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no-28

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Very Respectfully,
jun-28 L. GLADHILL.

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A liberal share of public patronage solicited
Respectfully,
1y-20 1y J. W. HELM, D. D. S.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59, NO. 13. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Transfers and Abatements.

The County Commissioners for Carroll county will meet at their office in the Court House, at Westminster, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 16th, 17th and 18th, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6th, 7th and 8th, 1891, to make transfers and abatements. All persons interested are requested to attend, as no abatements or transfers will be made after that time, to affect the levy of 1890. Persons making application for transfers of and abatements on property, will be required to comply with sections 16 and 17 of Article 11 of the Revised Code of Public General Laws.

By order of Board,
CHARLES BRILHART,
mar-7-5t Clerk.

Portraits!

A good portrait is an everlasting pleasure, and is, sure, something to be valuable. How often it is said, "What would I not give for a portrait of the dear face that has gone forever." If the little ones are taken from us, portraits are a comfort to the aching hearts; if they are spared to us, it is a pleasure to retain the sweet faces that flow away from us in a very few years. Every aged parent owes a portrait to the children. It will wipe away many a tear when you are gone.

For the month of APRIL I have placed the prices of PORTRAITS within the reach of all. A life size portrait in CRAYON, pastel, or oil, handsome frame, from FOUR to THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS; my specialty, 25x30, life size crayon, in a $4 frame, only $10. No air brush work or bromide prints to fade in a short time; but free hand drawings only. Satisfactory portraits can be made from photographs or tin types no matter how old or faded they may be. These prices are positively for this month and April only.

J. H. BALTZLEY, Artist.
mar-14-3t* Chambersburg, Pa.

READ THIS!

Westminster, Md., March 12th, 1891.

MESSRS. E. O. GRIMES & CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—This is to certify that a can of your ALTA SAFETY OIL passed through the fire recently at my house on Liberty street and DID NOT EXPLODE. Had it exploded, no doubt my whole house would have been in ruins. THE HEAT WAS INTENSE, BLISTERING THE PAINT AND CHARRING EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE, that did not actually burn up. I cheerfully recommend its use in every family.

Respectfully,
WM. P. RICKELL.

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For sale by
E. O. Grimes & Co.,
mar-14-4t Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore Co., Md., December 31st, 1890.

ASSETS.

Unpaid Assessments		$23,267.96
Stocks and Bonds absolutely owned by the Comp'ny(market value)		13,787.50
Cash in Company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in bank		800.00
Premium Notes in force	$387,799.28	
All other admitted assets detailed in statement on file in this office		1,000.00
Total Cash Assets		$38,855.46

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid		314.00
Amount of cash required to safely reinsure all the outstanding risks of the Company being 50 per cent. of cash premiums received or receivable on all unexpired risks and policies.		8,237.41
Premium Notes in force	$387,799.28	
Borrowed money		29,700.00
All other claims		233.40
Total Liabilities		$38,484.81
Surplus as regards Policy-holders		$ 370.65
Total Income	$35,562.68	
Total Expenditures	38,937.77	
Amount of Policies in force in United States on 31st Dec., 1890	6,079,245.00	
Amount of Policies written in Maryland during the year 1890	369,604.00	
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1890	16,474.82	
Losses paid in Maryland during 1890	15,579.65	

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Insurance Depart., Commissioner's Office,
Annapolis, March 17th, 1891.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore county, to December 31st, 1890, now on file in this Department.

J. FRED. C. TALBOTT,
mar-21-3t Insurance Commissioner.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

☞Office directly opposite the Court House
Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

For the SENTINEL.

THE BOY AND THE TWIG.

A LAMENT BY THE LATTER.

Ere Arbor Day Genius had borne
My roots at least were not upturn;
A branch I gave to sharpen wit
Or cure the boy of flaw and fit.
Though sore the wound to boy and me,
He made a man and I a tree,
For him I cast a grateful shade,
Or served him else in art and trade.
A case it was of partial pain
The end whereof was greatest gain.

