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, JUNE 10, 1899. VOL. 68--NO. 24.



CHOICE FABRICS FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Now is your chance to secure your share of those beautiful new Organdies we spoke about week before last. They are going rapidly, but the assortment is yet unbroken. Remember these are new, all this year's patterns, no old carried over stuff, and are positively worth 12½ cents, but we are offering them to you at 7½c.

7½ CENTS.

RIBBONS.



Whatever you need in this line you will find here at the lowest possible price. The amount of ribbon one needs to use these days makes it necessary to economize, that is you want to be certain you are getting it at the right price. Many persons in buying ribbon from us this season, in paying for it have offered us two and three cents a yard more for it than our price, because they have been accustomed to paying more at other stores. It is needless to say where they will buy their ribbon in the future Let us fill your wants in this line



BICYCLES AND SUNDRIES.

We are offering some rare bargains in second hand Bicycles and in sundries of all kinds. We find we have too many goods of this kind and will close them out at greatly reduced prices rather than have them in the way. Come in and see us about them.

HAMMOCKS.

These are very seasonable just now. We have some splendid values in good strong well made Hammocks, at 79, 93 and 97 cents and $1.15 rnd $1.65. A comparison of quality will show you that these prices are much lower than is usual for these kinds.

MUSLIN SPECIAL.

Good weight, full yard wide unbleached muslin, in remnants of from two to ten yards, at 4 cents the yard. The way muslins are going up makes this an especially good bargain.

4 CENTS.

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

Men Who Wear Clothes

or have boys who do and want to buy the best quality, latest styles, at the very lowest price, will make a big mistake if they buy before they visit

SHARRER & GORSUCH.

Ask to see our splendid Wool Suits for $5, $6, $7 and $8.
Ask to see our elegant Suits at $9, $10, $12 and $13. These are handsome Suits indeed, fit for the finest dressed men and far better than cheap so-called Custom Suits.
Ask to see our Blue Serge and Black Worsted Suits.
Ask to see our Boys' Nobby Suits, 14 to 19 years sizes.
Ask to see our famous Sampter Suits for boys, 9 to 16 years, best makes of Children's fine Clothing, prices $2.50 to $5.
Ask to see our Blue Serge and Black Worsted Suits.
Ask to see our pretty Vestee Suits for little men, $1.25 to $4.50.
Ask to see, and seeing means buying, one of our handsome Suit patterns to be made to order. Remember in this department we are the leaders, saving you dollars and giving you fit and style.
Ask to see our colored Shirts. The soft Madras is the correct Shirt for dressy men. Also, 2 Collars and Cuff Shirts, 45c.
Ask to see our 25c Working Shirts, kind you have been paying 40 and 50c for.
Ask to see our 50c Working Pants, and the best made, 75c.
Ask to see the latest in beautiful Neckwear, 5c to 50c.
Ask to see the best 25c Gauze Shirts and Drawers.
Ask to see, if you want comfort and wear, Scriven's Elastic Seam Drawers.
Ask to see our 15 and 25c Knee Pants; also fine Knee Pants.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, opposite Catholic Church,
sep-12-98-1y-10 Westminster, Md.

BRING IN YOUR HOUSE AND BARN BIDS FOR US TO FIGURE ON.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of

Lumber, Sash, Doors Blinds and Mill Work

ever before offered in this city. If you want a square deal figure with us.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.
Selling Agents for ECLIPSE WALL PLASTER and RUBEROID ROOFING.

Wm. F. Derr. | Wm. F Derr.

THE GREAT

Model Emporium.

This Summer Sale of White



Is important and economical to every lady. In spite of the fact that muslins generally are much higher in first hands, they are cheaper here.

This June Sale of Under Muslins

was planned months ago. To-day we are ready, with nearly three thousand pieces of lovely new crisp muslin garments, at prices as little as you could buy the materials and make them at home, to count nothing for your sewing. But price is not everything. While, of course we must sell cheapest to do our full duty by you, yet the garments must be made in the best manner—and are—by bright experienced girls who take pride in doing their work the right way—perfectly.



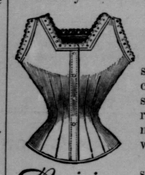
NIGHT GOWNS.

AT 38c.—Night gowns of muslin trimmed with pretty lace insertion and tucks; Mother Hubbard style.

AT 50c.—Night Gowns of fine muslin, trimmed with pretty embroidery and insertion, Empire style, sleeves trimmed with ruffle.

