We Wish All

Our Friends,

Customers,

and Competitors,

A Happy New Year.

TO OUR COMPETITORS.

We hope that our business relations may always be as pleasant in the future as they have been in the past.

To Our Customers and Friends.

We thank you for your friendship and liberal patronage.

We came here fifteen years ago little boys and have grown up in business. We have made every effort to please you, and with our continuous hard work, strict attention to business, and always giving you the best values to be had for your money, we hope to continue to grow in favor and prosperity. We are as fond of our stores and business as a child is of a new toy.

We trust that you will show your appreciation of our efforts to please you and give you the best values for your money by giving us a liberal share of your valuable patronage.

Yours Respectfully,

MILLER BROS.,

FRED. D. MILLER. FRANK Z. MILLER.
my-5-94

HOLIDAYS.

I AM OFFERING

Special Inducements

for this season—the best I have ever offered. My stock consists of

PRUNES, APRICOTS

PEACHES, RAISINS,

Figs, Citron, Currants,

Oranges, Nuts.

RAISINS, 5 lbs. for 25 Cents; every thing else in proportion.

GOODS of the BEST QUALITY,

bought in large quantities and at low figures will be given to the trade. Also I am getting in a large

Lot of Confectioneries,

which I will sell at Baltimore Prices.

Staple and Fancy Groceries

a specialty.

Fruits, Bacon, Flour,

Tinware, Tobacco and Cigars,

at surprisingly low prices.

Country Produce taken in exchange; the highest prices paid.

JOHN D. BOWERS,

47 and 49 East Main Street,

opposite Catholic Church, Westminster.

jan-12-93

NEW STOCK.

LOW PRICES FOR ALL.

COME AND SEE ME.

Having taken the old and well known Reifsnider Stand, W. Main street and Pa. avenue, Westminster, (formerly occupied by J. C. Hull,) have a clean and fresh stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

consisting of

Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices,

Syrups, Canned Goods, at rock bottom prices; Fruits, Nuts, Cakes, Candies, &c., Queens, Glass, Stone, Tin and Woodenware Tobacco and Cigars,

Flour, Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Lard.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods at the highest prices.

I make a specialty of Red C. and White C. Coal Oils.

All goods delivered free of charge and orders called for Tuesdays and Fridays. Thankful for past favor I solicit a continuance of the same. Respectfully yours,

ia-20-1y G. MORITZ ZEPP.

RESIDENCE FOR RENT

APRIL 1st, 1895.



Located on Carroll St., adjoining Lutheran Church, Westminster, Md., a complete home, with all rooms heated by furnace; water in house; also, range; large stable, and an abundance of choice fruit. Now occupied by P. H. Babylon.

Also following property for sale low: Large Store Property, at junction of Main street and Pennsylvania avenue; Block of Dwellings, on Main street, adjoining Jesse Shreeve.

Having removed from Westminster, I will sell any or all of above property very low and on easy terms. Address,

M. L. MAIN,

Antietam street, Hagerstown, Md.

Orndorffs'

Striking Bargains

THIS WEEK.

Holiday Goods

Arriving Hourly.

To make room for them we are compelled to force the sale of

Our Blankets.

If you want Blankets this is your chance.

One of the special features this week will be

TABLE OIL CLOTH,

first quality, select patterns, at 12½ cts.; our competitors are asking 20 cts.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT FRUIT OF THE LOOM IS?

Well, this week we will sell Fruit Muslin for 7 cts. per yard, right off the piece; no remnants. It will pay you to buy a whole piece.

JUST TO THINK:

Fruit of the Loom,

7 Cts.

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND.

sep-8-1y

Come to Santa Claus' Headquarters

AT

OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, MD.

Our Stock is Brim Full of Holiday Attire.

A wonderful Stock of Christmas Goods to select from. Every Man, Woman and Child is invited to come in and see our great display.

You hear it on every corner, you hear it in every home, the name of Oak Hall, and when there is so much talk, there must be a good cause for it. I will name in part:

DOLLS, TOYS, ALBUMS, BOOKS, PLUSH SETS, CHINAWARE, LAMPS, SILVERWARE, PICTURES, MOQUETTE RUGS, TABLE COVERS.

Towels, Handkerchiefs, and a thousand other things to select from. Will offer our entire stock of DRESS GOODS at a great discount to reduce stock. A regular upheaval in Dress Goods prices. A volcanic eruption to throw off the surplus stock. A generous surprise awaits the shrewdest buyers.