But times a turn have ta'en of late
And schools are managed by the State.
"Free" they are called, but oh, misname!
Instead of glory a rank shame!
Who thinks them "free" just let him try
To rent the book, or even buy;
And by wise official device
He'll pay perforce a fourfold price.
A mighty sum is raised in taxes,
Much used in grinding private axes,
At Normal School a useless corps
Of officers in Baltimore
Have thousands to them yearly paid
For teaching girls to sew and braid.
The doctor and the smith should be
Taught, why not? by state charity.
In every county little wit
Is double paid the worth of it,
And clerks are hired to trace the line
That bosses may sit down and dine.
Thus in office on sumptuous pay
Feats of power they must display,
But the main show is holiday,
Holiday, holiday, holiday!
This suits the boy I need not say;
For me, poor twig, 'tis sore dismay.
A day or two to play and ride
The boy of old once satisfied;
These by ten they have multiplied.
The old taxpayer simply sighed.
'Tis thing wherein he has no say,
His only duty is to pay;
With probably the right to buy
In disgust, "holiday, holiday,
Holiday, where will this end I pray?"
But one scares me like beast of prey
'Tis late-invented Arbor Day.
The Governor and teacher tell
The boy the day; he marks it well;
He gets a speech, neglects his book,
Thinks how he'll dress, and asks the cook
To bake against my funeral feast.
By such translation I decreased;
For 'twixt the boy and pedagogue
I never shall become a log.

DAN D.

Select Story.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

From GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

I sat spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling, and, looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed, and I arose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at, with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, making his curls dance over his shoulders, and said he: "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I, and I set a chair for him, for he was my grand-father's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me compliments than I was used grandmother, who brought said: "Handsome is as ha does," and "Beauty is but skin

Since I'm telling the story I the truth. I had done wrong one thing. Neither of the old knew that I wore Evan Locke in my bosom or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait awhile until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire was gone and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfather, but I didn't foresee that when the half-year's rent should come due not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights, and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way, watching me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine and overbold, for he tried to kiss me. But, squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help, either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Oh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the school-master's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up.

"For that matter the squire would be glad to have me promise
ry him," said I. "He think
of me than—"

"May be you like him bett

"I don't say that," rep
"But bad temper and jealousy
make me overfond of anot
pray I may never have a h
who will scold me."

For he had been scolding m
other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth w
and I with him—not he
though I thought—and I did
him for more than a week. I
troubled much, though. I k
would come round again, an
hap ask my pardon. For bel
are wed you can bring your l
his senses.

So I did not fret after Eva
sence, nor quite snub Squire
who liked me more than eve
one night grandfather came i
shutting the door, stood
grandmamma and me, looking
and so strangely that we both
frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay the rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandmamma's hand covered them. Grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou'rt young, lass," said he, "and they are right to call thee pretty. Child could'st like the squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh!" cried grandma. "Sure, you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and white roses on Christmas eve," cried grannie. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must be out, I knew.

"Wilt have him and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

And when he had waited for an answer I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandmamma. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpapa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the squire, Heaven only knew what might happen.

sobbed

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Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed Heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on, and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought, "to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so."

And grandma would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed, and moaned, and talked of the work-house. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandma said to me: "It seems that your sweetheart is not over-fond of you, nor over-anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"You're going with him, may be?"

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things. The old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there."

"I told you so," said grand
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me."
sat

And she looked down at that and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I have loved for forty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more, but then, when I was better and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light and asked the housekeeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, and let me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here." But I stopped him.

"Not your love Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offence—the guilt—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I angered my grandmother by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had been sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then, as I looked, all the rich color faded out of the squire's face, and I saw the sight we seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

Many a higher and a fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, best of living men; who rode away with the break of the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool, and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot on the Golden George and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married, and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was nigh two the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened, and from far over the sea, where he had been three twelvemonths, came our squire with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—a mistress who loved the squire as I loved Evan.

Eh! but it's an old story. She that I remembered a girl I saw in her coffin, withered and old. And then they opened the vault where the squire had slept ten years to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were put away under tomb-stones. And even the Golden George, the great, strong ship that would have borne my dear from me, has moldered away at the bottom of the sea. And I think my wedding-ring is like to out-last us all, for I have it y
I shall be ninety to-morrow.

Ninety! It's a good old age
can't be long now before I me
and the rest in Heaven.

Cunning leads to knavery
but a step from one to the otl
that very slippery; lying only
the difference; add that to
and it is knavery.

Mr. Lynn's Birthday Party.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

From the HOUSEHOLD.

Samuel Lynn lingered over his dessert, though, as he said every day, he hated kickshaws. But both of his children were at home for dinner this evening, a thing that rarely happened. He knew that as soon as he had finished his ice, they would say they had engagements and leave him alone to his cigars and coffee.

He had but a hazy idea as to these engagements which filled their lives—balls, and operas, and literary clubs, and dinners to foreign noblemen or noted actors, and committees on charitable work, for both Joseph and Margaret Lynn belonged to that class of fashionables who try to be of use in the world.

Mr. Lynn was a shrewd manufacturer from New Jersey, who, by a lucky turn in trade had become enormously rich late in life. He then had done for the children what he thought their dead mother would have wished him to do—given them the best education which money could procure, brought them to New York and settled them in an imposing house on Murray Hill.

What more could he do?

