GREAT

REDUCTIONS

IN ALL

WINTER GOODS

AT

OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, MD.

Clothing,

Ladies' Coats,

Blankets,

Shawls,

Flannels,

Skirts,

Gloves,

Hoods,

Muffs,

Winter Dress Goods

AND EVERYTHING IN THE WINTER LINE TO BE CLOSED.

GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE OFFERED.

Come One, - Come All.

Respectfully Yours,

GEO. C. ANDERS,

fe-2 New Windsor, Md.

First Grand Excursion

To see the new Spring Stock of fine

Wall Papers

—AND—

Window Shades.

We have the best and largest stock ever seen in Westminster.

We Put Paper on the Wall for from 11c. a Piece Up, according to quality.

Do not be swindled by a set of "scab mechanics, when you can get better work done for the same money. We are the only Paperhangers in Westminster, and have handled three times the amount of any store within 20 miles of this place. Remember, we will not be undersold by any one. Don't be fooled by prices,

WE WILL PAPER A ROOM TWELVE FEET SQUARE FOR $2.25.

We are mechanics and should have the patronage of an appreciative public. All work first-class or no pay. We have no false measurement, and you pay only for what you get.

WINDOW SHADES AND PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

☞Upholstery and Bell Hanging.
☞Carpets made and laid.
Orders by mail promptly attended to. An early call is solicited.

HALLER & MATTHEWS,
45 E. Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
no-19-tf Westminster, Md.

GOOD NEWS TO ALL!

A Rare Chance for Bargains!

Boots and Shoes

—AT—

HALF PRICE.

HAVING disposed of my entire stock of goods, excepting my line of Boots and Shoes, and as they must be closed out by April 1, I will offer from now until that time a full line of Ladies', Misses', Gents' and Children's Boots and Shoes at half price. Call early and secure your choice of the bargains, as

They Must Be Closed Out.

These goods are in good condition, of all sizes, and of the

LATEST AND BEST STYLES.

Persons in need of anything in this line will do well to avail themselves of the opportunity here presented to secure good and serviceable goods at half price.

Very Respectfully,

B. G. Blanchard,

AT THE FORKS.

mr-3-1m West Main St., Westminster.

THE best Razors and Razor Straps at BABYLON & GILBERT'S.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 12. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 24, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

To Farmers, Agents and Manufacturers.

Having patented an improved

Reaper and Binder Tongue,

which is adjustable and easily regulated, and which will save one-seventh in cutting, I call your attention to the following facts: It will cut as full on a hillside as a machine without it will on a level; in turning a corner no grain is left standing; in passing around trees or curves its work is perfect; it is adjustable while in motion as easily as handling the reins, and it can be fitted to any machine. By its use every farmer is largely benefited, and many practical farmers who saw it in use last season say that it adds from $20 to $35 to each machine.

Are you going to buy a new machine this season? If so, insist upon having Dudderar's Tongue on it. Agents will tell you that it will add nothing to it, but send to me for testimonials from those who have seen it work. On a hillside, in a distance of 96 feet, there was a fall of 35 feet, and the grain was cut as well as with the old machine on a level, and with no greater draft to the horses.

Following are a few well-known farmers who have seen it work, and will answer any questions in regard to the improved Tongue: J. R. Davis, Daniel, Md.; Geo. W. Grimes, R. Dorsey and Thomas A. Barnes, agent for Deering Binder, Taylorsville, Md. Read what Dennis W. Dudderar says of it:

TAYLORSVILLE, MD., July 29, 1887.

This is to certify that I have been using the Improved Tongue for binders, mowers, &c., as invented by Mr. Daniel W. Dudderar, for the past two seasons on my Buckeye binder with perfect satisfaction. I have some very steep hills on my farm; have been unable to cut the full length of the sickle. On hillsides that before I could not cut more than half or two-thirds of the sickle, thereby losing a great deal of valuable time, can cut around stumps and rocks with perfect ease, and would not be without it for one-third of the price of the binder. I consider no machine is perfect without it.

DENNIS W. DUDDERAR.

For further information apply to or address

DANIEL W. DUDDERAR,
Taylorsville, Md., or
C. AULTMAN & CO.,
fe-25-7t Canton, Ohio.

JOS. L. HAINES. LEWIS L. HAINES.

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SANITARY PLUMBING,

LINWOOD, CARROLL CO., MARYLAND.

LIGHT, HEAT & WATER.

Engines and Pumps of All Kinds. Water, Gas and Steam Fitting.

