AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., JUNE 9, 1900. VOL. 69--NO. 24.

NEW YORK

BARGAIN HOUSE.

Finding a bargain is like finding anything else, it makes the finder happy. The goods we mention this week, a few items, samples only of our large stock, ought to please you because of their exceptional value.

SCISSORS.

A new lot of nickel plated Scissors and Shears, in 6, 7 and 8 in. sizes. Every pair is stamped with our name and address and is guaranteed without reserve for one year. If they break or in any way sail to give perfect satisfaction within that time return them and get another pair free of charge. This is a more liberal guarantee than you usually get on scissors costing more than double this amount, but we mean just what we say. Every pair that is not entirely satisfactory (and we leave you to be judge) we send back to the factory and they send us a new pair for them. The price is only 25 cents.

25 CENTS.

SILVER PLATED SPOONS.

A new lot of Silver Plated Table Spoons, Tea Spoons, