AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., MAY 26, 1900. VOL. 69--NO. 22.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE.

MANY CHANCES TO SAVE MONEY



Are offered you here in new Wash Goods. The great advance in cotton goods has not affected any of our Summer Dress Goods. The old prices still prevail, though in many cases the prices we are asking for the goods are less than we could buy these same goods for now. But that makes no difference with us. If we get a bargain we share it with you, it matters not how much more it may be worth.

Special in Fine Percales.

There are only 400 yards of them so you will want to come early to get choice. Fine quality, yard wide, all new pattern Percales, actual value today 15 cents, while they last, 10 cents.

10 CENTS.

Special in New P. K's.

Fine White P. K's., such as you usually pay 15 and 20 cents for, are here at 12½. Also some fine French P. K., in plaids and stripes, goods that sold her for 25 cents, to close out, 12½ cents. Also some choice patterns in new fancy P. K., all special value at 12½.

12½ Cents.

New Lawns and Dimities.

Some special values will be found here in new goods that were purchased at old prices and are worth today fully 25 per cent. more. You will do well to select such as you need now while the assortment is complete.

LADIES' OXFORD TIES.



These are in demand now and we are prepared to supply your wants at the lowest possible prices. Our line of Ladies' Oxford Ties for this season is the most complete and we will take pleasure in showing them to you. All the popular shapes are here. Very special values are our $1.00 and $1.25 Oxfords. Also would mention our $1.50 shoe which is a beauty and equally good value.

Hammocks and Lap Spreads.

Don't forget the two special bargains advertised in these goods last week. They cannot last always and they will be hard to replace at these prices.

WE CLOSE AT 7 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.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

A CLEAN STOCK.



Our Groceries present a clean, fresh, appetizing array. You want the best. You get it here. We sometimes cut prices in two, and reduce them whenever fortunate buying enables us to do so.

You'll find us willing caterers to your pleasure at all times.

We carry the largest stock of

Fancy Groceries

in the State outside of Baltimore.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS.

PRIDE OF WESTMINSTER COFFEE 15c per pound; grind it if you like; you all know what it is. In the Staple Grocery Department we will not be undersold. It will pay you to call before purchasing. We buy Country Produce.

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

NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

For Nearly 60 Years
The Leading National Family Newspaper.
For Progressive Farmers and Villagers.

An old, stanch, tried and true friend of the American People, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the pioneer in every movement calculated to advance the interests and increase the prosperity of country people in every State in the Union.

For over half a century farmers have followed its instructions in raising their crops, and in converting them into cash have been guided by its market reports, which have been National authority.

If you are interested in "Science and Mechanics" that department will please and instruct. "Short Stories" will entertain old and young. "Fashion Articles" will catch the fancy of the ladies, and "Humorous Illustrations" and items will bring sunshine to your household.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is "The People's Paper" for the entire United States, and contains all important news of the Nation and World.

Regular subscription price $1.00 per year, but we furnish it

and The SENTINEL 1 Year for $1.25.

NEW-YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE. PUBLISHED MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.
A complete, up-to-date, daily newspaper three times a week for busy people who receive their mail oftener than once a week.

Contains all striking news features of THE DAILY TRIBUNE up to hour of going to press: and is profusely illustrated.

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Send all orders to the SENTINEL, Westminster, Md.

New Coach and Carriage Factory
PFEFFER & SON,
Manufacturers of
VEHICLES of all KINDS
REPAIRING AND PAINTING done in the best manner.

☞ Thirty years experience.

☞ We guarantee that all work entrusted to us will be turned out in the most satisfactory manner.

Call and see us, we will save you money.
LIBERTY AND GREEN STS.,
fe-6-1y WESTMINSTER, MD.