Our black Henrietta Cloth, at $1.25, now 85 cts., 46 inch; Our D. Co. Cloth, at $1.00, now 65 cts., 46 inch; Our D. Co. Cloth, 75 cts., now 55 cts., 46 inch; Fancy Dress Goods, 25 to 37 cts., reduced from 50 cts.

Our stock of Clothing, both Men's and Boys', at ⅓ to ⅖ less than regular price.

Overcoats at great reduction. Will give a nice Hat with Suit or Overcoat from $7.50 up, or corresponding reduction without Hat. 25 Overcoats at ⅓ less than price. 25 to 40 Men's Suits, at $5.00, reduced from $8.00 to $10.00. Ladies' Coats very cheap.

10-4 White and Gray Blankets, 65 cts, were $1.00. A good Muslin, 5 to 6 cts. Fruit of Loom Muslin 8 cts. Candies and Fruits cheap. Raisins 4 cts.; 6 lbs. of Crackers for 25 cents. If you will visit us during the Holidays you will find Oak Hall is what is known among the trade as an up to date house, and with a fresh stock of goods marked at Pick-me-quick Prices.

Many thanks for past patronage. A picture given to every customer buying $3.00 worth of goods or more, from the 10th to the 30th of the month.

GEORGE C. ANDERS,

apl-16 93 New Windsor, Md.

WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS.

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL

—AND—

CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain.

Longberry a Specialty.

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895. VOL. 65--NO. 1.

Select Poetry.

MY LITTLE BO-PEEP.

BY S. E. M'MANUS.

My little Bo-peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying;
I gently rock, and the old hall-clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying.

But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From the folds of her gown are peeping
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a sleeping.

Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding;
I press my lips to her finger-tips
That so tightly my hand are holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock—you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
And bid your days go all a-Maying.

O Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content, while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

Select Story.

THE BATTLE OF 118 DAYS.

Thrilling War Stories from General Fullerton's Diary.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON, November 21.—"The Battle of One Hundred and Eighteen Days" is the title General J. S. Fullerton would give to that wonderful series of operations commonly called "The Atlanta Campaign." It was a continuous fighting from May to September, and it embraced a battlefield 135 miles long. There is nothing in history to compare with it. The fighting began at Tunnel Hill, it ended at Atlanta. Every foot of ground was contested. Every day had its battle, and more than once the firing continued from sundown to sunrise.

From his diary General Fullerton told the story of "The Battle of One Hundred and Eighteen Days" before a gathering of old fighters, ex-confederates as well as federals, at the Army and Navy club. He began by asking if they knew that while the walls of their club house were adorned with portraits in oil, with engravings, with photographs of the heroes of the war, there was not a single picture of General George H. Thomas among them. "Yet," said General Fullerton, "Thomas was the faultless soldier of the war. He was the one general who never made a military mistake. He was the only one of our great generals who gained his position without personal or political influence. A Virginian, he was separated from his family and repudiated by his state because of his fidelity to the union. He was the only man who was never relieved of his army. He was never defeated. He saved three armies.

This battle of 118 days began in May with the very hardest kind of fighting, in the roughest country you ever saw. Thomas had examined the region and knew it thoroughly. Some miles below where Johnson's army was posted in its first strong position, Snake Creek gap cuts through the mountains. Thomas knew it was possible to send troops down a parallel valley, pass through Snake Creek gap, strike the railroad in Johnson's rear and bag him. He tried to get Grant to let him make the attempt, but Grant said he must wait. When Sherman came, Thomas laid the plan before him. Sherman wouldn't listen to it at first. After some time he sent McPherson down to pass through the gap, with instructions to strike the railroad, break it up, withdraw to the gap, and then hit Johnston a lick as he retreated. Meanwhile Thomas, with the army of the Cumberland, held the front and centre, and was to attack Johnson and push him back. That was the position Thomas held and the work he had to do all through the 118 days. Thomas attacked, as directed. Howard was called on to make the movement. We had to go through a narrow pass, just large enough for a railroad track, a wagon road and a small stream. In front of us was a small hill. Behind that we didn't know what he would find, save that we knew Johnston's army was there.

"Howard—well, he is the bravest man personally I ever knew. He went through the gap to that hill for a good position to direct the troops. I said to him just before we started:

"'General, you are a corps commander. You ought not to expose yourself in this way.'

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'come on.'

