanted. sep 25 13t

CHARTERED 1843 AND 1886.

NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE AND WINDSOR FEMALE COLLEGE.

DEGREES AND DIPLOMAS.

FOR YOUNG MEN, With Preparatory and Business Schools for Boys. | FOR YOUNG LADIES, With Preparatory and Primary Schools for Girls.

Fall Sessions Open September 15th, 1886.

These Institutions have distinct and separate courses of study and government, and offer advantages not surpassed in the State. For healthfulness and beauty the location is unrivalled. The government is moral and Christian, and is not embarrassed by *Denominational or State* control.

Scholarships are not recommended, for obvious reasons; but when insisted upon scholarships for three years' tuition will be sold for $90, and those holding such will be charged for board, room, washing, fuel and light *only $150 per year.*

For catalogues and the fullest information, visit the College or address

REV. A. M. JELLY, D. D., President,
july 24:3m New Windsor, Md.

J. H. MEDAIRY & CO.,

PRINTERS,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

No. 6 NORTH HOWARD STREET.

Opposite the Howard House,

BALTIMORE.

Blank Books Made to Order in any style. nov 25 1882 1y

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortage from Adam M. Leppo and Elizabeth A. Lepo, his wife, to him bearing date February 22, A. D., 1882, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S., No. 17, folio 83, will offer at public sale on the premises, situate in Woolery's district, Carroll county, Md., on the county road leading from Patapsco to intersect the county road leading from Brown's meeting house to Carrollton, adjoining the lands of Elijah Leppo, Wm. A. Martin and others on

Saturday, the 9th day of October, A. D., 1886,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that valuable lot of land there situate, containing

18¾ ACRES OF LAND,

one half of which is cleared, and the other half is good timber land. This lot is improved with a two story frame weather-boarded Dwelling House, with large porches and other necessary outbuildings. There is a fine spring of water near the house.

Terms of Sale:—Cash.

JABEZ A. BUSH, Mortgagee.
sep 11ts Charles B. Roberts, Solicitor.

RIDDLE & WILLIAMS,

TILES OF ALL KINDS.

MARBLE,

SLATE AND

WOOD MANTELS,

GRATES, BRASS GOODS, &c.

45 N. HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE.

CATALOGUES SENT ON APPLICATION.

sep25 6m

NO. 2202 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County in Equity.

Milton B. S. Bassard, et. al. vs. Charles H. Berry et. al.

Ordered this 1st day of October, A. D., 1886, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in this 3rd report, made and reported by James A. C. Bond, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of November, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county once a week for three successive weeks before the 25th day of October, inst.

The report states the amount of sale to be $862.75. WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:

oct2 3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand,

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL AND CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash prices paid for grain, Longberry a specialty,

n 14 tf DAVID ROOP & SON.

AT PRIVATE SALE.

Two Valuable Dwelling Houses. Also two desirable building lots on College Avenue, in the city of Westminster. The dwellings are comparatively new, with modern improvements, have the city water therein; an abundance of fruit of choice varieties, and in respect to location these properties are unsurpassed by any in the city.

For further particulars call upon or address Isaac Wright, Esq., Union Bridge, Md., or McKellip & Clabaugh, Attorneys at Law, Westminster, Md., who will take pleasure in showing the same. sep 25 4t

FOR SALE—A VERY DESIRABLE MILL PROPERTY.

Mill 45x50 feet, 3½ stories, 2 sets of Wheat buhrs and 2 chopping buhrs; Good Bank Barn 56x35 feet; 2-Story Frame house, 6 rooms and kitchen; 44 Acres of land in good state of cultivation, 2 orchards of choice fruit; location central, being only 3 miles from two different Railroads. All buildings in good condition. For further particulars call on or address JOHN P. GARDNER,

s 11 2m Taneytown, Carroll co., Md.

CELEBRATION and FESTIVAL.