He had succeeded as far as they were concerned. They were happy and at ease in the new life. They belonged to it. It must be his own fault if he did not.

But he was uncomfortable and cramped in it. There were times when he hated it all, from the dress coat in which he dined, to his club of millionaires who controlled by a few words the vast movements of trade.

What a good time he had when he had the little mill down on the coast, and he and Polly and the children ate their dinner at noon.

When his birthday came, on the twentieth of March, Polly used to have turkey. It was something to have turkey then. How the children used to clap their hands when she carried it in, big and brown, and he stood up to carve it. Polly never could grow used to his wonderful skill in carving.

Sometimes now they had turkey, but he never saw it. His dinners were served *a la Russe* and a thin slice of white meat was laid on his Sevres plate during the tiresome succession of courses, butler and footman ranged grave as bishops behind their chairs.

To-morrow would be the twentieth of March, but there would be no one to remember it now.

He nibbled at his macaroon more slowly, talking eagerly of an address which Joseph was to give before the Social Science Association, and a charity ball of which Margaret was a patroness. He did so want to be a comrade with them. They listened politely, but were both grave and preoccupied. It seemed to him that try as he would to think with their thoughts and see with their eyes, he always bored them.

Samuel Lynn was not a father of whom his children could be ashamed. He was short, powerfully built, with shaggy white hair and quick, challenging eyes; a man of great force and vitality, who easily controlled other men, yet with all his efforts he could not bring himself on a line with these children with whom he had lived since their birth.

Margaret rose to leave the room. He took her hand as she passed him. What a rare delicate face she had; how like her mother! He would have kissed her if the servants had not been present. He wished he could call her Peggy as he used to do and joke and laugh with her.

"What shall I give you for Easter, my dear?" he said.

She smiled. "There is really nothing you have not given me."

"Let me meet you at Tiffany's to-morrow," he said eagerly, "and let us choose some pretty thing together."

"No. I have an engagement for to-morrow," she said, sweetly, and went out, nodding good-night. Her brother followed her.

It was ridiculous for this stout capitalist to have so sore a heart. Nothing had happened. His children were well and happy and kind. Here was the splendid room with the Corots and Fortunys on the wall, and the table glittering with cut glass and silver.

But [illegible] poor
egram
at it
ly was
ng of
was a
Lynn
, and
come

down next morning on special business.

The business was of small account, of course. A telegram could settle it—but, the old place. And to-morrow would be his birthday.

He wished he could tell the children of the queer coincidence. But what would they care? He rose with a long breath.

"Pack my bag, Lewis," he said, "and if Miss Lynn should ask for me to-morrow tell her I have been called out of town."

The rain was falling in torrents the next day as the train rushed along the sandy ledges below Seagirt, the pine woods on one side and the vast heaving water on the other. It was nearly noon when he reached the little station. Aaron, with his lean gray horse and ragged wagon, crept in sight as the train puffed away. The old fellow looked just as he did when the children used to make fun of him and Polly would silence them. It was Polly who gave him that very overcoat that he had on, ten years ago.

"Mr. Frew sent you?"

Aaron nodded, and grunted out some remark on the storm. It seemed to Mr. Lynn that he had heard those very words a thousand times before. How often he had jogged along this beach behind the old mare!

Nothing was changed. There was Doctor Roden in his buggy with the same patched bag. Van Storm had had his field in corn this year, but Hills, the blacksmith, had put up a porch to his house.

As they drove past the marshes along the great road, two of the old neighbors passed, and nodded laughingly, as if he had been gone but a week or two.

Had he been gone long? It seemed as if he might wake up and find himself going home from the mill with Polly at the door and the children beside her, waiting for him.

There was the house now, with the well at the side and the big walnut trees, and—why! there was smoke coming from the big chimney, and a glow of fire shining through the windows into the cold air.

"Who has Frew put into the house?" he shouted angrily to deaf Aaron, who nodded and turned the mare up to the door.

It opened. Was that his wife Polly in the braided merino gown he used to like so much, and her white apron and her hair tucked back? She was waving both hands and laughing, and she ran to open the door of the wagon.

"Polly! Oh, my dear, is it you? I thought—you are so like your mother."

He grew blind for a moment as he stood on the ground.

She had him in her arms and gave him what she used to call when she was a child, a Christmas hug. "Come in, come in," she cried, dragging him along. "Here is Joe piling up the fire, and there is old Susy in the kitchen just as she used to be. And the turkey is nearly ready, and the table is laid. I did it. Do you see all the old china and mother's spoons? This is your birthday party, dear. I thought of it, but Joe carried it all out."

Joe came up, and stood beside his father. He had on a suit of rough clothes, gray just now with wood ashes. The young social philosopher laughed rather sheepishly as a man does when trying to express feeling.