"Well, we started—four of us. Before we got to that little hill the general had a bullet through his coat, the orderly was shot in the leg, the color bearer was killed and my saddle was gone. What we found beyond that hill was a great amphitheatre with the stream dammed, and all around on knolls and behind works were artillery and infantry. As soon as our troops penetrated that great pit the storm opened from all sides. It was a trap. To make any impression upon such a position was beyond human power. Our troops went as far as they could, and then stopped and fought. I found myself where I could neither go forward nor backward. I was between two fires. So I lay down behind a big pine tree and answered some correspondence that had been accumulating. After some three hours it became dark enough for me to get back to our lines.

"In trying to dislodge Johnson from that position we fought step by step along mountain sides. The troops were so near together they could talk to each other. Once somebody on our side called out:

"'Hold on, Johnny, and hear the president's proclamation.'

"Firing ceased, and a big sergeant stepped out in front of our line and read a proclamation from Mr. Lincoln extending amnesty to all confederates who would lay down their arms and come in. When the reading was finished both sides yelled and whooped, and the fighting went on again."

"There came down to the front one day a pleasant gentleman from the Christian commission, Captain Stimson," said General Fullerton. "It was while we were in close quarters at one point of this Atlanta campaign. He said to me soon after he arrived

"'Fullerton, I should like a look at the rebels.'

"'All right,' said I. 'There's no trouble about that. I can arrange it.'

"I took him out behind the breastworks and said to him:

"'Now, get your glass all ready, and when I say the word we'll jump on top and take a look.'

"I gave the word and up he went. Captain Stimson clapped his glasses to his eyes. Out a little way he could see the confederates swarming about like so many huge gray ants building new fortifications. 'Ping!' went a bullet, and Stimson dropped. It had gone through his lung and into a tree behind him. I wrapped him in a blanket and had just started him back on a stretcher when it occurred to me:

"'Perhaps Stimson's friends at home would like to have that bullet for a souvenir.'

"I climbed on top of the breastworks, got out my knife and began to pry at the bullet. 'Ping!' sang another, and went into the same tree six inches above my head.

"'If Stimson's family want that bullet they'll have to come for it,' thought I, and got down.

"It was strange what changes we took and how some of us escaped in that continuous four months' fighting before we got to Atlanta. I was talking one day to a friend who had been wounded, had been home, and had returned to the front. I was saying that I was sorry I couldn't get a bullet through my left arm, where it wouldn't leave anything serious. I pictured how I would go home, be made a hero by the girls and have a great time. He had just assented, laughingly, when 'crash' a shell. He staggered. I caught him. There was a wound in his left shoulder which looked terrible. That was the last I saw of him until one day before Atlanta he suddenly loomed up before me with:

"'Hello, Fullerton. Here I am. Been to New York. Had a great time.'"

There is no more thrilling page in General Fullerton's diary of the Atlanta campaign than that which narrates the circumstances of the death of the Bishop General Polk.

"I was going along the line one day," said General Fullerton, "when I came to Foraker—Burt Foraker, brother of Governor Foraker, of Ohio—sitting beside a tree gazing intently through a glass toward the top of Pine Top.

"'Those fellows are signaling up there,' he said, when I asked him what he was doing, 'and I am reading what they say.'

"Pine Top had a surrounding cluster of works, and above the fortifications and overlooking all was clear space. We were going to try and take the position that afternoon and were getting everything ready. As I stood there, near Foraker, a group of horsemen rode out in the clear place on Pine Top and seemed to be examining and discussing the field. Simonson, with his battery, had taken up position right where we were, and Simonson came to me and said:

"'I believe I could put a shell right into that crowd. I'd like to try just one.'

"'No,' I said; 'don't do it. You'll need all your ammunition this afternoon.'

"I had hardly got the words out when General Sherman came along with some of his staff and stopped. He wanted to know what we were doing. I told him Foraker was watching the confederate signals.

"'Is that so?' he asked. 'What do they say?'

"'Oh, nothing of any importance,' said I, and then I added, 'Simonson, here, wants to try a shell at that party up there on Pine Top.'

"'All right,' said Sherman, 'give 'em three; give 'em just three, Simonson.'

"And then Sherman passed on. Simonson trained one of his guns, cut the fuse with his own hands, and the piece was fired. The shell fell a little short. Simonson tried again. The second shell seemed to drop right over the heads of the group and explode. There was a sudden scattering, and the open place was deserted by the horsemen. In a few moments the confederate officer on Pine Top began to signal excitedly to another part of their line. Foraker watched him intently, and jumped up, saying:

"'My God! That shell killed General Polk.'

