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IS NOW PREPARED TO EXAMINE THE EYES AND PRESCRIBE THE PROPER GLASSES. PERSONS HAVING HEADACHE CAUSED BY EYE STRAIN, OR WHOSE EYES ARE CONSTANTLY ACHING, HAVE NO IDEA WHAT RELIEF PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES WILL GIVE THEM.

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NEW DRESS GOODS,

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Persons wihsing to purchase goods in this line will save money by buying of

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We don't beat about the bush and try to make you believe black is white.

But we do want to make you believe by actual facts in our business relations that we do sell goods at the

Lowest Possible Price,

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We are closing out a great many things at

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 29. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 22, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

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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.

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$7 SUITS NOW $5.

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Absolutely Pure Animal Bone

FERTILIZERS,

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Warranted in the full price of the goods.

Higher in essential qualities than any other goods on the market.

We will sell either by analysis, or weight. Perferably the former way.

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Your Attention!

We are offering special bargains for the next 30 days in all

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,

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We have received a new line of

QUEENSWARE,

and have

Special Bargains to Offer.

We have a crate of seconds, of

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is stocked with all the leading goods in that line.

We are sole manufacturers of Grayson's celebrated Horse and Cattle Powders.

Complete line of Groceries, Confectionery, &c. Rock bottom prices.

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For Sale or Rent.

The Murray Property on Main street, near Railroad. Immediate possession given.

apl-29-tf CHARLES E. FINK, Attorney for the Heirs.

Select Poetry.

REMEMBER ME.

BY H. D.

Remember me!—who can forget
Those touching words by fond lips spoken,
When eyes are dimm'd with dewy tears,
And hearts with grief are nearly broken?

Remember me! The parting words
Of friends, perhaps about to sever
For days, for months, it may be years,
Perchance on earth to part for ever.

Remember me! What depth of love
Those simple words at once reveal;
They seem the language of the heart,
A sad and yet a sweet appeal.

Select Story.

WITHIN SOUND OF THE SAWS

Lumber had gone up, and the big mill on the Aspohegan was working overtime.

Through the range of square openings under the eaves the sunlight streamed in steadily upon the strident tumult, the confusion of sun and shadow, within the mill. The air was sweet with the smell of fresh sawdust and clammy with the ooze from great logs just "yanked" up the dripping slides from the river. One had to pitch his voice with peculiar care to make it audible amid the chaotic din of the saws.

In the middle of the mill worked the "gang," a series of upright saws that rose and fell swiftly, cleaving their way with a pulsating, vicious clamor through an endless and sullen procession of logs. Here and there, each with a massive table to itself, hummed the circulars, large and small; and whensoever a deal, or a pile of slabs, was brought in contact with one of the spinning disks, upon the first arching spurt of sawdust spray began a shrieking note, which would run the whole vibrant and intolerable gamut as the saw bit through the fibers from end to end. In the occasional brief moments of comparative silence, when several of the saws would chance to be disengaged at the same instant, might be heard, far down in the lower story of the mill, the grumbling roar of the two great turbine wheels, which, sucking in the tortured water from the sluices, gave life to all the wilderness of cranks and shafts above.

That end of the mill which looked down river stood open, to a height of about seven feet, across the whole of the upper story. From this opening ran a couple of long slanting ways, each two feet wide and about a hundred feet in length, raised on trestles. The track of these "slides," as they are technically termed, consisted of a series of wooden rollers, along which the deals raced in endless sequence from the saws, to drop with a plunge into a spacious basin, at the lower end of which they were gathered into rafts. Whenever there was a break in the procession of deals, the rollers would be left spinning briskly with a cheerful murmur. There was also a shorter and steeper "slide" diverging to the lumber yard, where clapboards and such light stuff were piled till they could be carted to the distant station.

In former days it had been the easy custom to dump the sawdust into the stream, but the fish wardens had lately interfered and put a stop to the practice. Now, a tall young fellow, in top boots, grey homespun trousers, and blue shirt, was busy carting the sawdust to a swampy hollow near the lower end of the main slides.

Sandy MacPherson was a new hand. Only that morning had he joined the force at the Aspohegan Mill, and every now and then he would pause, remove his battered soft felt from his whitish yellow curls, mop his red forehead, and gaze with a hearty appreciation at the fair landscape spread out beyond the mill. With himself and with the world in general he felt on fairly good terms—an easy frame of mind which would have been much jarred had he been conscious of the fact that from a corner in the upper story of the mill his every movement was watched with a vindictive and ominous interest.

