GROCERIES!

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; everything 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,

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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,
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MERCHANT TAILOR,

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The most complete line of

Suitings, Pantaloonings,

Vestings and Overcoatings, that has ever been shown to the public, and at prices that defy competition. If you want a Suit or Overcoat and will call before purchasing, I am sure I can save you money and make you happy. A fit always guaranteed, or no sale.

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this fall is the finest I have ever shown to the trade, and very much cheaper than last winter. Special attention is called to my line of GLOVES, which surpasses anything in city or county and at bottom prices.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Latest Styles of Dress Shirts,

plain and fancy Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, and in fact everything pertaining to gents' outfit. Shirts made to order a specialty.

Mackintoshes, Gum Coats

in all qualities and prices. Made to order if desired. A splendid line of gents' Jewelry, Scarf Pins, Studs, Sleeve Buttons, Chains, Charms, &c., at bottom prices.

A call is solicited before purchasing your fall suit, overcoat, or underwear, gloves or anything in my line, as I am sure I can save you money and give you the benefit of a good line of goods to select from.

Respectfully,
oc-25 J. T. ANDERS.

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We desire to call you attention to our most beautiful

Wedding Presents.

Just the prettiest you ever saw, as you will say when you see them. Our line of

QUEENSWARE IS UNSURPASSED.

AND, THEN, THE

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CALLS FOR ATTENTION, WITH ITS

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LOW PRICES FOR ALL.

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,

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Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices,

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

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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,
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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.

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WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND.
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Great Bargains AT OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, MD.

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 ⅔ 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.

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Manufacture and keep constantly on hand

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL

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Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain. Longberry a Specialty.

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Orndorffs'

Striking Bargains

THIS WEEK.

Our Holiday Goods are beginning to present quite a formidable appearance.

You will find everything that is neat, tasty and useful, to give him or her, for Xmas.

Just here we want to make mention of

Our Umbrellas.

We are going to surprise you. Small folds, petit wrapped, green, brown, blues and garnets in Ladies' Umbrellas, neat and tasty handles, congo and weichsel wood handles, Prince of Wales crooks.

A LARGE PILE OF

Magnificent Robes, Pretty Portieres,

Chenille Covers, all sizes; Handkerchiefs in endless varieties.

LINENS! LINENS!

What would more nicer presents than Tray Covers, Center Pieces, Bureau Scarfs, Stand Covers, Splashers, Napkins, or Table Cloths, Towels and Stamped Linen of every kind. Purses, Perfumes, Shell Combs, Garters, and a stack of useful and ornamental nic nacs.

Aluminum Ware.

This Xmas we will make a special drive on Gentlemen's Scarfs and Suspenders.

REMEMBER,

Fruit of the Loom, only 7 cts. This is your opportunity.

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

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

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WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND

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OFFICE, - - WESTMINSTER, MD.

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CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
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June 21, 1894.

Select Poetry.

WINTER.

Flushed in a dream of rest the earth is keeping
Beneath the snows, a Sabbath of repose;
Her buds and blossoms are not dead, but sleeping
Till Spring their eyes unclose.

The hoary frost of heaven with noiseless fingers
Spreads its white raiment over field and fold;
And all is still, save where the robin lingers
To sing amid the cold.

Ah, troubled heart, in doubt and sadness sighing,
Bearing life's winter as a heavy cross,
God hath bright buds of promise underlying
The snows of pain and loss.

What though the great rains of his strength have broken
The summer flowers love cherished all in vain;
And hope discerns no resurrection token
That such shall rise again.

Be still and wait, the frost of life shall harden
Thy fallow ground, and make it richer far,
And he who slept and wakened in the garden,
Knows where the violets are.

Soon shall the long eternal summer, breaking
Across the gloom, his thoughts of love disclose;
And satisfied at last the soul, awaking,
Shall blossom as the rose.

—MARY BOWLES.

Select Story.

TWO DAYS WITH BUTTONS.

He came out from Boston by express, with a tag in his buttonhole. He was not "Buttons" then, only Ned Poor from the Orphan Asylum. He was not wanted or desired. Mrs. Oakland had had "enough of boys." Before she was married she had had her theories, but now she had experience plus theories. The first boy had a gentle face with a blue eye. He said, "Yes, ma'am," with great deference, but the next morning before breakfast she saw her pet Angora cat with arched back up in the tulip tree, while near her big black collie dog below stood the mild-faced boy, saying shrilly between his teeth, "S s s t." This same gentle boy broke her best Dresden salad bowl, chipped the china viciously, and poured boiling water into a cut glass pitcher. The second boy seemed promising, but he soon had an epileptic fit, and was sent to the hospital. The third boy was very fond of animals. The dogs were kept at the stables, and Joe spent his spare time there. One morning Joe was missing.

"He had the two dogs fighting last night, and Rex is badly torn," said Martha, the chambermaid. The coachman said he would report him to the master. "Joe was paid in the morning, ma'am, and he knew he would be discharged, so he left last night. He was worse than the other boy, who chipped the china, and starved the birds. He was vicious."

"All the more pity we could not have made something good out of him," said Mrs. Ferdinand to herself, just as William, the gardener's son, brought in a basket of dewy roses and a big bowl of luscious strawberries in time for Mr. Oakland's early breakfast.

"I am in trouble about Joe," she said to her husband, as he came in, breezy and hungry from his drive over to the farm with his head gardener, having just fifteen minutes left before driving to the station.

"What could you expect? I will give him another trial at good hard work, where he will be watched. He was too poor material for your theories to work on," said Mr. Oakland.

"I haven't a theory left. I want nothing more to do with boys," said Mrs. Oakland dolefully, while pouring her husband's coffee. "They are careless, heedless, and reckless, when they are not brutal or vicious. Maria's little sister can come for a little while. I did want a boy badly, but it is no use. There aren't any. And why should I see valuable things ruined and dumb creatures abused?"

"Joe was a brute. When I saw Rex this morning, I longed to give the boy a sound thrashing. Who picked these strawberries—William? One boy with sense, and we will find another yet. It is only a matter of selection, and we are equal to it. I have a dim memory of being a boy once myself," said Mr. Oakland, as he finished his comfortable breakfast and hurried away. Later, on his return from town, Mr. Ferdinand Oakland said to his headgardener, who knew more about the place that he did himself, and who was also his wise, adviser, and friend; "Can't you find a boy for my wife, Mr. Cummings, a sort of 'Buttons,' you know, to feed the parrots and dogs and help Ray a little? We have had poor material thus far. Your judgment is good on growing things."

"All right," answered Mr. Cummings. "Seedings and boys are uncertain. You can only look at the stock and the breeding. I will see what can be done about it when I go to town." Then they talked of orchards and peach trees, and drove on and looked at the Holstein cows in the upper pasture, and Mr. Oakland forgot about the order, till this boy came down by express. He was a white-faced skinny little thing, in a pepper-and-salt jacket, and trousers which had grown dingy with use and short with the increasing length of the boy. "He looks like the spring chicken I saw hanging in the storeroom this morning," said Mrs. Ferdinand, as she glanced at him from her low rocking-chair on the terrace. "I shall call him 'Chicken Little,' she said, turning to her brother Alexis, as the boy followed Ray into the house. "Did you notice his big head and poor little thin legs and long arms and neck. Air him and feed him, and let me dress him, and he will be another creature in a week or two."

"How will you dress your new doll, dear?" said Mr. Oakland.

"Don't be sarcastic, Ferdinand. It is not becoming. The boy shall have a blue suit, with cord down the sides of the trousers and silver buttons on his jacket. He will make a lovely 'Buttons.' If you make Ray brush your coats, and keep your bureau-drawers in order, and run your errands, then some one must help him in his other duties. Besides, the boy shall feel the parrots and dogs. My Angora cat I choose to feed myself."

"In other words," said Mr. Alexis, "he is the gentleman's gentleman."

"Nonsense, Alex. The boy will be very helpful and useful. I shall go at once and see Martha, and give orders that he must be in bed every night by nine o'clock."

"She is aching for an excuse to talk to the boy," said Mr. Oakland, as his wife went into the house.

Mrs. Ferdinand passed through the stately dining-room, with its sideboard heavy with silver and cut-glass, on through the cosy breakfast-room, and then into the butler's pantry. Here was Mr. Ray in his shirt-sleeves, without his black dress-coat and white gloves. He was taking out the china and silver for luncheon.

"He will have to watch me and learn the ways of things at first, ma'am," said Mr. Ray, looking round and nodding toward the boy.

"Of course, Ray. Did Martha give the boy a glass of milk and some bread and butter, as I ordered, when he first came?"

"She gave him a plenty, and he ate it hearty," answered Ray. He sees things, and is quick. I think he will do very well—better than the others," continued Ray in a lower tone to Mrs. Oakland. She turned and laid her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"You will like it here with us, I hope. Mr. Ray will tell you what you are to do in the pantry. After-luncheon I will show you how to feed the birds. You have not told me your name. What shall I call you?" said Mrs. Oakland, looking into the boy's face.

"The boys at the 'sylum all called me 'Ned.' Ned Poor is my name. My mother used to call me 'Edwin,'" said the boy, looking up out of two great brown eyes shaded with long black lashes.

"Edwin is a prettier name than Ned. I shall call you Edwin, like your mother. Now, Mr. Ray, remember the boy is Edwin, not Ned, here. And, Edwin, I shall tell Martha to see that your room is in order and you are to be in bed every night by nine o'clock. Send him up by a quarter-to-nine, Ray. I think that is all now." Mrs. Oakland went back to her husband and brother on the terrace.

Mrs. Ferdinand's piazza was not a piazza, but a terrace. It had a low stone wall around it, with vast pots of waving palms here and there. There was a great red rug, and soft-cushioned chairs, and a long bamboo lounge full of big down pillows, covered with cool-looking blue-and-white Japanese crape. Great jars of heavy-headed hydrangeas stood in rows on each side the steps. The shades were pulled down on the sunny side, and Mrs. Oakland looked cool and dainty, sitting in the low rocking-chair, in her pale green gown.

"I have lost my heart," said Mrs. Oakland, "lost it utterly. It has been stolen by a pair of brown eyes with long lashes."

"I did not notice the color of the boy's eyes," said Mr. Oakland. "I only saw he looked me straight in the face, as I like a boy to do when I speak to him. Do you know where Cummings found him? He went to the Horticultural Society rooms, and got him through Brooks, our best city florist. He got him as he would a new plant. The boy, he says is a son of one of his old gardeners, and has been well brought up. He has no near relatives, and since his father's death has been in an orphan asylum. Did you notice how he stopped and looked at the flowers as he came up the steps?"

After luncheon Mrs. Oakland took Edwin down to the little pond full of lotus plants and blue and pink water-lilies, beside which stood the perches for the birds; and they fed the parrots. The great, glorious red bird, with its long blue tail and gold band on its throat, stepped off its tall perch on to the outstretched white hand of the lady, and walked slowly up the green sleeve of her gown till he rubbed his heavy beak against her cheek.

"Pretty bird! Pretty bird! You say I must feed him just this way every day?" said Ned in a happy voice.

"Oh, yes, and give them both their water. This blue-and-yellow bird on the other side of the pond is not as gentle. We have not had him as long, and you must be watchful, for he is cross sometimes. If you feed them, they will learn to be fond of you."

When he had finished feeding the birds, the boy went back into the house and helped Ray clear the table. Mr. and Mrs. Oakland were sitting in the library opening a new package of books, when Edwin came to the door, saying, "There is a gentleman to see you, sir."

"Coming, directly," answered Mr. Oakland, lingering and looking over his wife's shoulder at the open book.

"Oh, Edwin," called Mrs. Oakland, looking up from her book, "I forgot to feed my cat. Will you ask Martha to pour some cream from the blue pitcher into her saucer, and you can bring it out to the terrace. I will come and feed her myself."

When she put down her book and went out the front door to the terrace, she saw Edwin waiting with the saucer of cream, while her pet cat was sleeping serenely among the down pillows.

"Come here, dear," called Mr. Oakland, who was standing near a man with a bright brass cylinder in his hand. "This is the latest new fire-extinguisher. I think we had better have it. It is the very latest scientific dodge. A boy could manage it." Edwin still held the saucer, and the cat slept on. "I want you to understand it, dear. It is very simple. Pull this lever away from the cross-bar on top. Now turn the cross-bar sharply to the right or left. That breaks the bottle inside. Wait then long enough to county twenty; then pull the lever back as far as it will go, and lift up the extinguisher and send the stream into the fire. They have just tested it in town—put out two big fires of tar-barrels with one extinguisher. It generates nitrogen gas, in which fire cannot live," said Mr. Oakland learnedly.