WESTMINSTER WATER CO. NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Westminster Water Co., held Jan. 9th, 1900, the following orders were passed:

ORDERED, that hereafter all water rents shall be charged against and collected from the OWNERS of properties upon which water privileges are used—and not from tenants as heretofore. That a discount of four per cent. shall be allowed on the payment of said rents if made on or before May 1st, of each year. In case said payment is not made by June 1st, the water shall be turned off, and not restored unless cost of turning off as well as the rental is paid.

A. H. HUBER,
jan-13-tf Sec. and Treas.

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

"THE MODEL STORE NEWS."

A SALE OF TOWELS.

Fifty dozen—the best American made huck towels we have ever seen, on sale today at special prices—you use towels, these are good ones for little money.

17x33 inch, fine huck towels pretty, red border, hemmed ready for use, special value at only 15c.
20x36 inches same as above, only larger, quarter grade 18c.
21x42 inches, Extra large and heavy huck towels, pretty borders, the best value ever given at 25c.
20 dozen good Turkish towels, nice and rough 18x36 inches at 5c.

SUMMER SHOES.

This shoe store is at your service with the best shoes mony and brains can buy. All the new summer styles are ready.



QueenQuality OXFORDS
are the talk of the town.
The price is
$2.50
or 50c. less than the boots, as less material and labor are required in making.
Look for TRADE MARK stamped on sole.

Other good Oxfords at $1.50 and $2.
Children's summer shoes, boys o girls at $1 and $1.25.

NEW CARPETS.

Our special news to-day is of lowered prices on some very fine carpets.
$1.25 and $1.50 Velvet, Axminster and Body Brussel Carpets reduced to

MARVELOUS M

This Millinery parlor is aglow novel ideas and shapes, also the ever and trimming
$4.

SPECIAL SALE

One lot untrimmed Hats, Sail $1.50 styles to be sold today at only
50c EACH.

BABY CAPS, LITTLE PRICES.

Pretty lawn Bonnets and Caps for the baby—all beautifully trimmed and made, very special values at
50c AND 75c.

Good Corsets.



What is more to any lady than a corset that is comfortable and wears well besides—we have the exclusive sale of
American Lady
Corsets, the best ones made and only $1.

Summer Vests.



Two attractive lots in ladies' summer Vests on sale today, Jersey ribbed, ribbon in neck and sleeves 9c for usual 15c values, 15c for what you will ordinarily pay 25c.

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

THE UP TO DATE STORE.



This is one of the many styles we carry in the

WALK OVER $3.50 SHOES.

We have them in

LACE and BUTTON, PATENT LEATHER,
BLACK and TAN, VICI KID,
RUSSET and BOX CALF.

All other grades of Men's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Shoes and Oxfords, from the cheapest to the best. We have just received a beautiful line of

English Square Ties, for Ladies and Gents,

25 and 50 cents. Also Four-in-Hand, Club House and Bat Wing Ties. Our elegant stock of

MEN'S STRAW HATS, SAILORS

and other shapes, is not surpassed. We are glad to show these Hats, for we know they're right.

Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS. 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
jan-7-00-1y

After Season Prices in the Height of the Season, at the
One Price Cash Store.

STOUFFER & ENSOR, THE CORNER STORE, NEW WINDSOR, MD.

Our $6, $7, $8 and $9 Men's Suits are going fast—and why? Because the quality is first class and the styles and patterns are the very newest, and better than all, ours are just from $2.00 to $3.00 under the regular price. "This is what we are told." We are ready for the hot weather.

Look At Our Spot Cash Prices.

Neckwear, etc., please both the eye and purse. Money saved is money made; you will realize this by dealing with us.
march 31-1900 1y-3 STOUFFER & ENSOR, New Windsor, Md.

JESSE MARDEN,
109 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Track, Hay, Coal, Cattle, Platform and Counter Scales of every description.



PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO REPAIRS.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Dr. J. W. Helm, Surgeon Dentist,
(Graduate of Md. University, Baltimore),
New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit TANEYTOWN on the 1st WEDNESDAY of each month.