Gawthrop's Celebrated Rams, Cast Iron, Wrought Iron and Wooden Tanks, Wrought Iron Pipe, Plain, Galvanized and Rubber Coated; Cast Iron Pipe; Lead and Terra Cotta Pipe and Drain Tile; Bath Fixtures of every description. Country houses fitted up with all the modern appliances for the saving of labor and the promotion of comfort that city residences afford.

Spear's Matchless Fireplace Stoves

Stoves, Heaters and Ranges, and Low Pressure Steam Heating; Grates, Marble and Slate Mantels, Gas Machines, Fountains, and all kinds of Terra Cotta work.

Work set to order in all parts of the county or State. No charge for estimating except where traveling expenses are incurred. All work guaranteed and good work only solicited. We belong to no clique, faction or secret combination, and will endeavor in all cases to give full value received.

We extend our thank to former patrons and ask a continuance of their favors for the new firm.

ja-1-1y JOSEPH L. HAINES & SON

HOUSEKEEPER'S SUPPLIES!

—AT—

OAK HALL,

New Windsor, Md.

CARPETS AT ALL PRICES.

Home-made Rag, 25c.
Brussels from 50c. up.
Flowered, 20c. to 85c.
Mattings at all prices.

BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DISHES.

Call and see the Elete pattern, the very latest.

WOODENWARE, CUTLERY,

and everything to make you happy. Very cheap for cash.

mr-17-2t GEO. C. ANDERS.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

JAMES SHRIVER, - AGENT,

OFFICE NO. 14 LIBERTY ST.,

(In B. F. Shriver & Co.'s Canning Factory)

WESTMINSTER, MD.

As agent of that reliable and favorite Fire Insurance Company,

The Continental of New York,

and the prompt-paying Company,

The Western of Toronto,

with several others of like standing, he desires to call the attention of the public, and especially of these in Mutual companies who desire to change from Mutual to Stock companies, where no notes or assessments are required, and prompt settlements and lowest rates guaranteed ja-14-tf

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MAIN STREET, OPP. MONTOUR HOUSE

MANUFACTURERS OF

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies,

Jagger Wagons, Phætons, &c.

Special attention given to repairing.

All orders promptly filled and work of ever kind warranted. se-12

JOHN BEAVER,

WESTMINSTER, MD.,

MANUFACTURER OF

MONUMENTS

—AND—

HEADSTONES

—IN—

Marble and Polished Granite.

LOWEST PRICES.

mr-3-6mo

For Sale or Rent.



The House and Lot adjoining the residence of Hon. Chas. B. Roberts, on Court street. If not sold at private sale previous to April 1, 1888, it will be for rent. For further particulars apply to

WILLIAM A. WAMPLER,
No. 257 East Main street,
ja-7-tf Westminster, Md.

JOB Printing such as Sale Bills, Posters, Books, &c., printed at short notice at the SENTINEL Job Office. Orders solicited.

VALUABLE FARM,

Store House, Dry Goods, &c.

—AND—

Personal Property

AT PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of a deed of trust from James D. Slade and Alicia M. Slade, his wife, to the undersigned, duly executed and recorded, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on

Saturday, 24th day of March, A. D. 1888,

at 10 o'clock, a. m.,

First, That desirable farm now in the occupancy of the said James D. Slade, containing

138 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 5 PERCHES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.



The improvements thereon are a large and conveniently arranged two-story log and weatherboarded Dwelling House, large bank barn, with double threshing floors; granaries and ample stabling, wagon shed, with corn crib attached; hog house, smoke house, carriage house, dairy and other outbuildings, all of which are in excellent repair and conveniently located; water convenient to all the buildings; orchard of apple and other fruit trees. There is a due proportion of wood and meadow land.

There is also on the farm a newly-built frame STORE HOUSE, in which public business has been conducted for the past year or more.

The farm will be offered as one entire parcel and also in two separate parcels so as to leave about four acres of land with the store house. A survey of the property will be made previous to the day of sale, according to which it will be offered and sold. The store house is well adapted to public business.

This farm is situate in Woolery's district, Carroll county, Md., on the Deer Park road, about two miles from the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike road, is about six miles from Westminster and about four miles from Finksburg Station, on the Western Maryland railroad, adjoins the land of Solomon Zepp and others, and is the same property which was formerly owned by Nimrod Gardner.

The land is in a high state of cultivation, the buildings and fences are in good repair, and its desirable location as to schools, churches, postoffice, &c., makes it worthy the attention of purchasers.