At 85c.—Night Gowns of fine muslin and cambric, lace and embroidery trimmed, all the new styles, round or square yoke.

AT $1.25.—Night Gowns of superior muslin on cambric, trimmed in handsome laces and embroidery, neck and sleeves edged with dainty embroidery.



CORSET COVERS.

AT 10c.—Corset Covers of cambric, felled seams, square or round neck; the material is worth more.

AT 15c.—Corset Covers of good cambric, with neat edgeing around neck, V. shape, a nicely finished garment.

AT 50c.—Corset Covers of fine cambric or nainsook, made in the newest styles and trimmed with choice embroidery.

SATEEN SKIRTS.

AT $1.—Black Sateen Skirts, with ruffles, some with colored flounce; special values.



PETTICOATS.

AT 75c.—Petticoats of fine muslin, with lawn or cambric ruffle, hem stitched, cluster of tucks above.

AT $1.00.—Petticoats of fine muslin, trimmed with deep ruffle of embroidery or lace and dust ruffle.

AT $1.50.—Petticoats of cambric, deep lawn ruffle with lace insertion and ruffle of lace.

CHEMISE.

AT 50c.—Chemise of fine cambric, V. or square neck, trimmed with pretty embroidery around sleeves and neck.

DRAWERS.

AT 19c.—Drawers of muslin, hem and cluster of plaits above, only three pairs to one customer.

AT 25c.—Drawers of nice cambric, with deep ruffle edged with lace or embroidery.

AT 50c.—Drawers of fine muslin, embroidery trimmed, with cluster of fine tucks above, umbrella shape.

AT $1.—Drawers of finest cambric, umbrella shape, deep yoke, band trimmed with handsome embroidery or lace.

CHILDREN'S DRAWERS.

AT 10c.—For the smallest size, made of good muslin, some with hem and tucks, others with pretty edging, in all sizes, up to 14 years, and ranging in price up to 35c.

GIRLS' NIGHT GOWNS.

AT 40c.—For the 2-year size, with a small rise in price for the larger sizes, yoke of fine plaits, neck and sleeves trimmed with ruffle of cambric.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,
WILLIAM F. DERR,
Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

THE WHITE PALACE.

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

PATENT MEDICINES,
AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS

THE BEST AND MOST POPULAR GOODS IN THE UNITED STALES, ALWAYS FRESH.

PRIDE OF WESTMINSTER COFFEE.

None better in the State, for 15c per pound; not even for 20c to 25c per pound. Fancy Delicacies and Confections a specialty. I have a full and complete line of Canned Goods. Also, Fancy Cakes, Crackers, and Box Crackers. Always fresh, as I get them every week.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange or cash paid; highest prices paid.

Respectfully,

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST,
Opp. Catholic Church. Westminster.
an-23-99-1y 6



FRUIT JAR COFFEE

Takes A Strong Hold

on all who use it, on account of the excellence of its aroma, bouquet and flavor.

Once Tried Always Used.

Put up 1 lb. net weight of Coffee in Mason's Fruit Jars at a popular price by

E. LEVERING & CO.

For Sale at all Grocers. feb-25-1y

Commissioners' Notice.

HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster, EVERY MONDAY, for the transaction of business.

By order, JNO. E. MASENHIMER
an-2-1y Cler

BALTIMORE BRANCH SHOE REPAIRING COMPANY.

Shoes repaired while you wait. Work done in 20 minutes. Good Leather and satisfaction guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Call and see work at Store No 73 W. Main st., adjoining Hyder's Jewelry Store. ap-22-3m

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of fieri fracias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, at the suit of the Westminster Savings Bank, (a body corporate in the State of Maryland) against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Fannie M. Michael, John T. Michael, her husband, Henry Troutfelter and Alice R. Troutfelter, his wife, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises now occupied by the said Henry Troutfelter, situate on the Uniontown Turnpike road, (formerly) leading to Westminster, in Uniontown district, Carroll county, Maryland, and about one mile from Uniontown, on

WEDNESDAY, the 21st DAY of JUNE, A. D. 1899, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title, claim and interest, both in law and in equity, of the said Fannie M. Michael, John T. Michael, her husband, Henry Troutfelter and Alice R. Troutfelter, his wife, in and to the following described parcels of land:

1st. A parcel of land composed of part of a tract of land called "Dear Bought," containing

2 ACRES AND 3 PERCHES, More or Less, and described in a deed from John Wagoner and wife to Elizabeth Waggoner, dated March 28, 1872, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in liber J. B. B. No. 41, folio 111, &c.

