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

Corn Chop, Corn and Cob Crushed, Corn Meal and Grahvm 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, JANUARY 6, 1900. VOL. 69--NO. 2.

SPECIAL BARGAINS
—IN—
GRANITE WARE
—AND—
Housefurnishing Goods.

1/3 OFF

You know how everything in this line of goods has advanced in price, but by watching the markets very closely, and by buying in large quantities, we have been able to pick up some very desirable goods at old prices. We offer you these for the next few weeks at figures that ought to interest you.



BLUE AND WHITE GRANITE TEA POTS.

These are the best goods made and we could not buy them at the factory today for the price we are asking you. All guaranteed perfect.
2 qt. size blue and white Tea Pots, cheap at 40 cts., now 27 cents.
3 qt. size, cheap at 50 cents, now 33 cents.
The old style Grey Granite Tea or Coffee Pots, 3 qt. size, would be cheap at 30 cents, now 20 cents.
4 qt. size, cheap at 40 cents, now 25 cents.

SAUCEPANS.



3 qt. covered Saucepans, worth 30 cents, now 19 cents.
5 qt. Saucepans, without covers, for this sale, 19 cents.



PRESERVE KETTLES.

8 qt. Granite Preserve Kettles, worth 55 cents, for this sale, 37 cents.
10 qt. Granite Preserve Kettles, worth 60 cents, for this sale 45 cents.
3 qt. Seamless Saucepans, very cheap at 25 cents.
3 qt. Straight seamless Kettles, very cheap at 31 cents. All these have lids.
4 qt. size, straight covered Kettles, 33 cents.
6 qt. size, 37 cents. Granite Cuspidores, 10 cents.
10 qt. Granite Dish Pans, 25 cents.
Granite Basins, large size, 10 cents. Granite Dippers, 8 cents.
3 qt. Granite Milk Pans, 10 cents.

These are a few only of our special bargains in these goods, we could mention as many more if we had the space.

WE CLOSE AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
Department Store,
31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.
T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 24.

THE WHITE PALACE.
John D. Bowers.



BAKING DAY

is sure to show satisfactory returns for labor expended, if your materials are good, sweet and fresh. The reason we want you to try our

Staple and Fancy GROCERIES

is, a fair trial will convince you that it HAS NO EQUAL.
Pride of Westminster Coffee, has no equal, - 15c per pound.
Whitman's Confections, have no equals. 25 to 80 cents per pound.
Best Sugar, 19 pounds for $1.00. Raisins, extra, 10c per pound.
Spices, all sorts, fresh and fine.
Best Prunes, 10 and 12 cents. Prunes for 8 cents per pound.
Broken Candy, French and Mixed Drops, 8 cents per pound.
Special Bargains next 30 days.
P. S.—Paper Shell Almonds 18 cents pound.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST.,
Opp. Catholic Church. Westminster.
TELEPHONE, C. & P., 11-3. jn 2-00 1y

BARGAIN HUNTERS are PLEASED HERE.

If you are looking for bargains in the line of
SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
it will pay you to visit our store and get prices before buying. We carry a large stock of cold weather goods, such as
FELT, LEATHER and GUM BOOTS, RUBBERS,
BUCKLED ARCTICS, WORKING COATS, PANTS,
Overalls, Plush, Cord and Cloth Caps, Toboggans, Working Shirts, Underwear, Gloves, Mitts, Hosiery, etc.

We have a few Calendars left. Call and ask for one.

Jan-7-00-1y WM. C. DEVILBISS, No. 22 W. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.

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

THE MODEL STORE NEWS.

WE CLOSE AT SIX O'CLOCK P. M., EXCEPT SATURDAY.

MONEY SAVING ITEMS
From Our Domestic Department.

1000 yards good Outing Cloth, in light or dark colorings; really worth 8c yd., to-day in this sale, for 5c yard.

2000 yards Scotch Plaid Worsterds, 27 inches wide and regular 8c value, splendid for comforts or quilts, until sold we offer it at only
3 1-2 Cents Yard.
But no more than 20 yards to a customer.

3000 yards new Prints, Simpson's best goods, in mournings or fancy styles, at only 5c yard.
These goods are worth 5½c from the manufacturer to-day.

REMNANTS AT HALF PRICE!

