Special Notice.

Persons having Real Estate for sale or exchange and wishing to dispose of the same will do well in conferring with

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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898. VOL. 67--NO. 1.

BICYCLES.

—:o:—

ALMOST A CAR LOAD OF THEM.

LARGEST SHIPMENT EVER RECEIVED IN Westminster.

Did You See Them On Our Pavement Christmas Eve?

Here's the story. We had a chance to buy a quantity of 1897, $75

Crescents at less than Half Price.

We seized the opportunity. The Wheels are now in our store. Either Men's or Ladies,' black or maroon finish, high, medium, or low frame, Dunlap detachable or Morgan & Wright Tires, handsome lantern and bell free with every machine. They are the regular '97 model, $75 Crescent, a wheel guaranteed equal to any in the United States. We offer them at the unheard of price of

35 DOLLARS.

The 1898 Chainless Crescent will be here in a few days. You want to see it and try it. Send for Catalogue.

We are exceedingly sorry that we were unable to wait on all the trade last week and that so many items were closed out early, thereby disappointing so many that came in late. We thought we had made ample preparation. Glad you disappointed us. We wish you all a Glad, Happy and Prosperous

NEW YEAR.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
Department Store,
31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.
T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 27.

Furniture, Carpets, &c.

Special Announcement
FROM THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE FURNITURE, CARPET AND HOUSE FURNISHING STORES OF

Theo. Derr & Son.

Our Housefurnishing Department is crowded with Staple and Fancy Queensware, such as

Fancy Vases, Salad Dishes, Fancy Lamps, Tea and Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, all kinds of Fancy Dishes,

in endless varieties, and many other fancy articles too numerous to mention.

Furniture and Carpet Department.

We have every thing in the Furniture line that will make useful and very pretty Presents—Fancy Chairs, Rockers, of every description, Reclining Morris Chairs, from $3.75 up; Ladies' Desks, Book Cases, Lounges, Couches, Onyx Stands, Brass Lamps, Clothes Presses, Chiffoniers, Buffets, Pictures and Easels, Medicine Cabinets, Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits, Dining Chairs and Tables, Cyco Bearing Carpet Sweepers, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Very Respectfully, Yours to Serve, THEO. DERR & SON,
75 and 77 East Main Street, Westminster, Md.
☞ OPEN EVERY EVENING. mh-13-96

SMITH & REIFSNIDER,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
LUMBER, COAL AND SLATE.

We have no specialities; everything in the Building, Coal or Slate line is our speciality. A full line of Sash, Doors, Blinds and General Mill Work has recently been added and in the future we will carry a comp'ete stock of same Carroll county Agents for "Ruberoid Felt Roofing" and "Universal Building Paper."

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THE
GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,
Babylon Building—Near Railroad.

The January Reduction Sale

will be in full sway next Monday morning, every department in this great store contributing its share toward the grand money saving event for the people of this community.

The Cloak Section

must be cleared. Not a garment to remain in this house after the season is over. Now for wonderful saving to you.

For quick selling 3 lots of Jackets will be offered this week at greatly reduced prices.

$10.00 Jackets for $5.85.

$12.50 Jackets for $7.50.

$18.00 Jackets for $9.75.

25 beautiful Capes, in cloth and plush, elegantly trimmed, every one worth $10.00, go now at $6.50.

Magnificent Dress Goods Values.

A hundred or more pieces, including blacks, fancies, imported novelties, all must be sold at greatly reduced prices. This is an opportunity to secure beautiful dresses for a small cash outlay.

Three Prominent Lots on Sale.

Lot No. 1 — 50c Dress Goods at 25c.
Lot No. 2. — 75c Dress Goods at 47c.
Lot No. 3. — $1.00 Dress Goods at 69c.

These great values should bring many eager buyers.

Millinery Bargains.

Our Millinery parlor is overflowing with lovely Hats, Feathers and Birds, all of which must be closed out at once; the prices we have put on them will do it.