"And it was so."

"It was while we were in front of Kenesaw mountain that I had my duel," said General Fullerton. "When I entered the army I was fresh from law school, and was therefore supposed to know some law, which was a great mistake. General Granger made me assistant judge advocate, and one of the earliest cases that came before me was that of Colonel Bloodgood, from Wisconsin. Bloodgood, with a regiment, had been forced back from a block house by a brigade of cavalry with four guns, which was very natural, as I see now. But Granger had taken it into his head that a regiment of infantry ought to be better than a brigade of cavalry and four guns. He sent Bloodgood before a court martial, and I wrongly conceived it to be my duty to prosecute instead of acting judicially. It was a great injustice, as I realized afterward, but we convicted Bloodgood and he had to leave the army. That was long before the Atlanta campaign, and I had not seen Bloodgood or heard of him. We were before Kenesaw one day, when General Thomas came up to the breastworks and began peering through the logs at a distant part of the field.

"'What are those fellows doing over there?' he asked. 'Building some new works, are they?'

"I looked around. The rest of the staff had slipped back. I was young then, and I didn't know any better. So I spoke up:

"'I'll go out and see what it means.'

"'No,' said Thomas. 'It isn't necessary to expose yourself.'

"'Oh, yes,' I said; 'I'll go.'

"I started out in front of our line. The fellows would shout, 'Come back,' 'Lie down,' 'You'll get shot.'

"But I kept moving from tree to tree, making a run of it from one shelter to another. I had out a notebook and sketched the new works as rapidly as I could. I had got about all I wanted when a tall figure loomed up before me and made a profound bow. It was Colonel Bloodgood, as calm and as cool as if there wasn't a confederate within a hundred miles, and all the time the bullets were going 'zip,' 'ping,' on all sides. I returned the greeting. I knew I was in for it.

"'Making some sketches,' he suggested.

"'Yes, said I; 'but I've about finished.'

"'I think you could see better over this way,' leading me into the most exposed position.

"He kept this up about fifteen minutes, under pretext of getting better views of the new works. I knew he was doing it to get me shot. I recognized his purpose perfectly. I stood it just as long as I could, and then I said:

"'Colonel Bloodgood, you are the bravest man I ever saw. I'm scared to death. Good-by,' and I made a run for our line.

"Bloodgood, as I learned afterward, had got back into the army with a new command. Now, just to show how injustice will follow a man, let me say that after the war Bloodgood got a commission in the regular army. One day he had had some words with a young lieutenant. The latter taunted him with having been dismissed from the army for cowardice. Bloodgood got his fellow officer in a room and gave him a thorough licking. Both of them were dismissed from the army. The last I heard of Bloodgood he was postal agent on a railroad."

In the battle of 118 days the calender was lost sight of by even so devout a man as Howard.

"I went along the line one morning with General Howard," said General Fullerton. "When he came to a battery that was firing at confederate works on a hill the general became much interested. After watching the effects for a few minutes Howard said to the artillery officer:

"'If you elevate your guns I believe you could drop some shells right into the centre of the town of Marietta. Try it.'

"The officer put his guns into position, cut the fuses, and prepared to experiment. General Howard got out his glasses to study the effect.

"'General,' said I, seriously, taking out my watch, 'this is Sunday morning. It is now 11 o'clock. The Presbyterians at Marietta are just in the midst of the long prayer, and—'

"'Cease firing!' shouted General Howard to the artillery officer.

"There is one thing about the battle of Kenesaw mountain for which we have to depend upon hearsay testimony," said General Fullerton. "I got the story as I give it from General Logan. I asked him once to write it out. It is something that belongs to the history of the war. General Logan said he would do so, but he never did, and that is why we have to take it on hearsay. We were before Kenesaw one day. The papers had just come down from from the north. Sherman was looking over them, and Logan, Thomas and two or three others were present. Sherman had glanced over the war news.

"It is all about Grant and his army," he said in his impulsive way. "Nothing about Sherman and his army. I'll show 'em something. We'll assault Kenesaw."

"The others laughed and passed it off. They had no idea Sherman was in earnest. Thomas laid before him a plan by which a part of the troops could be sent around and force the confederates to withdraw from Kenesaw. Sherman wouldn't listen. He was set upon an assault. Nothing else would do. I remember that Thomas and Whipple talked it over and agreed that it was an impossibility. Whipple said:

"'Why not put your protests in writing?'