Our entire lot of Remnants, from every department, have been gathered together and are offered on center tables at about HALF PRICE. This is a great opportunity, grasp it.

FINE BLANKETS REDUCED.
Our $8 extra large California Wool Blankets are reduced to only $6. Only nine pairs; be quick.

COMFORTS $1.00.
Our stock of $1.50 Bed Comforts, filled with fine cotton is reduced to $1 each.

WINTER COATS FOR MISSES AND CHILDREN.
Our entire stock of girls new and stylish Coats, in all sizes, at greatly reduced prices.
$5 Coats for $3.
$7.50 Coats for $4.
$10 Coats for 6.

THE GREAT
Model Emporium.
WM. F. DERR.
Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

IF YOU HAVE PUT OFF BUYING YOUR
OVERCOATS OR WINTER SUITS,
We have some news that must interest you.
SHARRER & GORSUCH,
opposite Catholic Church, Westminster, Md., will offer, during the first few weeks of the new year, positively the best values and the lowest prices that first-class Suits and Overcoats have ever been offered you.

Do not miss these bargains. See us before you buy; it means dollars saved for you. Boys' Suits and Overcoats reduced.

Big reduction on odd Pants. A few Boys' light colored Top Coats left.

About 25 CHOICE SUIT PATTERNS, to make to order, at from $3 to $5 reduction from our former low prices. Our $2.50 Cord Pants are special bargains.

Lots of good bargains in Gloves and Underwear.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, opposite Catholic Church,
sep-12-98-1y-4 Westminster, Md.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

I don't ask you to remember many things. The great facts are easy enough to carry in your mind.

1st. I sell Pure Liquors, Wine and Beer.
2nd. I sell them for Less Money than they can be bought anywhere else
3rd. When you buy by the gallon I furnish a Jug Free.
4th. I only employ first-class workmen in my Cigar Factory.
5th. Nothing but first-class Tobacco used in manufacturing Cigars.

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

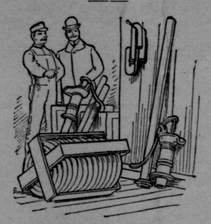
THE KEELEY CURE!
TWENTY YEARS OF PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN CASES OF
DRINK and DRUG ADDICTIONS,
ADMINISTERED AT
THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,
211 N. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.
There is no other authorized Keeley Institute in the District of Columbia or in Maryland. nov-11-99-1y

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Will Go On Your Bond.
THE AMERICAN BONDING AND TRUST CO., OF BALTIMORE.
Accepted as sole surety.
Before giving Bond call and see the undersigned for rates, or for further information apply to JOHN M. ROBERTS,
mar-18-tf Agent Westminster Md

Stop suffering! Try Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.
All druggists sell Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

WESTMINSTER HARDWARE CO.



DOWN TO BUSINESS

When it comes to doing plumbing, we get right down to business. If it's repairing, we do it promptly, quickly, and properly; fix it so it stays fixed. If it's new work—water, gas, or steam fitting—we do it in the best way, with the best materials, by the best workmen. What do you need in our line?

BAR IRON STEEL LEATHER,
PAINT, OILS, GLASS,
SHOVELS, FORKS, RAKES, HOES,
Mattocks and Picks, Axes and Hatchets, Scythes and Snaths, Iron Kettles, Farm Bells, Wood and Iron Pumps, Ice Cream Freezers.
BLACKSMITH FORGES AND FANS,
Horse and Mule Shoes, Horse Nails, Wire and Cut Nails, Galvanized Fence Wire and Poultry Netting, Tinware and House Furnishing Goods; Whitewash, Horse, Scrub and Paint Brushes, Steel Horse Troughs, Hot Water Heating, Plumbers' and Steam Fitters' Supplies.
We are sole agents for the county for Heath & Miligan Manufacturing Co's. best PREPARED
PAINT and Climax Paste PAINT.
WESTMINSTER HARDWARE CO.,
feb-25 Westminster Md.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 5th, 1899.
The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting for the election of NINE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, the 9th day of January, 1900, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 o'clock, P. M.
GEORGE R GEHR,
dec-9-5t Cashier.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 6th, 1899.
The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that an election for DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, on the Second TUESDAY, being the 9th day of January, 1900, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M.
J. H. CUNNINGHAM,
dec-9-5t Cashier.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 7th, 1899.
An election for TEN DIRECTORS for the Bank will be held on TUESDAY, the 9th of January, 1900, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 12 M., of said day, at said Bank.
J. W. HERING,
dec-9-5t Cashier.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

