We Mean Business

And have the Stock and Prices to back up what we say.

Having purchased our stock of

Robes and Blankets

direct from the factory, we are in a position to give the consumer the benefit of the lowest possible prices for good goods. Our line of Robes consists of fine Hudson Bay, Japanese Wolf and Cinnamon Bear and a full line of

Plush and Wool Robes.

Fine Wool Square Horse Blankets,

including the celebrated 5A and a large lot of cheaper grades. Also a job lot of Gloves of all kinds, cheap. We have beyond a doubt the best assortment of

Harness and Saddlery

in Western Maryland, for the money, including everything usually found in a first class Harness establishment. Our line of WHIPS is unsurpassed in the county.

SUCCESS COLLAR PADS,

Oils, Hames and Chains, Trunks, Valises, Purses and Umbrellas.

Give us a call and be convinced that we do all we claim.

J. WALTER SHUNK,

33 E. Main street, - - - Westminster, Md.

oct-10-1y

Greatest Bargains!!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Frank J. Devilbiss,

New Windsor, Md.

We intend to institute the cash system in our business, and mark our immense stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

Boots and Shoes down to a cash basis. The money usually lost in ledger accounts we intend to give to the cashbuyer. Now is the time of a life time to save money. Note our schedule of prices, which shivels competition at a gaze. All Dress Goods, including Silks, Henriettas, Cashmeres, Alpacas, Ladies' Cloths, Velvets, Dress Braids, Trimmings &c., marked down from 10 to 52 cts. per yd. A large and full stock to select from. Selecia in all colors, 10 cts. per yd. Cambric, all colors, 3 cts. per yd. Greatest Bargains ever known in

Wool and Canton Flannel,

from 6 cts. per yard up. Best Calicoes, 5 cts. per yd. full pieces. Splendid Ginghams 4½ cts. per yd. Over $2,000 worth of Boots and Shoes, sold from 35 to 50 cts. per pair less than price marked thereon. Every article marked in plain figures.

A Big Line of Carpets,

sold at manufacturers' prices. Best White Coal Oil 12 cts. per gal. Red 13 cts. In quantities of 5 gals. 2 cts. less. Splendid brown sugar 4 cts. per lb. Good chewing Tobacco 20 cts. per lb. Three boxes Babbit's Potash for 25 cts. Why will you pay credit prices, when spot cash offerings leave money in your pockets? Call and see if our words are true.

Very Respectfully,

FRANK J. DEVILBISS.

2000 lbs. Lard wanted at highest market prices.

oct-24-2m

FALL AND WINTER BARGAINS,

—AT—

J. Traub & Bro's.

Clothing Store,

UNION BRIDGE, MD.

Please call and examine our stock. We have the largest stock of clothing ever kept in Union Bridge. The finest line of

OVERCOATS

ever opened in Western Maryland. We give this department our special attention. Men's and Boys' Overcoats, in all styles and colors, from $3 to $8. Also a full line of Men's Suits, at prices to suit all—from $2.50 to $20.00; and dress and school suits for boys from $1.25 to $7.00. Boys' Overcoats at same prices. A full line of PANTALOONS, including corduroy.

A fine line of

Gents' Furnishings.

A fine line of top Shirts and Underwear; all kinds of flannel shirts. Large stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Gum coats at lowest prices; Trunks, Satchels and Umbrellas.

We respectfully invite the public to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, and as an inducement to customers from a distance we agree to pay their railroad fares. We have the best made clothing in the country and can guarantee satisfaction to every customer, and a big saving of money.

J. TRAUB & BRO.,

REPP BUILDING,

COR. MAIN AND BROADWAY,

UNION BRIDGE, MD.

mar-14-1y-3

LeGore's

Improved Combination of Lime

is superior to all common grades of lime.

