Chopping Mill
AT
SMITH, YINGLING & CO'S
FACTORY.

Corn Chop, Corn and Cob Crushed, Corn Meal and Graham Flour made and on sale, Corn, Rye and Oats ground together.
Hominy made and for sale.
Grain of all kinds bought.
Your custom solicited. dec-11-tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANN | WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1898. | VOL 67--NO 21.

ON AND AFTER

Monday, May 23rd,

our Store will close at 6 P. M.,

EXCEPT SATURDAYS.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SECOND HAND WHEELS

We have on hand several High Grade Second Hand Bicycles, that ha been traded in for Crescents, which we will sell at very low prices, $8.0 $12.50 and $15.00. Call and see them.

Bicycle Shoes and Golf Hose.

We have a splendid Bicycle Shoe, regular L. A. W. style, a good ca shoe for any time, $1.25. Better quality, with flexible corrugated sol $1.75. Some very pretty patterns in Golf Hose at the low prices of 5 and 75 cents. A few all wool Sweaters that we will close out cheap.

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.

These you must have to complete your bicycle suit. In fact they a the thing for summer wear on all occasions. We have some good valu at 48 cents. Very attractive styles, with or without collars or cuffs.
Also a beautiful assortment at 75 cents. We would like to show the to you.

WHITEWASH BRUSHES.

You need them now. We think our Brushes are a little better for t money than those you get most places, at any rate we would like you compare them.

Fence Brushes 5 and 10 cents.
Fine three row Bristle Brushes 19 cents.
Large three row Bristle Brushes 25 cents.
Extra quality Bristle Brushes, for fine inside work, 75c and $1.00.
Odds and ends useful at house cleaning time.
Brooks' Cleanaline 5 cents. Sapolio 5 cents.
Woodchuck Laundry Soap 2½ cents.
Rising Sun, Enameline or Magic Paste Stove Polish 5 cents.
Easybright Liquid Stove Polish, requires no rubbing, 10 cents.
5 cent box Carpet Tacks 2 cents. Small Boxes Tacks 1 cent.
Tack Hammers 3 and 5 cents. Wardrobe Hooks 3 for 5 cts.
Good heavy Brooms, with three strings, each 15 cents.
Good all steel Hand Saws 25 cents,
Good steel Hatchets 39 cents.
Best Parlor Matches 10 cents a dozen.

☞ Don't forget we close at 6 P. M., except SATURDAYS.

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

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.

BARK WANTED
AT
Schlosser Tannery.

We will pay FIVE DOLLARS ($5.00) per Ton of 2000 lbs. for PRIME CHESTNUT OR SPANISH OAK BARK, of this year's peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the Schlosser Tannery, before the 1st day of July, 1898.
ENGLAND & BRYAN,
Proprietors.
Jas. S. Baer, Supt.
mar-19-2mo

Notice!
New Hardware and Stove Store.

Will carry a full line of shelf and heavy Hardware.
Stoves and Fixtures,
Greystone Enameled and Blue Ware, Tinware of all kinds,
Iron Roofing, Oils, Paints. A full line of Agricultural Implements.
Agent for the Eagle Bicycle.
BICYCLE SUNDRIES.
Hoping the public will give me a share of their patronage. Yours respt.,
E. S. BANKERD,
ap-3-tf New Windsor Md.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE,
MANUFACTURER OF
Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons, Buggies, Phætons, &c.,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.
I have on hand a complete stock of
Harness of all Kinds.
Fine Light Driving Harness, Phaeton, Buggy and Cart Harness, at prices that defy competition. Come and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I can save you money.
☞ Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts.
no17 1y

L. A. HALLER,
Practical Machinist.
Westminster.
REPAIRING OF
Engines, Boilers,
Steam Pumps, Mill Work, Threshing Machines, BINDERS, REAPERS, Mowers and Agricultural Implements
of every description, in the best manner. Shafting and all kinds of Brass and Iron Castings furnished. Bicycles Repaired. Bicycles, Sewing Machines and Signs Re-enameled at short notice. BRASING A SPECIALTY.
L. A. HALLER, Machinist,
Cor. Green and Liberty Streets,
ap-13-1 Westminster, Md.

