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But we do want to make you believe by factual facts in our business relations that we do sell goods at the
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We are closing out a great many things at
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# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 30. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

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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.
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Beginning Saturday, June 17, '93.
Men's Suits which sold for $5 now $3.75.
$7 SUITS NOW $5.
$10 SUITS NOW $7.50.
$15 SUITS AT $12.
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Similar reductions in
Youths' and Children's Suits,
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MEN'S AND BOYS' PANTS.
Also great bargains in
SLIPPERS, SHOES, HATS, FANCY VESTS AND SASHES,
Men's Dusters, Satchels, Trunks and Umbrellas. Our Goods are all of New Styles and will be sold at prices to suit. Respectfully,
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For all Crops
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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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We are offering special bargains for the next 30 days in all
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apl-29-tf Attorney for the Heirs.

## Select Poetry.

### DO YOU REMEMBER.

BY E. W. W.

Do you remember, sweetheart, in these days,
Some of the happiness we had of yore?
A tithe of all the sweetest "vanished Mays,"
That will return to us—ah! never more.
What of the stolen kiss, the secret love,
What of the perfect hours for us, alone,
What of the ming'd thoughts that to us clove,
And all the days that made us more our own?

Don't you remember, sweetheart, how we tried
To vanquish all those feelings, pow'rful still,
In spite of all your efforts, and Love cried,
"You can't forget—remember! for I will!"
Lo, he has spoken—monarch—potentate—
And you and I must bend to his decree;
Thro' all the years, so early, or so late,
I live for you—as you must live for me!

## Select Story.

### UNDER THE PINES.

Out of the mellow sunshine of the clearing, where the birds chirped and the long blackberry vines waved in the odorous winds, into the deep shadows of the gloomiest of all gloomy places, above ground, the dense pine forest, Bernice Winters turned "old Ceil" with a quick deft motion of the firm hand holding the bridle-rein. That cold, lonesome feeling, which seemingly belongs to "the byroad," came over her, and she shuddered, in spite of her resolutions to not mind it—this is riding alone along the "forest road." She had told herself many times that the shadows of the tall shafted pines held no more evil than the sunshine of the fields she had just left behind her and that the weird music away up there in the green crowns only seemed dismal to her because of the deep solitude reigning beneath, but it was of little use. The growing dread of this "cut across" amounted literally to a strange presentiment that this same forest road would bring her face to face with—well, she was unable to further define her emotions, but it would come one of these days.

Her father had laughed at her and called her superstitious, but in vain; she was the more determined in her belief that something dreadful would one day come to her vision in the solitude under the pines.

Bernice had not always lived up here in the denseness of the Michigan woods, for close to her heart today lies the picture of a little home overlooking the blue waters of the broad old Connecticut, the dear little cottage her father left to strangers in his eagerness to possess a tract of the far famed cheap lands of the peninsula. To be sure it was pleasant enough, but it was just woods, woods, woods, with nothing but the never ending buzz, whir, crash, slang and bang of the huge lumber mills all through the country. There didn't seem to be any Sabbaths worth mentioning outside of their little "up and down" dwelling, and the society here was not to be thought of.

It was October now and the long, dull winter would soon be upon them; then even these lonely rides would come abruptly to an end for the eldest daughter of the house and some one else would go Saturdays for the mail if the drifts were not too deep in the "openings," and if they were, why it would be duller than ever.

But "old Ceil' jogged on at a quiet pace, with his ears forward, little knowing what a heavy heart his youthful rider carried or that the hand which dropped the rein went up to the sad face to brush away the tears. Tears would come, in spite of every effort to hinder them. They seemed so appropriate to the gloom to-day. "Old Ceil" could not know; he had never been in Connecticut, had never been anywhere but in the "North-Woods," pulling his faithful life out getting the great pine logs down to the restless current of the Muskegon for rafting to the city below, until the "aristocratic" Winters got hold of him, and since then he had positively no cause to grumble.

"Hark! Whoa, Ceil!" and the little form of his rider trembled like an aspen in the wind. "What an awful sound that was," she whispered, with ashen lips; "not so loud, no, but so full of distress. I knew it was coming." But she tried to be brave and patted the horse on the neck, as if to reassure him of her safety.