By this system and process, a full combination of the salts of lime are furnished, and as a cheap and powerful agent it beats bone. It has no equal. The richest carbonates of lime exist here, perhaps, as no where else. We use from three different strata or deposits, burn in separate furnaces, and then mix and proportion it so as to act on all kinds of soil and crops. This has never been attempted by any other manufacturer. Our rock and improved facilities exceed any in the State. Farmers will not need a pound of bone where this lime is used. Don't be deceived or imposed upon any longer. Be sure you are right and get Legore's combination, and be convinced how easy, quick, and cheap land can be improved and full crops grown. Furnished in car load lots to suit. Farmers can order their own lime. Guarantee a genuine article or no pay. Send for testimonials, prices, etc. Address

J. W. LEGORE,
Woodsboro,
Frederick county, Md.

Sole and exclusive manufacturer of this lime. Be sure and get LeGore's combination.

☞ Burnt expressly for fall use, bulking on large heaps, &c. ☜

CAUTION—Do not be deceived by agents representing other grades claiming as good, No other manufactured like it. Order your own lime and save all commissions. I ship on all Railroads. au-15-6m

Dr. J. W. Helm, Surgeon Dentist,

(Graduate of Md. University, Baltimore),

New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit TANEYTOWN—on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

☞ Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

A liberal share of public patronage solicited

Respectfully,

J. W. HELM, D. D. S.

1y-20 1y

A Great Deal

Depends on where and what you buy. If you want reliable and Staple Boots, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, and Umbrellas, call on

U. L. REAVER.

Our fall and winter buying has been done with a view of offering you the best quality at the lowest figures. If you want shoes and hats cheap, this is your chance. We are able to sell cheap and we do it. We have the best $2.00 Kip Boot in the county.

We have a Boot for $1.65 that others sell for $2.00.

We have baby Shoes, 25 cts. and up.

We sell the cheapest line of Ladies' Dress Shoes from $1.25 and up.

GUM BOOTS.

We have all sorts and kinds, from $2.00 and up to $3.00.

HATS! HATS!

We have got the best $1.50 Stiff Hat in Westminster.

Hats for 25 cts. and up.

And as for Crush Hats we are acknowledged to be the leaders. For 50 cents and up.

To buy the lowest Shoes and Hats call on

U. L. REAVER.

Next door to Postoffice, Westminster, Md.

feb-2-1y

J. T. Anders,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

and dealer in

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

34 E. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.

I have the largest and most complete line of

Overcoating, Suitings,

Vestings, both foreign and domestic, that has ever been presented to the people of this county, and I say without fear of contradiction, that I can put up Suits that will compare with any city work, both in fit and workmanship, and at prices that will astonish you. I have employed a first-class coat maker from Philadelphia, and can get up Suits to compare with any of the finest shops in this city. If you will give me a call, you can save money and be happy.

My line of

Underwear

is full and complete and at rock bottom prices. The Glove department never was better. You can get Gloves from 25 cents up to $10.60.

NECKWEAR a specialty. Anything so it is Red. Come and look before you buy.

Suspenders in endless varieties and at all prices. Overalls, shirts, jackets, Gum Coats, Mackintoshes, &c., at bottom prices.

Our dress shirt, collars and cuffs department is full and complete; always looking up the latest styles, and way down in price. A splendid line of wool shirts cheap. Gents' jewelry, such as scarf pins, studs, sleeve buttons, chains, rings, &c., cheap and first class.

All I ask you to do is to call and examine my stock before you buy, and if you do not think my goods and prices compare with any house in the city do not buy. We do not ask everybody to buy high priced goods as we keep both kinds and will give you as much for your dollar as any one.

Respectfully,

J. T. ANDERS.

oct-25

1891. 1891.

GRAND DISPLAY

OF

FALL and WINTER NOVELTIES

AT

The Large Dry Goods Emporium

OF

THEO. DERR & SON.

COLORED DRESS GOODS,

in all the latest shades and fabrics. Beautiful line of new

DRESS TRIMMINGS,
BLACK GOODS, SILKS,
AND MOURNING GOODS,

in new weaves and extensive variety; Domestic Dry Goods, Cassimeres, Blankets, Comforts, Shawls, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, and Notions. Large assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's

NEW STYLES **COATS!** NEW SHAPES

Largest, Best, and Cheapest line of Ladies' and Children's

ALL STYLES **SHOES!** ALL GRADES

Full assortment of

MOQUETTE, BRUSSELS,
INGRAIN AND RAG CARPETS,

Rugs, Mats, and Hassocks. Our line has never been equaled. UMBRELLAS, TRUNKS, and Window Shades.