Also, the following Personal Property, viz.: Lot of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, &c., about fifteen barrels Corn, lot Timothy Hay, Rye Straw, about 50 bushels Potatoes, 1 four-horse Power, 2 sets Single Harness, Saddle and Bridle, Sow and 5 Shoats, Mattocks, Forks, Wedges, Mauls, &c., and a large variety of other articles too numerous to mention.

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

Terms of Sale of the Personal Property:—All sums of $10 and under cash, and on all sums above $10 a credit of four months will be given, on note, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

ALFRED T. BUCKINGHAM,
JAS. A. C. BOND,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Trustees.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auctioneer. mr-3-ts

Mortgagee's Sale

OF A

HOUSE AND LOT

IN WESTMINSTER, MD.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from William L. W. Seabrook and wife to Thomas Coakley, dated on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1885, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber G. A. M., No. 22, folio 460, &c., the undersigned, Attorney named therein, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate in the city of Westminster, on Main street, nearly opposite the Methodist Protestant church, on

Wednesday, March 28, A. D. 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that lot of land there situate, being the one-half of Lot No. 16 on the plat of the city of Westminster, containing one-eighth of an acre of land, together with the improvements thereon.

This lot is located in one of the most pleasant parts of the city, and is improved with a substantial and comfortable brick Dwelling, two stories high, with a large back building, a dry cellar and garret. On the first floor there are four rooms (parlor, dining-room, kitchen and pantry), and on the second floor are four bed-rooms. Immediate possession will be given to the purchaser.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash; but satisfactory terms will be made on the day of sale, with the purchaser.

CHARLES B. ROBERTS,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

At the same time and place, I will sell Household and Kitchen Furniture.

TERMS.—All sums of $5 and under, cash; four months credit on sums over $5, on notes with approved security.

W. L. SEABROOK, Agent.
mr-3-ts

Public Sale.

ON Tuesday, March 27th, 1888, at 12 o'clock, m., sharp, about 1 mile west of Wakefieldsburg, and near the Stone Chapel, the undersigned will sell at public sale 1 horse, 3 cows (one fresh), 3 heifers, 2 sows and pigs, 5 shoats, 1 buggy, Western wagon, spring wagon, Westminster Dayton wagon, good as new, built by the owner for his own use, of the best material; threshing machine and horse power, combined Champion reaper and mower, horse rake, harrows, plows, corn, oats, potatoes, bed-room suit, walnut extension table, marble-top stand, sideboard, lounges, cane-seat chairs, corner cupboard, wash stands, eight-day clock, wool and rag carpets, mattings, bedsteads, cook stove, self-feeding coal stove, wood stove, dishes, looking glasses, lamps, and a large variety of other articles, all in good condition. Six months credit. For further particulars see hand bills.

J. WESLEY POOLE.
mr-10-3t

NO. 1440 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county.

Mary Smith vs. Nancy Smith.

ORDERED this 15th day of March, A. D. 1888, that the Third Account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2nd day of April, next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
WM. M. MARTIN, Clerk.
mr-17-2t

For Sale or Rent.

A House and 1 Acre of Land, also a House and 27 Acres of Land, all in Mechanicsville. Terms very easy. I have also for sale a large lot of Hay and Fodder on my farm, near Smallwood, Carroll county. Apply to

G. W. LAMOTTE,
E. Main St., Westminster, or
L. A. J. LAMOTTE,
Lamotte P. O., Finksburg Station, Western Maryland Railroad. mr-10-3t

Notice.

BEING disappointed in getting a room, I am compelled to close out balance of stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c. Must positively be sold in the next thirty days as I have no place to continue in business.

J. MILTON SENFT,
mr-10-3t 44 W. Main Street.

Select Poetry.

SOMEBODY.

Somebody's coming into the world,
Somebody's leaving it, somebody weeps;
Somebody's bark on Life's stream is whirled,
Somebody gaily glides over the deeps,
Somebody somewhere is laughing to-night,
Somebody's singing while somebody sighs—
Somebody somewhere is quaffing the bright
Fruit of the grape—while somebody dies.

Somebody's heart is bursting with joy,
Somebody's starving somewhere alone,
Somebody's praying for somebody's boy—
Somebody suffers and maketh no moan.
Somebody's hand is lifted on high—
Somebody's heart is riven in twain;
Somebody somewhere hears somebody cry—
And the river flows smoothly again.