WESTMINSTER, MD., DEC. 11TH, 1899.
Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of the Westminster Water Company that the annual meeting will be held at the office of the Company, in the hotel "Westminster," on TUESDAY, January 9th, 1900, being the second Tuesday of said month, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing Nine (9) Directors to manage the affairs of said company during the coming year, commencing said January 9th, 1900; to receive the report of the Secretary and Treasurer, and to pass upon such other business as may be presented.
A. H. HUBER,
dec-16-4t Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, letters testamentary on the estate of
JAMES H. RICHARDSON,
late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of July, 1900, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hand this 18th day of December, 1899.
ALICE RICHARDSON,
dec-23-4t Executrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Md., letters testamentary on the estate of
MARGARET S. FERGUSON,
late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 11th day of July, 1900; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hand this 11th day of December, 1899.
JACOB J. WEAVER, Jr.,
dec-16-4t Executor.

Select Poetry.

GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

If all love's gifts of grace or power
Lay spread before my choice this hour,
What should I claim as life's best dower?
Dear God, how should I know?

Unfailing love, from sun to sun?
Unfailing wealth, in honor won?
Unfailing health—all gifts in one?
Nay; all of these may go.

For love, that comes our lives to bless,
Must evermore be counted less
In grace, and might and tenderness,
Than gifts that from us flow.

And health the tender soul may drain
Of power to share the sufferer's pain;
And strength is weakness, power is vain,
That soothes no human woe.

And wealth of treasure, land or gold,
Is only sweet to have and hold
To those whose mercies manifold
In ceaseless gifts o'erflow.

So, from the dazzling, tempting three
How can I choose? Choose thou for me,
Give or withold, but let me be
Content God's will to know.

Give love until I love outpour—
Give pain, that those whose hearts are sore
May feel for them I suffer more
Than for my own small woe.

Give wealth, but not for selfish greed—
Wealth for the sad world's pain and need;
Give Thou Thyself, then, rich indeed,
All else may come or go.

Select Story.

From the Independent.

The Heresy of Parson Medlicott.

BY IMOGEN CLARKE.

There was no doubt but that Parson Medlicott failed in his later days; at least that was the verdict of Broadmeadows. Certainly he grew slower in step, hearing and sight—the hearing, in especial, of evil against others, and the sight of little petty defects which are the grain of humanity itself. One thing about him, however, remained young despite all the mutabilities of life; he came to old age with the heart of a little child. Broadmeadows, noting the encroachments of the years upon her pastor with apologetic leniency, contemned particularly this truthful simplicity on his part. It seemed an evidence of spiritual blindness, an ossification of conscience—a result that of old age surely!—that made the lapse of doctrinal wisdom so apparent. In short, the parson was too tolerant. As he expressed it himself, he was fond of "the sunny side of the way."

"But one side of the road has to be in shadow," objected Dr. Aldham, whose pessimism was as bitter as his pills, and who had undertaken to point out to the minister the defects of his system.

"Then come over where I am," laughed the parson; "there's plenty of room and plenty of God's sunshine for us all."

What could be said in extenuation of one who thus trifled away the serious questions of life? A spasm of righteous indignation coursed up and down Broadmeadows; the gravity of the situation was alarming. The kindest thing, of course, was to acknowledge that the old man was failing, but such an admission curtails the power, if any remains, in the person himself. From that hour the sun of Parson Medlicott's supremacy hastened toward its setting.

It seemed as if, after that voicing of his philosophy—if such it could be called—every one in Broadmeadows fell to watching the minister and treasuring up scraps of his talk, not to find little nuggets of gold imbedded therein, but to turn and sift, and sift again, until only slag remained. And the pity of it was that he was unconscious of this secret tribunal where he was daily arraigned as he passed blithely among them, a tall, bowed figure in a broad-brimmed felt hat and clerical clothes, whose original blackness had grown greenish from long service, with his little dog—his inseparable companion—pressing close at his side. Such was the honest figure of the man, however, that, had he been aware of this scrutiny of his good words and deeds, he would not have altered them by an iota. Still there was no doubt that he was entangling himself in a net wrought by his own carelessness.