Up in the dark tops the winds moaned and sobbed in solemn requiem and the shadows gathered darker and denser, as if determined to shut out even the dim, stray, silvery gleams struggling here and there through the billowy canopy above and seeking to kiss into fuller crimson the "squawberries" clustering among their green vines on the carpet. There!—came that sound again, plainer than before, and Bernice peered among the trees at her left, for the sound, as of some one in great pain, came from that quarter, while all the stories of murders and adventures that she had ever read or heard rushed across her mind.

Old Ceil, too, had caught the sound and turned half way 'round, as if bent on investigation also.

"I don't know what to do; I wish father was here; it would be wrong to go on and leave any one to die out here in this awful place." Bernice sobbed out these disconnected sentences in a strange, smothered voice and slipped down from the saddle, holding on to the bridle with a grip born of terror.

There was a lull in the requiem overhead, and once more came the sound, this time seeming to resolve itself into words, and Bernice thought she heard the cry of "Help!" in the pitiful lament. Old Cecil sniffed the the air and gave a low whinny as if he understood the whole matter. His seeming interest gave courage to Bernice, and she stepped out among the tress, leaving him to wait or follow as he chose.

On she went, in the direction from which came the moan at little intervals, rousing all her sympathies with its plaintiveness. "Where are you?" she shouted, and feeling that she must scream if she did not speak.

"Here!" came in answer close at hand, and a step further brought her to the foot of a huge pine, at whose base lay the outstretched form of a young man. His face, turned toward her, and the blood was trickling from an ugly wound just above the right temple.

"Don't be afraid of me, but help me if you can," he said with an effort, holding out his hand.

Bernice had paused, struck dumb at the sight of the blood dropping from the white, suffering face, but the tones roused her to action. She stepped forward and knelt down by the unfortunate man, forgetting all her terror in the great sympathy taking possession of her whole being.

"How did you get hurt?" she asked, at the same time taking off her white cambric apron and tearing it in two for a bandage for the wounded head.

"If I remember right," he answered, "some one struck me, for I mind of falling—in the path. Isn't there a path here somewhere?" he questioned in a faint voice, as if in doubt concerning his own statement.

"Yes, a few steps to our right is the 'forest road' leading out to the highway," answered Bernice, adjusting the bandage with skillful touch.

"Well, I remember of falling, and that is all. When I came to myself again I was lying here—with a terrible pain in my head—and my watch and purse are missing. I guess I've been robbed and left for dead by some scoundrel."

"Most likely, but you are not dead," she returned, "for which I am heartily glad."

"Are you?" he asked, in a low, earnest tone, which sent the hot blood to her white face, and made the hand tremble which folded the cambric over the ugly wound.

"Yes, most certainly I am glad; no one wants the ghost of a murdered man wandering in these woods. They're gloomy enough now."

"To be sure they are," he assented. "I wonder if I could stand up for a moment."

He reached his hands to Bernice, who had risen, and was debating what to do next, saying: "Please assist me a little and I will give up."

She gave him her hand, but it was of no use, for with a moan he reeled toward her. She caught him and he slipped to the earth from her arms in a half fainting condition.

"You will have to have help; you are hurt worse than you think for," she said, kneeling down by him again and folding her wraps in pillow form and placing them under his head.

"Yes," he murmured, "and I'll depend on you. If I'm not alive when you return," he added, as she turned away, "tell them that Bernard Hope was murdered here for his money. My mother lives in Genessee, N. Y.

"Oh! you must not die; it must not be," she replied impulsively. "I have a horse and will bring help speedily; I don't live far from here."

Whether he heard or not Berniae could not tell; he only moaned a little and closed his eyes.

"He has fainted!" she wailed, the old terror taking possession of her. "Poor fellow. Oh, I must hurry. Here, Ceil," and she whistled softly to the old creature who was waiting near the path and wondering what had become of his mistress.

In a moment Bernice was in the saddle and was urging the dumb-founded animal forward at a swifter pace than he remembered of since he came among the Winters. She did not mind the gloom, nor the surging of the winds in the dark tops now; there was a life hanging on her efforts, perhaps. Over the pine roots flew the feet of "old Ceil," until Bernice drew rein at the edge of the forest where her father and his "help" were falling timber. To them she told her story as her excitement permitted, adding, in a short, wretched aside, "I knew it would come some time, this awful thing." In a short time they were following her flying footsteps as she retraced the gloomy by-road. One of the men had been dispatched to the house for a heavy blanket, from which to improvise a stretcher, and now brought up the rear on "old Ceil," who imagined that the whole Winters relationship had gone mad.