Headache and *Neuralgia* cured by Dr. MILES' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose."

Wm. F. Derr.

porium.

ok?

promptly
P. M.,
May 23rd,
turday.



NG OF WOMEN

usiness gathered under this roof.
backbone of the store. Work, study, on your part. No one store can ever ut one store can do a business best. This is our position. Hence you find

for Dress Goods.

Cotton Dress Materials.

At 10c.—A large range of the new printings and colorings, in pretty Dimity and Lawns, also all the plain shades.

At 25c.—We display the Real French Organdies, in lovely floral designs and exquisite tintings, should be 35c but for our masterstroke of purchasing power.

At 12 1-2c.—A collection of New Wash Fabrics, that have no equals for style and qualities, all the popular Weaves represented.

R SHOES FOR $1.60.

rtment of the Fine Hand-Made Shoes is is the grandest bargain we have ever elf of the opportunity.

Tailor-Made Suits at $5.

About 20 Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits, of All-Wool Serge and Habit Cloth, in desirable colors and elegantly made, our regular $8.00 suits, while they last they are yours at
Five Dollars a Suit.

del Emporium,
Derr,
Near Railroad, Westminster.

Shreeve & Nusbaum,
(successors to Joseph E. Shreeve,)
Oppo. New Firemen's Hall,
69 E. Main St., Westminster.

THE subscribers have formed a partnership for the purpose of conducting the
GROCERY, CONFECTIONERY
and business of that general character, at the old stand of Joseph E. Shreeve, on East Main street, Westminster, opposite the new Firemen's Hall, and will keep constantly on hand and for sale, at lowest prices,
FRESH FINE AND STAPLE GROCERIES,
a line of Fine and Commoner grades of
CONFECTIONERIES, CANNED GOODS,
Fresh and Dried Fruits.
PILLSBURY, WASHBURN and many other brands of high grade Flour.
All kinds of Flavoring Extracts, &c.
We call especial attention to our 30-cent Syrup, which is a very superior article for the price. Highest prices paid for Eggs. Goods promptly delivered.
SHREEVE & NUSBAUM.
my-7-98-1y

Central Drug Store.
OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,
Main St. Westminster, Md.
JOEPH B. BOYLE,
SUCCESSOR TO WELLS BROS.

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, &c. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.
Pure Wines & Liquors
FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.
Patent Medicines, Horse and Cattle Powders, &c. A fine assortment of
STATIONERY.
Physicians' orders promptly filled and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. mar-13-tf

WANTED.
SMALL WHITE SOUP BEANS. Highest market prices paid.
ALBAUGH & BABYLON GROCERY COMPANY,
ap-30-3t Westminster, Md.

FOR SALE.
CROCKERY AND GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING STORE, doing a good business.
Address, T. F. CROWL,
1548 Pennsylvania Avenue,
ap-30-3t* Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE.
HAY, CORN AND POTATOES. PRICES LOW.
Call on or address
C. C. RICHARDSON,
ap-30-3t Wakefield, Md.

TRANSFERS AND ABATEMENTS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Carroll County will sit at their office in the Court House, in the city of Westminster, to hear appeals for transfers and abatements, as follows:

For districts Nos. 1, 2 and 3 on April 11th and 12th, 1898.
For districts Nos. 4, 5 and 6 on April 18th and 19th, 1898.
For districts Nos. 7 and 8 on April 25th and 26th, 1898.
For districts Nos. 9, 10 and 11 on May 9th and 10th, 1898.
For districts Nos. 12 and 13 on May 16th and 17th, 1898.
No abatements or transfers will be made after the above dates on levy for 1898.
By order of the Board.
JOHN E. MASENHIMER,
ap-2-7t Clerk.