There was that day, for instance, when he had talked so long with Mrs. Thurston's brother, who in his travels about the world had grown the simple Broadmeadows' church-going? According to Os "Major," he called softly, "I want no more than he had talked shop." Then conversation had been mainly foreign countries, bits of experience out of the traveler's scrip, to which the old man had listened with avidity; he had only spoken to tell some pretty stiff stories about the intelligence of the small terrier at his feet.

Then there was that day—that gray misty Sunday in early June—when he had encountered Judge Dana and his guest, the noted lawyer from the city, both of them in old clothes, taking the short cut past the parsonage, the short cut that every one in Broadmeadows knew led to North Brook. He had actually stopped to speak to them, and Miss Cornelia Slater, walking slowly by on the opposite side of the way, had heard the entire conversation. Not a mention of church, not even a word of warning or expostulation, only a genial interchange of greetings. Miss Cornelia could hardly believe her ears. She could see, if her minister could not, the fishing rods the two men carried; still there were people in Broadmeadows who maintained that age was dimming the clerical eyes, and the remark the old man let fall as he turned away convinced the listener that this infirmity was accountable for his neglect of duty.

"It's a fine day," he said, then he repeated half wistfully, "a fine day."

Miss Cornelia cast a quick glance at the soft, gray sky. The air was damp and cool against her cheek and sweet with the fragrance of June, yet there was the hint of coming rain in its breath. A sunless day—and he had called it fine. Poor old Parson Medlicott! Her pity lessened considerably when the lens of masculine intelligence disclosed the hidden meaning of the phrase. The defect on the delinquent's part was what Dr. Aldham pronounced "a case of moral strabismus," but Miss Cornelia herself called it winking at sin.

Meanwhile the charges against the parson were accumulating with lamentable rapidity. His fondness for novel reading, his delight in a joke, and more than all, his attitude toward the children, convicted him on every side. It was supposed, by those who knew, that a minister should so comport himself that the youth in his charge should regard him with sentiments of awe and reverence. But parson Medlicott, with his laughing, cheery words and his faithful dog, inspired no such feelings among the children of Broadmeadows—he was their friend and more, he was one of them. The climax of his misdemeanors, however, was reached when little Tony Dana was rescued from drowning by the Judge's great dog, Don, at the expense of the latter's life.

The boy was inconsolable at the loss of his friend, and the Judge himself openly sorrowed with him, but he could give no satisfactory answers to the volley of anxious questions with which he was assailed. He had not been ashamed of the mist in his eyes when the noble old fellow lay deaf and still for the first time to the sound of his voice, and the child's piercing cry, "Is this the end?" had awakened a similar one in his own breast.

"Go ask the dominie," he said at last; "he can tell you better than I—I don't know."

So to the dominie Tony went. The study door was closed, but a pleasant voice bade him enter and he set it wide gladly. The unpretentious room was like some simple shrine which many had sought burdened with griefs and doubts, going thence comforted in great measure; the perplexities of life always assumed lesser proportions in its peaceful atmosphere than elsewhere. But no deeper bitterness of heart than little Tony Dana's had ever gone there for relief.

The child hesitated after closing the door behind him, though the kindliest face in the world was turned his way and the friendliest hand extended in welcome. It was but a step to where the parson sat, but for a long minute the boy waited. Between him and that chair where comprehension stayed for his grief and comfort, a shaggy, old, rheumatic, half-blind fox-terrier who had never done anything great or noble, but was yet he was alive! The boy's breast swelled with resentment; he could not pass him. The Broadmeadows thought were failing. Did the parson seek to reclaim him, or did he point out the evils of none, and seeing understood.

"Major," he called softly, "I want you." The next moment the boy was in the drawing room, where, in his excitement—oblivious to the visitors present—he poured forth a happy jumble of incoherent sentences wherein the only things clear were the fact of Don's eternal salvation and the boy's declaration that he was going to try to be just as faithful and noble as Don—so Parson Medlicott had said. Those soft, childish lips that had pressed a kiss of gratitude upon the wrinkled cheek were unwittingly the ones to convict the old man in the eyes of Broadmeadows.

The next evening Squire Poindexter, Dr. Aldham and little Mr. Loring waited upon the parson; Judge Dana, whose voice was of considerable authority in local matters, absolutely refusing to make one of the party. They found him in his study reading by the light of the green shaded lamp upon his table, while the Major snored peacefully upon the rug.