50c and 75c untrimmed Hats only 25c.
$1.00 and $1.50 untrimmed Hats only 50c.
A vast assortment of beautiful Wings and Feathers, sold for 25c and 35c, go at only 10c.
Finer grades, Birds, Wings, etc., worth 75c and $1.00, at 25c.
One lot Ladies' Felt Walking Hats and Sailors, worth regular $1.00, in this sale for 25c.

Special! Special!!

For two weeks only we will trim any hat bought of us FREE OF CHARGE. Come early and avoid the great rush.

The Great Model Emporium,
William F. Derr,
Near Railroad, Westminster.

BENNETT & CO.,
NEAR THE DEPOT. WESTMINSTER.

LUMBER.

We carry at all times a full and complete line of LUMBER, from the best to the cheapest,

at Prices to Suit the Times.

White Pine and Cypress Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds and all kinds of Mill Work furnished on application.

COAL. COAL.

A full supply always on hand of all sizes of the best qualities of White and Red Ash Coal, for all purposes, free from dirt and slate. Also the celebrated George's Creek Bituminous Coal for Steam and Smithing purposes.
We are prepared to deliver Lumber and Coal at any point.

ROOFING SLATE.
TELEPHONE CALL 58. July-24-97-1

LEFFERT, THE LEADER IN THE TOBACCO AND LIQUOR BUSINESS.

18 brands of Whiskies. 7 kinds of Brandies. Brandies and Rums for mince pies. Gins and Wines of all grades. Brehm's celebrated Baltimore Beer, best brewed; one grade only; on draught and in bottles. Porter and Ale on draught.

BEATS ALL AND FIRST PICK, two leading brands of CIGARS; best for the price in the county. Largest line of Smoking and Chewing Tobacco in the city. I buy for cash and sell for cash, therefore can sell goods way down in price. All I ask is a trial. I know you will come back.

LEFFERT'S DOUBLE STORES,
ap-10 tf 5 and 7 E. Main St., opp. Depot, Westminster.



DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP,
THE BABY'S COMFORT, THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.
Once tried, always used. Will cure Colic in 10 minutes; cures curd or sour stomach, relieves all forms of indigestion, can be given to babies 1 day old. Will prevent Cholera Infantum and keep the baby in good, healthy condition through the period of teething. An over dose does no harm; nothing injurious in it. 25 cts. at druggists.
Made only by DR. S. H. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md.
Trial bottle sent free if you mention this paper.

IVAN L. HOFF,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him.
English and German spoken.
OFFICE: Main street near Court, Westminster, Md.

BALEY M. CLABAUGH. JOHN M. ROBERTS
CLABAUGH & ROBERTS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
ALBAUGH BUILDING,
COURT STREET, WESTMINSTER, MD

Stop suffering! Try Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

Her Health Restored



THE misery of sleeplessness can only be realized by those who have experienced it. Nervousness, sleeplessness, headaches, neuralgia and that miserable feeling of unrest, can surely be cured by Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. So certain is Dr. Miles of this fact that all druggists are authorized to refund price paid for the first bottle tried, providing it does not benefit.

Mrs. Henry Bruns, wife of the well known blacksmith at Grand Junction, Iowa, says: "I was troubled with sleeplessness, nervousness, headache and irregular menstruation: suffering untold misery for years. I used various advertised remedies for female complaints besides being under the care of local physicians, without help. I noticed in Dr. Miles' advertisement the testimonial of a lady cured of ailments similar to mine, and I shall never cease to thank that lady. Her testimonial induced me to use Dr. Miles' Nervine and Nerve and Liver Pills, which restored me to health. I cannot say enough for Dr. Miles' Remedies."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restores Health

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Select Poetry.

WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING?

BY FRANK B. WELCH.

The old year fades into the past
With all its joys and sorrows,
With all its barren yesterdays
And all its bright to-morrows;
Some hearts regret its hasty flight,
Some gladly speed the parting
Which banishes the sad old year,
So joyous at its starting.

We bid the dying year good-by
And turn, with hope reviving,
To greet the New Year coming in
With promises enlivening;
And as we lay aside the past
In gladness or in sorrow,
We reach out to the time to come
And of the future borrow.