Somebody's dirge is sung by the waves,
Somebody nevermore sorrow will know;
Somebody Dame Fortune's fickleness braves—
Somebody soul's as pure as the snow;
Somebody's heart's as black as the night,
Somebody's eyes are closed—'neath the sod;
Somebody's soul was too weak for the fight,
And so it soared upward—to God!

Select Story.

A DAGUERREOTYPE IN BATTLE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

FROM PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

A pile of freshly-executed vignettes, just from the photographer's, lay on one of the pretty drawing-room tables, and were seized upon and commented upon by the group there assembled. It was not a party—merely a dropping in, such as Miriam Lacy had every evening—three or four young ladies, and two gentlemen; as much of an even balance as one usually meets in "these troublous times."

The ladies were cut out after a pattern, and had nothing in particular about them—the gentlemen were worthy of more special notice. The elder one—of middle height, inclining to corpulency and baldness—had a fine face, rather supercilious in its expression, and characterized by a general air of knowing everything and believing nothing. He was elegantly dressed, thoroughly self-possessed, answered to the name of Dr. Moynton, although he never practiced, had rooms at the Clarendon, abundant means, and did nothing in particular except lounge about among pictures, and talk "Art"—a subject very absorbing to those who appreciate it, and very bewildering to those who do not. This man admired Miriam Lacy, a person whom every one concurred in pronouncing just about right.

The other gentleman was younger, not more than twenty-seven, had a tall, manly figure, and nothing else remarkable about him, except a pair of gray eyes, that looked up at one with such a clear reflection of a great, honest, hero-soul, that they irradiated the whole face. It was the beauty of expression, for in themselves they did not differ from bushels of other eyes. Gilbert Fletcher was a distant cousin of Miriam's; and although he was as quiet and undemonstrative as gray-eyed people usually are, she knew, to her annoyance, that down in his inmost soul he cherished a wild hope that made him glad that the cousinship was so distant.

"Miriam herself!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, as the vignettes came to light, "Miriam to life!" and exclamations and criticisms fell fast and furious on the bits of pasteboard upon which had been left the impress of a living soul.

Dr. Moynton never admired when other people did; and when some one addressed him enthusiastically with the remark: "Isn't it excellent?" He rejoined:

"Yes—an 'excellent' likeness of Miss Lacy in one of her very worst moments. Photographs were only invented for men—and any woman who will consent to be thus martyrized must be influenced by one of two reasons: She is either inexpressibly conceited, or she is quite superior to the weakness of caring how she looks."

"Thank you," said Miriam, who had quietly glided in, "I am quite at a loss how to classify myself. The 'inexpressibly conceited' division is not attractive—but the stern Angel of truth guards the entrance to the Paradise, where women are superior to the weakness of caring how they look. I *do* care how I look, and always like to look my very best."

Gilbert, who had said nothing, blushed guiltily at Miriam's entrance—while the real criminal smiled a fascinating smile, and said with perfect composure, "Do you remember the scene in 'Peg Woffington,' Miss Lacy, where Peg steps out of her own portrait-frame, and confounds the critics? It is about the finest thing in the whole volume."

These men were both in love with Miriam Lacy; and Miriam was piqued by Dr. Moynton's composure, and irritated by Gilbert Fletcher's want of confidence.

"About these photographs," continued the doctor, carelessly. "What a vile invention they are! If one has a glaring defect, they magnify it tenfold, and leave every mark of beauty to be guessed at. As to expressions, the very life and soul of a face, the wretched photograph tramples it to death, or clothes it in so hideous an aspect, that one wishes it were a blank. Look at this caricature of Miss Lacy, now—why is she made to look dissatisfied, woe-begone, and desirous of making a face at somebody, all at one and the same time?"

"This is only the perversity of human nature," replied Miriam, laughing, "the poor photographer, in despair at the benumbing gravity that always possesses one when required to call up a look that I know is to be stamped upon glass and copper, said suggestively, 'Could you think of something pleasant now, mum?' and I immediately felt a severe and awful expression settle on my features. Had he told me not to laugh as I valued my picture, the effect would have been what was desired. But I am tired of the subject," she continued, imperiously, "let us talk of something else. What are you studying there, Gilbert?"