☞ Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

A liberal share of public patronage solicited.
Respectfully, J. W. HELM, D. D. S.,
ju-20-tf New Windsor, Md.

THE KEELEY CURE!
TWENTY YEARS OF PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN CASES OF
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THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,
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There is no other authorized Keeley Institute in the District of Columbia or in Maryland. nov-11-99-1y

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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.

Select Poetry.

MEMORIAL DAY.

By Lieut. Wm. W. Davis, Co. K, 29th Mass., Roxbury, Mass.

Memorial Day; the deep drum sounds
A call to seek the soldiers' mounds.
Come forth ye martial band!
List to the loud reveille beat;
Enter the Post, your comrades meet,
March to the burial strand.

A phalanx of unswerving men
Repose in yonder quiet glen;
Their work on earth is o'er,
No more they sound the battle-cry,
No more on field of carnage lie,
Their colors ne'er to lower.

Here, in the calm and holy shade
Our comrades we have gently laid,
And beat the muffled drum;
The bugle's pealing blast we sound,
With immortelles we deck the ground,
And fire the minute gun!

Devotion here hath lingered 'round
Each spot of consecrated ground,
And hill and valley blessed;
Here, where our loved ones oft' have strayed,
Here, where they loved and wept and prayed,
Here, where their ashes rest.

Yet while by life's endearments crowned,
To mark this day, we gather 'round
And strew their graves with flowers,
And to our brave defenders raise
A song of gratitude and praise,
Throughout these hallowed bowers.

A clime there is from danger free;
God fit these souls that clime to see,
Who can return no more.
It hath no wounds to thrill and bleed,
No staff of trust like broken reed,
No griefs from earthly shore.

Let hovering angels watch the spot:
Death spoke in every blooming shot
That knelled upon the ear!
Let sage and bard here shed a light
That never shall go down at night
Till each in heaven appear.

Select Story.

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS.

BY CORA GILBERT LANE.

"To those dear men who took their lives in hand
To keep our Union free—our own dear land."

There flourishes, in one of our little New England villages, a society known as the "Knights of King Arthur." Its members are half-grown boys, who, like their namesakes, the knights of old, are pledged to lead pure and noble lives.

The girls of the village had no idea of being outdone by their brothers, so they formed an organization of their own, which they called "The Busy Bee Society." At first there was a spirit of rivalry between the two, but jealousy has no place in the hearts of healthy, active boys and girls, and so, by mutual consent, they soon became a partnership of willing workers, and signed themselves "The Knights of King Arthur and the Busy Bee Society."

The girls were linked together by their common friendship and their common aim—to do good whenever and wherever they could.

The boys had taken the three degrees—good, better, best—they declared, as in succession they became pages, then esquires, then knights, and were allowed to wear the red cross. They were, indeed, trying to imitate their historic example, King Arthur, though there would, now and then, crop out a bit of slang, or they would play a few familiar tricks which they had been in the habit of trying before they took the degrees. But they were the same fun-lovers, and this afternoon there was a tangled mass of boys on the campus, tossing, pitching, tumbling, rolling—an indescribable heap of humanity. But at last the scattered heads, legs and arms were assorted and distributed among their owners, and the football game was ended!

The heated players threw themselves down to rest beneath the shade of an old elm, and the girls, who had been watching the game, crowded around with congratulations.

Finally Jack Finch succeeded in getting his breath enough to say, "Honest, I think this is the sleepiest town in the United States. Guess what I heard today? Well, they're not going to have a mite of a celebration for Decoration Day."

"You couldn't expect them to do much," said Tom Wheeler; "there are only three veterans living in town, and one of them's sick with rheumatism, one is visiting in Vermont, and the other one's my father, and he's in the store every minute he's awake."

"But it's a shame, just the same," declared Marion Crandall, warmly. "Mother says the brave soldiers are our knights, that when our country needed them they put on their uniforms, said 'Good-bye,' to their wives and children, and went off to battle. I think we better show we honor these men who died for our country."