"I hope I shall never have occasion to use it," answered his wife.

"Here, Ray," called Mr. Oakland, "I want you to understand this. It requires no strength, you see, only to keep your head and remember what to do. This will be put up in the back hall this afternoon, and I want all of you to know how to use it."

Mrs. Oakland fed her cat; then came and held the new machine a moment in her hand.

"Why, you could lift it, Edwin," she said. The boy raised it lightly, and looked at the fastenings carefully, going through the same motions as the others. The new machine was hung in the back hall before night. Mr. Oakland and his wife went back to the library and their books. Ray was in his shirt sleeves in the pantry with Edwin, who had taken off his jacket and looked thinner than ever as he helped wash dishes. Ray was quite another looking man in his dress coat at the late dinner-table. A great bowl of rhododendrons stood on a crimson plush covering in the middle of the table. At the four corners of the table stood cut-class dishes of nuts, fruits and sweets. These were wreathed with pale green leaves and roses rested beside each decorated Dresden plate. Ray served everything with silence and decorum. Edwin stood in the pantry and admired it all, and especially Ray.

The family lingered in the hall after dinner. It was chilly, and there was a bright fire in the big fire-place. The fire-light shone on the portraits in the hall, lighting up the faces till they seemed to smile. The candles in the sconces were all lighted. The great hall was full of light and color. Mr. Oakland sat in the big leather-covered easy-chair, and looked up at the new portrait of his mother.

"It is a success, dear, I think. I know I would not part with it for twice the price I paid for it, and Sargent's work is worth something. What is that new piece of drapery near the door? I see. It is the thing you were embroidering, your new book-case curtain."

"I finished it to-day, and threw it there for a little while, for color. It somehow brings out the high lights in the picture."

Mr. Oakland sat for awhile looking at the portrait.

"How a man can do work like that is a marvel to me," he said, as he sprang from his chair and walked up and down the hall. His mother had died six months before. Mrs. Oakland left her seat and moved quietly to the piano, and began playing, while her husband walked up and down the hall, and her brother read the evening paper. After awhile the tall clock on the stairs rang the nine o'clock chime. Mr. Oakland stopped, counted the strokes, and in a few moments went up-stairs. He walked through the upper hall, and started to open the door that led toward the servant's rooms. He did not open it wholly, but stood with his hand on the door. Little "Buttons'" room was just the other side of that door, and he saw the boy in his slim, little white night-dress saying his prayers beside his bed.

"The poor, lonesome, little beggar," he said to himself, and opened the door after the boy had crept comfortably into bed.

"How goes it, Ned? My wife calls you Edwin, but I shall call you Ned, when we are by ourselves, you know, just like the other boys. Are you all right, Ned?"

"Oh, yes, sir," the boy answered eagerly. "Mrs. Oakland is beautiful. I think she is just jolly. I like it here."

"I am something of the same opinion myself. Oh, I forgot to say Mrs. Oakland's brother goes on the early train to-morrow morning, and you had better be down early and help Ray. He will tell you what to do. Now, good-night. You are all right, Ned?"

"All right, sir," answered the boy. He turned his face over and was soon sound asleep.

Mr. Oakland went down into his study and wrote several letters. Mrs. Oakland had left the piano long before and sat with her brother by the fire in the great fire-place till there was only a small heap of coals left. Then one after the other they walked up the staircase to their rooms, and left Mr. Oakland in the study. It was very late when Ray came in to put out the lights and lock up the house. Mr. Oakland sprang from his desk and threw a pile of letters on the hall table.

"See that those are sent in the morning. Good night, Ray." And he left Ray to fasten up the house and put out the lights, and soon the great hall was dark except for the glow from the heap of coals in the fire-place, and the house grew still.

It was far on toward morning when Mr. Oakland was aroused from a sound sleep by hearing a clear, high, childish voice calling out: "Mr. Ray. Is that you? Is it time for me to come down now?"

Mr. Oakland sprang out of bed, flung a brown velveteen coat over his blue and white pajamas, and went out into the hall to find Ray in his trousers and night-shirt, with no coat at all.

