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 ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1898. VOL 67--NO 41.

Brim Full of Economy.

It will not require a veteran shopper to find the bargain richness in these goods. The price is the only thing that has suffered. The quality is the "come again" kind. We are making this the most popular store in the city, and we shall add to it by offering values like the following.

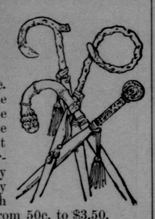


NEW LAMPS.

The richest, rarest and most beautiful you ever beheld at the price. We only ask you to look at them, your good judgment will tell you the rest. There are three styles, at $2.35, $1.92 and 77c. The latter are little beauties, being 19 inches high and very handsomely decorated. Only 77 cents.

77 CENTS.

UMBRELLA FACTS.



Our Umbrellas are warranted not to fade. They have the newest and prettiest handles. The covering is of the best quality. They are the lightest in weight. They don't turn wrong side out. They turn all the rain. They are the lowest in price. These are seven facts worth remembering. We have Umbrellas that come down by touching a spring, and Umbrellas that go up by touching a spring. In short whatever is worth having in Umbrellas is here. The prices range from 50c. to $3.50.

UNDERWEAR NEWS.



Be you big or little, long or short, stout or slim, young or old, here is the place to buy your Underwear. The reasons are many. Fact is we are so full of the subject of Underwear that we feel that we can't say good things enough about it. If the people of Carroll county suffer from the cold this winter it will not be our fault. Such bargains as await you here, why we are fairly jubilant over them. And you will be too when you see them. Such visions of downy softness and warmth, why it almost makes one wish that the thermometer were at zero now, that you might enjoy their comfort.

As a starter take our boys' extra heavy ribbed, fleece lined Shirts and Drawers, sizes 24 to 34, a really 50c garment, at 25 Cents.

Or our Men's double thick, fleece lined Shirts or Drawers, in white or grey, soft and pleasant to wear and no cold can get through them. Only 50 Cents.

We think we have the best Ladies' Vest offered for the money. You know that means a great deal. But here it is. Extra heavy Jersey ribbed, fleece lined Vests or Pants, full size, vest with long sleeves, gored armholes, silk trimmed, ribbon drawstrings in neck, a real beauty, and worth almost double the price we ask. 19 Cents.

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR



We know you will want some of these. Children's extra heavy close ribbed Vests and Pants, good sizes, well made and altogether the best goods to wear we ever saw. The price begins at 10c for size 16 and ends with 23c for 26.

10 TO 23 CENTS.

From now until January 1st, our store will be open every night.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE.

Better Late Than Never.

THE MAN WHO HAS NOT BEEN BUYING HIS CLOTHING FROM
SHARRER & GORSUCH

has been making a big mistake, but get "in line." This fall you will need a Suit or Overcoat for yourself or boy and don't fail to see our styles and prices before you buy. We will give you better Clothing and lower prices than you can get elsewhere. Remember that we sell the kind of Clothing that wears right, fits right and at the right prices.

A splendid time to get a fine Suit or pair of Trousers made to order. Handsome imported Suitings and Trouserings just opened. We give you better values and prices on Merchant Tailor work than it is possible to get elsewhere.

Some stylish fall weight Overcoats at low prices. A big line of Shirts, Collars, Neckwear and Underwear. We carry the largest and best assortment and are the only exclusive Clothiers and Tailors in Carroll county. 200 latest Puff Neckties, 50c quality for 25c while they last.

We close at 6 P. M., except Saturday.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, opposite Catholic Church.
se-12-97-1y-10

Middleton's Premium Teas, Coffees and Baking Powders.

:o:

A Check with every Purchase and Gifts for One to One Hundred or more Checks, as Desired.

I am sole agent in the region between Frederick and Baltimore for Middleton's Teas, Coffees and Baking Powders—all standard goods—with which checks are given for purchases as follows: Each ¼ lb. Tea, one check; each 1 lb. Coffee, one check; each ¼ lb. Baking Powder two checks. These goods consist of Middleton's Silver Tea, Middleton's Leader Coffee and Middleton's Silver Baking Powder. The Premiums consist of Household, Toilet, Wearing, Jewelry and many other articles, ranging in value from 5 cents to $15.00. Circulars containing full lists and description of Premiums can be had at my store, No. 88 East Main Street, Westminster. Call and get one and ascertain the worth of this highly liberal offer.