2nd. A parcel of land composed of part of a tract of land called "Dear Bought," containing

2 ACRES, More or Less, and described in a deed from John B. Williams and wife, to Elizabeth Waggoner, dated March 31st, 1851, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in liber J. B. B. No. 12, folio 629, &c. The improvements thereon are a large two-story Brick Dwelling House, Barn and other outbuildings.



3rd. A parcel of land containing

4 ACRES, More or Less, and described in a deed from Michael Sullivan, as trustee, to Elizabeth Waggoner, dated December 12, 1853, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in liber J. B. B. No. 15, folio 491, &c.

4th. A parcel of land composed of part of a tract of land called "Molley's Fancy," containing

10 ACRES, More or Less, and described in a deed from Upton Decker to Elizabeth Waggoner, dated January 29, 1853, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in liber J. B. B. No. 14, folio 422, &c.

The aforegoing parcels of land, in which the said Fannie M. Michael and John T. Michael, her husband, Henry Troutfelter and Alice R. Troutfelter, his wife, acquired their interest estate under and by virtue of the last will and testament of Elizabeth Waggoner, deceased, dated September 25th, 1880, and recorded among the records of wills in the office of the Register of Wills for Carroll county, in liber H. E. B. and J. O. W. No. 5, folio 246, &c.

5th. All that parcel of land, being part of a tract called "Dear Bought" containing

9 ACRES, 1 ROOD and 20 PERCHES, more or less, being the same land that was conveyed to Henry Troutfelter by Charles W. Myers and J. Thomas Myers, executors, by deed dated April 2nd, 1890, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, in liber W. N. M. No. 71, folio 67, &c.

Also at the same time and place will be sold the following Household and Kitchen Furniture, to-wit:

1 Mason & Hamlin Organ, 1 Side Board, 1 Leaf Table, 1 Lounge, 1 Wood Stove, 1 8-day Clock, 2 Rocking Chairs, 6 Wooden Chairs, lot of Rag Carpet, 1 Field Glass, 1 Looking Glass and Picture, 1 Sterling Piano, 1 Sofa, 4 Rocking Chairs, 1 Parlor Stand, 2 Cane-seat Chairs, 18 yards of Brussels Carpet, 1 Corner Cupboard, 1 Bed and Bedding, 1 Bureau and Glass, 1 Table, 1 Clock, 4 Chairs, Cook Stove and Fixtures, 1 Coal Oil Stove, 1 Bed and Bedding, 1 Bureau and Glass, 1 Wash Stand and Pitcher, lot of Carpet, Towel Rack and Glass, 1 Bed and Bedding, 1 Cot, 1 Desk, 1 Clock, 1 Stand, Bowl and Pitcher, 2 Chairs, lot of Carpet, 1 Stand, Bowl and Pitcher, 1 Stand and Lamp, 2 Chairs, 1 Towel Rack, lot of Matting, 1 Churn and Stand, 2 Tin Buckets, 12 Stone Crocks, 1 Iron Kettle.

Also the following Personal Property, to-wit: 1 2-horse Wagon and Bed, 1 pair Hay Carriages, 1 Ground Roller, 1 Springtooth Harrow, 1 Spike Harrow, 1 Corn Plow, 1 Oliver Chilled Plow, 1 Single Shovel Plow, 1 Corn Coverer, 1 Spike Harrow, 1 Excelsior Mower, 1 Basket Sleigh and Belts, 1 Falling Top Buggy, 1 Ladder, 1 Winnowing Mill, lot of Grain Sacks, 1 one-horse Wagon, 1 Wheel Barrow, 1 Adrance Binder, 2 sets of Lead Gears, 2 Collars, set of one-horse Wagon Harness, 1 pair Check Lines, 2 Blind Bridles, 2 Fly Nets, 2 Head Halters, 1 Buggy Bridle, 1 Half Bushel, 1 set Buggy Harness, 2 Forks, 2 Cow Chains, 1 Black Gelding, 1 Sorrel Gelding, 1 Red Cow, 1 Brindle Cow, 4 Black Spotted Hogs.

Terms of Sale—CASH.