The Union Sabbath School at Mt. Pleasant will hold an all day annual celebration on Saturday, the 9th day of October, in the grove near the school house. A band of music, in full uniform, will be present to enliven the occasion. The service of several prominent speakers will be secured to address the school. The festival will be continued in the evening. No pains will be spared to make the occasion a source of pleasure and gratification, and all are cordially invited; come one come all. 2t

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the members of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Dug Hill, Carroll county, Maryland, that a levy of 3 per cent. was made on the premium note capital of the Company on the 18th day of September, 1886, and that it will be immediately collected. By order of the Board,

oc2 3t JOHN R. STREVIG, Sec'y.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

The subscriber took up five White Hogs as estrays, two of them supposed to be with pig, and weighing about 150 pounds on the average. The owner of the above hogs is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

WM. FROUNFELTER,
oct2 3t New Windsor, Md.

FIRE INSURANCE.

No notes, no assessments, prompt settlements and lowest rates in best companies. Office on Liberty street, opposite depot, Westminster.

JAMES SHRIVER,
Insurance Agent, representing Continental of New York, Western Assurance of Toronto.
jan16 86:1y

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, do your own Gold, Silver and Nickel Plating.

Will send receipt for 25c. No humbug.

F. J. ANDERS, Magruder,
oct2 3t* Bladen County, N. C.

NOTICE.

Hurley, the Grocery Man,

Will open with a complete stock of Groceries and Housekeeping Goods, on Monday, October 4th, 1886, in Albaugh's Large White Building, Westminster, Md. Come and get bargains. oct2 3t

FOR RENT.

A nice home in Linwood. Apply to or address

JOS. ENGLAR,
Linwood Station,
W. M. R. R.,
oct 2 3t* Carroll county, Md.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

H. B. Albaugh, in Carroll Hall, next to old Postoffice, is selling all packed Coffees at 15 cents; 150 test water white Coal Oil at 14 cents; best Brown Sugar 5½ cents, and White Sugar at 6½ cents. He buys eggs at 18 cents, and country cured Bacon at 8 cents.

oct 2:3t*

POSTER PRINTING a specialty at the ADVOCATE Office.

Select Poetry.

AUTUMN DAYS.

William Cowan in Chambers's Journal.

A wealth of beauty meets my eye—
Yellow and green, and brown and white,
In one vast blaze of glory fill
My happy sight.

The rich-robed trees, the ripening corn,
Bright colored with September fire—
Fulfillment of the farmer's hope,
And year's desire.

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds
Of bird and bee and running brook;
And plenteous fruits hang ripening round,
Where'er I look.

The mellow splendor softly falls
On morning mists and evening dews,
And colors trees and flowers and clouds
With thousand hues.

O dreaming clouds, with silver fringed!
I watch ye gathering side by side,
Like armies, in the solemn skies,
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the changing woods,
Fast deepening down to russet glow,
When Autumn, like a brunette Queen,
Rules all below.

The soul of Beauty haunts the heavens,
Nor leaves for long the warm-faced Earth,
And like a mother, the kind air
To life gives birth.

But Death rides past upon the gale,
And blows the rustling golden leaves;
They whirl and fall, and rot and die,
And my heart grieves.

Farewell! O Autumn days—farewell!
Ye go; but we shall meet again,
As old friends, who are parted long
By the wild main.

Our Olio.

A NORTHERN LEGEND.

BY LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA.

It was on a wild, wintry night in the polar regions of the most northern estuary of Hudson's bay that I was reposing, half asleep, stretched out on the gray reindeer robes that separated me from the most curious of all couches, a bed of snow, while the half flickering light from a native stone lamp that looked like half of a huge clam-shell, with the straggling bits of light along its edge, threw its yellow, jaundiced hues against a number of queer faces—fat, dumpy ones that looked like obese Mongolians painted up to imitate the facial hues of our own Indians. Back of this group of Esquimaux—for such they were—were the weirdly white walls of the snow house, making the domicile look not unlike a little oval-domed, egg-shaped pen built of tombstones. The little children were asleep in a cozy corner, under the reindeer robes, a great shaggy black musk-ox skin being being between them and the walls of the snow house, while the few Esquimau men in the place were sitting on the edge of a bed of snow, their feet swathed in skins, dangling down to the floor of the same white material, where a few dogs were prying their noses around to catch a bit of seal or walrus meat, or they were sitting a la Turk upon it, all of them with their arms withdrawn from the sleeves of their coats and crossed upon their bare breasts underneath, and each and every one enjoying a pipe of tobacco while thus warming their hands.