WM. N. KEEFER, General Groceries, Flour, Provisions, Glassware, Baled Hay, Straw, Shorts, Bran, Corn, Oats, &c. feb-27-1y

YOU ARE

Cordially invited to our Annual

FALL and WINTER OPENING,

TO-DAY

SATURDAY, October 8th, '98.

Free Concert

BY THE FAMOUS

FRATANTUONO BROS'.

COLONIAL ORCHESTRA.

SOUVENIRS FOR THE LADIES.

Don't Forget the Day and Date,

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1898.

MILLER BROS'.

POPULAR STORES, WESTMINSTER, MD.

ARRIVAL OF

Fall Dress Goods.

Being early in the market we were able to pick up a few lots of Novelties at extremely low prices, and intend to give our customers the benefit of the same.

15 pieces all wool Novelties, neat designs, regular retail price 25c, our price 12½c.

15 pieces all wool mixed Cheviots, good colors, good values at 50c, our price 25c.

About 20 dress patterns in high class Novelties, same quality as would retail regularly at $1.00 and $1.25 per yard, our price 65c per yard.

Also a new line of Diagonals and Granites, in 6 colors, at 58c.

Complete line of black goods, at all prices, in Serges, Cashmeres, Diagonals, Cloths, Crepons, etc.

New goods arriving daily. Give us a call before purchasing.

CLOTHING.

Don't fail to visit our clothing department if you want the latest styles and the best values for the money. We are selling a great many suits and Overcoats at cost.

Our sale of Ladies' Shoes is still on the move. Hand-made Shoes, regular price $4.00, now $2.00.

Bargains every day. Visit us and you will be benefitted financially.

We close at 6 P. M., except Saturdays.

J. T. Orndorff's Sons,

20 AND 22 WEST MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER,

sep-8-96-1y [Western Md. Telephone No. 12.]

The Great Model Emporium!

Wm. F. Derr

Fall and Winter Opening.

We extend to one and all a hearty welcome to our

GRAND FALL OPENING,

MONDAY and TUESDAY Next,

October 10th and 11th.

This display will include all the newest and choicest effects of this season in

SILKS, DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY, COATS, CAPES, FURS, Etc.

Our preparations have been extraordinary and we want you to enjoy with us the fruit of our labor, time and enterprise. All of our twenty departments contribute their share of the new Fall Styles for your inspection and approval. Again let us assure you of a hearty welcome and ask you not to forget the date.

Fine Music for the Occasion.

Hoping to have you with us, I am yours to serve.

Wm. F. Derr

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

A HYMN OF VICTORY.

It is won!
Silent musket, shell and gun,
Flash the tidings east and west!
Bells of all the Christian lands,
Clap your mighty iron hands.
Love has succored the distress.
War is done!

Might was right
In the fierce and stubborn fight!
While the stars waved o'er the fleet
God was sitting on His throne.
Freedom battled not alone
Lightnings from the judgment seat
Smote men's sight!

Praise be thine,
God of battle, power divine!
We, thy servants, at thy word,
Flung the banner thou hast blest
O're the pleading and oppressed.
Here oh, Justice, is thy sword,
Red as wine!

Now at last!
Let the battle-rage be past!
To the foeman stricken sore
Let us stretch the brother hand.
Peace unto his troubled land,
And an honored flag once more
To his mast!

James Ruckham in Leslie's Weekly.

Friction Matches.