LACE CURTAINS AND PORTIERES.

Our Prices the Lowest.
Our Goods the Best.

THEO. DERR & SON,
75 and 77 E. Main St.,
oct-10 Westminster, Md.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y.

oc-24-91-2y

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 59 NO. 49. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1891. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THE INKSTAND BATTLE.

We are making smokeless powder
And big bombs to throw a mile,
That will blow the foe to chowder
In the true dynamic style.
Talk not of the bloody red man,
And the foe his arrow drops—
Every ball, it means a dead man,
Every bullet means a corpse!

We've a whirling gun; you spin it
And the myriad bullets fly,
And a hundred men a minute
Roll their stony eyes and die.
"Make your swath of dead men deeper,"
Thus the modern spirit saith,
"Start me up this rattling reaper
On the harvest fields of death."

Let us stop this wild death's revel;
Martin Luther, so 'tis said,
Threw his inkstand at the devil,
And the black fiend turned and fled.
Smite your world-wrong; don't combat it
With a fusilade of lead;
Simply throw your inkstand at it;
Come to morrow: It is dead.

When the world upon the brink stands
Of some crisis steep and dread,
Like brave soldiers seize your inkstands
Hurl them at the devil's head.
Pour your ink-pots in a torrent
Till the strangling demon sink,
Till the struggling fiend abhorrent
Drown in oceans of black ink.

For the man who's born a fighter,
For the brain that's learned to think,
There is dynamite and nitro
In a bottle of black ink.
Though it makes no weeping nations,
And it leaves no gaping scars,
Placed 'neath error's strong foundations
'Twill explode them to the stars.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

Select Story.

ADELAIDE'S SACRIFICE.

The Influence a Noble, Loving, Unselfish Sister Exerted.

Daisy R. Campbell, in NEW YORK OBSERVER

She stood holding the open letter in her hand, her dark eyes shining with surprise and delight.

It had really come at last. She was to see something outside of dull old Manchester. She could not believe it, and read again the words of her aunt's letter:

"You need a change. I want you to get away from all your cares—from those great boys who never appreciate you and even from Kate, who, I hear, imposes upon you. I fancy that I hear your protest—but hear me to the end. I've persuaded Cousin Myra that it is a case of duty to give you a rest, and she will come and take charge in your absence, and you know how capable she is. She can manage to give you that much time, as for a wonder no one seems to be in urgent need of her. Get ready as soon as you read this letter. I shall give you two weeks to make all you arrangements. I have waited long enough for this visit, and if I should tell you all the gayeties and good times in store for you, you could not wait even as long as you must."

Adelaide looked at the generous check inclosed in the letter. With all Aunt Eleanor's odd, brusque ways to others, the girl knew that she herself had a foremost place in her aunt's heart. Eleanor said she hated boys; they never sat still, and always did just what you were sure they wouldn't do. She had been a second Betsy Trotwood in her deep displeasure when her sister's first and third children had proved to be of the sterner sex, but took her revenge in lavishing all her interest upon the second, Adelaide. When her sister—Adelaide's mother—had died two years before she was determined that Adelaide should live with her and share her comfortable income and the advantages of A——. But to her surprise and dismay the girl gently but decidedly refused. The gentleness misled the aunt, accustomed all her life to rule; she had no children, and her husband was the meekest and most indulgent of men, but she found in the young girl before her a firmness equal for once to her own.

"Oh, auntie, how could I leave papa and the children, now in their sorrow? I must stay with them always. Do you think I could betray mamma's trust that way? You know she said at the last: 'You will care for them, Adelaide?'" and overcome by the remembrance of that scene so indelibly stamped upon her memory poor Adelaide threw herself on the lounge in a passion of grief, and ever since Adelaide had been housekeeper and a second mother to the household, which consisted of her father, three children, besides the two servants.

The oldest child, Rob, would have resented being classed with the others, as he was nearly two years Adelaide's senior, and Adelaide herself was eighteen. He was a boy neither better nor worse than ordinary boys—full of fun, rather heedless and not as fond of study as either his father or sister wished. Louis, the second son, was a quiet, studious boy, three years Adelaide's junior, who had to be fairly driven out of doors to take proper exercise. Kate, a girl of ten, was healthy, active and inclined to be willful, but, on the whole, tolerably easy to govern.

