THE
WESTMINSTER
DEPOSIT and TRUST COMPANY
WILL
PAY 4 PER CENT.
Per Annum, on Weekly and
Monthly Deposits, from
JANUARY 1st, 1900.
GEORGE M. PARKE,
Treasurer.
dec9 tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900. VOL. 69--NO. 14.

NEW YORK
BARGAIN HOUSE.

THIS WEEK'S STORE NEWS.

BOWLS AND PITCHERS.

They are large size for washstand use, and cost you only 25 cents each. You can buy them separately or together. They are slightly crazed, but this does not hurt them and to all practical purposes they are just as good as any, as they are English China and attractive shapes. 25 cents for bowl and 25 cents for pitcher.

25 CENTS.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN PLATES.

The same we advertised last week. American White Granite China Plates, bought at a bargain, and offered at 4 cents for the small sizes and 5 cents for the large size. All kinds of Chinaware has taken a big advance recently and we will probably never have another lot of goods so cheap as these. We never sold them this low even when the market was the lowest.

4 AND 5 CENTS.

Other Specials In Chinaware.

Decorated Meat Plates, 15 cents, or 2 for 25. Worth 25 each.
Decorated Vegetable Dishes, 15 cents, or two for 25. Worth 25 each.
Special lot of Blue and Decorated China in Bowls, Pitchers, Dishes, Cups and Saucers, etc., at 10 cents for choice.
Beautifully Decorated Tea and Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, always worth $10 00, we have just a few to close out at $7.75.
Plain White Tea Sets, 44 pieces, $2.35. 56 piece set, $2.70.
10 piece Toilet Sets, $2.25.
Special lot of tough Glass Goblets, 2 cents each.

Remember we can fit you out with almost everything needed to go to housekeeping and at a considerable saving to yourself too. Wash Tubs and Boards and Buckets are here at much less prices than you are in the habit of paying for them elsewhere. Every kind of cooking utensil in either tin or granite ware is here at the same low prices.

We have just received a new lot of Floor Oilcloth in all widths, at 28 cents the square yard, which is very much less than it is worth at the present market prices. Table Oilcloth we are still selling at 15 cents, though this is less than we can buy it for at the factory to-day. We have a large stock on hand and we are trying to help you out by keeping the price down as long as we can.

WE CLOSE AT SEVEN EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SATURDAY.

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

THE WHITE PALACE.

BIG IN VALUE.



Your bill and your Groceries do not correspond exactly, you'll find, if you buy here.
Why? your bill won't be so large but your market basket will have to be a good sized one to hold your dollar's worth. We are making a special offer along the followwine lines:

California Evaporated Peaches at 12c lb.

1 pint bottle mixed or plain Pickles, 10cts a bottle.

Pride of Westminster Coffee
15 CENTS POUND.

WHITMAN'S FINE CONFECTIONS 30c to 80c per lb. Flour, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, Bottle goods of all kinds, Staple and Fancy Groceries. On calling on us you will find the above statement correct. Country produce taken.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST.,
Opp. Catholic Church. Westminster.
TELEPHONE, C. & P., 11-3. an 23 00 1y



OUR HATS
LEAD THE
PROCESSION.

You will not find elsewhere the varieties and values we are showing in

Soft and Stiff Hats.

You are sure your hat leads the fashion when you buy it here. Our lines of
Men's, Ladies, and Children's Shoes
comprise a much larger variety than ever before, adapted to all purposes to suit all pockets, and satisfy all tastes. Remember we carry everything that is new and "Up to date in Neckwear, Collars, Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Suspenders, Overalls, Pants, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Suit Cases, Telescopes, etc.

jan-7-99-1y WM. C. DEVILBISS. No. 22 W. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.

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

THE GREAT
Model Emporium.

The Millinery Awakening Gives Delight to Westminster and the Surrounding Community.

We are glad to have it so. The selling this week has been rapid, but with it all the show to-day is just as full and exquisite as on our first opening day. The Easter fashions are truly beautiful. Here is assembled all that tact and taste have wrought. All that genius and skill have conjured in Millinery grace and comeliness is found in these Model Hats, at prices which look insignificant beside the elegant pieces of headwear.

Our New Carpet Store.

Are you just married and going to house-keeping? Or if you need any floor covering you should see this stock. An entire new stock of handsome Carpets, Mattings, and Rugs at old prices. Remember:—We make and lay your Carpets if you so desire and guarantee satisfaction. See us first.

THOROUGHLY GOOD SHOES.

This Shoe business increases mightily and the reason's not hard to find.

There has never been an unworthy shoe in this stock and there won't be.