NOTICE TO DAIRYMEN.

BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND,

It shall be the duty of all dairymen or herdsmen or private individuals supplying milk to cities, towns or villages to register their herds or cattle with the Live Stock Sanitary Board; in violation of which the parties offending shall be fined not less than one dollar nor more than twenty dollars for each offence. Registration may be made, within thirty days, by application either in person or by letter, to
C. W. MELVILLE, Sec'y.
A. W. CLEMENT, State Veterinarian.
may 7-3t

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of L. H. Schultz & Son, engaged in the sale of agricultural implements and plumbing, stove and tinware business at Sykesville, Carroll county, Md., was this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due and owing to said firm must be paid to Louis P. Schultz, who is alone authorized to receipt for the same, and all debts due and owing by said firm will be paid by the said Louis P. Schultz. Witness our hands and seals, this 2nd day of May, A. D. 1898.
LOUIS H. SCHULTZ, (Seal.)
my-7-3t* LOUIS P. SCHULTZ, (Seal.)

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE President and Directors of the Westminster and Meadow Branch Turnpike Company have this day declared a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. on the capital stock of said company for the past year payable on and after the 14th day of May, 1898, at the First National Bank of Westminster, Md.
JOHN D. ROOP, Treasurer.
Jno. T. DIFFENBAUGH, Secretary.
May 2nd, 1897. may-7-3t

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned, heretofore in business under the name, firm and style, of W. Y. Frizzell & Bro., have this day dissolved partnership. Those knowing themselves indebted to the firm will settle the same with either. Payment to those to whom the firm is indebted will also be made by either of its members.
WM. Y. FRIZZELL,
A. P. FRIZZELL.
Bloom, May 2nd, 1898. my-14-3t*

FOR SALE,

OR will exchange for a Horse, a good Gold Watch and Chain, a Violin and Case, and a No. 1 Rambler Bicycle, complete, and in first-class condition. Apply to
WM. R. LEASE,
28 East Green street, Westminster.
my-7-3t

Stop suffering! Try Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.

Select Poetry.

BOB WHITE.

Over the hedge, away in the clover,
All through the months of May and June,
Whistled and sung, over and over,
Comes to my ear this cheerful tune,
"Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!"
Over and over,
Wandering about in the fragrant clover,
He whistles from morning till night.

Down in the shade of the reeds and the rushes,
The wee wife sits in her little home nest;
Bob White is out with the larks and the thrushes,
Dressed like a king in his speckled vest.
"Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!"
Away in the clover,
I hear him calling over and over,
And the little mate calls "all right!"

Sometimes he comes to the edge of my garden,
Tiptoeing by so dainty and gay,
As if to say, "I beg your pardon
For coming so often along this way.
Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!
I'm not much of a rover,
I've a snug little home out there in the clover,
I'm looking for supper tonight."

Down came the reapers one Monday morning—
Two big horses and boys and men—
To cut the clover without any warning;
Oh! what will poor Bob White do then?
Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!
Poor little rover,
I hear him calling away in the clover;
Oh! what will you do to-night?

I fear for the nest as the reaper passes,
Round and round with its busy hum;
Will it leave uncut the reeds and grasses
That shelter the little housewife at home?
Bob White!
Bob, Bob White!
I hear him call when the day is over,
And the little mate calls "all right."

—M. Adelaide Preston.

Select Story.

TO THE RESCUE.

From the youth's Companion.

On the morning of July 3, 1873, I was sitting in the shade of our adobe ranch building on the bank of South Platte, when I noticed a man staggering along the dusty trail to the north of the horse corral.

"Some drunken pilgrim from Julesburg," I thought, for although Julesburg was nearly 100 miles distant I knew that more than one tramp had there bought enough 'tanglefoot to keep him drunk until he either reached Denver or lost his scalp on the way.