"'No,' said Thomas, 'I can't do that. The only thing for us to do is to go in and make the best we can of it. It's too bad, too bad.'

"Sherman was always talking about assaulting in column. That was the way he proposed to have Kenesaw Monutain taken. The confederates had works twelve feet thick. They had abatis and cheval-de-frise. The position was impregnable. But nevertheless Sherman gave the order for an assault in columns. We had moved our line up so closely that Stanley, who was in front hadn't room to form an assault. So other troops were selected to form in the rear. Two brigades, both commanded by gallant young men, were chosen. One was Dan McCook's. McCook belonged to the fighting McCooks. He had been Sherman's law partner. The other brigade was Harker's. Harker was as gentle and kindly as a woman, but a perfect lion in battle. He came to me the night before the charge and said:

"Fullerton, I have been up to look at those works. It is utterly impossible to go through them. But I'm going. I know I shall be killed. Here is the picture of the lady I was to marry if I got back from the war, and here are some papers I want you to take charge of.'

"'Oh,' said I, 'we all of us feel that way. Let the clerk take the papers if you want. I'm going into the assault. But don't be cast down. You'll come out all right.'

"'I don't care for myself,' he said, 'but I hate to see my men sacrificed.'

"He was feeling very gloomy, but after a time he cheered up and went off laughing and singing a queer song that was his favorite. It ran:

'Ho! for Robinson Crusoe,
How did you come for to do so?'

"The next morning we were busy getting ready. The assault was set for 10 o'clock. The attack began with the concentrated fire of 200 guns. Then the columns advanced. I saw Harker just as he started at the head of his brigade. He jumped off his horse, grasped my hand, and sang once more:

'Ho! for Robinson Crusoe,
How did you come for to do so?'

"The columns went forward. It was just hell. The fire swept away the front ranks. Those behind pressed on. They reached the abatis and the cheval-de-frise. They pulled up the stakes and climbed up the works, and all of the time that murderous fire was sweeping them away. One sergeant of Harker's brigade actually reached the top of the breastworks. A Tennessee captain sprang to meet him and was killed. The sergeant fell. General Johnson told me afterward that twenty-eight bullets struck that sergeant from the waist up. A color sergeant of McCook's brigade reached the top of the breastworks in front of that column. The confederates right in front of him were so effected by this exhibition of dauntless courage that they wouldn't shoot him. They presented arms to the hero. But a bullet from another part of the line struck him down. It was a waste of valor. The works couldn't be taken. Those brave men carrying Harker's body with them, retired thirty yards and stopped. They kept up such a terrific fire that the confederates could not show themselves above their works, and there they stayed until Thomas sent up intrenching tools, and the position was made permanent. I saw soldiers that day take their tin cups and scrape up the dirt in front of them for protection. The works were so close together you could throw a piece of hard tack from our front to theirs. Of course Sherman felt terribly over the sacrifice, but it had been made and there was no use talking. A few days afterward he sent troops around below, as Thomas suggested, and the confederates gave up Kenesaw without a fight.

"The strain was constant day after day," said General Fullerton. "There was no straggling. Every man on both sides was required to be in his place. It was while moving back from one position to another that the incident occurred of which some of you have heard. Hardee—you know what a disciplinarian he was—came upon a great, gaunt fellow in butternut squatted down in a fence corner puffing away at a pipe.

"Why aren't you in your command?" thundered Hardee. "Who are you?"

The loose-jointed soldier straightened up slowly, and removing his pipe said:

"I am the chaplain the of Sixth Arkansas. Now, who the hell are you?"

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CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Jr.

June 21, 1894.

Mississippi's Deep Water.

The New York *Press* says a complete revolution of the Government's system of river improvements is in prospect. Plans to that end have already been made, and some experimental work accomplished which promises mutual benefit to the commercial interests of St. Louis and the entire country. The subject of dredging the Mississippi River along its whole navigable length is now receiving the earnest consideration of the Mississippi River Commission, the members of which are at present on an inspection tour of the big stream from St. Louis, Mo., to the Gulf. Experimental work with a dredge specially constructed promises the success of extended operations.

Recreations are needful, amusements are good society, travel, music, the drama, wit, humor, laughter, and fun are all excellent things in themselves; but to extract their excellence for our use and enjoyment we must know where to leave them off. Their purpose is to refresh tired energies, to stimulate dormant powers, to recreate and give new vitality to the whole man. Pursued too long, they pall and become wearisome, and, instead of kindling new life, they dampen what there is. No better test of how far to carry the recreation of life can be had than the freshness and vigor with which we return to its labors. Play, as well as work, when taken in excess, exhausts the nature, but, when due proportions are observed, it animates and strengthenf it.