It was quite a heavy burden to fall on the shoulders of so young a girl as Adelaide, and of course there were many trials and discouragements. She had to give up finishing her last year at Mme. Ruhl's, and that was a trial. The housekeeping was not easy, though her two girls were well trained and capable, for Mr. Barringer, a visionary, bookish man, expected that everything at home should move on oiled wheels and was very fastidious about his meals. His wife had carefully kept all annoying details from him, and he expected Adelaide to do the same. The daughter soon learned that it was worse than useless to come to her father with her little troubles either about children or domestic affairs. Mr. Barringer was so unfortunate as to have all the tastes and habits of a wealthy man, with a very moderate purse; to have the habits and tastes of a scholarly recluse, and yet be compelled to earn his living as cashier of the most important bank in Manchester.

Rob would graduate the coming June at the Manchester college, and Adelaide wondered what would be done with him then. She had her own worries about this brother, and especially of late. He seemed to care so much less for home, and she often felt that the slight hold she seemed to have upon him was slipping away. She hardly dared put this into words, it was still too vague for that; but it was there, the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

But when she stood holding Aunt Eleanor's letter and check in her hand she did not think of any of these things. Her heart—young and glad in spite of sorrow and care—gave a great bound in her relief and pleasure. If Cousin Myra came she need have no misgivings, for she was a maiden relative, agreeable, efficient, who seemed to live to help others out of difficulties, and was always ready to step into the places no one else wanted to fill; and with all this money, she need not ask her father for a cent. Oh! how charming it would be not to think of meals, nor Kate's clothes, nor soiled carpets and windows; to be free like the girls about her, and enjoy the lovely time her aunt's letter promised her. She surely had earned this bit of Eden after the past two years of daily duties carefully performed.

She went down to dinner that evening, her face reflecting all her happy anticipations. Even her father was struck by the shining, happy eyes opposite him.

"Is anything the matter, daughter?" he asked, with a misty feeling that young girls' faces ought to look that way often. And then Adelaide's happiness overflowed, and she told him of Aunt Eleanor's plan.

"Yes, it is time you had a holiday," said her father, rousing himself, "and if Myra will come you can go," he added, feeling very unselfish and paternal in thus giving his sanction.

Just here Rob came in—he was late quite often nowadays—and the conversation took another turn. But Adelaide's keen eyes noticed that Rob hardly touched his dinner, and that he looked pale and tired.

"Poor boy, he can't be well!" she thought, but wisely said nothing then.

But as he was hurrying off as usual towards the front door, Adelaide laid her hand on his arm: "Rob, I'm afraid your're not well; won't you stay at home this evening? I'll do anything to amuse you," she added, with her brightest smile.

As he turned towards her, the light from the hall lamp fell on his boyish, attractive face. Instead of its usual easy, good-natured look, Adelaide was shocked by its pallor, and the strange expression about the eyes.

"Don't mind me, Ada," he said, trying to smile, "I'm all right, and I must go down to Carter's; he said he would help me out on my 'trig,'" he added.

But his face kept coming between Adelaide's [illegible] all evening. Was it sickness that made Rob look so? Ought she to have a pale blue or one of the new greens for an evening dress? And that lovely bonnet at Stevens'—could she afford to buy that? She certainly could, if she had her cloth suit dyed over. If Rob should be sick—he had never been since she could remember—but what if there was something on his mind? What if he worried about his studies more than they supposed, and that the coming examinations weighed on him? What if he were learning to smoke like that horrid Carter, whom she never did like? Oh, if her blessed, wise little mother could only have stayed with them, she would know what to do. She herself must do more to make home attractive—she would coax her father to let her have more company in the evenings now and then.

Kate had gone to bed, and Louis was studying in his own room. Mr. Barringer always buried himself in his books and magazines in his sanctum upstairs. Adelaide sat in the pretty library, her hands busy on an apron for Kate, her thoughts keeping pace with the needle flashing in and out of her work.

How foolish she was! Rob would come home soon, and laugh at her fears. How loud that door sounded! Was that a scream upstairs? That certainly was the front door—how nervous she was getting, and she always despised nerves! There, at last, that was his step in the hall.