I regarded the man lazily until he came so near that his head and features began to take definite shape. Then I saw with alarm that his hatless head was literally the color of blood and that his shirt front was marked with dark streaks. I got up and hurried to meet him. To my horror, upon a near approach I discovered that he had not only been wounded in the head, but had been actually scalped.

I will not attempt to describe his frightful condition. Yet he had full control of his faculties and began rapidly telling his sad story as I put my arm about him to steady his walk.

He had been traveling toward Denver from the east, driving a light wagon which contained only himself, his wife and a few household articles and provisions. They had camped on the river about two miles below our ranch the night before. About daylight, just as they were getting breakfast, they had been pounced upon by a party of mounted Indians, who rode out from the mouth of a gulch close at hand and opened fire upon them.

"I was frying a pan of bacon," said the man—his name was William Rosamond—"when suddenly I heard them yelling. I looked up and just got a glimpse of them—a dozen or 15, I should say—when they began firing, and I felt what might have been a stroke on my head, and no more. When I woke up, I was the way you see me. The wreck of my wagon was there, but my wife and horses were gone. And so I staggered away, and here I am, and whether I ought to thank God I didn't see my wife lying there dead is more than I know. I suppose they've carried her away a prisoner."

At the sight of the poor man there was in me a fury of desire to punish the fiends who had so mutilated him, and when he begged me to get at once to the nearest post for help to rescue his wife I said: "There's no need. As there were only 12 or 15 well try it ourselves."

"Rouse, rouse!" I shouted to my men in the hut. Fortunately there were in it five of them asleep.

They roused instantly and were as surprised, horrified and fierce as myself at the dreadful plight of Rosamond. While I set about washing and dressing his wounded head they bolted some food and coffee, saddled horses and declared they would follow the Indians anywhere, if only their trail could be struck and kept.

The bullet, I found, had struck Rosamond on the temple near the left eye and had not penetrated the skull, but had passed around under the skin and came out behind the ear. The scalping knife had bared the skull on top in a circle about four inches in diameter. I soon had the wounds dressed and bandaged; then, at his urgent request, we left the man to care for himself.

With a two days' ration in our saddlebags and an extra pony for each of us we galloped away in pursuit of the Indians, and soon found the wreck of the wagon beside the trail some two miles from the ranch.

After a thorough search for some distance on every side, we became satisfied that Mrs. Rosamond had been taken captive. Then we took the trail of the ponies of the Indians and of the two shod horses they had captured.

As this trail led us across the sandy valley to the north we judged the party to be Cheyennes or Sioux, for Arapahoes or Comanches would most likely have taken the opposite direction.

Bow Legs, our expert tracker, formerly a "pony express" rider, rode in advance at a jog trot over hard ground and at a gallop across the frequent sand tracts, all the time leaning forward, with his face beside his pony's neck and his eyes following the prints of the shoes of the shod horses. And so about noon he led us up to the high land which formed the divide between the Platte and Crow creek. The day was clear, hot and fortunately devoid of that haze or mirage which so often prevails in that region.

"Now, boss," said Bow Legs, "get out your glass and take a squint down across 'bout 15 or 20 miles ahead. The Indians have only been riding at a jog, and they ought to be in sight."

As I was superintendent of a large round up, I always carried in my saddle holsters a signal service glass of first rate power. Now, after a moments, scrutiny, my binocular happened to catch the savages just as they were going over a ridge. I had time to count 16 horsemen and a number of led animals before they disappeared.

"Only 16 of 'em!" said Bow Legs. 'Good enough! We'll make things warm for them."

He had, in fact, "stood off" 13 alone on one occasion. On another he had whipped nine Utes single handed and had chased the four survivors several miles, so much did his new breechloader overmatch their bows and arrows and inferior guns.