Yet service isn't all one expects in shoes for Women and Children. "The Model" Footwear is the best fitting, most comfortable and trimmest appearing goods in the market. Make this your shoe store.

Women's bright leather, button and lace shoes—this season's newest styles—hand made, $2.50.

Other, grades equally good value and all styles, $1.50 and $2.

Misses' bright dongola button or lace shoes, sizes 11 to 2, with new toes and tips, special, $1.25.

Children's dongola lace or button shoes, new shapes, worth $1.50, special price this week, $1.00.

SUITS AND WRAPS.



Very jaunty are these New Spring Suits, made of good homespun or cheviot, with Eton or Fly front Jackets, all Silk lined, skirts with the new box plait back. You'd think them $15 Suits—probably would be anywhere but here, we say $12.00. $12.00.

Children's Spring Reefers, lovely new styles in blue, red and tan, nicely trimmed, only $2.50.

SPRING DRESS GOODS.

Such a vast array of the new and beautiful can only be found at these counters. Our styles this season are the best we have ever shown, including every popular weave and fashionable color. Homespuns, Venitians, Broad Cloths and Henriettas seem to lead the procession, special values, at $1.00.

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

Wm. F. Derr

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

BIG
CLOSING OUT SALE!
THEO. DERR & SON.
FURNITURE, QUEENSWARE AND HOUSEFURNISHINGS.
$5,000.00
in beautiful Home Furnishings to be disposed of within the
NEXT 30 DAYS.

Owing to the ill health of the senior member of the firm, we have disposed of our entire stock of Carpets and Oil Cloth and have decided to close out our entire stock of Furniture, Queensware and Housefurnishings at about

50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

This is one of the greatest opportunities in a lifetime for the people of Westminster and Carroll county to furnish their homes with beautiful Furniture and Queensware at a very small cost. Now, as the time is short and the goods must be closed out, we hope you will avail yourself of this wonderful opportunity and secure some of the many Bargains we are almost giving away to the people. We would like to give the prices on the goods we are offering, but as the articles are so numerous and the space limited, we ask that you give us a call and learn the goods and the prices we are offering them for. We know that we will save you at least 25 to 50 per cent. during this great sale.

Very Respectfully,
Theo. Derr & Son.

P. S.—Positively no goods sold on credit or delivered out of the city limits during this sale.

LADDERS!
Ladders!

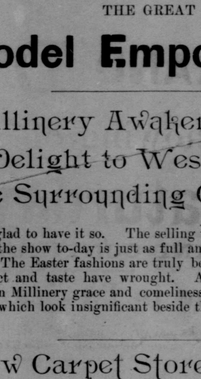
Each Carpenter, Painter, Tinner, House Owner and any one using a LADDER should have one of our

PATENT EXTENSION LADDERS.

Call at our office and see the Ladder.

Smith & Reifsnider,
Westminster, Md.

THE DeLAVAL
Cream Separator,



GUARANTEED to save the farmer ten dollars per Cow each year. It runs lighter than any other Machine on the market with equal capacity. Will sell to any one wishing to buy on a trial of two weeks, so that they can satisfy themselves that the machine is as represented before settled for.

For further information call on or address,

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

Select Poetry.

HEN YOU HEAR THE ROBIN CALL.

—:o:—

u may read it "May" on the calendar,
ou may fix your heart on spring,
t until you hear the robin's song
ou will find it 's no such thing!
r he's sure just when the snow flies,
nd he knows spring's secrets all.
n may be quite sure 't is May-time
hen you hear the robin call!

gy 'll tell you the winter 's ended—
ou will hear it everywhere
t for a little sunshine
nd a breath of April air,
you may be sure of one thing;
s sure as that rain will fall,
s really, truly springtime
hen you hear the robin call!
gnes Lewis Mitchell, in April St. Nicholas.

Select Story.

HER BIRTHDAY.

—:o:—

rom American Agriculturist.

There had been a heavy frost in e night, and when the sunlight ll athwart the old chestnut, flakes gold drifted through the crisp air the leaves relaxed their summer ld and rustled to their winter ep. But Rhoda gazed at the etty sight with unseeing eyes and frowning brow, her heart untuned the morning's gladness.

The cuckoo in the dining-room ck thrust out his head and chirped e half hour, then his little door sed smartly. Rhoda glanced up patiently. "Half past seven and pa will have to hurry his breakst. As for Sibyl, I suppose she is st bestirring herself. Everything es wrong since mamma left us! er lip quivered and tears stood in r eyes. "She would have remembered that this is my birthday, but nobody else will." A pang of self-pity made the tears overflow.