"Here he is," cried Bernice, running forward to where the prostrate but reviving victim lay.

"You have come," he said as she bent over him and again the surging of the rich color went over her fair face. There was a magnetism in his tones, notwithstanding the pain in the accents, that made her heart throb and pulse quicken strangely. "Yes," she answered, and their eyes met. He reached up his hands to her as the color mounted to her temples, with an eloquent appeal, in look and manner.

"Well, my young fellow, you've been in rather a hard row lately, I should say," said Mr. winters.

"Yes, they came near finshing me, I think."

"Well, we'll see what can be done for you," and in a short time they had placed him on the blanket and taking hold of the four corners bore him away from the gloomy spot where he came near stepping from this land into the unknown.

The physician said that he must have been struck with an iron bolt, but none could tell much about it and no trace of the murderer could be found.

But under the kind care of competent nurses Bernard Hope gained rapidly and was soon able to be about. One bright afternoon he walked out leaning on the arm of Bernice, who accompanied him on his little "outing" during his convalescence.

"You will write a letter for me today, will you not?" he asked, pausing to get a rich cluster of bittersweet berries from a swinging vine, "my head isn't just right, now, somehow, and mother will be anxious to know where I am. Mother is all I have now and I love her dearly." He sighed and looked away towards the pines, but Bernice was listening attentively and noticed the sadness creep into his closing words.

"Yes, certainly, I will do anything for you," she answered in her impulsive way.

"Will you?" he asked, turning quickly and looking wistfully into her face.

Again the hot flush suffused cheek and brow. Bernice had a way of blushing when the frank, clear eye of Bernard Hope rested on her and today it vexed her exceedingly.

"Let us go in," she said abruptly, pretending not to hear his last question, and I will write your letter at once."

"Thank you, you are so kind," was all he said, as they turned toward the house, but there was a caress in every word as it fell from his lips, and she felt that this stranger loved her.

"Tell her," he said, dictating the letter over which Bernice held the pen, "tell her to send me a check for a couple of thousand dollars, as the rascal has every cent I had. I can get it cashed at Muskegon, of course?" he said absently, as thinking of something else.

"Ah! yes, the 'Sawdust City' never fails in an accommodation; even sends pickpockets after one through the 'forest road,'" replied Bernice, mischievously.

He looked across the writing-table at her a moment and then said, "maybe it was the luckiest tap I ever had."

Bernice met his earnest glance and the [redacted] lips swe[redacted] hast[redacted] ly, [redacted] you hur[redacted] You[redacted] for [redacted] you[redacted] to a[redacted] near you came over me. Perhaps I ought not to tell you this just yet, but I cannot keep the secret from you any longer. I almost love the spot where I lay, because it was there that I met—Bernice."

She did not answer. He expected her to speak, but a great lump came in her throat and she sat silent and speechless. He intended to say more, but her seeming indifference checked him and he went over to the open window and sat down wearily.

He was so weak, too, and some way his temple pained him yet. So he bowed his head to the window ledge.

The dark red of the ugly scar showed plainly on the white brow turned next to her, and Bernice felt as if she ought to go to him and apologize or say something, at least. She watched the silent figure nervously, thinking of how this one honest heart had drifted into her life and back from the gates of death.

"Shall I mail your letter to-day?" she asked finally, not daring to risk anything else in words, but her voice was tenderer than usual and there was something in the tones which made him look up suddenly, with a wild hope at his beating heart. Her face was turned away, however, and as yet he could not be certain of anything.

"If you please." He answered her so long after she had asked the question that she had thought he did not hear.

"If I please," she said softly, turning to meet that wistful, entreating look she was sure was there. Ah! the truth and love shining in the depths of the dark eyes—and all for her. She went over to him and stood still, looking down on the dark rings of brown hair just touching the ugly scar. "If I please," she repeated "Certainly, I will do anything for you."

"Do you feel that way?" he asked joyfully, raising his head. "You have said that twice to me to-day and I—well, if you feel that, kiss me, Bernice, please!"

She hesitated a moment, then imprinted a little frightened kiss on the broad forehead, close to the dreadful scar.