As our Indians were going north we were confident they would camp on Crow Creek, and we jogged easily after them. They evidently had no fear of pursuit, as they were traveling in a squad and going leisurely. In fact, such isolated outrages as the one they had just committed usually went unpunished in those days, and they probably thought their crime would not soon be discovered, as they had assailed the Rosamonds on an old trail that was little used.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon we were cautiously trailing within a canyon which led through the breaks or bluffs south of Crow creek valley. After we had ridden for some two hours down the arroyo, which deepened and became quite rough as we advanced, Bow Legs pronounced the trail very fresh. At last he halted just as he was on the turn of a sharp corner and motioned for us to gallop up.

As we joined him he gave a wild yell and dashed the spurs into his horse's flanks. Following close in his wake, I had the valley of Crow creek burst suddenly upon my view, and I saw that the Indians had picketed their ponies and pitched a couple of of teepees on the banks of the stream, some 300 yards away. Straight at their camp we charged.

When I first saw them they were scattering in a dash for their ponies. We dug spurs into our animals and flew at them like rockets. Each of us carried a revolver and a Winchester carbine with 15 shots in its magazine.

The evident consternation of the Indians and their rush for their horses took all notion of fear out of us. We went straight for them and began firing before half of them had cut their ponies loose and mounted them. Those who first reached their beasts slashed the picket ropes, mounted bareback and galloped down to the creek at their best pace. Some of the others, however, were too late, and we were fairly upon a half dozen of them when they had no more than got to their horses.

It was not a fight, but a rout, for the Indians thought only of escape, and nine of them succeeded in getting away. We did not follow them, for our ponies were worn with travel, and it seemed better than Mrs. Rosamond should be taken to her scalped husband as soon as possible.

She was unharmed and had been unbound in one of the teepees when our firing began. Now she came hurrying toward us. I shall never forget the poor woman's wonder when we told her that her husband was alive.

"Why, I saw them." And she shuddered and put her hands up as if to hide the horrible memory from her eyes.

"Yes, they did," I said. "But he will live and be just as well as ever."

The expression of joy on her face was beautiful to see.

Besides recovering Rosamond's horses we captured seven ponies, three springfield carbines, one winchester and five good saddles.

After a few hours of rest we set out for the ranch, which we reached about 10 o'clock the next morning. We found Rosamond in a high fever and dangerously ill. But, thanks to his wife's nursing, he finally recovered, and for two years afterward the couple cooked for us at the ranch, which always seemed to me a most prosaic occupation for people who had come through an adventure so extraordinary as theirs.

Rare Kind of Sport.

The dove bait is in order down South now. In some places the doves are thicker than peas, which is saying a great deal, for in local parlance "peas is 'bout de plentifulest t'ing we got."

"Doves?" says some one. "Is it pigeons you mean? Wild pigeons or tame pigeons?"

"Neither. The bird in question is a dove, a small, gray, fluttering creature whose character was long ago established as harmless, in direct contrast to that of the serpent."

"Dove meat is more juicier dan pa'tridge and more tastier," certifies a game connoisseur. "Pa'tridge does mostly let all he goodness go out een de gravy, but a dove when hit een good fix is richness all t'rough. Look like de more goodness you git out of him de more dere is left een him. Dove a good t'ing to have een de house, eider de kitchen."

The needfuls for a dove bait are, first, a field, not too large and bordered on three sides at least by woods thick enough to screen the hunters, or rather the dove stalkers; next, a liberal supply of peas of various sorts to sprinkle on the ground, and third, the right number of congenial souls with a zest for sport and sufficient discrimination to prevent them from shooting one another in mistake for the game. It is not always easy to satisfy all these requirements at the same time. The land owner with the desirable field, willing to squander his peas and invite his neighbors, may not live in just the section of the country where the doves elect to disport themselves, and he whose woods and fields are thickest with doves may not be of a dove baiting disposition.