Miriam has not been described, and, to tell the truth, she was rather indescribable. Her girl-admirers, and she had hosts of them, always said of Miriam, "Not *pretty* at all, you know, because she hasn't a single good feature;" and yet, in the aggregate, they pronounced her "lovely." She was taller than the average height, and her finely-moulded figure seemed to *float* along the streets, so that men would turn their heads, as she passed, and say, "By Jove! what a splendid figure that woman has!" Her abundant dark hair, worn very low on her neck, had a classic sweep that carried a sort of fascination in it; and the cheek it shaded was so round and fresh that a cannibal could not have resisted the temptation to take a bite out of it. Miriam was twenty-five, and owned to every day of it; and partly on account of this venerable age, partly on account of her superiority, people generally, who are very liberal with what does not belong to them, handed her over to Dr. Moynton. Barkis was willin', but not quite satisfied of success.

All this time, Gilbert Fletcher has been left bending over an old-fashioned, somewhat faded daguerreotype. Two girl-faces nestled closely together; the elder had long, drooping curls, and Miriam's eyes and mouth—the other was a chubby, little sister, long years since in Paradise. That child-face of Miriam was very sweet, and Gilbert studied it intently.

He did not hear Miriam's question; and she went and looked over his shoulder.

"That old thing!" said she, half-sadly, "it does not look a bit like me *now*. That was taken when I was nearer heaven in the days of long ago."

"To *me* it looks very much like you," replied Gilbert, in a low tone. "I wish that you would give it to me, Miriam—I should like to take it away with me."

"I would not give it to you for the world," said Miriam, in the same tone. "When do you go?"

"Oh, Mr. Fletcher!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, who wanted Gilbert to come and talk to her, "is it really true that you are going to the war?"

Gilbert bowed assent. He never wasted words when he was not interested.

"How many straps do you wear?" asked the doctor, in rather an unpleasant tone.

"None," replied Gilbert, quietly. "I go as a private."

"As a *private!*" repeated the young ladies, under their breath. "Dear! they had always thought that privates were so *common!*"

"They are rather uncommon, now-a-days," said Miriam, that clear, steady voice of hers trembling a little with emotion, "and unless Artemas Ward raises successive regiments of Brigadier-Generals, the ranks will scarcely be filled by men who do not seem to have souls above a bit of glittering tinsel."

Miriam's cheeks glowed indignantly; but the doctor, although inwardly admiring, replied coolly, "You may just as well say that we are fighting for a bit of red, white, and blue bunting—it is not the tinsel for which they care, but what the tinsel symbolizes. By-the-way, Fletcher, are you thoroughly in earnest? I should think it would be rather unpleasant to take pot-luck with Tom, Dick, and Harry in that style. Privates' fare is not very tempting, I imagine."

"Tom, Dick, and Harry," replied Gilbert, unmoved, "give up their time, their comfort, their lives to their country—*I* do no more. Why then am I entitled to more than they? In this great cause all should be brothers, and share alike.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"You must allow me respectfully to differ from you," he began. "My chief objection to the Declaration of Independence is, that it tells what the children call 'a great, big, naughty story.'"

The young ladies gave a start of interest—a man who abused the Declaration of Independence was "so original." All but Miriam, and she remained quietly gazing at the speaker.

"The Declaration of Independence," continued Dr. Moynton, rather contemptuously, "asserts the palpable falsehood that 'all men are born free and equal,' in the very face of the fact that some are born to rosewood cradles, and purple, and fine linen, and others to pine boards and fig-leaf. Do you call that free and equal? The man accustomed to scant food and rags, and the society of vagabonds, who goes as a private—and the man accustomed to well-dressed viands, elegant clothing, and intercourse with gentlemen, who accepts the same position, bring, in my opinion, very unequal fortunes into the concern."

Gilbert was half-dreaming of Miriam and the future, and rather weary of the doctor's wordy argument—and saying, with a smile, "I am satisfied to go as a private," he turned to look at some prints.

The visitors finally dropped off; the young ladies were taken home by the doctor; and Gilbert and Miriam were left alone in the drawing-room. The quiet young soldier seemed suddenly endowed with the power of speech.

"Miriam," said he, abruptly, "I go to-morrow. Will you give me this?"

It was one of the photographs that he held in his hand; and Miriam took it from him with downcast eyes, turning away as she said:

"Do not ask me for these things, Gilbert—I cannot break through my rule, which is to bestow them only on my lady friends."

"Not even for a cousin?" asked Gilbert, beseechingly.

"Not even for a cousin," she replied.

But Miriam's head was turned aside, and Gilbert, yielding to temptation, committed an act of petty larceny of which she was happily unconscious. The daguerreotype of Miriam in her childhood was hastily transferred to his pocket; and with an expression of not having been doing anything at all out of the way, that was quite marvelous considering what a neophyte he was in this sort of practice, Gilbert received the dismissal that his cousin speedily bestowed upon him.