At their entrance the parson laid down his book and advanced to meet them. It was no individual grief that had brought them collectively, on so cold a night, to his door, of that he was aware, but the gravity of their faces indicated the importance of their errand and set him wondering. There had been innumerable demands made upon his strength that day and he was more than ordinarily fatigued, still his welcome missed no whit of its usual warmth. He had on a long black dressing gown, girded at the waist by a cord, which gave him an odd, monk-like appearance and increased the frailty of his slender, bowed figure, while the tempered light made his hair seem whiter than usual. There was no doubt that he was old—old. The Major, as if mindful of his duties as host, got up stiffly from his slumbers and went forward to proffer his greetings also but finding his presence ignored he retreated to his master's side and regarded the newcomers with disapproval.

"We felt we should find you at your books," Mr. Loring said airily, after the three men had seated themselves and the parson was about to resume the chair. "Some polemical treatise, sir; you put us to shame with your untiring zeal."

The parson threw back his head, laughing like a boy. "No polemical treatises for me," he declared; "I gave 'em up long ago. This is a romance full of stir, and dash, and glory—wonderful, wonderful! with a thread of a love story through it all that makes a man eighteen again."

Squire Poindexter cleared his throat ominously and shot a furtive glance at his companions.

"Oh, a little mental recreation of that sort is excellent," he said a minute later in a large, tolerant voice which seemed to be wondering at itself and which set his friends gaping with astonishment, "the saying about Jack holds good in every case. And there's no doubt you've earned your play—you've been a long time in the field, sir."

The parson pressed the tips of his fingers together meditatively and looked smilingly at his guests.

"More than fifty years," he answered, "and thirty-five of 'em spent in Broadmeadows. It's wearing on to sun-down, friends."

There was no reply to the little sally, each man thinking it clearly the other man's cue to speak, and just then, as if to make it easier for them, the Major, who had borne social ostracism long enough, started to take possession of the empty chair. His master lifted him up gently, making him comfortable on the cushion, then he seated himself by the little animal's side, crowding into as small a space as possible.

"You are very fond of your dog, sir." It was half question, half assertion; there was a tentative quality in the hesitating tone.

The old man raised his unsuspecting eyes from the small head he was caressing and glanced at the speaker, then he looked about the room almost wearily. There was a moment's silence before he spoke.

"You come from a house, Squire," he said gently, "where there were many voices—a wife's voice and the chatter and laughter of little children. There are pleasant voices in your home, Mr. Loring, and in yours, too, Doctor, but here you find no such happy echoes. My youth was full of loneliness. I had no close ties, and when—when I sought to form one that was denied me. There has only been one chair at my fireside through all the years, and that my own. But I have been rich in friends, thank God, faithful friends—young and old—and yet there have been times of discouragement and failure when I have longed for the nearer companionship of wife and children. You never suspected that in the old man, did you? One day, eleven years ago, a young lad whom I—who fancied I had aided him, came to bid me good-by; he was going West to begin life afresh there, and he brought me a mite of a dog. I had no need for the little creature, and besides I was afraid Deborah wouldn't like it, but I couldn't hurt the boy's feelings, so I accepted his gift. I remember I felt as awkward as any country lout brought suddenly into fine company when I found myself alone with that little fox-terrier puppy. He barked for a long time at me, evidently thinking I had driven his friend away, then finally, tired out, he came whimpering up to make a pact of peace. I lifted him on my knee and he settled down with a satisfied sigh, resting his head on my hand. I sat very still looking at him after he had fallen asleep, and suddenly it occurred to me that he was my own. The thought was especially comforting, because it had been a day of sore trial when my loneliness had pressed heavily upon me.

"During the week that followed I was a dozen minds about keeping the little fellow, and every day I studied him with keener interest, watching the trust and love grow in his eyes as I would watch the unfolding of some beautiful flower. He may have studied me in like fashion. I cannot say. I only know the friendship between us strengthened with every passing hour. There is a vast difference, believe me, between coming home to a silent house and hearing only your own steps break the stillness, and in coming back to a warm-hearted welcome even if it be given by a dog. You feel there is some one who cares. For eleven years now this little friend has had that welcome for me. Gentlemen, I love my dog."

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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