"How do you do sir?" he said, shaking hands.

"Come in." She pulled him gently through the hall. There was the table just as Polly used to lay it, with the bunch of lilies in the middle, and his big chair by the fire and his warm jacket and slippers.

"I don't understand, Margaret—Peggy dear."

"Yes. I kept all those things, the jacket and all. I did not like to lose hold of the old time. It was so good. And dear"—the tears ran over her cheeks.

"I did not think you cared—either of you," stammered their father, looking from one to the other.

"No. We did not understand each other up in town, so Joe and I thought that down here—" She made him sit down in his old chair, and drawing his head close to her breast, stroked his cheeks.

The day seemed to fly. They had dinner, and Mr. Lynn carved the turkey and piled the tid-bits on their plates in heaps, and then they gathered around the warming fire and one neighbor after another dropped in to tell the homely village news and the old stories.

When night came on they were left alone. It was strange how far the town and business, and clubs and operas, had dropped away from them. Joe dashed out to the beach, sure that he heard minute guns, and secretly hoping that there was a wreck.

Peggy sat by her father, her head on his knee. "I remember hearing that story of Captain Faulk's when I was a child," she said. "The people here are so simple and sincere. They are such real friends to us. It is different from the town."

"Yes, it is different," her father said. "Why, child, it seems as if I had come back to my real life to-day, as if your mother was here beside me."

"I think she is," whispered Peggy, holding his hand closer.

After a while she said, "Joe and I would like to come down here with you, for all our birthdays and Christmases, and we will never misunderstand each other again, father, will we?"

He shook his head and patted her hand, but he could not speak.

Story of an Indian Courtship.

Lieutenant Tomkins of the Seventh cavalry, the lieutenant who led the charge up the ravine at Wounded Knee, tells a very interesting story of an Indian courtship he witnessed: "I went with my troop to the creek to water the horses," he said, his face a smile all over, "and I witnessed a sight I was glad to see. A rather pretty young squaw, gorgeously dressed, dashed over the crest of the hill, and came running down toward the creek at her topmost speed. Behind her were two young bucks, one following her like a deer, the other seeming only to be trying to keep them in sight. I recognized an Indian courtship and watched it with attention. They ran for a hundred yards, and I must confess that the girl was running her best, but her lover was a lithe young fellow, and with every leap he gained on her until at last he caught her. Instantly they both broke out into a loud laugh, and the successful lover wrapped his blanket around his prize, and they walked away together. The The other one looked glum and sorrowful, and I knew his part in the romance. I had never seen an Indian courtship before, but I was pleased when I saw that strong young fellow catch his sweetheart and win his wife. 'All the world loves a lover,' whether he be Christian or barbarian."

Diluting Fresh Milk for Cream Raising.

An exchange says: "Perhaps the most valuable lessons learned in the dairy world during 1890, were taught by the failure of the ice crop of last winter. Creameries and many large dairies had become so accustomed to a plentiful supply of ice that they had come to think they could not get along without it. But experiment and experience have discovered that by diluting fresh milk 25 per cent., with either warm or cold water, the time of cream raising may be so much reduced as practically to do away with the necessity of using ice for creaming milk. The lesson is of great value and has already been the means of saving many dollars; and rightly used, may be the means of saving more. We do not know of any carefully conducted experiments bearing upon the point, but from the few observations made ourselves, we are inclined to think that those who have made really good butter without the use of ice will find that it keeps sweet longer and stands up better when exposed to the air, than butter made with ice. When ice is abundant it is apt to be used too freely, and the milk, cream and butter be made too cold. Whether or not diluting the milk has any influence on the churnability of the cream, remains to be tested, so far as we know."

Guernseys and Jerseys.

The Guernsey and Jersey breeds of cattle come from different islands in the British channel. On each island care is taken to preserve its favorite strain in its purity, and the two are more alike in their general appearance than the cows of any other breed, although the Guernsey is the larger of the two by from 150 to 200 pounds. Both are noted for the richness of their milk, and for that reason are highly esteemed as family cows. In this country the Jerseys are much the more numerous, but the Guernseys are increasing in number, and there are many notable herds of them that are esteemed by their owners and admirers as at least equal, if not even more desirable in all respects than the Jerseys. The milk of the two breeds, when tested for butter fat, has been found so nearly alike that no preference can be given to one over the other in that respect.

A Paris physician, M. Variot, one of the best known doctors in the principal hospital, has for some time been studying the project of metallizing dead bodies entire. He has at last succeeded so that a body may be hermetically inclosed in a gold, silver, nickel, bronze, copper, or other metal envelope, according to the taste or means of the mourning relatives. It is said that Variot's process is making considerable headway.

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