The young people of to-day, and even some of those well advanced in life, have always been so familiar with friction matches that they hardly know them as a comparatively new thing. It is not much over sixty years since they first came into use. People seventy-five years of age and younger remember when matches were little known and seldom used. Coal was used very little. Wood fires were kept burning on the large fire-places all the winter through, if possible. Sometimes the fire went out on the hearth, and the family who suffered such a misfortune was likely to have a late breakfast. Various expedients were resorted to. Some people were provided with a piece of flint stone, a piece of steel to strike it with, and a rag which had been steeped in melted brimstone and afterwards dried. Laying the rag upon the stone, with one edge flush with the face of it, a few quick strokes of the steel were pretty sure to ignite the rag and a fire could be started. If those appliances were not at hand, it was a common thing with some people to use gunpowder. A little powder laid on a stone, a combustible substance laid on it and struck with a hammer, would generally produce fire. Sometimes, where a few sparks of fire were discernible in the ashes, kindling wood was laid on and powder poured from the powder horn on it; but that plan was about as dangerous as the modern use of the coal-oil can in the same way. A burning glass was frequently used. By holding such a glass over a small portion of gunpowder, or other highly inflammable compound, fire was quickly obtained. The sun's rays transmitted through the lens were thereby focused on the substance to be ignited.

At many farm houses all over the country such means of making fires were not always on hand. Children would be sent to the nearest neighbor, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, or further, to obtain fire. A large farm or barn shovel was usually taken, though an ordinary crock was often preferred. Two children could perform this errand much better than one. The kind-hearted neighbor who had found his fire all right, and had replenished it, knew what was wrong at the next place when he saw them approaching his house. With the large tongs ever ready, a few live coals would be quickly transferred from the fire-place to the shovel, with some ashes and two or three chips thrown on. The visitors would then start home. One would carry the shovel, while the other would trudge alongside and now and then throw a fresh chip or stick on the fire. This was not an unpleasant errand in the summer time, but when snow lay deep on the ground it required some heroism.

When matches were first invented they were of very poor quality compared with the article with which the present generation is familiar. They were small sticks, one end of which had been dipped in brimstone. If there was a small speck of fire they were easily ignited, but they did not work well as friction matches, and a very little dampness ruined them. The present generation have as much reason to be thankful for the possession of friction matches, cheap, plentiful and of good quality, as they have for many another good thing which they enjoy.

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.

For the Sentinel.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

The following letter from Miss Ettie A. Jordan, daughter of Mr. A. J. Jordan, the well known cutlery manufacturer, to her friend Miss Addie Manahan, of Warfieldsburg, has been kindly furnished us for publication. It will, we are sure, be read with interest:

STOCKHOLM, (SUEDE)DEN, AUGUST 30th, 1898.

MY DEAR FRIEND ADDIE:—My time for writing while traveling I find limited, but in order to receive another of your good letters I must answer the last. Since writing you in London I have traveled much, but I will not dwell on our visit to Eastbourne by the sea, one of England's summer resorts, or of the visit we had from Michigan friends in Sheffield, but will pass on through York and other cathedral towns to New Castle, where we boarded the steamer yacht—"Midnight Sun." It is a fine steamer and we found every comfort we could wish. There were 196 passengers on board, many of whom were friends before parting. We were the only Americans. England, Scotland and Ireland, however, were well represented. I felt quite favored as I was given the seat at the Captain's right hand. The trip across the North Sea was very pleasant. The cruise through the lovely fjords of Norway was most delightful. All is sublimely grand. Each turn of the helm reveals some new and enchanting view. The mountains! the falls! At one point papa counted over 30. The snow fields first could be taken for fleecy clouds, but as we go on they become more distinct and we realize that we are really in Norway. We pass small wooden houses, and patches of potatoes. The soil in many cases has been carried there for many miles by boat, and kept on the bare rocks by a border of stones. Our first overland trip is made from Land to Odde; thirty-five of us. We take a queer little conveyance called "stolkyarre," just room for two and the driver standing behind. In this we go from valley to mountain top and are very comfortable. One day we drove about 60 miles. For hours we were ascending a mountain by a zig-zag road. We drove through snow drifts ten and twelve feet high on the 13th of August and passed a large lake covered with ice, over which in places was snow. We were for hours in sight of one of the largest glaciers in all Europe and slept one night in a hotel in the mountains with snow capped peaks all about us. That evening at supper there were four besides papa and myself at the table. We found out soon there were as many languages. Two were from Sweden, one from Germany, one from Russia, while we had the honor of being from dear old America. The waiting maid was a Norwegian. You may depend upon it the conversation was not animated. All is most clean and neat. We found little difficulty with the language as some one usually was to be found who could understand and be understood. This, however, did not apply one morning when I wanted boiled eggs for breakfast. I waited a little while after my breakfast was served, for the eggs. They did not appear however. The following morning I did not intend to be again cheated out of the eggs so said, "and I want two boiled eggs—see—two" and held two fingers up, saying, "do you understand?" He replied, "Yah, yah," and disappeared; in due time he returned and lo and behold! if he hadn't brought me two breakfasts on his tray, a double portion of everything and four eggs, one pot of coffee and one of tea. I dicided I had been like the parrot and had "talked too much." At one place in the mountains we were above the clouds, and the descent through them was fine and rather exciting. After a few hours we reached another valley and saw the lovely little village of Odde before us. Here we found our ship waiting and our next stop was at Bergen, where we anchored for the day, visiting the exhibition and other places of interest.