As the white smoke lazily ascended and drifted away through the little holes in the top of the walls of snow, I heard the group, one by one, tell their curious stories of the boreal chase, their dangers on the floes of ice, and the myths and legends of the great north land, and one of them, the legend of an old walrus-hunter of the tribe, I must tell:

Far, far in the mythical past, when the ancestors of the Innuits, or Esquimaux, first came to this land, the blasts of winter and its weary leagues of ice and snow were unknown. Summer reigned throughout the year, and the walrus crawled upon the rocky islets and the slopping shores, instead of cakes and vast floes of ice, and were there secured by the merry hearted hunters, who never knew of famine from the fickle storms of winter. Seals sported in the pretty little fiords, and with spears and light skin canoes they successfully hunted them the year round. Flowers grew upon the banks of the lakes, and ice was unknown upon their waters, while in myriad droves the eider duck and guillemot and snowy goose floated upon their bosoms, and their clamorous voices filled the air. From lake to lake their many droves wandered at their pleasure, but southward they never had to go to avoid the cold, or because their swimming places were covered with ice; and their garrulous clatter could be heard in any month in the year. Clouds never darkened the sky, and the sun never set, but swung around the horizon, undimmed by mists, like some sleepless sentinel guarding a sacred spot. It was the grandest time the earth had ever seen, so all agreed, even the beasts and the birds and those that lived under the waters along the land, and so thought the poor Innuits (as the Esquimaux call themselves), who had come from a far-off shore, desolate and devoid of all such brightness and plenty.

"Who reigns in this fair land?" asked our Innuit forefathers of the peaceful inhabitants. The deity we now worship is Me-ah-tuk, the eider duck, although we have had many before, but then the country was never so prosperous under them. Once ruled the reindeers' god, but to please them he made all the water into land bearing sweet grasses for them to eat, and all the lakes were made into mere puddles, where the reindeer could drink, and everything was given to grass, so the seal and walrus and the polar bear suffered more than the reindeer gained. Then the god of the whales ruled over all, and the waters commenced creeping up over the land to please them, and soon everything thereon would have been destroyed, had not the musk-oxen succeeded him, and back again increased the land, until the poor seal and walrus were once more in agony for a place to rest, until Tornarsuk, chief (ish-oo-muttik) of all the gods, heard their cries, and left the many lands he ruled to place a ruler over this that would do better. The deities of all the animals and birds and insects pressed their claims to rule, and everyone thought surely the contest would be narrowed down to a choice among the more aggressive animals and birds, but all were dumfounded and surprised to see the modest eider duck selected from the great throng. Me-ah-tuk, said Tornarsuk, needs many lakes in which to breed and raise her young, and this creates a great deal of land to inclose the lakes, and on this land would grow the grass for the grazing animals. The sea and its inlets and its fiords would be needed, for here the full-grown eiders love to congregate and swim upon the dancing waves, and the seal and the narwhal and the walrus need not lament.

So the deity of the eider ducks was made god of all. Tornarsuk remained among them to see the effect, and so great was the contentment and so pleased were all that when he left he told them that he expected it would be a long time before he again visited them, so sure was he of their continued happiness, and he has never yet returned. Such was the unbounded era of happiness when the first Innuits had come, an era which was gladly hailed, and with loyalty they attached themselves to the worship and respect of their new sovereign. They had left behind them a dual deity good and bad, united in one, and he ruled them according to his varying moods—half the time he was gracious and half the time he was angry. Half the time the sun shone and half the time it was night.