"It is late now," said she, extending her hand, "and I must go up to Lizzie. I *honor* you, Gilbert—and you shall always have my warmest prayers for your preservation and happiness. Good-night."

And she was gliding rapidly out of the room; but Gilbert, suddenly gifted with a miraculous power of daring, folded her closely in his arms, and with a long, farewell kiss, said, "We may never meet again on earth, Miriam. Good-by," and was gone.

Miriam stood breathless with astonishment—half-indignant, and half-admiring the audacity which had taken her so completely by surprise. For she knew that Gilbert loved her, and she knew that *he* knew that, if he had told her so that night, he would have been rejected.

Very thoughtfully she walked up stairs to Lizzie, her brother's pretty, little wife, who was lying among a heap of laced pillows, lost in admiration of another heap of flannel and embroidery, which Miriam addressed as "Auntie's precious baby," and which seemed to be regarded generally as a very novel and striking production. Miriam's brother, and that brother's wife and child, were to her objects of the warmest affection; and the pretty Lizzie, who was two or three years her junior, clung to her with a sort of adoring love that seemed to be Miriam's due.

After talking an immense amount of nonsense to the baby, and kissing and petting the childish mother, Miriam went to her own room, and thought a great deal more about Gilbert than the modest lover would ever have imagined. She did not wish to marry him—they were not suited to each other; she thought him too young, in the first place, and too timid—there was nothing to lean upon; in short, he was not at all her *beau ideal*, and she felt provoked that her thoughts turned upon so unprofitable a subject.

Dr. Moynton, who, by a sort of instinct, had looked upon Gilbert as a powerful rival, now had the field to himself, and improved his opportunities to the best of his ability. Herbert Lacy smiled approvingly upon his suit—Lizzie thought him "just the husband for Miriam"—and the doctor finally committed himself by a regular proposal.

Somehow it troubled her to see this lofty man humbled; and she said as gently as she could, "If I ever love, it will be one who has shown himself willing to sacrifice everything for his country."

"Even to enlisting as a private?" asked the doctor, bitterly.

A roseate color mounted to Miriam's forehead; but she answered steadily: "Yes, if that were clearly his duty."

"What do you wish me to do?" said the lover, despairingly. "Must I advertise myself as 'the celebrated and original able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years?'"

Miriam smiled in spite of herself, as she murmured: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," and Dr. Moynton retired discomfited.

A fearful battle was raging, in which Gilbert Fletcher's regiment had lost more than half of its men. Bravely following the flashing sword that waved them up the hill, they pressed forward to victory, Gilbert's gray eyes dilating into strange beauty with the excitement of battle—when suddenly came a missile of death, dealing carnage and destruction on every side. Gilbert fell, with several of his comrades, but

"—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle"

Miriam read the name of "private Gilbert Fletcher," among the list of killed, and a strange feeling took possession of her. She neither cried nor fainted; but all the sunshine had died out of her life, and she felt that she loved the dead private. With her usual prompt energy, she took an instant resolution to devote herself to hospital work among the sick and wounded; and quietly made her preparations in spite of all opposition.

The stars came out and shed their soft light over the field of battle, and on a pale face that looked dead among the dead—but it was just waking up to life. An obscure private lay there, with a shattered daguerreotype resting on his heart, and in imagination a vision of Miriam bending over him as his guardian angel. He smiled as he lay there; for something whispered confidently that Miriam would one day rest her bright head on that very place, and then he fell wearily asleep.

When Gilbert Fletcher returned to Northern soil, it was with the rank of captain honorably earned by tried bravery, not bought with money; but he seemed to value a shattered daguerreotype more highly even than this commission; and Miriam probably changed her opinion of him, or, perhaps, as the lady said of her pertinacious lover, she married him to get rid of him.

Dr. Moynton takes his luxurious dinners at the Clarendon, and pronounces Mrs. Captain Fletcher "a very fine woman"—adding frankly that, if she had shown better taste, she might have been Mrs. Dr. Moynton; and that he should certainly be tempted to go as a private, if he could be sure of being as well paid as Gilbert Fletcher was.

Summing up all the facts, I cannot help thinking that, had it not been for that daguerreotype, things would never have turned out as they did.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

FROM TOLEDO BLADE.