She threw down her work and ran out: "Oh, Rob, I've been so worried about you! Are you sure—" She stopped suddenly, as she saw that it was not Rob, but Alan Gregory, Rob's old friend, whom he had seemed to drop lately. Adelaide turned cold with sudden foreboding, but she said at once: "I beg your pardon, Alan. I thought it was Rob; he has not come home yet."

"I know. I wanted to see you, Adelaide. Can we go in here?" asked the young fellow, indicating the library.

Adelaide led the way with what courage she could muster. "What is it?" she asked, and Alan answered at once: "It's Rob; he is in trouble, and I determined to come to you. I managed to get Rob's key, though he dind't want me to come. You see he has some way been getting more and more under the influence of Carter, who is a bad lot, and he owes Carter quite a sum. Carter has been threatening to write to your father, until Rob was desperate. 'I'll run away first; anything but that, he said, and Carter said: 'No, my man, you don't play that game,' and the first thing to-night he had Rob arrested." Alan paused, full of pity for the white face before him.

"And where is he now?" Adelaide asked in a voice which sounded as if it belonged to somebody else.

"At the station house. I'm awfully sorry; but I had so little money, and I didn't know anything better than to come to you," stammered poor Alan, the son of a poor, hard-working minister, who was going through college at the very hardest.

"You did just right; I have money; I shall be ready to go with you in a moment," said Adelaide, eagerly. She was hurrying off when Alan stopped her with: "Your father must not know; Rob insists on that."

Adelaide looked at him bewildered, for strange as it may seem, the idea of going to her father had never occurred to her. She had always been so accustomed to both seeing and making his way easy that she only felt now that he must not be troubled with this worst trouble of all.

When they were fairly started Adelaide said suddenly: "You are so kind, Alan. Let us take the very shortest way," and then she said nothing more. But her senses seemed keyed to the highest pitch as she followed Alan through the corridors and into a cell. She knew it was some dreadful nightmare which must end some time. For that looked like Rob sitting there, only Rob was so young and light hearted, and this was a man with an old, haggard face.

"Rob, Rob, tell me what do you owe Carter? I have money, I can pay him," said his sister, passing her hand gently over the bowed head.

Rob started and said in a low, monotonous voice: "You can't, it's such an awful sum. I don't see how it ever got so large. I didn't mean to do wrong, Ada, but I just had good times and drifted along with Carter's set and now just see the end. He declares I owe it all to him. But I deserve it—I knew better than to go with such fellows. I was weak, and you know mother always said 'to be weak was to be miserable.' But you mustn't be here, it's no place for you; just leave me. Father'll never know, he hardly ever reads the papers, and you can say I'm visiting." Rob's hopeless manner, so utterly different from the Rob she knew, went to Adelaide's heart like a knife. Her mother's boy like this!

"Tell me, Rob! perhaps I can pay it," she urged eagerly.

"You? Why, papa never gives you money. It's good and dear of you, Ada, but you can't help me. I let myself get into Carter's power, and I must face the consequences—anything but have papa know!"

"Tell me," persisted Adelaide.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," said Rob, slowly, "you see—"

"Yes, that is just what I have," said Adelaide, in tones of sudden relief, "Come, Alan, you will take me to Carter's, it isn't too late if we hurry." She turned to Alan in painful eagerness, and before Rob could comprehend it all, she was gone.

No one ever knew what she said to Eldridge Carter. Alan stayed in the hall without at his boarding house—but he thought he never saw a meaner, more abashed-looking fellow than the one who opened the door for the pale, stately young girl who swept out of the room like a princess. Carter followed them to the station house, still subdued and quiet.

An hour later Rob was in his own room at home. As Adelaide lingered, loth to leave him, he caught her by the arm. "I'm a worthless fellow, Ada; you're worth six of such fellows as I am, but I shall never forget this, never! Oh, Ada, if you could know all I've suffered, the rack I've been on! I've felt so bound to Carter, and I can't believe I'm free at last, and all through you."

Adelaide looked into the changed face before her frightened at the rare emotion Rob betrayed. "But why didn't you confide in me, Rob, dear?" she asked, reproachfully.