"I always longed to be a soldier or a hunter," sighed Rob Palmer, "but, mercy, mother would worry if I should shoot ginger-bread bullets out of a toy gun."

"We better stick to our text," advised his sister May, "and that's planning something for Decoration."

"We might speak a few pieces," ventured Sarah Robbs.

"Don't catch me speaking pieces," said Lu Hatfield. "It scares me so my knees clap together like a pair of bones."

"I think, myself,

"'Speaking pieces pretty tough,
I've said mine and that's enough.'"

quoted Carl Robbs, in sing-song fashion.

"But what *shall* we do?" asked May.

Tom looked thoughtful, Jack puzzled, Sarah hopeless, but Marion found the silver lining to the cloud, and, joyfully clapping her hands, she exclaimed: "We'll make a bouquet for each of the soldier's graves, if we can't do anything else. Let's have a flower hunt to-morrow night after school."

The world is all abloom—from the flower-laden trees to the timid violets hiding by the brookside. The warm sun has coaxed the fuzzy pussywillows from their snug winter beds, the dandelions, daisies and buttercups lift their yellow faces to the sun; sprays of Solomon's seal with its nodding, creamy bells; trillium—rich maroon and White Mountain laurel, with its dark green foliage and its showy clusters of bloom, all tell of the plant resurrection. A bluebird sings his few sweet notes, and a bevy of swallows skim through the air in twittering flight.

The door of the schoolroom bursts open and out comes a noisy troop of boys and girls. With one accord they rush for the woods to gather the spoils of springtime.

"Hold on a minute," shouted Jack, "I've got to wait for Shoofly. There he comes now," and a bat-eared, pug-nosed dog rushed around the corner.

"I think Shoofly's awfully homely," said Lida Thomas, disdainfully.

"Well, he's smart, just the same," declared the dog's master. "He can smell tramps more'n a mile off, and, I tell you, they look out not to get near the teeth end of him," and with a whistle to his dog and a skip, hop and jump Jack had distanced his mates by several rods.

"Jack can vault like a grasshopper and he's stronger than steam," said Carl, admiringly. "But I should like him better if he didn't cut up so many didos and monkey-shines."

"His name is just right for him—the Jackanapes," panted Lu, trying to keep up with the crowd.

"Hello, here's a Jack-in-the-puipit," exclaimed Carl, securing the prize.

"Let's see it," shouted Jack, retracing his steps. "Come on, all of you; Carl's got an Indian turnip. Ever taste of one?" he asked of Lu. "Well, then, just take a good, generous bite and swallow it quicke'rn three jumps of a flea. Wait till I wash it up in the brook and then the rest of you can have a turn."

Jack had managed to set off the palatableness of the Indian turnip in such great shape that the boys and girls were all on tip-toe for a nibble.

But it is needless to say that Lu was the only victim, for the fiery bulb nearly strangled him.

Jack was thrown down by his laughing mates and playfully pounded till Shoofly began to resent such treatment, and then the trickster was allowed to struggle to his feet while Lu oh-ed and ah-ed as he attempted to free his mouth from the burning morsel.

"Whew! The wind blows enough to blow the feathers off of hens," declared Ray, as he chased the battered straw hat which had done more service in catching pollywogs than it had as headgear.

"It'll tan us up like Blackamores and take the crimp out of our hair," laughed Car, giving Sarah's ear a playful tweak.

"Nonsense, who cares if it does. Just you listen while I tell my fortune," she said, as petal by petal she mutilated a daisy, muttering as she did so:

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant, priest."

"I'm going to marry a merchant. Goody, goody, gee, then I can have lots of dresses."

"But we must be starting for home," cautioned Marion. "We've got flowers enough and it's almost dark."

"Oh," shivered May, "and I'm awfully afraid in the dark. I'm always thinking of ghosts and thieves and witches."