What will the New Year bring to us—
Is weal or woe awaiting?
Will fortune smile in kindly way
Or will she need berating?
Could we but rend the veil of time
And see beyond the present,
What would our longing eyes behold,
A prospect dark or pleasant?

Ah, it were well would we but take
The days as they are given,
And make each one a stepping stone
To raise us up to Heaven;
Instead we waste the precious hours
In blind and fruitless hoping,
The while we in an aimless way
For sordid gain are groping.

The coming year will surely bring
Us whatsoe'er we merit;
So if we fail to reap success
We've but to grin and bear it.
For what we sow that shall we reap,
Such is the law unbending
Which rules our lives from day to day—
Beginning unto ending.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

As the moon-clock unerringly records the ebb and flow of the ocean tides, so the sun-chronograph writes down the days and seasons and determines the time of their recurrence. Man has given names to the latter and set apart certain of the days as commemorative of heroic lives and deeds, or as suggestive of a sentiment that may be valuable, or otherwise, as it is taken. The Fourth of July teaches of patriotism, Christmas of the blessings of home and the beauty of the Christ-life, while New Year's tells of the sepulture of one and the genesis of another cycle of earth.

Celebration of the latter anniversary is sentimental, but sentiment pierces the heart that is callous to logic. Patriotism is sentimental, but it impels men to the mouths of death-dealing cannon. New Year's might have been as appropriate on May 1, or any other day, but time has honored the selection, and there are, besides, no means of fixing the period when, according to the sublime Mosaic account, "the evening and the morning were the first day."

This anniversary is suggestive of things that have been. Mnemosyne whispers of ships that passed in the night—of opportunities that came and were not seized; of follies and sins; of grief and pain; aye, and of pleasure, and joy, and peace. God be blessed for memory! The saddest recollection, even, is touched of the gentle hand of sympathy, and the greatest tragedy bears a lofty lesson. Who can too dearly prize the shadows of the past that come up out of the night, self-illumed by the deeds of goodness, mercy and all-kindness that marked them when in substance they lived and moved with us? These unwritten books have the most precious pages, and as we turn them, one by one, over, we scan the lines with moistened eyes of tenderness and with hearts that beat in unison with the sentiments thereon inscribed.

Cherishing whatever is good of the past, man stands in the vestibule of the inchoate year and fills its salons and chambers with cheery furniture and dear, loving forms. New Year's has, in fact, been termed a day of resolves that are broken. But it is better, far, to purpose and not to do than never try the right at all. The sum of life's duty is contained in the simple adjuration, Try! and, should failure come, try and try again. Not everyone is privileged to attain all-goodness, and few there be who can boast of a record of unbroken success. The night comes to all, but the star of Hope, like Sirius, never sets. Happy is that man who has strength to do when the promise of fulfillment is weak.

If the full sunshine may not come, let the glints find their way through the dense foliage and tesselate the ground with their tremulous mosaics of varying shape. Pity for him who cannot see in the dawn of the new year the light of better things. What hour so glad and bright as that which paints the eastern sky in crimson and gold, and that is filled with songs of birds, inspired of the pure air and the fresh, sun-kissed light? The matin-time of 1898 is come, and all who will may hear the angel voice of Hope whisper benisons that shall be inspiration to renewed courage in the putting aside of things that hinder the onward march of better living.

A Happy New Year.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

Emily Marshmallow was spending the holidays with her dearest friend, and on the first morning of the new year they were discussing their faults and turning over enough fresh leaves to fill a book. From this they fell upon the failings of their mutual friends.

"If I were as jealous as Jessie," observed the blonde Emily, "I should turn over a new leaf in regard to that to-day."

"Instead of that, returned the brunette Lucy, "she has decided not to taste candy for a whole year."

"It always did ruin her complexion."

"Yes. Jealousy is so foolish, isn't it? Charlie always says I have none."

"Nor I. Jack thinks it wonderful."

Just then the maid appeared, bearing a box.

"Miss Lucy, here is a box of flowers for—"

"For me?"

"For Miss Emily."

When it was opened, on top of the roses was a card, bearing the name of "Charles Brownsmith," and "New Year's greeting."

"Oh, how lovely of him!"

"Who, Jack?"