In that corner, close by the head of one of the main slides, stood a table whose presiding genius was a little swinging circular. The circular was tended by a powerful, sombre-visaged old mill hand called 'Lije Vandine, whose office it was to trim square the ragged ends of the "stuff" before it went down the slide. At the very back of the table hummed the saw, like a great hornet; and whenever Vandine got two or three deals in place before him, he would grasp a lever above his head, and forward through its narrow slit in the table would dart the little saw, and scream its way in a second through the tough white spruce. Every time he let the saw swing back Vandine would drop his eyes to the blue-shirted figure below, and his harsh features would work with concentrated fury. These seven years he had been waiting for the day when he should meet Sandy MacPherson face to face.

Seven years before, 'Lije Vandine had been working in one of the mills near St. John, New-Brunswick, while his only daughter, Sarah, was living out at service in the city. At this time Sandy MacPherson was employed on the city wharves, and an acquaintance which he formed with the pretty housemaid resulted in a promise of marriage between the two. Vandine and his wife were satisfied with the girl's account of her lover, and the months slipped by swiftly without their making his acquaintance.

Among the fishing and lumbering classes it not seldom happens that betrothal brings with it rather more intimate privileges than society could sanction, whence it came to pass that one evening Sarah returned to her parents unexpectedly, having been dismissed from her situation in disgrace. Vandine, though ignorant, was a clear-seeing man, who understood his own class thoroughly; and after his first outburst of wounded indignation he had forgiven and comforted his daughter no less tenderly than her mother had done. He knew perfectly that the girl was no wanton. He went at once into the city with the intention of fetching Sandy out and covering up the disgrace by an immediate marriage. He visited the wharves, but the young man was not there. With growing apprehension he hastened to his boarding house, only to learn that MacPherson had left the place and was departing for the States by the next train, having been married the previous evening.

The man's pain and fury at this revelation almost choked him, but he mastered himself sufficiently to ask a boy of the house to accompany him to the station and point him out the betrayer. If the train had not gone, he would be in time to avenge his poor girl. The boy, however, took alarm at something in Vandine's face, and led him by a roundabout way, so that just as he drew near the station the western expressed rolled out with increasing speed. On the rear platform stood a laughing young woman bedecked in many colors, and beside her a tall youth with a curly, yellow head, whom the boy pointed out as Sandy MacPherson. He was beyond the reach of vengeance for the time. But his features stamped themselves ineffaceably on the avenger's memory. As the latter turned away, to bide his time in grim silence, the young woman on the platform of the car said to her husband: "I wonder who that was, Sandy, that looked like he was going to run after the cars! Didn't you see? His arms kind o' jerked out, like that; but he didn't start, after all. There he goes up the hill, with one pant leg in his boot. He looked kind of wild. I'm just as glad he didn't get aboard."

"He's one of your old fellers as you've give the go-by to, I kind of suspicion, Sis," replied the young man with a laugh. And the train roared into a cutting.

About a year after these events Vandine's wife died, and Vandine thereupon removed, with Sarah and her baby, to the interior of the province, settling down finally at Aspohegan Mills. Here he built himself a small cottage on a steep slope overlooking the mill; and here Sarah, by her quiet and self-sacrificing devotion to her father and her child, wiped out the memory of her error and won the warm esteem of the settlement. As for the child, he grew into a handsome, blue-eyed, sturdy boy, whom his grandfather loved with a passionate tenderness intensified by a subtle strain of pity. As year by year his daughter and the boy twined themselves ever closer about his heart, Vandine's hate against the man who had wronged them both kept ever deepening to a keener anguish.

But now at last the day had come. When first he had caught sight of MacPherson in the yard below, the impulse to rush down and throttle him was so tremendous that as he curbed it the blood forsook his face, leaving it the color of ashes, and for a few seconds he could not tend his saw. Presently, when the yelping little demon was again at work biting across the timbers, the foreman drew near and Vandine asked him: "Who's the new hand down yonder?"

"Oh!" said the foreman, leaning a little over the bench to follow Vandine's pointing, "yon's one Sandy MacPherson, from over on the Kennebec. He's been working in Maine these seven year past, but says he kind of got a hankering after his own country, an' so he's come back. Good hand!"

"That so!" was all Vandine replied.