Half the year he seemed morose and the days were short and the nights were long, but when the flowers came and with them the birds he was as genial as any and the days lengthened at the expense of the night. But here was perpetual day and eternal plenty, so the footsore pilgrims were contented, and their god of two moods they gladly forsook for one with but a single mood, and that one so steadfast and genial. Though they willingly quit their allegiance to their old-time god, the abandonment was not mutual, and as soon as he knew that some of his subjects were gone he searched for them far and wide. He sunk part of his land under the great water that he might pursue them in a boat. He called on the sun to give him constant light that he might look for them in all the corners of the universe. His travels brought him to the peaceful land of Aksharnak, guided thither by the search, and the dazzling power of his sun that came with him overwhelmed the rays of the ever-shining orb of the country. He demanded in thundering tones his long lost people, but the great eider duck only drew them closer under her wings and vowed that all were entitled to her protection as long as she was able, and that only Tornarsuk could command otherwise.

Then began the grand war of the gods which is not even yet decided. Many are the messengers that have been sent to Tornarsuk, but no reply comes to them, and slowly the strength of the struggling eider deity wanes. First the angry one swore he would devastate the fair land of Aksharnak and make it a desert uninhabited by living thing. His sun battled long with that of the eider and won the first great victory, for the latter was shorn of its fiery hair and bright rays, and wandered in the heavens as the silvery moon, with just enough light left to illumine the bright snows of the cheerless winter time, and even then so weak at times that it must concentrate all its flame on one edge to be seen by the beloved people of Aksharnak, so they will not lose heart as they would if it disappeared altogether, and they might not see it if it attempted to illumine its whole face at these despondent times, so weak and diffused would it be. Like a great gladiator dying in an unequal struggle, it always presents that brilliant edge, dim as it is compared with yore, to its hated rival, that it may think it yet full of life. Then when its victory was almost complete, the sun of the Innuits retreated to its own land to the far south and withdrew its warm rays and those it had captured from the despoiled captive, and the air became so chill that it seemed that everything must perish with the cold.

Then the great eider god made wings from the ocean waves for her subjects, that they might fly south to the warm sun; for as the waves rise and fall, so did the wings she made from them, and bore their owners to the more genial clime. First she made those of her own kind—that is, eider ducks—and by the time they were completed the Innuit god, seeing that his own people were not coming first, as he thought they would, to avoid the plague of cold, and not wanting the other life of Aksharnak in his south land, stilled the waves with wintry sheets of ice, and no more wings could be made. He wanted his Innuits, but not the other kinds of life from a land he hated so. From the crystal ice, the corpses of the waves, the eider god yet essayed to make more wings for her subjects, and put them on the ptarmigan, that they might travel too, but they could only fly the thickness of the icebergs from which their wings were cut, and the god of the south laughed loud and long. So swift was his breath in these convulsive gasps of mirth that the land of Aksharnak was swept as if by a tornado; and thus the southern gales, so long and furious, were commenced. Then the great eider thought her little ones must perish, for they could not fly south; but she arose high in the heavens, and plucked from her breast until it was bare the white down that, falling as snow, covered all the land, and into this the Innuit pilgrims and the hares, the polar bears, the ermine and many others burrowed and kept warm, and to this day the eider duck thus protects her nest and young. Then by the motion of her great wings, reaching from the morning sun to the fading twilight, she created the north wind that swept the edges bare of snow, so the musk ox and reindeer might find a little food to keep them living till the sun returned, and that beat down the snow till her new acquisition, the Innuits, could cut it into blocks and make their houses from it, Backward and forward the war was waged, the eider duck god slowly the losing in struggle.