"No; Charlie."

"Very nice, indeed, to pay my guest some attention. Of course, I don't care, but I think it unnecessary for him—"

"You surely are not jealous, dear? For my part, I think an engaged man has a perfect right to send flowers to any girl whom he admires."

Another knock and another box of flowers. This time the roses were for Lucy, with the card of "Jack Vanstyle," and "Best wishes for a Happy New Year."

"How kind of Jack! Do look, dear Emily."

"Very nice. Of course, he only wished to please me, but I—"

"Why, you know, dear, you just said you thought an engaged man had a perfect right to send flowers to any girl whom he admired."

"Whom he admired, yes, but—"

"Don't be jealous, dear; it is silly."

"Then I'm not surprised that you—"

'You are horrid, Emily Marshmallow, and if I was not in my own house I—"

"I shall not stay here to be insulted!"

"Please, miss," said a voice at the door, "I knocked, but you didn't hear. The florist's boy is downstairs, and he says that by mistake he exchanged the cards in those boxes of flowers he just sent."

'Of course; I knew that all the time."

"So did I dear. What a funny joke; lucky we are not jealous, like Jessie!"

The United States has not a particularly large military establishment—in fact, it is regarded as meager for such an extensive territory—neither has it many posts from which the sun is saluted at morning and evening. Still it costs the government $20,000 annually for ammunition for the morning and evening gun, which figures out the expense at $54.79 for each of the 365 days in the year.

Small flocks in small runs do better than large flocks, even when they have the fullest liberty.

A Wonderful Stairway.

Remarkable Ruins Recently Discovered in Central America.

George Byron Gordon, the explorer, in the January *Century* gives an account of recent discoveries at Copan, under the title of "The Mysterious City of Honduras." Mr. Gordon says:

The most extraordinary feature that our excavations have yet brought to light is the hieroglyphic stairway already referred to. Facing the plaza at the southern end, it occupied a central position on the western side of the high pyramidal elevation that forms the northern wing of the Main Structure. Even in the sad state of ruin in which we behold it now, it affords a magnificent spectacle. What must it have been in the days when it was entire, and reached from the floor of the plaza to the entrance of the temple that stood on the height a hundred feet above!

When discovered, in 1894, this stairway was completely buried beneath the debris fallen from the temple, of which not one stone remained upon another. The upper part of the stairway itself had also been thrown from its place as if by an earthquake, and lay strewn upon the lower portion. When, at length, after months of labor, on which from fifty to one hundred men were employed, the fallen material was cleared away, an acre of ground was covered with broken sculptures removed during the progress of the work, and the lower steps were found unharmed. In the centre of the stairway, at the base, is a throne or pedestal rising to the fifth step, and projecting eight feet in front. The design upon its face is rich in sculpture and delicate in detail. It is made up in part of handsome faces, masks, death's-heads, and scrolls, beautifully carved, and disposed with perfect symmetry, but the ensemble is perfectly unintelligible. On the face of each step in the stairway is a row of hieroglyphs, carved in medium relief, running the entire length. At intervals in the ascent the centre is occupied by a human figure of noble and commanding appearance, arrayed in splendid attire, seated on the steps. The upper parts of all these figures were broken away, but the pieces of several were recovered and restored. On each side was a solid balustrades two feet thick; the upper parts of these were also broken away, but by careful study and comparison, enough was recovered to enable us to make out the curious and complicated design. Portrait-like busts issuing from the jaws of grotesque monsters, standing out upon these balustrades, and repeated at regular intervals, formed their principal adornment.

Notwithstanding the arduous toil under the fierce rays of a tropical sun, the exhuming of this stairway, in the construction of which the ancient sculptors exhausted the resources of their art, was a fascinating labor, and was performed under the constant stimulus of expectation, and the excitement of discovery. When the last day's work was done, and I stood upon the broken throne at the base of the stairway, to take a last look at the scene of my labors, so familiar had I grown with every feature of the place that it seemed to cost but little effort of the mind to roll aside the mist that hid the past and restore again the shattered fabric. From my position I could see the whole plaza, with its monuments and temple-crowned pyramids. In front of me the smooth cemented pavement stretched away westward to a range of terraces that bounds it in that direction, but leaves unobstructed the view of the mountains beyond the valley. In other days the parting shafts of the sun struck the temple, and its sculptured walls, adorned with paint and stucco, flashed in the light, until the shadows, mounting the throne and climbing the stairway, shot above the highest tower, and left the city wrapped in gloom. For a moment the peaks stood dark and gigantic against the dazzling sunset hues, crowned with glory; then the colors faded rapidly, giving away to a pale glow above the mountains, while sudden darkness fell upon the valley.