All the long forenoon, amid the wild, or menacing, or warning, or complaining crescendos and diminuendos of the unresting saws, the man's brain seethed with plans of vengeance. After all these years of waiting he would be satisfied with no common retribution. To merely kill the betrayer would be insufficient. He would wring his soul and quench his manhood with some strange, unheard-of horror, ere dealing the final stroke that should rid earth of his presence.

Scheme after scheme burned through his mind, and at times his gaunt face would crease itself in a dreadful smile as he pulled the lever that drove his blade through the deals. Finding no plan altogether to his taste, however, he resolved to postpone his revenge till night, at least, that he might have the more time to think it over, and to indulge the luxury of anticipation with realization so easily within his grasp.

At noon Vandine, muttering to himself, climbed the steep path to the little cottage on the hillside. He ate his dinner in silence, with apparently no perception of what was being set before him. His daughter dared not break in beyond this preoccupation. Even his idolized Stevie could win from him no notice, save a smile of grim triumph that frightened the child. Just as he was leaving the cottage to return to the mill, he saw Sarah start back from the window and sit down suddenly, grasping at her bosom, and blanching to the lips as if she had seen a ghost. Glancing downward to the black road, deep with rotted sawdust, he saw MacPherson passing.

"Who is it?" he asked the girl.

"It's Sandy," she murmured, flushing scarlet and averting her face.

Her father turned away without a word and started down the hill. Presently the girl remembered that there was something terrifying in the expression of his face as he asked the curt question. With a sudden, vague fear rising in her breast, she ran to the cottage door.

"Father!" she cried, "father!" But Vandine paid no heed to her calls, and after a pause she turned back into the room to answer Stevie's demand for a cup of milk.

Along about the middle of the afternoon, while Sandy MacPherson was still carting sawdust, and Vandine tending his circular amid the bewildering din, Stevie and some other children came down to play around the mill. The favorite amusement with these embryo mill hands, stream drivers, and lumbermen was to get on the planks as they emerged from the upper story of the mill, and go careering swiftly and smoothly down the slides, till, just before coming to the final plunge, they would jump off and fall on the heap of sawdust. This was a game that to strangers looked perilous enough, but there had never been an accident, so at Aspohegan Mills it had outgrown the disapproval of the hands. To Sandy MacPherson, however, it was new, and from time to time he eyed the sport apprehensively. And all the while Vandine glared upon him from his corner in the upper story, and the children raced shouting down the slide, and tumbled with bright laughter into the sawdust.

Among the children none enjoyed more than Stevie this racing down the slides. His mother, looking out of the window on the hillside, saw the merry little figure, bareheaded, the long yellow curls floating out behind him, as he half knelt, half sat on the sliding plank ready to drop off at the proper moment. She had no thought of danger as she resumed her housework. Neither had Stevie. At length it happened, however, that just as he was nearing the end of the descent, an eagle came sailing low overhead, caught the little fellow's eye, and diverted his attention for a moment. It was the fatal moment. Just as he looked down again, gathering himself to jump, his heart sprang into his throat, and the plank with a sickening lurch plunged into the churning basin. The child's shrill, frightened shriek was not half uttered ere the waters choked it.

Vandine had just let the buzzing little circular slip back into its recess when he saw MacPherson spring from his cart and dash madly down to the shore.

At the instant came the shrill cry, so abruptly silenced. Vandine's heart stood still with awful terror—he had recognized the child's voice. In a second he had swung himself down over the scaffolding, alighting on a sawdust heap.

"Hold back the deals!" he yelled in a voice that pierced the din. It was not five seconds ere every one in the mill seemed to know what had happened. Two men sprang on the slides and checked the stream of deals. Then the great turbines ceased to rumble, and all the clamor of the saws was hushed. The unexpected silence was like a blow, and sickened the nerves.

And meanwhile—Stevie? The plank that bore his weight, clinging desperately to it, plunged deeper than his fellows and came up somewhat further from the slide, but not now with Stevie upon it. The child had lost his hold, and when he rose it was only to strike against the bottoms of three or four deals that lay clustered together.

This, though apparently fatal, was in reality the child's salvation, for during the half or three-quarters of a minute that intervened before the slides could be stopped the great planks kept dropping and plunging and crashing about him, and had it not been for those very timbers that cut him off from the air he was choking to breathe, he would have been crushed and battered out of all human semblance in a second. As it was, ere he had time to suffocate, MacPherson was on the spot.