"Puh, I wouldn't be a 'fraid-cat," said Jack, mischief-brewing. "But whist! What's that I hear? Lions, I guess."

May screamed, girlishly, "Oh, Jack, are there lions up here on Brown Hill?"

"Piles of them—dandelions," chuckled the young tormentor.

It was twilight when these merry men and maidens reached home with their flowers, and the next morning the young patriots, each with a flag and a bouquet, went to the graves of the fallen heroes and left their sweet tributes of remembrance.

MEMORIAL DAY.

From the National Tribune.

Once more Memorial Day approaches, with its sacredly sweet memories and associations. It is the National Sabbath,—the American Passover,—which every year roots itself more deeply into all hearts, and arouses stronger feelings of reverence and patriotism. Each passing year brings to it a far greater appreciation of all that it means to every man and woman who loves our country and her glorious institutions. As they get farther away from the gigantic war its immense proportions become distinctly perceptible. They realize more fully the bitterness with which it tried men's souls. The courage displayed seems superhuman, the strength of courage and fortitude almost divine—the wisdom not of this earth. They begin to understand that where other Nations have put into the field men by millions; that where others fought scores of battles, we fought thousands; that where in other lands and other wars men fell in hecatombs, here they fell in myriads; that where other peoples have sacrificed their first-born on the altar of country and principle, we offered also our second and third-born, leaving our hearth-stones desolate, that the Government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth.

In that terrible four years of war more of our sons were slain in battle than England has lost in the 800 years that she has been a Nation. We fought more awful, bloody battles than any other Nation now in existence, or that ever existed, no matter how long her history or how numerous her wars.

It is these facts which take the war of the rebellion out of any classification or comparison with other wars. It was the mortal agony of a great people, and of all the people. It was a life and death struggle for existence and the perpetuation of institutions which they held dearer than life. Even our War for Independence fell far short of stirring every man and woman in the country to the depths and calling for the utmost sacrifices, that the war of the rebellion did. In the Revolution it was a matter of opinion whether we would be better off under British rule than independent. A very large portion of the people took no part in the struggle, and a still larger sympathized with and remained loyal to the Mother Country. Each one only took such part in the struggle as he felt inclined to.

But the firing on Fort Sumpter was like the cry of fire in the night-time in a man's own house. It was an intense summons to him personally to save his most cherished things from destruction. It summoned the 20,000,000 loyal people to meet 10,000,000 disloyal in a contest which has no parallel in history for duration, fierceness and stubborn determination. It was such a clashing as comes in the great elemental convulsions in Nature when the seas run dry, continents are upheaved, and mountains and volcanoes rise.

Some statistics will help us comprehend the magnitude and the far-reaching character of the struggle.

On an average, the loyal States sent forth 12½ per cent. of their population to do battle for the Nation's preservation. This enormous percentage meant one fighting man for every eight people in their borders—men, women, children, aged and infirm. It meant one fighting man for every four males—infants, schoolboys, old men and cripples. Never did such a proportion of the men of a country go forth to battle in any part or age of the world.

Out of every nine men who put on the blue, one was dead before he took it off again.

More than 125,000—a larger army than ever stood under one flag on any European battlefield—were actually killed in battle. Nearly 300,000 were wounded, 200,000 died of disease, and 71,000 died in rebel prisons.

The mere statement of these aggregates is appalling. Their proportion to the whole number is much more fearfully striking.

More men were actually killed around Fredericksburg than on any similar extent of ground in the world—even in Belgium, which is the "cockpit of Europe," and has been a battle ground for 1,000 years. More were killed there than on the famous plain of Esdraelon, on which have fought, in the thousands of years that it has been the battle-ground of Asia, Europe and Africa, the armies of the Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Crusaders, Turks, English and French, struggling for mastery in the Orient.

Since last Memorial Day 50,000 new graves have been added to those we covered with flowers last year, and probably a quarter of a million more of our people have now a deep personal interest in the cemeteries visited, since they now contain their representatives in the great struggle of the Nation for existence.