Musing on the scene, I was dimly aware of a long array of shadows projected from the past. Nor was it altogether fancy. This plaza has witnessed many a scene of august pomp, and many a glittering pageant. Many a priestly procession with solemn rites has trod these sculptured stairs, and here, doubtless, on many a day famous in the annals of the nation, the plumed warriors of Co, returning with victorious banners, bowed before the throne where their monarch sat in state and proudly reviewed them as they passed.

AMERICA IN 1800.

The Population Centered in a Very Few Cities Near the Coast.

In the January *St. Nicholas* there is a timely article on the Greater New York, entitled "Reasoning Out a Metropolis," by Ernest Ingersoll. Writing of the distribution of the population at the beginning of the century, Mr. Ingersoll says:

Montreal and Quebec were then large towns, but making no progress; nothing had come of the expected cities along the coast of Maine; old Salem had been outstripped by Boston, which already numbered 30,000 citizens; Newport, New London, and New Haven were still disappointingly small and sleepy; New York, which had borne the brunt of the Revolutionary War, included only some 60,000 inhabitants; while Philadelphia, unharmed by the war, was flourishing, and led the list with a population numbering over 81,000. Farther south, Baltimore, with about 27,000 people; Charleston, with 20,000, and New Orleans (then in French territory), with 10,000, were the only coast towns worth mentioning. Civilization had scarcely found its way across the Alleghanies, Chicago did not exist, and Oswego, Buffalo, Detroit Pittsburg and Cincinnati were mere frontier villages or Indian trading-posts. New England and eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland were dotted with villages, but the largest towns were those of northern New Jersey and the valley of the Hudson, where Newburg, Kingston, and Albany took the lead of all. Let us see what happened during the next thirty years.

As soon as peace, and a firm united government were gained by the war for independence, we Americans began to think about finding out and making use of the wealth of our new country, first by setting as many persons as possible to clearing away the forests and planting fields; and great numbers from the older states, and from Europe, moved west, and received from the government tracts of land, for which the only pay asked was a promise to stay and cultivate them.

But it was plain that there was no use in farming, no matter how cheap and fertile the soil, nor in cutting timber or digging minerals, no matter how accessible and abundant, unless the pioneers had some way to send the grain they grew, or the timber or minerals to market. Roads were, therefore, of the first importance. Nobody but a hunter or an explorer could travel into the heavily wooded interior, except along some navigable river, and at first only the valleys of these rivers were cultivated. Next, a few roads were laid out, connecting the coast and riverside towns, but none penetrated inland very far, and these were mostly mere tracks for pack-horses. All frontier goods were carried by horses until almost the beginning of this century—as they are yet in remote parts of the far West. This method is exceedingly expensive. It cost, for instance, $249 a ton, or about twelve and a half cents a pound, to carry merchandise by pack-horses from Philadelphia to Erie in 1784; and when, in 1789, the first wagon-road was opened over the Pennsylvania mountains, the cost of freightage was three dollars a ton for that part alone—about 140 miles. It was not until 1804 that the first through line of stages was established from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, making the trip in seven days.

These things show how gradual, but how sure, was the advance of civilization westward.

"Banks," said Rivers, "every day in the year seems to be New Year's to you."

"Go ahead," said Banks, bracing himself. "I'm ready."

"For the reason," resumed Rivers, "that you are always blowing your own horn."

New Bride—I have baked my first pie, dear. Won't we have fun eating it with our New Year's dinner to-morrow?

Husband—I am sorry, darling; but I have made it a rule of my life never to eat pie during the holidays.