The United States is still the second maritime nation of the world, though one would not suppose so to read the wild charges of the free trade shriekers that "the American merchant flag has been swept from the seas." According to the latest issue of Lloyds' "Universal Register," the number and total tonnage of all vessels of 100 tons and upwards stands as follows:

Countries.	Vessels.	Total tons.
[redacted]		

can and foreign built merchant ships, is in the cost of construction. This difference in cost is one entirely owing to the higher price of labor in the United States, and not due to the tariff on the materials of their construction, as the free-trade liars allege; for all such materials intended for the building of vessels to trade on the high seas are on the free list. As a valued contemporary puts it, "every plate, every beam, every spar, every rivet, every piece of machinery, every pound of hemp, and, in short, everything that enters into a ship built for the high seas comes into American ports free of all duty."

Hence it follows that the higher wages paid to honest American toilers is the cause of the high cost of American-built vessels. Then it is to be remembered that American officers and crews are paid and will be paid higher wages than those of foreign steamers; they live better on board ship, and they will live better. The cost of subsistence of an American crew is much greater than that of the crew of a foreign vessel. These conditions operate against American shipowners to such an extent as almost to drive them out of competition for the carrying trade of the world. The law excludes foreign vessels from the coasting trade, and therein the American merchant marine finds its support.

Another fact is to be remembered regarding the carrying trade with foreign nations: Competition is so keen, owing to the superabundance of tonnage, that there is no money in it. British "tramp" steamers swarm the seas, going from port to port to pick up cargoes, and underbidding to get them. American capital is shrewd. If there were money in ocean transportation, the high seas would be lighted by the starry flag of America. But it is not; and hence our fellow-countrymen put their money into something that pays better.

The question naturally follows, "Why do foreigners build ships for the ocean trade, if it is unprofitable?" Because the first cost of the ships, and the expense of sailing them, are not so great, as above shown, as for American built and American manned vessels; and, furthermore, European countries offer bounties and subsidies to their own vessels.

France pays construction bounties of from $1.93 to $11.88 per ton on different classes of vessels built in her ship-yards; Italy pays like bounties up to $5.76 per ton, and others in addition, and Spanish steamers running from Havana to New York get $4,000 for each round trip from their government. It is well known that England, a free-trade country, and France, a protective country, have a like policy of encouraging their shipping by fair pay for ocean mail carriage, each nation paying some $4,000,000 yearly in this way. The free trade cranks in this country resist the inauguration of such a policy here; and nothing is more certain than that it would give our merchant marine an impetus that would carry it to the front.

The United States has practically lost her Mediterranean trade on account of the French and Italian bounty policy. England pays a line of steamers from Vancouver to China and Japan, in connection with the Canadian Pacific railway, $800,000 yearly, and is taking our trans-Pacific trade; and Spain is subsidizing vessels from San Francisco to South America, to absorb that valuable commerce. Meanwhile the narrow-minded and ignorant men who fill Congressional seats and follow the blind trail of the free-trade leaders, fail to understand the importance of a new and generous policy, and supinely allow foreign nations to do the carrying trade that Yankee vessels should have.

All the fathers of the republic—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, John Adams, Madison, Monroe, and even Andrew Jackson—were in favor of giving all encouragement to our merchant marine. We quote an utterance of Thomas Jefferson, whose name the degenerate free-trade visionaries of to-day take in vain: "Our navigation involves still higher considerations. As a branch of industry it is valuable, but as a resource of defense, essential. Its value as a branch of industry is enhanced by the dependence of so many other branches on it. In times of general peace it multiplies competitors for employment in transportation, and so keeps that at its proper level; and in times of war—that is to say, when other nations who may be our principal carriers shall be at war with each other—if we have not within ourselves the means of transportation, our produce must be exported in beligerant vessels at the increased expense of war, freight and insurance, and the article which will not bear that must perish on our hands. The materials for retaining our due share of navigation are ours in abundance. And, as to the mode of using them, we have only to adopt the principles of those who put us on the defensive, or others, equivalent or better fitted to our circumstances."

INITIATED TRAVELER.

FROM NONPAREIL.

CANT HOOK CORNERS, Jan. 1, 1887.—One thing I like about these "Nights of the Road," is that they are great fellers for secret societies. Most all the drummers belong to everything that is going, from the "Grand Nights of the Diamond Garter" down to the "Sons of Intemperance." I am quite a hand for all such mysterious things myself, so I get solid with all the boys.