"I knew, or I thought I knew, that you couldn't help me, and as if you didn't have enough already! I said that, weak as I was, I wouldn't be that weak—to make you suffer for me—and papa never has money, and papa never would forgive or understand. But, oh, Ada, how I did want mamma! but" quickly—"you're just next best—just the best sister in this world!" He bent over and kissed her—when had Rob done that before?

When Adelaide stood again in her own room, she could not realize how much had happened since she had stood there before. She felt that ages had intervened. Good-by to that beautiful time at Aunt Eleanor's, but oh! Rob was safe, and free from the evil genius of his school year! How earnestly she prayed that she might be the one to meet Rob's needs at this time! How inexperienced and alone she felt!

And then, hardest of all, the next day Aunt Eleanor must be written to at once, asking her if the money could be spent in a way greatly needed instead of the promised visit, which she had just written would give her so much pleasure. Days passed in suspense, and then came Aunt Eleanor's answer:

"My Dear Niece—If you choose to spend your own money in other ways than to visit your aunt, I have nothing to say; but it is your own fault that this is the last invitation I shall ever send to be rejected. AUNT ELEANOR."

Adelaide had a little cry over that note. "Yet I can't blame her," she said.

Her father thought the giving up or postponing of the visit was a girl's freak and worried no more about it.

But Adelaide's anxious heart grew lighter as she saw the change in Rob. There was a new manliness, a different atmos[illegible]ce, soft and dolorous, went ter schoo[illegible]art like good music, that, through [illegible] one hears it no longer, keeper of [illegible] to vibrate in the air and ter. He [illegible]erything by its mysterious he never [illegible]

It was [illegible]s of the jurors were no that Adel[illegible] morose. The portrait of check tha[illegible] and farther away still of with inte[illegible] Curie, appeared to make she told [illegible]h the silent wall benignant tions, how[illegible]uraging her to bravely re- Rob said [illegible]affair "so very, very sad." came th[illegible] you," said she, "this writ- Eleanor t[illegible]ll tell you better than I "That foo[illegible] it. If you [illegible] had first to seek it; to come as soo[illegible]e buttons of her corsage Aunt Elea[illegible]t from her bosom—a piece And A[illegible]g parchment, stamped and

No S[illegible]

One of [illegible] the ponderous official seal. of Washi[illegible]ment," murmured the presi- pauper el[illegible]ing his eye over the paper, degree t[illegible]nt against Anne Bede, as- world. Th[illegible]egin to-day a punishment than in t[illegible]the' imprisonment." any other[illegible] nodded sorrowfully; the of course, that substratum of society that won't work and the other one that can't work. But poverty, in its hideous and conspicuous guise, is not known. The government disburses many millions here in semi-monthly payments, to over eleven thousand government employes. This, of itself, makes a vast volume of cash that circulates through the community. Business is conducted upon a cash basis to a degree not possible in other cities. One of the largest and most prosperous business houses here positively gives no credit to anybody whatever. This would scarcely be possible everywhere. The city is so spread out, and the plan is so comprehensive, that there can never be a typical tenement house district—the poorest have air and space—so that, taken altogether, there is probably more comfort to the square inch in Uncle Sam's capital than in any other existing town.

A French manufacturer has discovered a substitute for celluloid, which he named hyaline, that possesses the very great advantage of being non-inflammable. It is composed of colophone, lac, copal, Dammara resin, essential oil of turpentine, and gun cotton, and is described as grainless, odorless, transparent and tenacious.

Anne Bedes's Debt.

From the Hungarian of Mikszrath.

The judges were in their places.

Outside the fog weighed heavily upon the shapeless building, effaced the walls and glued itself to the windows, concealing their frosty flowering.

In the hall itself the air was thick and stifling. It smelled of sheep skins, peasants, eau de vie, and the leaden ventilators in the upper glasses of the skylight turned slowly and slothfully.

The jurors, too, leaned wearily against the backs of their chairs. One of them had closed his eyes and let his hand fall inert, lulled to somnolence by the monotonous scratching of the clerk's pen. Another tapped and softly beat the rat-a-plan with his pencil on the table.