"They can't even be on time for breakfast by way of a celebration," she murmured, her irritation growing apace. Just then her father's cheery voice was heard in the hall and Rhoda made haste to conceal her tears, half ashamed of her morbid mood. If her eyes were suspiciously red, Mr. Vinton apparently failed to notice it.

"What, waiting for your snail of a father?" he cried. "Oh, I see I am a trifle late," as his eyes followed Rhoda's reproachful glance at the clock. "We won't wait for Sibyl."

Rhoda presided over the coffee pot in dignified silence. No, her father certainly had no remembrance that this was one of the special days that her mother was want to celebrate, her elder daughter's birthday. Oh, how many sweet observances would pass with her mother! Rhoda rattled the cups to hide the little sob that escaped her control. No, the others must not pass; there, too, she must strive to fill her mother's place.

Mr. Vinton, with a word of apology, had taken refuge from the severe silence in the morning paper, glancing at the headlines as he hurried his meal. However, he heard the sob and cast a keen glance over the top of the paper at Rhoda's downcast face. "Poor little woman," he thought tenderly; "how she tries to fill her mother's place! But it is too heavy a burden for young shoulders. She is feeling the strain in more ways than one."

"Is there peace in this humble dwelling?" cried a gay voice outside the door, and a bright eye twinkled mischievously at the crack. "Do forgive me, dear people, but I quite forgot the passage of time. I put my head out of the window to say 'good morning' to the glorious day, and the shower of falling leaves held me spellbound."

Rhoda did not deign to look that way. A perverse spirit had taken possession of the girl.

"You must make haste, now," she said, severely. But, as Sibyl fluttered by her on her way to her seat, something caught Rhoda's unwilling eye.

"Now, Sibyl," she said, in disapproving surprise, "why have you put on your new gown? It is not intended for ordinary school wear. Oh, dear, I wish you would show some sense of the fitness of things!"

Sibyl bit her lip and cast an appealing glance at her father, who, for a moment looked a trifle uncomfortable.

"Oh-er, I forgot to tell you that I promised Sibyl that she might take lunch with me in town today," he explained. "I suppose the new gown is in honor of the occasion. She has some errand to do, I believe, so she will not come home until the latter part of the afternoon. You will have a good, long day to yourself, daughter. I hope it will be a happy one," he added gently as he rose from the table.

"Thank you," Rhoda said, coldly.

"You will have to hasten, Sibyl. It is too late to go by the electrics. You would better go to town on the train."

"All right," Sibyl assented cheerfully. "I'll be with you, papa, before you get to the corner," and she proceeded to finish her breakfast with a school-girl's marvelous celerity. Rhoda watched her with disapproving eyes.

"I hope you will soon have leisure for acquiring respectable table manners," she said tartly. "At least be more careful when you lunch with papa."

Sibyl opened her lips for a hasty retort, then thought better of it. Her quick ear had caught a thrill of wounded pride in Rhoda's speech.

"Why don't you come too," she said impulsively. "We—" then a sudden thought checked the rest of the sentence.

"No, thank you," Rhoda said loftily, "I have too much to do."

Rhoda sat quietly until the closing hall door assured her that her sister was gone. "No one remembers—no one cares," she thought, miserably. "I don't even believe they miss mamma as I do. And now they plan pleasant things while I am forgotten. Oh, it is so hard—hard!" And though in her heart she knew her bitter thoughts to be unjust, the morbid mood held her in its grasp and she cried bitterly. A spirit of restless energy took possession of her and the day was devoted to the accomplishment of distasteful and trying duties that had been hitherto postponed. Lunch was hastily disposed of, though Norah, the cook, had provided Rhoda's favorite salad.

"Shure, it's worrukin' too hard ye are, Miss Rhody," she said, peering into the dining-room, as Rhoda pushed back her chair, impatiently. "An' it's not more'n would contint a bir-rd that yez do be eatin'."

"It is all I need," the girl said, shortly, still hugging her martyr mood, and Norah retired with a disappointed face—her little attempt at celebration unnoticed and unappreciated.

But when dusk fell Rhoda was thoroughly weary. Pushing open the door of her mother's room, she crossed to the bow window and dropping limply upon a cushion, pillowed her head on the sill. The fair day, which had been full of darkness to her, had slipped away, leaving the west a-glimmer with purest palest green, portent of frost. Gradually the tender associations of the place brought healing to her sore spirit, and as tears wet her eyes, Rhoda's mood changed. "Dear mother," she whispered, as if she felt the loving spirit near, "I feel so miserable, but give me time."