EPHRAIM HAINES,
Sheriff of Carroll County.
Elias N. Davis Auct.
may-27-ts

EXAMINATION OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that in conformity to law and by order of the Board of School Commissioners of Carroll county, the annual examination of public school teachers and other persons desiring to secure certificates of qualification as such, and of applicants for scholarships in the State Normal School, will be held at the High School Building, in Westminster, on

Thursday and Friday, June 15th and 16th, 1899,

beginning promptly at 9 o'clock each day. All teachers, except those who have life certificates, diplomas from the State Normal School, or from an Examiner of Carroll county, which will not expire during the next school year, are required to attend said examination, as no certificate will be granted or renewed without examination and no one will be allowed to teach without conforming to the legal requirements. No other examination will be held during the year, except for just and sufficient cause made known to the Board. The following is a list of subjects embraced in this examination: Orthography, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, General History, Constitution of the United States, Constitution of Md., English Grammar, Book-keeping, Algebra, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Plane Geometry, Theory and Practice of Teaching and Laws and By-Laws of the Public School System of Maryland.

By order of the Board,
DEWEES L. FARRAR,
Examiner.
n v-27-3t

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF WATER COMPANY BONDS.

Office Westminster Water Company, Westminster, Md., May 20th, 1899.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of Westminster Water Company, held at the office of the Company on the above date, the following Resolution was passed and ordered to be published in the AMERICAN SENTINEL and in the Democratic Advocate for three successive weeks previous to July 1st, 1899:

RESOLVED, That the holders of the Mortgage Bonds of the Westminster Water Co., be notified that said bonds will be redeemed by said Company on the first day of July, 1899, at the office in Westminster, Md., unless the holders of said bonds agree to accept four per cent. interest per annum on said bonds after said date, and all bonds must be presented at said office on or before said 1st day of July, 1899, to be stamped accordingly, otherwise interest on said unpresented bonds will cease after said date.

A. H. HUBER,
Secretary.
may-27-3t

NO. 3694 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County

Lizzie Starner et al, vs. Franklin T. Welk, et al.

Ordered this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1899, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of June inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
ju-3-2t

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MD.,

Nos. 513 and 515 West Franklin St., Jennie Smith & Brother, Proprietors. Weekly and transient Board at moderate rates. Large yard and Stabling for 75 horses. Everything new. Rate, $1 per day. mar-4-6t*

Select Poetry.

LITTLE GIRLS OF LONG AGO.

Reared in many a lonely cabin,
Learning but in Nature's school;
Proudly plaiting straw for pastime,
Perched upon a wooden stool.
Bounding through the dim old forests,
Finding where the wild flowers grow,
Dressed in homely lindsey-woolsey,
Little girls of long ago.

Rowing up and down the river,
Singing in a birch canoe,
Sticks for dolls their only playthings,
Feet that seldom donned a shoe;
Watching mother at her spinning,
While she hummed some old tune low,
Crowding round the cheery fireplace,
Little girls of long ago.

Mush and milk their daily diet,
Eaten from a pewter bowl;
Always happy and contented,
Dancing on from goal to goal.
Busy as the bees in summer,
Helping father oft to sow;
Gathering up the nuts and apples,
Little girls of long ago.

Indians everywhere about them,
Wolves at bedtime howling near,
Yet they did not know the meaning,
Or the misery, of fear!
Following their elder brothers,
While they hunt with gun and bow,
Brave as any older settlers,
Little girls of long ago.

Building houses every autumn,
With the brown leaves scattered round,
Taking tea with bits of china
Neatly laid upon the ground.
Sliding on the ponds in winter,
Trudging through the drifted snow,
To some distant neighbor's quilting,
Little girls of long ago.

Snow-white grew their shining tresses,
And at last they sweetly slept;
On their low mounds daises blossomed,
Round and round the ivy crept.
Many a line they've left to tell us,
Early pleasures, later woe,
Dead and gone our great-grandmothers,
Little girls of long ago!

—Findley Braden, in N. Y. Observer.

Select Story.

THE PICKETS.

"Hi, Yank!"

"Shut up!" replied Alden, wriggling to the edge of the rifle-pit. Connor also crawled a little higher and squinted through the chinks of pine logs.

"Hey, Johnny!" he called across the river, 'are you that clay-eatin' Cracker with green lamps on your pilot?"

"O Yank! Are yew the U. S. mewl with a C. S. A. brand on yewr head-stall?"

"Shut up!" replied Connor, sullenly.