The national dress is very pretty. Papa bought me one in Gottenberg and should I return to the States in it do not think for one moment I have severed my connection with dear old America. I brought thirteen "stars and stripes" with me and bought another, handmade, in Christiana and I assure you not one will ever plead its cause in vain. I am getting a flag from each country I visit. I now have the Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish and as we leave for St. Petersburg this week the Russian flag will soon be among the number. My letter is assuming alarming proportions and I cannot begin to tell you quarter of my sights and scenes. I must tell you, though, we saw a Vicking ship over a thousand years old and the bones of a man that had been buried in it. In Goteberg we heard most excellent music and singing, in gardens named Tradgards Forrening. We really did—can you ever believe it?

From Kjobenhavn (Copenhagen) we went to Helsingor. Here we entered Konbarg Castle (1577-87). We are told the flag battery is the "Platform before the castle of Elsinor," where Shakespeare makes the ghost of Hamlet appear. From the tower (145 steps) we get a grand view of bay and surrounding country. We came to Stockholm over the Gota Canal, taking two days and a half. Much of interest is to be seen along the way, but the way the steamer goes up and down the many locks is a wonder to all. I like Stockholm so much. It is well called "The Venice of the North." It is built on several islands, connected by fine bridges. You can jump into a boat as easily as a carriage and go here, there and everywhere, so to speak. We were taken through the King's palace, and a palace indeed it is. King Oscar the II gave a reception and supper one evening to the members of the Iron and Steel Institute, which is holding meetings here, and as papa is one he was among the favored guests. I visited the Church of the Kings today. The caskets, with royal coverings, are to be seen. On one I saw the date 1651—so you see it is quite a sight to behold. Do write me soon so that I may know this lengthy epistle has not worn you out.

Believe mesincerely yours,

ETTIE A. JORDAN.

LETTER FROM CAMP CUBA LIBRE.

The following letter is from Edward Copenhaver, a Carroll county boy at Camp, Cuba Libre. He is a son of Mr. Isaiah Oopenhaver, an old Union veteran:

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., SEPTEMBER 25TH, 1898.

Last Thursday our regiment was inspected by Lieut.-Colonel Maus, of General Miles' staff, who found its camp to be one of the healthiest at Jacksonville. On Sunday we had a grand review of all the troops of the Seventh Army Corps, in command of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. The parade was formed at 9.30 A. M. and started to pass Secretary of War Alger in review promptly at 10.30 A. M. The review was a grand success. There were about 15,000 men in line, headed by a troop of cavalry. The salute was fired by the Wilson battery which fired 17 shots. On Saturday, 24th of September, there was a general sanitary inspection of our camp by one of the regular army surgeons who found it to be in a healthy state. We have at present only about six men in the division hospital. It is said to be one of the healthiest regiments in Camp Cuba Libre. It is likely that we will be the first of the regiments stationed at Jacksonville to go to Cuba. On Saturday morning, September 24th, when I was on guard and was at the guard house, the corporal was posting No. 1 man of his relief. He gave him a cartridge and he put it in his rifle and when he closed the chamber instead of putting his gun to a safety he pulled the trigger and it was discharged. I was standing just in front of him waiting till he was posted, but fortunately he had the muzzle of his rifle upward. If it had been in the right position the ball would have passed through my stomach and would have killed about four of us, as the rifles we use will send a ball through a 24-inch oak plank at a distance of two hundred yards.