Thus the deep interest in this gloriously solemn occasion widens with every new grave added to the long rows of tombs of the Nation's sacred dead.

The Methodist Protestants.

Atlantic City, May 19—The principal work of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church opened yesterday afternoon was the election of the conference officers. The nominees for president were Rev. D. S. Stevens, of Kansas City; Rev. M. S. Helmick, of West Virginia; Rev. T. H. Lewis, of Westminster, and Rev. George C. Sheppard, of Pittsburg, Pa. Dr. Stevens was elected on the fourth ballot, with Dr. Lewis as a close second.

Mr. Stevens is a man who has held prominent places in the church for a long time. He was born at Springfield, Ohio, in 1847. His education was begun at Wittenberg and continued at Adrian, Mich., where he took a bachelor's degree in 1868. Subsequently he took a course in Edinburg, where he passed the examinations successfully for the degree of doctor of philosophy. Returning to America he became a student at Harvard in the class of 1874. Subsequently he was elected president of Adrian College, Mich., a position he held for seven years. He was then elected editor of the Methodist Recorder, at Pittsburg, Pa., an office in which he was continned for eight years. In 1896 he was elected chancellor of the University of Kansas City, a position he now holds.

Rev. H. L. Elderdice was elected secretary of the conference. He is the president of the theological seminary at Westminster, Md.

At night a formal reception was tendered by the church and the city to the representatives who are present. F. P. Stoy, mayor of Atlantic City, delivered an address of welcome on the part of the citizens, and Rev. F. J. Stanley, D. D., on the part of the churches and clergy. They were responded to by President Stevens, Comptroller Hering, of Maryland; Rev. Dr. Sheppard, Rev. M. D. Helmick, and Rev. W. M. Strayer.

This morning Rev. W. S. Hammond, of Baltimore, conducted the religious services. A letter from Rev. L. W. Bates, D. D., of Baltimore, one of the oldest ministers in the church, was read. It conveyed his fraternal greetings and closed by saying that "he was on the banks of the river, waiting for the ferryman to take him over." It was referred to the committee on fraternal relations.

The president appointed the standing committees, the chairman of which are as follows:

Publishing interests, T. H. Lewis; course of study, M. D. Helmick; boundaries, George C. Sheppard; revision, J. D. Kinzer; certificates, M. M. Campbell; foreign missions, Geo. Shafer; Journals, W. L. Wells; fraternal relations, W. S. Hammond; education, F. T. Little; ministerial education, F. T. Tagg; temperance, W. M. Strayer; finance, F. M. Hussey; Christian Endeavor, C. F. Swift; ritual, S. A. Fisher; communications, Benjamin Stout; Sabbath observance, F. A. Brown; president's report, W. A. Bunch; home missions, J. F. McCulloch; Sunday Schools, A. H. Linder; statistics, G. E. McManiman.

The report of the Board of Publication was read and referred to the Committee on Publishing Interests. It noted the resignation of Rev. J. F. Cowan as Sunday School editor, to take the position as associate editor of the Christian Endeavor World. Rev. J. E. Wilbur, of Pittsburg, was elected to fill the vacancy. Prof. U. S. Flemming resigned as agent of the Pittsburg Book Concern, and F. H. Pierpont was elected his successor. The vacancy in the Baltimore Book Directory, caused by the death of Rev. J. T. Murray, was filled by the election of Rev. T. H. Lewis, of Westminster, Md. F. T. Tagg presented a report of the Ecumenical Conference Committee. This is a committee that met with similar committees of the other Methodisms to make preliminary arrangements and prepare a program for the Ecumenical Conference to be held at City Roads Chapel, in London, September 4, 1901. The report was referred to a special committee, which was also authorized to nominate eighteen representatives to that conference. At the suggestion of Rev. J. D. Kinzer, the conference authorized another standing committee on the state of the church.

The habit of staying at home is not hard to break these days.

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