A jeering laugh answered him from across the river.

"Had you there, Connor," observed Alden, with faint interest. Connor took off his blue cap and examined the bullet hole in the crown.

"C. S. A. brand on my head-stall, eh!" he repeated, savagely, twirling the cap between his dirty fingers.

"You called him a clay-eating Cracker," observed Alden; "and you referred to his spectacles as green lanterns on his pilot."

"I'll show him whose head-stall is branded," muttered Connor, shoving his smoky rifle through the log-crack.

Alden slid down to the botton of the pit, and watched him apathetically. He gasped once or twice, threw open his jacket at the throat, and stuffed a filthy handkerchief into the crown of his cap, arranging the ends as a shelter for his neck.

Connor lay silent, his right eye fastened upon the rifle sight, his dusty army shoes crossed behind him. One yellow sock had slipped down over the worn shoe-heel and laid bare a dust-begrimmed anklebone.

Suddenly Connor's rifle cracked; the echoes rattled and clattered away through the woods; a thin cloud of pungent vapor slowly drifted straight upward, shredding into filmy streamers among the tangled branches overhead.

"Get him?" asked Alden, after a silence.

"Nope," replied Connor. Then he addressed himself to his late target across the river:

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hi, Yank!"

"How close?"

"Hey?"

"How close?"

"What, sonny?"

"My shot, you fool!"

"Why, sonny!" called back the Confederate, in affected surprise, "was yew a-shootin' at me?"

Bang! went Connor's rifle again. A derisive catcall answered him, and he turned furiously to Alden.

"Oh, let up," said the young fellow; "it's too hot for that."

Connor was speechless with rage, and he hastily jammed another cartridge into his long hot rifle; but Alden roused himself, brushed away a persistent fly, and crept up to the edge of the pit again.

"Hello, Jonny!" he shouted.

"That you sonny?" replied the Confederate.

"Yes; say, Johnny, shall we call it square until four o'clock?"

"What time is it?" replied the cautious Confederate; "all our expensive watches are bein' repaired at Chickamauga.

At this taunt Connor showed his teeth, but Alden laid one hand on his arm and sang out: "It's two o'clock, Richmond time; Sherman has just telegraphed us from your State-house."

"Wall, in that case this crool war is over," replied the Confederate sharpshooter, "we'll be easy on old Sherman."

"See here!" cried Alden; "is it a truce until four o'clock?"

"All right! Your word, Yank!"

"You have it!"

"Done!" said the Confederate, coolly rising to his feet and strolling down to the river bank, both hands in his pocket.

Alden and Connor crawled out of their ill-smelling dust-wallow, leaving their rifles behind them.

"Whew! It's hot, Johnny," said Alden, pleasantly. He pulled out a stained pipe, blew into the stem, polished the bowl with his sleeve, and sucked wistfully at the end. Then he went and sat down beside Connor, who had improvised a fishing outfit from his ramrod, a bit of string, and a rusty hook.

The Confederate rifleman also sat down on his side of the stream, puffing luxuriously on a fragrant corncob pipe. Alden watched him askance, sucking the stem of his own empty pipe. After a minute or two, Connor dug up a worm from the roots of a beech tree with his bayonet, fixed it to the hook, flung the line into the muddy current, and squatted gravely on his haunches, chewing a leaf stem.

Presently the Confederate soldier raised his head and looked across at Alden.

"What's yewr name, sonny?" he asked.

"Alden," replied the young fellow, briefly.

"Mine's Craig," observed the Confederate; "what's yewr regiment?"

"Two Hundred and Sixtieth New York; what's yours, Mr. Craig?"

"Ninety-third Maryland, Mister Alden."

"Quit that throwin' sticks in the water!" growled Connor. "How do you 'spose I'm goin' to catch anythin'?"

Alden tossed his stick back into the brush-heap and laughed.

"How's your tobacco, Craig?" he called out.

"Bully! How's yewr coffee 'n' tack, Alden?"

"First rate!" replied the youth.

After a silence he said, "Is it a go?"

"You bet," said Craig, fumbling in his pockets. He procured a heavy twist of Virginia tobacco, laid it on a log, hacked off about three inches with his sheath-knife, and folded it up in a big green sycamore leaf. This again he rolled into a corn-husk, weighted it with a pebble; then, stepping back, he hurled it into the air, saying, "Deal square, Yank!"