The fourth regiment of immunes is the best equipped regiment stationed at Jacksonville, and I have the honor of belonging to the best drilled company of the regiment, company I, in command of Capt. Neil P. Leary, son of Peter Leary, Captain of Fourth Artillery, now stationed at Ft. McHenry, Baltimore.

Our tents all have floors in, and there are four men to a tent. The size of the tents is 8 feet square. We have at times plenty to eat, but sometimes we run short of rations because of our quartermaster neglecting to draw them at the proper time.

On Saturday, September 24th, we had regimental skirmish drill, which was quite a success and would have won the battle if it had been a real fight with the enemy.

Select Story.

MRS. BUCKLER'S SWEET APPLES.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

From the Independent.

Autumn was just beginning to reveal herself in the heart of South Mountain—the gorgeous autumn of western Nova Scotia. It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the air that streamed lightly over the shoulders of the hills had a most bracing savor. Mrs. Buckler, a freckled but comely and tall young woman, was just setting out for a twelve-mile tramp to the little settlement in the Valley, where she had to return a flatiron and a pair of wool-cards which she had borrowed of an obliging neighbor.

Neighbors, in those days, were few and far between in the country districts of Nova Scotia. The great emptiness created by the expulsion of the Acadians had not yet been filled up. For the neighbors, it behooved them to be neighborly.

Mrs. Buckler was an untiring worker, and her rare visits to the Valley constituted her only holiday. She had to walk, of course, as her husband had no horse, and she had no ambition to ride one of the faithful but extremely deliberate oxen. And indeed, a matter of twelve miles seemed nothing of consequence to her.

"Be sure and get back before dark, 'Miry!" admonished her husband, leaning meditatively against the woodpile as he watched her kiss the children for good-by.

"Shooh! Steve, I reckon you can put the babies to bed all right for once, can't you? It ain't often I get off; and when I do, I like to make a good day of it!"

"It ain't lookin' after the children that I'm thinking of, 'Miry, as you know right well!" replied Steve Buckler, earnestly. "But you know how thick the bears are on the mountain this year; and there's no manner of doubt that was a wolf brushed by me in the pasture night before last. It ain't safe for you to be coming up through the woods after dark all alone that way. Stay all night, if you find it getting late!"

"Oh! I ain't afraid!" averred Mrs. Buckler, stoutly. "I may get back afore dark; but if I don't, I'll be careful and carry a light with me!"

These confident words she flung back over her shoulder, as she started gayly down the rough woodland way.

Arriving in due time at the settlement in the Valley, she did her errands, picked up the news, and richly enjoyed the rare luxury of a gossip. Time went all too quickly; and it was on the edge of dark ere she thought of starting for home. Then, of course, there were vehement protests. Her friends urged her to stay all night, picturing the perils of the journey, and representing that her husband would never dream of expecting her. But Mrs. Buckler, as her friends always sa[illegible] was [illegible] "set." Putting aside all argu[illegible] she started out on her long ar[illegible] ly tramp.

She had little to carry, [illegible] little was somewhat troubl[illegible] manage. It was an apro[illegible] sweet apples for the children, which she knew they would Sweet apples were then a rarity in South Mountain.

When at length Mrs. Buckler reached the last house on the edge of the Valley, and found herself face to face with the long climb up the mountain, she felt compelled to acknowledge in her heart that the night was very dark. And she had yet nearly four miles to go, through almost unbroken woods. In those four miles there were but two cabins to break the montony of the way; and the further of these was a mile and a half from her home. She hesitated a moment, then went into the house, and asked for a pine-knot to light her on her journey.

Here again she was urged to stay; but lighting her torch she set her

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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