When everything suits and the right invitations go forth to the right people, there is hilarity and rejoicing, for a dove bait never stands by itself. It is bound to involve something else, maybe two or three other things. Nobody ever went to a dove bait anywhere without staying over night at the place where it was given and the birds once baited and the game bags crammed to bursting, all hands must needs stay to supper in order to taste the fruits of the day's shooting. How many doves are bagged? Oh, it is impossible to say. Nobody ever counts, but there are scores and scores of them pulled out of those grim duck and leather wallets and tossed into the big four-bushel basket to be picked and consigned to the cook. Probably if you visited the host of the dove bait a week afterward the family would still be eating doves, that is, if the weather were cool enough to keep them. Every man who attended carried home a brace or two and besides the attendants who helped to load shells the night before, who looked after the dogs and horses and hung around generally when things were in motion, likewise partook of dove's meat to their heart's content.

Of course, a true-born sportman, one who is a famous marksman as well, who believes in giving the game more chance, and perhaps likes the field to himself or with only one chosen companion, will have none of this wholesale slaughtering. "What, strew a field thick with peas day after day until the doves feed in security, and then take stands and shoot them down when there is utterly no chance for escape, and even a blindfolded man could kill them? Barbarous," is the veteran hunter's verdict. "No, colonel, I won't take in the dove bait, but I'll bring my dog out for a day or two of shooting next week, and if there are any left, we'll eat doves shot fair and square in the open field, without the odds all against them."

The hunter with whom hunting is an ideal pursuit may feel this way, but the Colonel's nephews and grandnephews and their comrades, young fellows, full of dash and go, always in for anything that means excitement and fun, feel differently. The mere fact of so many setting out together, getting ready in company and in pursuit of the same object, gives zest to their pleasure, and they like the noise and hubbub and happenings of this cut-and-dried chase. 'Bang! bangs! bang!" go the guns. There is the yelping of dogs, whose scientific services are restrained, and there is shouting and a great deal of smoke. Travelers along the road might think it was a battlefield, as the shots come from all directions, but the small darkies looking on from a safe distance, perhaps from the vantage perch of a tree or a fence.

One fascinating feature of the dove bait is that the participants know well that they can never again have the same fun on the same grounds. By the next year news will have spread among the doves that the atmosphere of that particular plantation is unhealthful, and they will satisfy their appetites elsewhere.

Location of Farm Buildings.

The relative location of farm buildings is of great importance. The barn should be situated so the prevailing winds will blow from the house toward the barn and far enough from the road so as to allow a clear view each way from the house. The carriage house, corn cribs and other outbuildings, if put between the house and barn, do not occupy more room, and they keep the filth-soaked soil of the barn lot from becoming the scource of disease by leaching into the family well.

It is hard work to keep the average barn lot looking spick and span all the time, and a good screen to hide it from view is a row of evergreens between the house and barn. If the barn is in the proper direction from the house these evergreens will make a good windbreak for the live stock, while running out in cool weather.

Recently I visited a farm where every plan seemed to be made with reference to making a nice view from every window in the house.

A woodshed and carriage house hid the barn, and the barn was between the house and the pig-sty. Between the barn and the road was a truck patch, so as to allow the women of the family to see down the road for a mile, and a tree-bordered lane led from the road to the barn lot.

Back of the house and on the side opposite the barn was an orchard, its further side fenced with a tall hedge, thus cutting off a rather uninteresting view.

A happy looking lot of sheep grazed in the orchard, and a maple-shaded lawn added to the charm of a perfect country home, which had not cost a cent more because it was well planned and pleasant to live in and attractive to the wayfarer.

A little thinking in this matter adds much to the appearance and value of a farm.

Galpin's Escape.

"Be you the man that keeps the marriage book?"

The voice was sharp and high, and the manner in which the inquiry was delivered caused the busy clerk in the department of vital statistics to drop his pen and wheel about.

Great Scott! What a libel on beautiful woman met his eye. The creature was gaunt and tall. Her long and bony hands and wrists were strong and dirty, and her ginger hair was wadded on her head. She looked formidable.

"I say, mister, I want to know if you keep them marriage books, and be spry about it, 'cause I don't wanter waste no time."