Even the moon had to travel south at times, so cheerless was it in its former land, but she left some of her rays and placed them in the sky as the northern lights to show that she would return. Every spring the Innuit god would return and watch and search the land all summer to see what destruction he had accomplished during the winter, and just when all the life of Aksharnak thought that the good old times might return, southward he would go, and leave them in darkness and terrible cold once more. Backward and forward he went, but each time he left them he stayed away a little longer, and great mountains of ice were made, and slowly Aksharnak was becoming a desert where nothing could live. Each approach was hailed with delight by those that were left in the wintry time to wander over the ice and snow. As the reindeer god had been so partial to the reindeer at the expense of others, and the god of the whales to those great fishes, so the eider duck, seeing her own kind well able to endure the present state of things by flying south in winter and returning in summer, became, after her hard fight to save all in her land, somewhat reconciled to the new order of things, and began to relax her efforts. The others that she had not treated so well began to complain—those shat she had not given wings to escape the winter and had left to do as best they might. Then when the god of the south was in Aksharnak one summer the polar bears asked if they could worship him and leave the eider duck deity's allegiance forever, and he said he would try them and test their loyalty, but they must wear his seal; his uniform of state. He hated the black darkness and loved the white light—and he made the polar bear as white as the snow, to show that they belonged to his following. Afterward came the hares, and were made white. Then came the wolves, and their coats were changed, but as some of them allowed themselves to be caught by his renegade children—the Innuits—and trained to draw their sledges over the snow, he changed his mind and made them a light gray and turned the dogs black again, and told the wolves that until they brought back their erring brethren he would not make them pure white. So to this day the Esquimau dogs are dark, the wolves from which they sprang are nearly white, and wherever the latter meet the former they kill them and suck their blood. Then came the ptarmigan, the timid bird, and was made white; but so fearful was it that the eider god would take away even the short wings it had given it that when the eiders returned from the south they found the ptarmigan in a dusky coat, and not until they had gone again did it put on its new feathers of white.

And so the wily fox, fearing that the eiders would not supply it with all the eggs it could eat in the summer if it were the enemy's uniform, returned to its coat of blue during that time, and with many sly winks and hypocritical assumptions put on its white fur as soon as the last of them were gone and commenced worshiping the southern god so far away. But the musk-ox, and the walrus, and the big whale had all ruled under Tornarsuk, and loyally believed that he would be back and restore the old manner of things, and they all retained their old coats of black. "Give me something," begged the musk-ox, "with which to chew the winter's hard grass." His prayer was to the southern god, and he made him teeth, but made them white, and so that all the others could see. "Give me something to search for the mussels and clams that since the intense cold have burrowed deep in the bottom of the sea," beseeched the walrus, and he made him tusks, but he made them white. "Give me something, oh! southern god, in which I may wrap myself to keep me from freezing in your chilly waters," asked the whale, and he covered him with a foot or two of fat, but he made it white, as his emblem.

Most loyal of all to the eider duck were the Innuits, who had been the cause of all the wrangling that was ending in the destruction of the country, and against them and their god all the wrath of the great southern deity was held. He told all the animals and birds that until they became loyal once again to him, and became white, he would not convert Aksharnak into an Eden as of yore; but if by the time his sun was weary of visiting the cold northland they had not relented he would send people whose faces were white to that land, and when the dark-faced men and women dark-skinned animals and fishes were all dead Aksharnak would be as before. And now, my friends, whose father's father's father told this so very long ago, and whose listeners laughed at the thought of such curious people as those with skins on them like the polar bear, let me say that the white men from the south are truly among us, and it is too late for us to repent, but over our bodies will blossom many kinds of brilliant flowers that we see not in our summers now, and on our graves will shine a never-setting sun."

And in the silence which followed this narrative I could not help but think that however poorly or poetically it may be worded, whether in legend, story, or plain facts, this simple people, too, like all the others of our continent, recognize their inevitable extinction before the advancing march of the whites.

Marvelous Piano Playing.

"Jud, they say you have heard Rubinstein play when you were in New York?"

"I did, in the cool."

"Well tell us all about it,"

"What! me? I might as well tell you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the biggest, catycornerdest pianner you ever laid your eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't he'd a tore the intire sides clean out, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sat down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin' and wish't he hadn't come. He tweedle-eedled on the treble a little, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for being in his way. And I says to the man settin' next to me, says I, 'What sort of fool playin' is that?' And he says 'Hush!' But presently his hands began chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turning the wheel of a candy cage.

"'Now,' I says to my neighbor, 'he's a showing off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play a tune of some kind or other, I'd——'

"But my neighbor says 'Heigh,' very impatient.

"I was just about to get up and go home, being tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking away off in the woods, and calling sleepy like to his mate, and I looked up, and I see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I set down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breeze blowed gentle and fresh, some birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all began singing together. People began to stir and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it teeht the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split their throats; all the leaves were movin' and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine morning.