The president pushed his spectacles to the tip of his nose and mopped his damp brow, his stern gray eyes, with a glacial stare, bent fixedly upon the door whence would issue the culprits in course of trial, and on whom they waited to pronounce the sentence.

"Is there not still another one?" demanded he, presently, of the sleepy looking tipstaff at his elbow in a hard, resonant voice.

"One," responded the other; "a girl."

"Eh bien! bring her in then," said the president.

The crier called, the door opened, the girl entered.

A current of fresh air glided in with her and softly fanned the faces and tickled the lashes of the curious assistants. At the same moment a ray of sunlight pierced the shrouding fog and danced between the frosty etchings of the panes across the dusty walls and furniture of the hall of audience.

"A girl" had said the tipstaff—a child, rather, scarcely more than on the verge of maidenhood, and so pretty in her little furred jacket, embroidered with wreaths and blossoms and fitting like the skin the rounded waist, straight and slender as the stem of a young palm. Her black eyes were lowered to the floor, but her white brow was clear and unclouded.

"What is it that you have done, my child?" questioned the president indifferently.

The girl nervously rearranged her handkerchief that covered her head, caught her breath heavily, then answered, sighing:

"My affair is sad, M. le President, very, very sad."

The head of the president bent affirmatively before this importunate voice; he dropped his eyes and touched the bell for the tipstaff.

"Accompany Anne Bede," said he, "to the house of the inspector of prisons."

The man bowed, the child turned obediently, but her little rose red lips opened and shook tremulously, as if words were on them that she could not speak.

"Perhaps, my child," said the president, noticing her distress, "perhaps you have still something to say to us."

"Only—that I am Lizette, Lizette Bede, M. le President; Anne Bede was my sister, and we buried her, poor girl! a week ago."

"Twas not you, then, that was condemned and sentenced?" cried the president, surprised.

"Ah! bon Dieu, no! Why should I have been condemned who have never done any harm to a fly?"

"Then why are you here, mad child that you are?"

"Because, if you please, it is because Anne died while this business was before the royal table" (the lower court of Hungary.) "It was when she was lying in her coffin all cold and white that this order concerning the six months arrived, certifying that she must submit. Oh! how she had waited and prayed for it, and tried so hard to live to receive it! She had never dreamed of this, M. le President, and when they had taken her away with closed eyes, mute and deaf forever, my mother and I told ourselves that we must repair the wrong she had done because of her finance, Gabriel Karloney. It was for him, and without knowing it, that she sinned, and we thought"——

"What, my child?"

"That to let her rest peacefully in her mortal ashes, and that no one should say she owed them anything, that we must do as I said—repair the wrong done by her. My mother has paid the amende for the goods, and I have come, M. le President, to serve in her place the six months in the county prison."

To serve in her sister's place!

What innocence, what simplicity!

The juriors smiled broadly; the face of the president was no longer cold or ceremonious, nor was it precisely his brow from which he mopped the moisture with a large yellow handkerchief. "It is well," said he; "you were right, my child, but—but, now that I think of it"——

He stopped, frowned, and seemed to reflect intently—"now that I think of it," continued he, "there was an error in this affair. We have, my dear child, sent you the wrong document."

"The wrong document, M. le President?" faltered Lizette, raising her great, sorrowful eyes to his face with a gaze of heartbreaking reproach, the wrong document?"

She could say no more, and the president himself was no less moved.

"The wrong document, my child, yes," said he firmly, rising from his seat to tenderly pass his hand across the shining hair, "beyond there"—pointing to the heaven above them through the mist veiled window—"Justice has given another verdict?

"Go now to thy mother and tell her for me that thy sister was not a criminal—that Anne was innocent."

"Before God, at least," added he, in a tone only audible to his own great heart, "before God, at least!"

Girls in Alaska.

An Alaska girl is ready for society as soon as she enters her teens. It does not require many years in that country for a girl to grow up. The dress of the average Sickeen maiden is not very elaborate. A plain cotton garment, long and loose, envelopes her person, and a Turkish bath towel is wound about her head. When she goes out, a blanket of bright colors is thrown around her shoulders. The wife of a missionary in that section says the young women often go barefooted, but that after they see the shoes of the white women, there greatest desire is to have a pair.