In an instant the young man's heavy boots were kicked off, and without pausing to count the odds, which were hideously against him, he sprang into the chaos of whirling timbers. All about pounded the falling deals, then ceased, just as he made a clean dive beneath that little cluster that covered Stevie. As Vandine reached the shore and was casting desperate glances over the basin in search of some clue to guide his plunge, MacPherson reappeared at the other side of the deals, and Stevie's yellow curls were floating over his shoulders. The young man clung rather faintly to the supporting planks as if he had over-strained himself, and two or three hands, who had already shoved off a "bateau," pushed out and picked him up with his burden.

Torn by a convulsion of fiercely antagonized feelings, Vandine sat down on the edge of the bank and waited stupidly. About the same moment Sarah looked out of the cottage door in wonder to see why the mill had stopped so suddenly.

In all his dreams, Vandine had never dreamed of such a chance as that his enemy should deserve his gratitude. In his nature there had grown up one thing stronger than his thirst for vengeance, and that one thing was his love for Stevie. In spite of himself, and, indeed, to his furious self-scorn, he found his heart warming strangely to the man who, at deadliest risk, had saved the life of his darling. At the same time he was conscious of a fresh sense of injury. A bitter resentment throbbed up in his bewildered bosom to think that MacPherson should thus have robbed him of the sweets of that revenge he had so long anticipated.

The first clear realization that came to him was that, though he must kill the man who had wronged his girl, he would, nevertheless, be tortured with remorse forever after. A moment more, and—as he saw Sandy step out of the "bateau" with the boy, now sobbing feebly, in his arms—he knew that his vengeance had been made forever impossible. He longed fiercely to grasp the fellow's hand and make some poor attempt to thank him. But he mastered the impulse—Sarah must not be forgotten. He strode down the bank. One of the hands had taken Stevie, and MacPherson was leaning against a pile of boards panting for breath. Vandine stepped up to him, his fingers twitching, and struck him a furious blow across the mouth with his open hand. Then he turned aside, snatched Stevie to his bosom, and started up the bank. Before going two paces, however, he paused, as if oppressed by the utter stillness that followed his astounding act. Bending a strange look on the man he said, in a voice as harsh as the saw's:

"I was going to kill you to-night, but there's Stevie—"

"Stevie and the lass hez both got a good home," interrupted Vandine roughly.

"'n I wouldn't want a better for 'em," exclaimed MacPherson eagerly, catching the train of the old man's thought. "What I'd want, would be, ef maybe you'd let me come in along with them and you."

By this time Vandine had got his new saw, and he turned away without replying. Sandy followed him a few paces, and then turned back dejectedly to attend to his own circular—he having been moved into the mill that morning.

All the hands looked at him in sympathy, and many were the ingenious backwoods oaths which were muttered after Vandine for his ugliness. The old man paid little heed however, to the tide of unpopularity that was rising about him. Probably, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was utterly unaware of it. All morning he swung and fed his circular, and when the horn blew for twelve his mind was made up. In the sudden stillness he strode over to the place where MacPherson worked and said in a voice of affected carelessness.

"You better come along an' have a bite o' dinner with us, Sandy. You'll be kinder expected, I reckon, for Stevie's powerful anxious to see you."

Sandy grabbed his coat and went along.

Odd Things from Mails.

From the Washington Star.

One of the most curious and interesting exhibits to be installed in the government building was unpacked by Supt. Bell of the postal service. The exhibit now occupies six large cases in the post-office section and comprises a list of curious articles ranging from a lock of baby's hair to a destructive infernal machine all primed and loaded for the benefit of the victim.

"There is hardly a thing transportable on the face of the globe but what turns up at the dead-letter office," remarked one of the assistants, who was putting up a lot of frames containing oddly addressed envelopes. "Take this stuff I am putting up now. I've heard of poor handwriting and scrawls that a hieroglyphist could not read, but look at these."

The gentleman pointed at a lot of ink-bedraggled envelopes. The markings on some might have been made with a finger dipped in ink. They bore no semblance to written characters, oven to the scribe.