"And I says to my neighbor, 'That's music, that is.'

"But he glanced at me like he'd cut my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up and a kind of thick gray mist came over things; I got low spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground, some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves together into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see music, especially when the business on the bank moved as the music went along down the valley.

"I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was—I never was, certain. I could see the boy as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, over the wall and between the black and sharp top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lift up windows, and men that loved 'em, but never got nigh 'em, and played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could a-cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I didn't know who, better than the men with guitars did. Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up there and then and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a single thing in the world left to live for, not a single thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it.

"I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway; I din't want anybody to be gazing at me a snivellin', and it's none of nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But several glared at me as mad as Tucker. Then all of a sudden old Rubin changed his tune. He rip'd and he rar'd, and he trip'd and he tar'd, and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I held up my head ready to look at any man in the face, and not afear'd of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big hall, all going on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of bricks, he gave 'em no rest, day nor night; he set every living joint in me agoin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumpt up, sprang onto my seat, and just hollered:

"Go it, Rube!"

"Every man, woman and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, 'Put him out! put him out!'

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month,' I says. 'Tetch me if you dare. I paid my money, and you just come a nigh me!'

With that several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Rube out or die.

"He had changed his tune again. He hopt like ladies and tip toad fine from end to end of the key board. He played soft, and low, and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were lit one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end; and the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water full of feeling that could'nt be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop, drip, drop—clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was as sweet as a sweetheart sweetn'd with white sugar, mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you, the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obliged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrupt me."

"He stopped a minute or two to fetch his breath. Then he got mad. He runs his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened up his coat tails a little further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her face, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knock't her down, and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, thro' the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds whar the notes was finer than cambric needles, and you couldn't hear but the shadders of 'em. He for'ard and two'd, he cross't over first gentleman, he cross't over first lady, he balanced two pards, he chassed right and left back to your places, he all hands's aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, doubled and twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty 'leven thousand double bow knots.

"It was a mystery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fetched up his centre, he fetched up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by companies, by regiments, by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, 12 pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle size guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a goin' at the same time.

"The house trembled, the lights danced, and the walls shuk, the floor came up, the ceiling came down, the sky split, the ground rock't—heaven and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten penny nails, my Mary Ann, Hallelujah, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Jerusalem, Tump Thompson in a tumbler cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-roodle-oodle-ruddle-ruddle-uddle-raddle-addle-addle-riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle-reetle-eetle-eetle-p-r-r-r-lang! per lang! p-r-r-r-r-r-long! Bang!

"With that bang he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quavers, and I know'd no more."

What Sort?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies a man in the nonpayment of a debt as his creditor refrains from "dunning?"

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the nonpayment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle?

What sort of morality is that which calls the attention of the creditor to an overcharge, but is silent about undercharge?

What sort of morality is that which seeks to evade meeting his creditor lest he should be more plainly reminded of his indebtedness?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the nonpayment of a debt because the creditor is presumed by the debtor not to need what the debt calls for?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the nonpayment of a debt because of a failure in farming, or other enterprise or undertaking?

A cow belonging to a farmer in East Bradford, Pa., was found dead the other day, with one of her hind legs fastened by one of her horns. The West Chester, Pa., Local News says: "The horn had penetrated through the leg just above the hoof, and so tight was it that the man who took off the hide was unable to remove it, and had to cut off the leg before he could do so. The supposition is that the cow was lying down at the time, when she was stung by some insect, and attempted to brush it off with her hind foot, when it caught on the horn."

There can be no study without time; and the mind must abide and dwell upon things, or be always a stranger to the inside of them.

Where Drums are Made.