A sweet stillness had fallen over the suburban town, broken only by the occasional rattle of a passing wagon, or the distant whistle of the trains plying between the city and its offspring. Rhoda listened dreamily for the approaching footsteps that would give warning of the return of her father and sister. Sitting up she raised the window a crack that she might not be caught unawares. "I was so cross this morning that I must make their home-coming cheery," she whispered penitently.

Just then came the sound of running feet and the clamor of boyish voices. Something in their tone of excited horror brought Rhoda to her feet. Throwing the window wide open she leaned out into the crisp air, but could get no clue as to the cause of the hubbub. A door in the opposite house opened and a man ran down the steps.

"Hello!" he called imperatively, after the passing rabble, "What's up?"

"The 5.10 out has gone through the bridge at the Hopedale crossing," came the impatient answer.

"Anybody killed?"

"Don't know yet; just going down;" and the dusky figure waited for no further interrogation. Rhoda clutched at the wall for support. She tried to cry out, but no words would come. As Mr. Kenyon sprang up the stairs, he caught a strange sound from the dark house opposite. With a quick intuition regarding its cause, he turned back, scanning the windows.

"Did anybody call?" he asked. "Is it you, Miss Rhoda?" The electric light shone on her white face as the girl looked down with wild, besecching eyes "Oh what shall I do?"

"I am going right down to Hopedale" her neighbor said, quickly; and something in the strong, kindly voice steadied her. "There is nothing for you to do as yet. It would be useless for you to go with me. Keep a brave heart for whatever may come, and try to believe that this trouble may not be for you to bear."

"For me to bear—for me to bear," Rhoda muttered, struggling for calmness, that she might think coherently. The night wind grew keener as the darkness settled down, and its chill was a potent aid to her effort. Her first impulse was to summon Norah; but at the head of the stairs she stopped. She could not yet bear her shrill outeries and impulsive sympathy. And what could she do? What did people do in such terrible emergencies? At her helplessness and inability to meet this appalling crisis, Rhoda groaned aloud. Hurrying back to the window she strained her ears for further tidings. The street below now echoed to hurrying feet, as dark figures pressed on toward the scene of the disaster.

What had Mr. Kenyon said? "This trouble may not for you to bear." Rhoda started. She had laughed aloud—a bitter laugh, not good to hear. Falling on her knees, she pressed her forehead to her clasped hands, and the tension broke in an agony of tears. "Dear Father," she sobbed, again, "must I bear it—must I bear it?"

Suddenly the words died away, struck into silence by a sound far up the street—the sound of approaching wheels. Still hiding her face, Rhoda waited, catching her breath that she might better hear. In the interminable minutes she grew calm in the desperate acceptance of sorrow. It did not surprise her when, just below the window, the heavy wagon stopped.

"Have a care, now," cautioned a gruff voice below. Without a downward glance, the girl arose stiffly, and with a set face, walked down the stairs and threw the hall door wide open.

"Oh, dear!" cried a clear young voice in vexation, "I did so hope you would not be about, Rhoda. Now the edge is taken off the surprise. Why, what has happened?" For Rhoda had rushed down stairs and seized her in her arms.

"Sibyl!" she cried, "are you really safe? Where is papa?" As she spoke her eyes were fixed upon the men, who were busy with some object in the wagon.

"Safe?" Why shouldn't I be safe? her sister cried in astonishment. "Papa is delayed in business and cannot come out until the 6 o'clock train. What is the matter, dearest?" beginning to be frightened, in turn, as the light from the hall showed her Rhoda's face.

"What is that? Are you telling me the truth about papa?" the elder cried, gripping Sibyl's arm until she winced.

"That is your birthday present from papa and me," Sybil explained at once. "Please set it in the hall," she said quietly to the men, who were staring at Rhoda curiously. "Come, Doda," and she drew her sister up the steps and into the dimly lighted drawing room. "Now tell me all about it." At that moment careless, light-hearted Sibyl foreshadowed the womanly strength that would one day be hers. Her touch brought comfort and peace. Trembling and unstrung, Rhoda gave her but an incoherent explanation. The color faded in Sibyl's cheeks, and her clasp on Rhoda's hands grew closer.

"Oh, Doda," she cried, "God has been very good to me. Do you know how it happened that I did not take that train. A note of awe crept into her voice. "Papa and I searched a long time before we found just the writing desk that we wanted for your birthday gift. It was so late then that Noyes & Westcott's teams were all out and they would not deliver it until tomorrow. So papa hunted up an expressman upon whom he could depend, for of course we must have it here tonight. We could have bought it yesterday but papa could not leave his office. I was so anxious about it I—"

She stopped and looked askance at Rhoda, who was hanging upon her words. "I am afraid you won't like it"—and she gave an embarrassed laugh—"but after they started, I was afraid they might make some mistake, and anyway I wanted to be here when they arrived. Papa said it would do no harm, it I would feel easier, so I hopped onto an electric car, and when I overtook them, I got out and asked the men to let me ride on the express wagon. It was dark and nobody knew me," she ended, apologetically.