"It is that new boy, Mr. Oakland. I'll fix him."

"Wait, Ray. Let me see what it is," and he opened the door to the servants' hall to see the small boy in his white night-shirt, holding a candle and looking down the back stairs.

"I saw the light once, and I am sure I heard Mr. Ray in the breakfast room," called out the boy shrilly. "You told me to get up when he did."

"All right, my boy. Go back to bed. It is not morning yet." He touched a button, and the hall light was lighted down stairs. He stepped into his room and came back with a revolver.

"We will go down now, Ray. If any one was at the safe in the breakfast room, the boy has frightened him off." When they opened the door, a puff of cold air told them that the window was open, and turning on the light, they saw a cold chisel on the floor near the safe.

"They are well away—frightened off just in time. The boy's ears were good," said Mr. Oakland. "You stay here and mind the house. They will not come back. As soon as I telephone the police, I will go round the place with James. Keep the house quiet."

He rang for James, ran upstairs and quieted his wife, telephoned, dressed, and was ready for James when he came down from the stable. The two went off together, while Ray slept uncomfortably on the settle in the dining-room.

Later, Mr. Alexis had his early breakfast, and Mr. Oakland also went to the city. Mrs. Oakland drove off early to Camden and spent the day with her mother. She came home before dinner.

It had been a hot day in town, and the night was deliciously cool.

"Hare is your shawl, dear; we will go to the summer-house," said Mr. Oakland to his wife, after dinner, when the lights in the hall made the house look warm, while the starlight outside seemed refreshingly cool after the glare and dust of the city.

The two sauntered off toward the summer-house on the hill.

"We will have one little half-hour to ourselves," said Mr. Ferdinand to his wife. "Anything new to-day?"

"I spent the day at mother's. Oh, yes, I want to tell you this," his wife answered. "I went down to the store room to see to things before I drove off this morning. When Martha opened the ice chest, I saw a glass of roses put away carefully. "What is this?" I asked.

'Oh, Edwin put them there, ma'am,' she answered. 'Mr. Ray told him to clear away the flowers from the dinner table last night, and he said they were too good to throw away; they ought to go to the Children's Hospital, and he asked if he might not save them and put them in the ice-box, as his father used to keep flowers.'"

"Good for the boy," said Mr. Oakland. "What will be his next exploit, I wonder? He seems to have some sense in his head. Look here, dear. What is that?" Mr. Oakland sprang from his seat in the summer-house, gave one hard look on beyond the path, then, without a word, left his wife and dashed across the lawn in a straight line for the house. Mrs. Oakland looked, and saw a flash of bright light in the great open door of the hall, which was followed by darkness and then a puff of smoke. She followed her husband, running like a deer, and the two reached the hall door almost together.

There stood the small boy upon a chair, with his thin little arm a full third of its way out of his small jacket, standing on his tiptoes and holding the great new brass fire-extinguisher straight up toward the new portrait, while a blackened mass of burned drapery was still hanging on the wall near it. His face looked whiter and thinner than ever, but his eyes were shining like two coals of fire.

"I had to do it, sir," he said, in a troubled tone. I "called Mr. Ray, and he did not come."

"Of course not," thought Mr. Oakland, though he did not say it aloud. "I saw him smoking down near the stables with James."

"I called Martha, but she did not hear," continued Ned.

"I was opening the beds, ma'am," answered Martha.

"You were doing the right thing," said Mrs. Oakland, encouragingly.

"You said one had only to keep his head and remember, and I remembered," continued Ned.

"That is more than some of us do, sometimes," said Mr. Oakland softly, and he lifted the boy down gently and took the extinguisher from his hand.

"It was nothing to do, and was out in a minute," said Ned simply. "The fire was going right up toward the picture and the curtain, and it seemed too bad. I had to do it, sir. The man said it would not hurt anything, Is anything hurt, sir?"

"No apology necessary," said Mr. Oakland dryly. "Martha it is time this boy went to bed. Take him up, Martha, and look after him. We won't go out again to-night."

Mr. Oakland reached up and pulled down the burnt drapery. "It blew the candles when we left the door open, I fancy," he said quietly. Then he sat down slowly in the chair opposite the picture. Mrs. Oakland shivered and began to wipe her eyes gently.