Witherby—I have invited Castleton around to New Year's dinner.

Mrs. Witherby—But he was here Christmas to dinner.

Witherby—What of it?

Mrs. Witherby—I am afraid he will recognize that turkey.

No breed of poultry is the best. Some breeds are best for eggs and others for meat. The beginner should choose the breed that suits him best and that will produce what his market calls loudest for.

Keeping Them on the Farm

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"I am just casting up my accounts for the past year and making estimates for the coming one," said Farmer Tuffkids to the friend from the city who had come to spend New Year's day. "U'm! Let me see! Debtor to 89 dogs at 75 cents—some of my own raising and others bought at wholesale—$66.75. To—"

"Do you contemplate utilizing 89 dogs during the coming year?" interrupted the friend, with much interest.

"That is the number we have made use of during the past year," replied the host. "During the coming year we shall probably use a great many more. You see—"

"My goodness!" ejaculated the visitor, as a great clamor broke forth, apparently originating behind the barn. "What is that?"

"Oh, I have given four of the younger boys a hand organ apiece, not two of which play the same tunes, and when these all strike up together they make considerable racket," explained the farmer. "But the boys enjoy it, and that is the main point. I guess they will stop playing pretty soon and go to fighting over the discord, and then there will be a little less noise. Suppose we go up to the garret? The billiard table is up there, along with the poker lay out. The boys hold their dog fights out back of that high fence you see yonder, where nobody will bother them. If you're thirsty there is always a keg of beer in the cellar and hot tamales to go with it. The boys have a display of fireworks every few nights, and I have hired a couple of Italians to come around twice a week with their dancing bears. And once a month I hold an auction of household goods for the amusement of the boys; they are very fond of auctions. If you care for sport you may enjoy running up against my oldest son's faro bank. He is away from home just now, but my second son is fully competent to interest you. The boys are talking of organizing a fire company and I have promised to allow them to burn a stack of hay twice a month. They are going to have—"

"Great Scott!" broke in the visitor, as another terrible uproar arose. "What on earth is that?"

"It is my little four-year-old son amusing himself. The child is so passionately fond of tying tin kettles to dogs' tails that I keep 16 able-bodied dogs on hand all the time for his especial benefit. He has invented a plan for tin-kettling ten of them at once and letting them off together; great head on that boy—he'll make his mark some day! It makes a good deal of sport for the other boys, too, for they are fond of betting on which dog will run the farthest. We always make believe that Wednesday is Saturday to please the smallest boys, and have the Fourth of July and Christmas each come three times a year on our private calendar, just to please the rest of the boys. And, then—Why, here comes my oldest son now! He eloped with the hired girl night before last. I want you to meet him; you will find him a bright young fellow."

"But why do you grant your sons all these extraordinary privileges?" questioned the visitor, completely mystified.

"In order to make the home place attractive to them," was the answer. "You know how prone farmers' sons are to desert the old farm for the excitement and pleasures of city life. So I have endeavored, as well as my means would permit, to make them contented here. You see, I debit the boys with the money expended in their behalf and credit them with the they put in at home. During the past year they have complained but little, and I feel sure that, with the time plans I have in mind, they will be contented during the coming year. It is not such a difficult thing, after all, to keep the boys from leaving the farm if you take hold of the matter in the right way."

Clean Cow's Milk

It is a terrible thought, nevertheless a true one, that if the cow's milk fed to babies were only clean, thousands and thousands of little lives would be saved each year. But the milk, in the majority of cases, is not clean. To this fact is largely due the enormous death rate among children thus artificially fed. The uncleanness begins with the process of milking and continues until the milk is swallowed as food. Is it not strange that such a simple lesson of cleanliness cannot be learned? How many of those who do the milking take the trouble to thoroughly cleanse the hands before engaging in that process? How often is the udder of the cow carefully washed before milking? To both these questions the answer could be truthfully given, "Very rarely indeed." Yet these cleansing processes should be rigidly insisted upon.

Germs cannot be removed from a liquid by running it through a sieve, no matter how fine its meshes may be. Indeed, the question should not be how to get the germs out, but rather now to keep them from getting in.

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