Rhoda was gazing into the pretty, flushed face with a strange intensity. "Do you know," she murmured, "that I have filled my birthday with bitter, selfish thoughts, while papa and you were planning for my happiness. I thought you forgot—that you did not care—and it is through your thoughtfulness and care that God has spared you to me!"

Somebody ran up the steps and a key cliked in the lock.

"Rhoda!" called Mr. Vinton. "My poor little girl!" and as she ran to meet him, he caught her in his arms. "I saw Kenyon," he said, after an interval, "and he told me you had heard of the accident and were waiting. It has been a woeful birthday for my little woman!" His eye was caught by the dainty, slender-legged mahogany desk, now divested of its burlaps, the light striking answering gleams from its polished surface. "You need not keep the desk, Rhoda," he said, quietly looking across her tumbled locks to read acquiescence in Sibyl's sensitive face. "It will recall too much that is best forgotten. Sibyl and I will find something else to tell of our love and appreciation of our sweet little house-mother."

Rhoda fell on her knees before the desk and laid her arms lovingly across it, "but do let me keep it," she cried, humbly; it will help me to remember other things. Besides, if it hadn't been for the desk, you—oh I can't even think of it." She shut her eyes and pressed her cheek against the satiny wood. Mr. Vinton looked at her with a sudden stricture of the heart. At the instant, her face was like that of her he had "loved and lost awhile."

Handsome Hands.

What woman do you know who retains all winter the beauty of her hands? Not long after the cold weather comes her skin begins to show that something is amiss. The hands are the first to proclaim their grievance, and they grow so rough that it is almost impossible to keep them clean. In spite of manicuring and of the daily use of the finger brush, the nails are a constant mortification and the finger tips are black and grimy looking. A source of trouble is that we all wear so much wool nowadays. Our skirts and coats are never of any other material, and even for house wear we have adopted as a favorite the coarse textured stuff of tweeds, cheviots, serges and the like.

When the hands rub constantly against this, the effect is something like that which results from the use of coarse woolen mittens—and we all know how bad they are for the skin. Since silk and the softer woolens have gone so completely out of fashion the hands have been sore beset. The only remedy lies in the suggestion that whenever possible the delicate skin should be protected by the wearing of a fancy silk apron. It may be black if you perfer, but the aprons made of white China silk are easily washed and are dainty to look upon.

Better Than Wealth.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than landed estate to have the right kind of father and mother. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp but their thoughts do.

Nothing tries the soul of a man more than a shoe-peg.

printed in Carroll county, aforesaid, once a week for three successive weeks before the 16th day of April next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1470 00.

JAMES H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
mar-17-3t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA. Clerk.

NO. 3782 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.
Ezra M. Senseney, next friend of Edna May Repp, et. al., infants, vs. Edna May Repp, et. al., infants.

Ordered this 16th day of March, 1900, that the sale of the real estate in the above entitled cause made and reported by Ezra M. Senseney, trustee, appointed by decree passed in said cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd day of April next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, and State of Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 16th day of April next. The report states the amount of sales to be $4091.55.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
mar-17-3t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA. Clerk.

NO. 3774 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll County
William H. Starr, mortgagee, vs. Nicholas Parker and Ellen R. Parker, his wife, mortgagors.

Ordered, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1900, 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 9th day of April next; 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
mar-24-2t

SPRING MILLINERY OPENING.

I will have at my New Store (formerly occupied by Mathews & Myers) a beautiful display of Spring Hats, Toques and Bonnets,
MARCH 29th, 30th and 31st.
I have secured the services of two experienced Milliners, one of whom was in the employ of Stembler & Nathan of Baltimore, for 12 years. I have also added to my line, Silk Patterns for Shirt Waists, Corsets, Notions, of all descriptions. I will appreciate the kindness of my friends by calling.
Respectfully Yours,
ma-17-3t MRS. E. TAYLOR.

J. P. WALTZ & SON, Undertakers,
WINFIELD, Carroll county, Md. Metalic Caskets and Burial Cases, of the most approved and tasteful designs. We are prepared in every respect to give prompt attention to funerals. We ask a trial of the public, as we will guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Embalming skillfully performed.
mar-17-3t*

House for Rent on Pennsylvania Avenue, Westminster.
CALL ON
J. HOFFMAN FUSS,
at Fuss & Roop's Insurance Office,
17 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.
mar-17-3t

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