The creature was the possessor of a set of uneven, tusk-like teeth, which she was constantly digging at with her finger while talking, and when assured that was the place to find the books, she mumbled:

"Kin you find out when Ed. Galpin was married?"

A search brought to light the fact that such a person was married about two weeks previous.

"Umph," she grunted, "married Lize Waters didn't he?"

"He did," answered the clerk.

"Well, I'm Lize," said the woman, "an' I jest dropped in to tell you that he's escaped."

Passenger at Railway Station—When does the next train leave?

Porter (Irish)—Shure, sor, the next train left ten minutes ago!

AN OPEN LETTER
TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "Castoria," and "Pitcher's Castoria," as our trade mark.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every wrapper. This is the original "CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.

LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.
March 24, 1898.
Samuel Pitcher M.D.
"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A Chapter on Young Turkeys.

Turkey eggs hatch in four weeks after setting. "Strong" eggs hatch out several days earlier.

Take young turkeys from the nest as soon as they are dry, to prevent them from mashing, wrap them up and keep in warm place. Give no food for a day and night; there is a residrum of yolk to be absorbed and voided. Too early feeding interferes with this process.

When all the eggs have hatched, remove the turkeys to a temporary coop. Burn the nesting straw, whitewash pen and boxes, sprinkle with kerosene wash if vermin are suspected. Grease heads, throats and under the wings of old turkeys. Grease with lard or unsalted grease all the small turkeys and return them to the pen, and feed, for first week, hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, chopped lettuce and onions, raw or boiled. Feed hens grain and some soft food. For regular feed after first week make curds of buttermilk or clabber, scalded and pressed dry from whey. Sprinkle occasionally with red pepper. Also feed plain corn cake, unsalted, crumbled fine and moistened with a little water or sweet milk; these are proper foods for young turkeys. Feed four or five times a day, in an earthenware plate or vessel. Turkeys are fastidious as to clean platters and food. If eggs are not practiable for diet for the first week substitute the curds. Do not give raw meal dough, buttermilk or sour milk. These produce diarrhoea and this disease is the mortal foe of the turks.

If it be damp or rainy weather keep the turkeys inside the pen for a week, housing them in the nesting coops at night. After that period let them out every morning after the dew has dried off, shutting them up early in the evening. Wet, cold quarters, sudden showers and early dew baths will produce diarrhoea and slay the turks right and left.

Starting a Big Machine.

From Pittsburg Dispatch.

Did you ever see a careful engineer start a big pumping engine? He goes about it in a very deliberate manner indeed. Chief Engineer Michael Hodge, who has charge of the three gigantic pumping engines at the Allegany waterworks at Monroe station, gave an illustrated lecture on the subject the other day to a visitor who happened into the plant. Turning a little wheel he said: "It takes about 15 minutes to start one of these pumps. I am turning on a little steam to sort of warm up her jacket before she gets down to hard work. A machine is like a man in a long distance race—she has to get limbered up before she is capable of her very best work. The work this engine does when she gets down to business is to take 500 gallons of water out of the river every revolution of her driving wheel and start it on its way to Allegany. She runs at the rate of 15 revolutions per minute, and you can easily see that she has no snap, but earns every cent of her wages."

Diving down into the basement Mr. Hodge turned a valve wheel a part of the way round, and then went up stairs and turned up a little steam at the main valve. Then the ponderous driving wheel, which weighs a trifle over 28 tons, began to revolve slowly. Down into the basement he went again to open the intake valve a trifle more and then up to the main steam valve to give her a little more steam. With running about, turning a little wheel here and there, several assistants also helping with the work, it was fully 15 minutes from the time the first steam had been turned on until the big machine was running at regulation speed and doing a regulation amount of work.

"Say, Mister, would you give a nickle to a man who never told a lie?"

"Oh, go 'way, what are you giving me?"

"It ain't fer me, Mister, it's fer me deaf and dum brother."

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