Timid farmers in the neighborhood of Genesee, Idaho, are apprehensive lest their farms may sink into a subterranean lake. A man was recently digging a well, and when he had gone down sixteen feet water gushed out, filling the well and flooding the face of the ground. Finally it settled back to the earth's level. A local paper says that peculiar sightless fish were brought to the surface in the overflow, indicating the existence of an underground lake.

Beautiful Treasury Notes.

At the corner of a treasury note or "greenback" the figure denoting its denomination rests upon a heart or a trefoil, a hexagon or an oval, composed of wave lines finer than hairs. Down in the corners you will find the word "five," "two," or the letter "V" or figure "2" printed upon the same little figures made up of finest lines. Turn the bill over and the lined figures are repeated in groups or borders until they entirely cover the back.

Every treasury note, every revenue stamp, bank bills and bonds, all are covered with these fine-lined creations, every different denomination carrying a different combination, the lines so fine that the machine that cuts them deals with twelve-thousandths of an inch. You can count them only with the aid of a microscope.

Once this was the business of the bank note engraver; now these lines are made by a machine called the geometrical bank note engraving lathe. Charles W. Dickinson is the inventor. More than fifty years ago he was employed in a factory in Newark, N. J. Latter he was a watch case maker, and became interested in fine machinery.

"Engine turned" watch cases began to be the style, and he made his first lathe for the purpose of decorating a watch case. This was a success, and a jeweler asked him to make a machine to cut a die which could be used to decorate an oval silver salver. The salver was thirty four inches long and the pattern was to follow its form in one continuous figure or set of lines. This necessitated a new motion, the machine he then had making circles instead of ovals. Mr. Dickinson made the machine and it was a great success.

Later a man wanted a machine to make the curve combinations on bank notes. A thousand dollars was deposited as a guarantee, and the machine was made. Notice was sent to the individual ordering it when it was completed. Nothing was heard from him, however, and the lathe was sold to some one else. Three years afterward this man was one among a gang arrested for counterfeiting.

This gave Mr. Dickinson an idea of one great use for his lathe, and the present bank note engraving lathe is the result. In 1862 the first one was used upon bank notes. Mr. Dickinson went to Washington to run one that he had made for the government. There he staid a year and a half, cutting new combinations for the currency then in circulation—during the war, remember—until he had succeeded in teaching some one to run the lathe. Then he went to Newark, N. J., and from there to his present quarters.

He and his three sons, with one assistant, and a small boy make and run these geometrical lathes, together with some other pieces of wonderful machinery of which he is the inventor.

The geometrical lathe complete reminds one of the works of a huge watch, so much of its mechanism rests between plates, like the works of a patent lever. Its inventor claims that it is infinitely more intricate than the works of any watch, that no one else has ever made anything like it, and that the number of combinations—different patterns—which it will make can scarcely be computed. Sixteen millions have already been counted off, and the end has not been reached.

The writer was given the privilege of looking on while the lathe was cutting a pattern to order. It was like the work of fairy fingers. There was no noise, not a grain of dust, only a slow movement, or series of movements, of the plate of the machine upon which the die rests to receive the cutting tool—sometimes pointed with a diamond—brought against its face. The cutting tool is stationary. The die follows the directions necessary to create the pattern. Having had one row or thread of the figure cut upon it; a shadow of a change is made, and now the movement is from center to rim perhaps, A "marvel of intricate movements" it has been called.

Sometimes it will take two months to make a shell or die, or less time for a less intricate pattern. Not only is the distance to each line from the other measured, but also the depth to which the tool must go. Over and over again it goes in the same cut, deeper and deeper down. A given series of movements ended, it starts again upon the same series unless a change is made by the workmen.

It is claimed that this machine makes counterfeiting impossible and does work not possible to do by hand. The United States government uses it for all its work.

Hop-growing is one of the remunerative industries in the state of Washington. The yield per acre is something astonishing. To obtain 650 pounds on an acre of ground is considered a fine yield among the hop-growers on this side of the Rocky Mountains and in England and Germany; but an acre of ground in Oregon or Washington will yield 1,600 pounds. In 1890, 50,000 bales of hops, equal to 9,000,000 pounds, were sold in Washington.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2297-0611