"Oh! Bernice, you do love me; what can I ask more?" and he held up his hands much the same as once before—that gloomy hour under the pines.

"I might have kissed you from pity," she said, looking down and taking his willing hands in her own pink palms.

"No! others might have done that, but not you, Bernice, not you."

"You are weak and tired," she said, ignoring his words; "poor head, you had better lie down and rest." Then, with a gentle caress of the white, scarred brow, she turned to adjust the cushions on the couch near by. "Come," she said, "you are all wearied out, Bernard," and the look on her face satisfied him that henceforth their paths would never need diverge.

"I am very happy," he said, closing his eyes, "too happy to be tired, and the pain in my heart is gone."

Bernice had not been so happy either for many months—perhaps never so happy, but she wondered quietly to herself if that little kiss on the wounded head had brought it all about.

"I am going, now," she said, coming toward him.

"Wait a moment. Come closer." He reached out his hand to her as she came to his side. "I want to always be near you; I have given myself to you; will you take me, Bernice?"

The questioning magnetism of the earnest eyes added their power to the interrogative she hardly expected—not just yet.

But after all, why was it needful to hesitate? Bending over the upturned face, as she had once before, only the other time savored of the gloom of death, while this time—well, this time, was the "silver lining," and while their eyes met she answered him in her low, sweet voice. "I will, Bernard."

* * * * *

"That youngster has been over to the city to-day and purchased that whole tract of land lying over there, alongside of ours, mother," Abraham Winters said to his wife one afternoon late in November, "and he's going to bring one of the slashingest mills in [redacted] this winter that this neck o' [redacted]ls ever saw, I reckon."

"You always hated that strip o' pine [redacted]ber," he continued, turning to his [redacted]ghter, "but the curse resolved it[redacted]nto a double blessing; eh, Ber[redacted]?"

[redacted]t she was looking out of the [redacted]ow, down the path leading out [redacted]r the pines, and Bernard Hope [redacted]coming out of their shadows, [redacted]istling softly and thinking of her. She was sure of it, and when he looked up he answered both with a smile.

It will make any man vain to see his picture in a photographer's show window.

### About Juries.

Buckstone, the actor, left a record of a most extraordinary decision which a jury gave in a trial in which he was interested. It was a clear case of murder through jealousy.

An actress, named Miss Hamblin, who had been shown some attentions by an actor called Ewing, was so enraged at the devotion which the latter paid to a new member of the company to which they both belonged that after a certain performance she followed him into his dressing room and stabbed him to the heart.

It would have been impossible to find a more outrageous case, for, so far as could be discovered at the trial there were no extenuating circumstances whatever. And yet the jury who had been appointed to decide the innocence or guilt of Miss Hamblin, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," on the extravagant plea that Ewing would very likely have died of heart disease if he had not been killed by the jealous actress.

The old custom of shutting up a jury without food led, many years ago, to some rather curious developments of a trial. The twelve good men and true were so long in making up their minds with regard to the merits of a case which had been tried before them that the judge suspected something out of order, and commanded that they should be searched.

This was done, with the result that the court officials found quite a store of figs, bread, and wine, while some empty bottles and crumbs showed that the dallying jurors had been keeping their spirits up by surreptitious eating and drinking.

When they came back into court, each of them was examined on oath, and it was discovered that they had made quite a hearty meal while they had been supposed to be provisionless.

Now if it could have been proved by either party to the suit that the other had provided the jurymen with the refreshments with which they had solaced themselves, the verdict would have been rendered void, and so the counsel for the side against whom it went made every effort to prove that his client's opponents had unlawfully provided the materials for the jurors' meal.

His attempts to do this were not, however, successful, and it was satisfactorily shown that the irregularities in question were the unaided work of the jurors themselves.

The decision at which they had arrived was therefore permitted to have due effect, but they were fined five pounds apiece for their unlawful indulgence of their appetites.

The charges of some long-winded judges are very wearisome to juries.

Judge Foster goes down to posterity as having delivered the shortest charge on record. The day was a particularly warm one, and his lordship, after taking his seat upon the bench, turned to the standing jurors and said, "Gentlemen, the day is extremely hot; I am very old; and you are very well acquainted with your duty; I have no doubt you will practice it."