The tobacco fell at Alden's feet. He picked it up, measured it carefully with his clasp-knife, and called out: "Two and three-quarters, Craig. What do you want, hard-tack or coffee?"

"Tack," replied Craig; "don't stint!"

Alden laid out two biscuits. As he was about to hack a quarter from the third, he happened to glance over the creek at his enemy. There was no mistaking the expression in his face. Starvation was stamped on every feature.

When Craig caught Alden's eye, he spat with elaborate care, whistled a bar of the "Bonny Blue Flag," and pretended to yawn.

Alden hesitated, glanced at Connor, then place three whole biscuit in the corn-husk, added a pinch of coffee, and tossed the parcel over to Craig.

That Craig longed to fling himself upon the food and devour it was plain to Alden, who was watching his face. But he didn't; he strolled leisurely down the bank, picked up the parcel, weighed it critically before opening it, and finally sat down to examine the contents. When he saw that the third cracker was whole and that a pinch of coffee had been added, he paused in his examination and remained motionless on the bank, head bent. Presently he looked up and asked Alden if he had made a mistake. The young fellow shook his head and drew a long puff of smoke from his pipe, watching it curl out of his nose with interest.

"Then I'm obliged to yew, Alden," said Craig; "low I'll eat a snack to see it ain't pizened."

He filled his lean jaws with the dry biscuit, then scooped up a tin cup full of water from the muddy river and set the rest of the cracker to soak.

"Good?" queried Alden.

"Fair," drawled Craig, bolting an unchewed segment and choking a little.

"How's the twist?"

"Fine," said Alden; "tastes like stable-sweeping." They smiled at each other across the stream.

"Sa-a-y," drawled Craig, with his mouth full, "when yew're out of twist, jest yew sing out sonny."

"All right," replied Alden. He stretched back in the shadow of a sycamore and watched Craig with pleasant eyes.

Presently Connor had a bite and jerked the line in the air.

"Look yere," said Craig, "that ain't no way for to ketch red-horse. Yew want a ca'tridge on for a sinker, sonny."

"What's that?" inquired Connor, suspiciously.

"Put on a sinker."

"Go on, Connor," said Alden.

Connor saw him smoking, and sniffed anxiously. Alden tossed him the twist, telling him to fill his pipe.

Presently Connor found a small pebble and improvised a sinker. He swung his line again into the muddy current, with mechanical sidelong glance to see what Craig was doing, and settled down again on his haunches, smoking and grunting.

"Enny news, Alden?" queried Craig after a silence.

"Nothing much; except that Richmond has fallen," grinned Alden.

"Quit foolin'," urged the Southerner; "ain't there no news?"

"No. Some of our men down at Mud Pond got sick eating catfish. They caught them in the pond. It appears you Johnnys used the pond as a cemetery, and our men got sick eating the fish."

"That so?" drawled Craig; "too bad. Lots of your men was in Long Pond too, I reckon."

In the silence that followed two rifle-shots sounded faint and dull from the distant forest.

"'Nother Great Union victory," drawled Craig. "Extry! Extry! Richmond is took!"

Alden laughed and puffed at his pipe.

'We licked the boots off of the 30th Texas last Monday," he said.

"Sho!" drawled Craig; "what did you go a lickin' their boots for—blackin'?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Connor from the bank; "I can't ketch no fish if you two fools don't' quit jawin'."

The sun was dipping below the pine-clad ridge, flooding river and wood with the fierce radiance. The spruce needles glittered, edged with gold; every broad, green leaf wore a heart of gilded splendor, and the muddy waters of the river rolled onward like a flood of precious metal, heavy, burnished, noiseless.

From a balsam bough a thrush uttered three timid notes; a great gauze-winged grasshopper drifted blindly into a clump of sun-scorched weeds, click! click! cr-r-r-r!

"Purty, ain't it," said Craig, looking at the thrush. Then he swallowed the last morsel of muddy hard-tack, wiped his beard on his cuff, hitched up his trousers, took off his green glasses and rubbed his eyes.

"A he catbird sings purtier, though," he said with a yawn.

Alden drew out his watch, puffed once or twice, and stood up, stretching his arms in the air.

"It's four o'clock," he began, but was cut short by a shout from Connor.

"Gee whiz!" he yelled, "what have I got on this here pole?"

The ramrod was bending, the line was swaying heavily in the current.

"It's four o'clock, Connor," said Alden, keeping a wary eye on Craig.