"Now don't dear. There is no harm done; hardly a big scare. But he will do, I fancy, and I think on the whole I had better order that new suit for the boy to-morrow."

"Blue," said Mrs. Oakland, "with cord down the sides and silver buttons. Gold would be none to good for him."

People are scarce who do not talk too much. The last thing many of us want to know is the truth about ourselves.

Nothing pays a poorer interest on the invesment than wearing a long face.

A good brood sow is one of the most profitable animals on the farm; treat her as such.

It is a great mistake to suppose that money can buy happiness.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.

WILL AVOID THE TUNNEL.

From the Baltimore American.

The Western Maryland Railroad Company will shortly build a new station at the intersection of its line with West North avenue. This new station will, it is expected, become the principal passenger station of the Western Maryland in this city, and most of the travel which is now handled at Hillen and Union Stations will be handled through the new North avenue station. It was learned yesterday that the company had on Friday last acquired by purchase a lot at the intersection of North avenue and the railroad, and on this property the erection of a handsome and commodious depot building will soon be commenced. The lot purchased fronts about one hundred feet on North avenue and two hundred and thirty feet on the railroad. It is part of "The Grove," which was on Saturday last sold by Dr. James Carey Thomas and others to Messrs. John Kuper and Thomas J. Amoss.

The company has for some time been trying to arrange a plan whereby it can obviate the necessity of hauling its passengers through the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel. There are two objections, it is pointed out by the Western Maryland, to hauling its passengers through the tunnel. One is that the passengers are subjected to a great deal of annoyance from the smoke and dirt, and also the frequent delays in going through the tunnel; the other is that the company has to pay to the tunnel owners for the privilege of using its tracks a certain fixed price for every passenger hauled through it.

ALLIANCE WITH WALBROOK LINE.

These two objections were the main reasons for the change, and in considering the problem the company first thought of making Fulton Station its main passenger depot. But to do this it was necessary to make direct connection with a street railway line, by which passengers could be carried to any part of the city. As there was no street railway line passing Fulton Station which could connect with the principal lines running through the center of the city, it was proposed to build a new street railway line for that purpose. This plan was abandoned as soon as the idea of putting a new depot at North avenue was hit upon.

When the new station is opened, Western Maryland passengers, it is pointed out, can get off the train at North avenue, and by taking a car of the Walbrook line of the Lake Roland Elevated Railroad Company, can reach the City Hall in twenty minutes. This is but two minutes longer than would be required in going all the way to Hillen Station by steam. Hillen Station is about ten minutes' walk from the business centre of the city, so that by leaving the train and taking the street car at the North avenue station, a saving in time would be effected, and there will also be a saving of money, as the railroad company will make an equitable reduction in fares to the new station, which will be greater than the cost of street car transportation. Then again, by transferring to the Central Railway, passengers can go to any point on that line for the one fare.

TO DOUBLE-TRACK THE ROAD.

But this is by no means all that is looked forward to in the new arrangement. In railroad circles the purchase of the Lake Roland lines by the Traction Company is regarded as reasonably certain, as stated in the American, and in that event it is understood to be the intention of the Traction Company to double track the entire Walbrook line, so as to afford better facilities for rapid transit in that direction. A system of free transfers, it is probable, will then be established between the Lake Roland's Walbrook line and the various lines of the Traction Company which the Walbrook line crosses on North avenue. By these transfers passengers can quickly reach any point in the city. Coming east, a passenger could transfer at any of the following places: At Pennsylvania avenue to the Gilmor street line and the Carey street line, at Druid Hill avenue to the Druid Hill avenue line, at Linden avenue to the Linden avenue line, at McMechen street to the Fremont street line, and at Maryland avenue to the Huntingdon avenue line.

It is also understood that the Western Maryland Company will make some improvements to its line to accommodate suburban travel.

Gold Fillings.

People, says a dentist, wonder why gold is used for stopping and are apt to credit the dentist with employing it for his own ends, on the ground that he can charge more and get correspondingly larger profits than would be the case if he used any baser and less expensive metal; but, he says, in explanation, a little reflection would convince the suspicious ones that there is no ground whatever for such ideas, and that the real reason for using gold is that it will weld while cold, and will successfully resist the action of the acids and fluids of the mouth, hence it is unequaled as a preservative for the teeth.

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