Lord Erskine, on the other hand, was remarkable for the length and tediousness of his charges, and also for the fact that, unlike many other judges, he never relaxed the rule that juries should stand all the time that he was addressing them. Lord Cockburn says of him, "Often have I gone back to the court at midnight and found him whom I had left mumbling hours before still talking on to the smoky candles in greasy tin candlesticks and the poor desponding jurymen, while the other portion of his audience were asleep, the wagging of his lordship's nose and chin being the chief sign that he was still charging."

Once as some members of a jury were leaving the court, one of them was heard to remark to another, "We should have been there all night while Jones was making up his mind if we had not threatened to kick him." Presumably the opinion of Jones had run counter to those of his colleagues, and nothing but the fear of corporal chastisement had been sufficiently persuasive to induce him to coincide with their ideas.

Juries are notoriously apt to allow themselves to be influenced by members of the fair sex. A trial is related of a lady who had a very doubtful case, and who appeared in court clad in the deepest of widows' mourning. She was very much affected during the whole course of the trial, and wept almost incessantly. The jury naturally took it for granted that her husband was only just dead, and their sympathy for her led them to bring in a verdict which certainly erred in her favor. When it afterwards transpired that she had been a widow for five years, they felt that perhaps they had allowed their sympathy to exhibit itself in rather too marked a fashion.

A well-known counsel was noted for the way he had of constantly winking at the jury when he wanted to direct their attention to particular points that the evidence before them produced. One morning he was noticed by a friend to be looking extremely depressed.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you, T—?" asked he; "are you going to lose your case?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I'm afraid I shall lose it. You see, my jury eye has got a sty in it, and I shan't be able to work it properly."

### A Snake Story.

From the Hanover Herald.

[The following yarn is based on a brief but true account of a big snake seen near Melrose, as related in the *Herald* a few weeks ago by "C. T. G." This shows how a story sometimes grows, under the lively imagination of a reporter.]

James R. Zepp and James C. Meyers of York County are doing a job of bark peeling in that county, near the Maryland line, writes a Harrisburg, Pa., correspondent. On Sunday afternoon they were walking along the Melrose road on their way to the wood when they came upon a track in the road.

"Who do you s'pose can be going through this country on a bicycle?" said Zepp.

"Somebody that must have muscle and nerve," replied Meyers. "He must have a tire on his wheel like a lumber wagon, from the width of the track it makes."

They measured the track. It was six inches wide. It followed the road for two miles, and then turned off toward the woods and ended. Then it struck the two bark peelers that the track had begun in the road just as suddenly as it had come to an end. They thought over the puzzle for some time, and could come to but one conclusion.

"It's a spook bicycle!" said Zepp, and Meyers agreed with him.

They went on with hurried steps and had gone a mile or more, when suddenly an enormous blacksnake glided out of the woods into the road. It had a cock pheasant in its mouth and was dragging it along by the neck. The snake kept the road and traveled so fast that it was out of sight before Zepp or Meyers had recovered from their astonishment. Then they saw that it was not a bicycle that had made the mysterious and spooky track in the road. The wide trail mas made by the enormous blacksnake.

It was sometime before the two bark peelers could make up their minds whether to go on or return to Melrose. They finally armed themselves with heavy clubs and went on. The great trail followed the road for nearly a mile, when it turned toward the woods again and disappeared. Zepp and Meyers were now within two miles of their camp, where they had a gun, and they hurried on. Within half a mile of their camp the snake came into the road again like a flash. This time it had a rabbit in its mouth.

"Lord! exclaimed Zepp. "He's gulped that big pheasant, and hain't had enough yit!"

This time the snake did not follow along the road, but crossed it, and made the eyes of the two bark peelers bulge when they saw the head of the snake disappear in the woods on one side of the road sometime before its tail came out of the woods on the other side.

They gave the snake time to get a long distance into the woods, and they broke for the camp on the double quick. They found Andy Flite of Cumberland there. Andy is a fox, coon and 'possum hunter, and when he heard about the big snake, he called his dog, and started off to see if he couldn't make a hit as a snake hunter, too. Zepp and Meyers took their guns and went along.

They took the trail where the snake crossed the road, and Andy's dog followed it as if it had been a fox scent. He led the men a mile into the woods and came to a noisy stand. He barked and growled and yelped so vociferously that Andy exclaimed:

"That's the oncommonest snake, I reckon, that was ever treed around hyer, or you wouldn't find old Dan cuttin' up like that! He's holed up a dozen big rattles to wunst, 'fore now an' never made no setch fuss."