My old friend Crookston called on me 'tother day, to see if I needed any drugs and to have a visit. We had a jolly old time. While we was settin' in the offis, a chap cum in and wanted to borrow two dollars, on account of a remittance not comin' to him as he expected. I told him my two dollars I kept to lend was in now, being sent in the day before by Johnnie McIntire, but I never lent it except to drummers. He said "that's me." I gave him the grand hailing sign of an Odd feller, when he tumbled to. Then I cum the great "hair in the snoot" grip of a Pythonic. He tumbled.

Then Crook gave him the G. B. of the Son of Malta. He was on to. Then I tipped him on the hair poking signal of a good Tippler. He smiled and said "H. O." This is a chemical term, meaning "water." Then Crook put out his hand and gave him the noted P. D. Q. sign of a Royal Arch Brick Mason. He "got thar" on that. Then Crookston examined him as follows to make sure he was a drummer:

"From whence comest thou, pard?"

"From the lodge of the holy St. John's, Michigan."

"What seek ye here to do?"

"To take a few orders and collect a bill of Bilson."

"Then you are a drummer?"

"I am so taken and accepted by all the boys."

"How may I know you to be a drummer?"

"By my cheek and 50-pound sample case. Try me."

"How will you be tried?"

"By the square."

"Why by the square?"

"Becos the square is a magistrate and emblem of stupidity."

"Where were you first prepared to be a drummer?"

"In my mind."

"Where next?"

"In a printin offis adjoining a regular post of drummers."

"How were you prepared?"

"By being divested of my last cent, my cheek rubbed down with a brick, a bunion plaster over each eye, and heavy sample case in each hand. In this fix I was conducted to the door of the post."

"How did you know it was a door, being blind?"

"By first stepping in a coal scuttle, and afterwards bumping my head against the door knob."

"How gained you admishun?"

"By benefit of my cheek."

"Had you the required cheek?"

"I had not, but Steve Sears had it for me."

"How were you received?"

"On the sharp toe of a boot, applied to my pants."

"What did this teach you?"

"Not to fool around merchants' wives and daughters."

"What happened next?"

"I was set on a cake of ice and asked if I put my trust in mercantile reports."

"Your answer?"

"Not if I know myself I don't."

"How was you next handled?"

"I was put straddle of a goat made out of a 2x4, and trotted nine times around the room by four worthy brothers and then brot in front of S'kuded, the Left Bower, for further instruction."

"How did he instruct you?"

"To approach a customer in three upright regular steps, with my business card extending at right angles, my arms forming a perfect squar."

"How was you disposed of?"

"I was again seated on a cake of ice, in front of a dry goods box and made to take the following horrible and blinding oath."

"I, Charles S. Robinson, do hereon and herein most everlastingly and diabolically swar by G. at Bob Tail Flush that I will never reveal and steal all the trade secrets I can, for the use and benefit of this most August Order. And I further swear by the Bald headed Jack of Clubs that I will never give, carve, make, hold, take or cut prices, below the regular rates. And I further swear by the Pipers that played before Moses to never have any commercial intercourse with any man or his wife, sister, grandmother, old maid or unkle unless they, he, she, or it is sound on the goose. Binding myself under no less penalty than having my grip sack slit from top to bottom, my dirty shirt and socks taken out and my reputation removed and buried in the river at Pearl bridge street whar the Salvation army ebbs and flows every 24 hours. So help me Bob Ingersoll and keep mein back bone."

"I was then asked what I most needed."

"What was your reply?"

"Money."

"What did you then behold?"

"A copy of Dunn & Co.'s report open at chaptar 'Muskegon.' Upon the open page a pair of drug scales, in one pan of which reposed ten pounds of concentrated lye and in the other sat a small silver Jackass."

"What did this emblem signify?"

"The scales indicated the balance between debtor and creditor. The other emblems represent the liebilities and assets of bankrupts."

"Did this teach you a lesson?"

"You bet! It taught me the fact that the former are generally so Almighty much longer than the latter."

"Shake, brother. * * * Will you be off or from?"

"Both, if I can borrow money enough to get out of town."

"Have you any cigars?"

"I have."

"Give 'em me."

"I did not so receive 'em, neither will I so impart 'em."

"How will you dispose of emb?"

"On 50 days' time or two per cent. cash F. O. B."

"All right, begin."

"No, begin, you."

"Up." "Em." "Set."

"Set-em-up, the word and sign are right. Brother Snooks, he is a yard wide and all wool, and you can bet on him."

Brother Crookston and I each lent him $5 and he left many thanks and wishes.

Now, you see by this what a help it is to a feller, when he gets dead broke among strangers, to have these little things to fall back on.

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