"But we decipher those things just the same," said the informant with a smile. "I don't know just how we do it, but after a familiarity with the scrawls the old hands arrive at a conclusion almost intuitively. Some of the hardest addresses to interpret are those written in a foreign language, the writer lettering in his own language just as the name of a city sounds to him. But we have that trouble in sending letters directed by Americans. Here is one addressed to Mount Sea, Ind. It is from a backwoods town in Minnesota. We found it belonged in Muncie, Ind. Another is addressed to Ceginat. Haio; it reached its destination at Cincinnati, Ohio. We have some trouble with letters addressed by would-be funny people, who change the name of the place in some manner to be comical. One trick, now very common, is to call Williamstown 'Billstown.' Here is one on Chicago. It is addressed 'Big-Foot.' Here is another marked 'Smoky City,' Pa. We sent it to Pittsburg. Absent-minded people often make curious mistakes. One who was probably wrestling with a problem in finances wrote 'Half-Penny, Va.,' when he should have said Half-way. Another ruminating on the delights of a good cigar, writes Key West, Md., for North Keys, while another writes Clover Leaf, Kas., when he means Cloverdale."

Among the articles that get loose in the mails are listed everything mailable and often articles not mailable according to rule. Such, for instance, are live snakes, frogs, lizards, etc.

"Here is a jar of snakes preserved in alcohol. Some of them measure six or seven feet long. They are the result of one season's collection and were all found alive. People mail them in perforated tin boxes. As a rule the box comes open and the snake wraps around your arm when you reach into the pouch. We occasionally find centipedes, scorpions, etc., mailed by enthusiastic naturalists. Photographs, bottles of cologne, patent medicine, whiskey, etc., are quite common."

The most short-sighted people are those who cannot see beyond this life.

Human Amphibians.

"The Caribs of British Honduras," said Frank Fisher, "are a peculiar people, and, unlike other natives of the tropics, do not mingle with the whites, holding aloof, for that matter, from the other natives.

"Originally from Africa, they still maintain their tribal relations and singular customs. Physically they are a fine race, being coal black and very muscular. Their language is harsh and guttural, its vocabulary consisting of about seven hundred words. They can count up to three in their own tongue, and above that number count in French. It is almost impossible to learn their language. They are nomadic and go from place to place along the coast. Some families have half a dozen homes in as many villages. Some of the young women are comparatively good looking, and all have a most graceful and erect carriage. They carry water pitchers on their heads very skillfully.

"The women do all the work and carry heavy burdens on their backs teat would crack the vertebræ of a strong white man. The men are idlers. The women have no standing in the family relations, and the wife does not eat with her husband, nor do any of the females with the men. They are as much at home in the water as on land, and the women paddle the dugrut canoes. The babies learn to swim almost before they learn to walk. As a race they are wonderfully cleanly, bathing several times a day, and when the morning's work is over they are very neat in their scant attire.

"They are very filial, however, and when one goes fishing the first fish caught is for the grandfather, the next for the father and so on down until the fisherman comes to himself. They will not sell their fish to the whites or other natives until their own families are supplied. In brief, they are one of the few races in the world who have refused to intermingle with other people.

"British Honduras is a crown colony, and of its 30,000 population there are about 300 whites, mainly English. There is an American colony of about twenty people at Toledo, engaged in sugar-growing and rum making. They are mainly from Kentucky, and it is a prosperous colony. The colony is healthful for a tropical country, and there has not been a case of yellow fever in several years. The principal product is mahogany, and it will be years before the forests are exhausted. Great quantities of logwood are also shipped to Europe. We ship only bananas and plantains to the United States, shipping last year 728,008 bunches of bananas to New Orleans. The great problem with us is labor, and we import natives from the West Indies. We need immigration, and Sir Arthur Maloney, the Governor, is a very progressive man, and is doing much to bring us to the notice of the world. We have no railroads beyond a tramway drawn by mules, penetrating the plantations for about six miles. There is not a telegraph instrument or line in the province, and only a short telephone line between Government buildings. We have no money of our own, but use the silver of surrounding republics, which is so depreciated that $5 in American money is equal to $8.60 of the money in use."

He Had Some Fun.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received the following reassuring letter:

"I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, and the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothing for a good long while.

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time.

"A hoss kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I am not your son if we don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."

The unsuccessful often forget the intermediary steps that lie between the base and pinnacle of glory; they storm the tempting heights at once, and sink exhausted at the base. They that toil with the right means, at the right time, in the right spirit, for a reasonable and possible success, generally attain it—if not in one form, then in another, even if in no form than in the satisfaction of having nobly striven and nobly failed.

If a man finds that he is everywhere esteemed, considered honorable and trustworthy, he will be stimulated to become still more so. If he finds every one suspecting him, he will much more easily succumb to temptation. And so with all other merits and demerits, showing how powerful a factor in human life is the emphasis we use.

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