"That's all right!" called Craig; "the time's extended till yewr friend lands that there fish."

"Pulls like a porpoise," grunted Connor. "I bet it busts my ramrod!"

"Does it pull?" grinned Craig.

"Yes, a dead weight!"

"Don't it jerk kinder this way and that," asked Craig, much interested.

"Naw," said Connor; "the bloody thing jest pulls steady."

"Then it ain't no red-horse; it's a catfish!"

"Huh!" sneered Connor; "don't I know a catfish? This ain't no catfish, lemme tell yer!"

"Then it's a log," laughed Alden.

"By gum! here it comes," panted Connor; "here, Alden, jest you ketch it with my knife; hook the blade, blame ye!"

Alden cautiously descended the red bank of mud, holding on to roots and branches, and bent over the water. He hooked the big-bladed clasp-knife like a scythe, set the spring, and leaned out over the water.

"Now!" muttered Connor.

An oily circle appeared upon the surface of the turbid water,—another and another and another. A few bubbles rose and floated upon the tide.

Then something black appeared just beneath the bubbles, and Alden hooked it with his knife and dragged it shoreward. It was the sleeve of a man's coat.

Connor dropped his ramrod and gaped at the thing. Alden would have loosed it, but the knife-blade was tangled in the sleeve.

He turned a sick face up to Connor.

"Pull it in," said the older man. "Here give it to me, lad——"

When at last the silent visitor lay upon the bank, they saw it was the body of a Union cavalryman. Alden stared at the dead face, fascinated; Connor mechanically counted the yellow chevrons upon the blue sleeve, now soaked black. The muddy water ran over the baked soil, spreading out in dust-covered pools; the spurred boots trickled slime. After a while both men turned their heads and looked at Craig. The Southerner stood silent and grave, his battered cap in his hand. They eyed each other quietly for a moment, then, with a vague gesture, the Southerner walked back into his pit and presently reappeared, trailing his rifle.

Connor had already begun to dig with his bayonet, but he glanced up sharply at the rifle in Craig's hands. Then he looked searchingly into the eyes of the Southerner. Presently he bent his head and quietly continued digging.

It was after sunset before he and Alden finished the shallow grave, Craig watching them in silence, his rifle between his knees. When they were ready they rolled the body into the hole and stood up.

Craig also rose, raising his rifle to a "present." He held it there while the two Union soldiers shoveled the earth into the grave. Then Alden went back and lifted his two rifles from the pit, handed Conner his, and waited.

"Ready!" growled Connor. "Aim!"

Alden's rifle came to his shoulder. Craig also raised his rifle.

"Fire!"

Three times the three shots rang out in the wilderness, over the unknown grave. After a moment or two Alden nodded good-night to Craig across the river, and walked slowly toward his rifle-pit. Connor shambled after him. As he turned to lower himself into the pit he called accross the river, Good-night, Craig!"

"Good-night, Connor," said Craig.

Plaster Casts for Sprains.

Hot Water Is Used First To Reduce the Inflammation.

"Plaster casts are now entirely relied upon in sprains as far as the limbs are concerned," explained a well-known surgeon to a Washington Star reporter, "as well as in the treatment of fractures. And beyond the cast there is no further treatment necessary. The cast should, however, not be put on until the inflammation in consequence of the injury has disappeared. To reduce the inflammation continuous application of hot water is found to be the most efficacious remedy. When once the inflammation has gone down an antiseptic bandage should be put on the injured part and on this the plaster bandages and splints. This incases the hand, arm, foot or leg in a plaster boot, which keeps its place and keeps the injured part intact. The old-time idea that sprains should be treated with embrocation and liniments, which hung on for so long, has about disappered in the modern method of treatment, and experience has shown that a cast is a much safer way of treating a sprain than by rubbing it with liniments. It is, besides, a much more rapid way of restoring the functions of the injured part. The cast should be kept on as long as possible—at least a week under all circumstances, and in cases of a sprained foot, ankle or leg for ten days or longer. In cases of injury caused by a sprain of the ankle or foot the plaster cast should under no circumstances be removed in less than a week, for the greatest care is required in their treatment, otherwise the injury becomes permanent."

"I should like to know when you are going to pay that bill. I can't come here every day in the week."

"What day would suit you best?"

"Saturday."

"Very well, then, you can call every Saturday."

"A woman cries at her wedding as if she had lost her best friend."

"Well, she's made a husband of him and it comes to the same thing."

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