The casual visitor would never suspect that the quiet rural village of Granville, Mass., sends out into the world thousands of noise-making instruments, cheap, it is true, but none the less welcome to the average boy. This place can practically be called the centre and heart of the drum-making business. Of 200,000 drums manufactured last year, 138,000 came from the shops of Noble & Cooley alone. Two other shops, those of Gibbons & Henry and of E. D. Dickson, turned out, perhaps another 40,000, and the rest came from a Brooklyn shop. It was in 1853 that the idea of engaging in drum-making first suggested itself to Mr. Cooley. He had been to Pittsfield, where a relative of his, Samuel Cooley, was making a few drums in an old barn. Disgusted with the business, Samuel Cooley was about to throw it up; he offered it to his nephew, John, with the remark that there was doubtless money in it. Returning to Granville, J. P. Cooley broached the subject to his friend Noble, whom he found a ready listener. They went to work, made a drum which is still cherished at the old shop, took it to Boston, showed it, received orders, and coming back invested $4.50 in material, and thus started probably the biggest concern of its kind in the world. That first year, 1854, they built a little shed, and altogether turned out 150 drums, mainly of one pattern. Year by year the business increased; their quarters had to be enlarged, their help multiplied, and to-day 125 men and women are kept busy turning out daily about 1,200 drums.

Within the last few years the business has greatly developed. The old fashioned drum with wooden barrel, which was formerly the only kind in the market, is being rapidly supplanted by the neater and lighter model with a tin barrel. For the manufacture of the latter tin of various colors is employed, blue and red predominating, though the larger quantity of tin drums are made of a brass imitation. This tin comes in sheets of two sizes, 14x20 inches and 20x28, the sheets being packed in cases holding 112. These sheets are first sent to a knife, which cuts them into various lengths from which drums of sizes varrying from 6½ inches across the head to 13 inches are made. This done, the strips are each punched with a hole, then secured and tightened together. Hoops are placed on the inside rims, and the barrel is then ready to receive the sounding-skin. This is generally a sheep-skin, which is stretched tightly across the head above and below, and fastened from the outside by hoops. These skins are sent to the factory all ready for use from England. It seems that with all their notions and multiplex ideas, even our imaginative Yankees have not been able to prepare successfully such skins from our own sheep. Consequently all are imported from Liverpool. They come in hogsheads holding from 50 to 120 dozen and cost from $1.75 to $2.50 a dozen. One firm expended for skins alone last year, $8,000, using mainly the higher-priced kind. Previous to using they are stretched and dried by steam in the winter and by the sun in summer. Before being stretched over the drum barrels they are once more moistened, generally in a solution of pure water or slightly ammonical. Then remains the tightening of the drum hoops. This is done either by strings or rods. The first are stretched diagonally, leather tighteners being inserted to stiffen the sound-skins. The rods are hooked on one end and screwed at the other. Of this latter kind the consumption is over six times that of the old-fashioned. The wooden drums differ but slightly from the above. The barrels in this case are generally bass or white wood, occasionally oak. The stay hoops are of oak or beech. Before the strip of wood can be used, it needs to undergo many processes, among others being bending, plaining, and sweating. The first drums made used to be boiled in open tanks, and the limit that could thus be prepared daily was less than 50. The introduction of machinery and more perfect methods has increased the daily production, so that 2,000 drum pieces is considered nothing more than one man's fair day's work.

It is very interesting to watch the continuous process by which a log, roughly hewn from the forest, is transferred to a drum barrel. The machines which affect this transformation are various. The most important is that which does the slicing. The log, no matter how thick, is placed between the teeth of this huge machine, usually being reduced to three feet in length, and the slicing begins. The knife receives it, and as the log revolves, the piece sliced is received on a wooden cylinder and then rolled up. Seventy-five thicknesses make one inch of the log. If then the log is three feet through, one revolution will yield a piece nine feet long, and the total length sliced from a log would extend over a mile. Cutting machines further reduce this huge sheet to desired lengths. A core of six inches thickness is left, which is taken out of the jaws and split into drum-sticks or ten-pins. The veneers are heated, then bent, and are soon ready to be shaped as a drum. There are also planing and sand papering machines, all run by water power. The strips are put through the bender from three to six at a time. The sticks are smoothed by rolling in revolving barrels, the process being continued for three or four hours. This about completes the manufacture of drums, each part being distributed among 125 workers in the factory.—