The hunters drew near to the dog, and immediately saw that he had good cause to make a fuss. Two snakes lay stretched out on the rocks. They were black as coal, or they could easily have been mistaken for chestnut saplings lying on the ground, so Zepp and Meyers declare. Each snake seemed swollen to an enormous size just below the neck. Andy Flite shot both of them through the head, and they thrashed around so in the bushes that the dog and the two bark peelers ran away.

The snakes finally gave up, and Andy cut them open. In one was a cock pheasant and in the other a rabbit. The snake that had swallowed the rabbit also had a mule's shoe in its stomach. This led to the report, when the news of the killing of the two snakes was carried to Melrose, that one of the snakes had swallowed a mule. This was found out later to be untrue.

George Sampson identified the shoe as one he had around the neck of a cat he had thrown into the millpond a couple of weeks ago go drown. The cat had evidently been too much for the weight of the shoe, had escaped from the pond, and run up against the snake, which at once took it in, shoe and all.

The smaller of the two snakes measured fourteen feet, the other fourteen feet nine and one-half inches. They were larger by four or five feet than blacksnakes usually run in that neighborhood.

### Locksmiths in the Middle Ages.

From San Francisco Chronicle

In the Middle Ages when life and property were exceedingly insecure, the trade of locksmith was one of great importance and of a certain dignity. Windows were defended with strong iron gratings, castle entrances by drawbridges and portcullises and doors were of oak, very solid, strongly bound with iron and furnished with bolts and locks formidable for their size and strength rather than for ingenuity of construction. There was usually a single bolt contained in a box sliding into a solid socket, but lock and bolt were so inclosed and fortified that they rendered the door impregnable. The keys were massive and their manipulation required a muscular force such as is rarely found in the modern jailor. Those for the inner doors of dwellings were naturally less ponderous, and they were rendered more secure by a multiplication of bolts, each manipulated by its own key. History informs us that Queen Isabella, of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI. of France, ordered her locksmith in 1496 to put a lock with five keys on the door of the apartment occupied by her ladies of honor, the lightness of whose conduct had caused some comment. One of these old locks having a multiplicity of keys may still be seen on the door of a closet in the famous befry of Bruges. In the times of Louis V. and XVI. locks became a real work of art and were often one of the principal ornaments of the doors to which they were attached. In this sense they took a great variety of forms, classical or otherwise. The keyhole became athing of beauty, and the key was given an infinite variety of shapes and received workmanship as delicate and minute as if it were a piece of jewelry. Keys of this size and of a fabricatian so elaborate would not now be tolerated, except for doors of public edifices or for the main entrance of a millionaire's palace. The key in America is a small, practical, delicate affair to be carried on a ring aad put into the pocket with a multitude of other objects such as an American always carries about his person.

An American who has lived for several years in China has this to say about our national extravagance: "What the American throws away would keep a European family from starving, and would feed a Chinese or Japanese family. It is not merely food that we waste, it is fuel. Look at this," and he produced a cylinder of bronze as large as a "plug" hat. "Here is a Chinese stove, or oven. With four or five pieces of charcoal a Mongolian will make tea and cook rice and eggs over that, while an American domestic would use up at least a hod of coal in the same operation."

Salt is a simple remedy for many things. It will cure sick headache, make cream freeze, make the butter come, take ink-stains out of cloth of any kind, kill worms, make the ground cool, making it more congenial to celery, cabbage, etc. It will ease the itching pain caused by irritable skin diseases; it will produce vomiting or stop it, as you like; and many other things too numerous to mention. All pure salt will do this to a certain degree, but sea salt is the most effectual in its action.

It is not sufficient to expound to the rising generation principles of integrity, and enforce them by weighty arguments; we must also nourish the germs of benevolence in their hearts, and cultivate the aptitude for reading and interpreting the feelings of others, and the power of participating in their pleasures and pains.

Scientists are now telling us that the dangerous microbe is lurking in the greenback. Those in arrears for subscription, says a contemporary, can send the amount, as he has facilities to disinfect small amounts, and is willing to take the risk.

The man who doesn't think his baby is the prize baby hasn't got any baby.

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