A frequent source of danger is the soiled clothing which awaits the weekly washing. Instead of being thoroughly aired and dried in the sun, and kept in a room remote from the bed-chambers and living rooms, it is thrown into a hamper kept standing in a bed-chamber, or in a pile in one corner of an adjoining closet, damp with poisonous exhalations from the body, and here the warmth off the room generates and throws of poisonous germs which are inhaled by the occupants. In the best governed hospitals and clinics of the world, soiled linen is as much feared as contagious cases, and is isolated and fumigated or sterilized immediately after using.

There are many seasons in a man's life—and the more exalted and responsible his station the more frequently do those seasons recur—when the voice of duty and the dictates of feeling are opposed to each other; and it is only the weak and the wicked who yield that obedience to the selfish impulses of the heart which is due to reason and honor.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

Trials never make us weak. They only show us that we are weak.

The Russian Thistle—A Scourge To Agriculture.

E. Hofer, in *Scientific American*, says: "In 1891 the Russian thistle was first reported to the Department of Agriculture. Described as a species of cactus, scientific investigation showed that it was neither a thistle nor a cactus, but a variety of common saltwort (Salsola kali tragus), with the habit of the tumbleweed of the American plains.

This weed, which has become the worst scourge that has ever afflicted agriculture in the prairie States, was introduced into the United States in flaxseed brought from Russia and sown in Bonhomme County, South Dakota. In 1892 it had caused damage amounting to several millions of dollars.

Reports to the department in November, 1893, showed all the counties of South Dakota, east of the Missouri River, and twenty counties in North Dakota infested by the thistle. Its presence was also reported from four places west of the Missouri, two counties in Minnesota, three in Iowa and four in Nebraska. The seed was scattered from Denver to Madison, Wis., and from the Red River of the North into Kansas on the south. The dry season of 1894 leaves a territory of 200,000 square miles thoroughly infested by this scourge and an area of 100,000 has felt its presence as a destructive blight upon all grain crops.

Owing to the drought over this grain-growing region, no correct estimate of actual damage by Russian thistle can be formed. In the Dakotas thousands of fields of grain and flax that would have yielded a partial crop were abandoned. No harvester or thrasher has been found to handle a crop infested by this pest. It clogs the machinery, fouls the grain, and renders fall plowing impossible. The land must first be cleared of thistles before it can be plowed. If thistles are plowed under, even when partially matured, they will spring up more thickly than ever through six inches of soil.

The treeless, wind-swept prairie States are the home of the thistle. It is distributed by the wind, which rolls the full grown ball-shaped plants, from one to six feet in diameter and each holding from 20,000 to 200,000 seeds. We give a photographic illustration showing two of these balls. Like the tumbleweed, it bounds over the prairies with a movement resembling that of the jack rabbit, traveling hundreds of miles, leaping over or breaking down fences, carrying fire before the wind, or endangering property by accumulating in heaps of inflammable material. Horses or cattle cannot be driven across a field rankly grown up to thistles. No animal will eat it after its myriad of sharp spikes appear.

Grain elevators closed, railroads without traffic, farmers without crops, settlers leaving large areas of otherwise rich farming lands, vast regions without a furrow turned where in other seasons all the grain lands were plowed for next year's crop—these are the signs on every hand of the devastation wrought by the Russian thistle in the Dakotas. At present it is impossible to predict the future ravages of a scourge that has caused damage this year running into the scores of millions and that may drive the grain farmer out of all the prairie States.

The first effects of the thistle will be to drive farmers in the infested region to tilling more cultivated crops. The grain acreage in this region will be reduced from fifty to seventy-five per cent. The granger railroads will show enormous falling off in grain freight receipts for the last quarter of 1894, as about three elevators out of four are closed for want of crops. An immense emigration is taking place out of the regions mentioned.

Business Aphorisms.

Carlyle wasn't a man of business, but he would have made a success of it, had he tried it. In his writings one finds these lines of solid business truth:

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody.

To succeed, work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

All honest men will bear watching.

It is the rascals who cannot stand it.

Better have the window empty than filled with unseasonable and unattractive goods.

When you hang a sign outside your place of business, let it be original in design and of good quality.

Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

No one who has tried burying up raspberry canes for winter ever thinks of following any other plan thereafter.

The root of all discontent is self-love.

The more people know the less they brag about it.

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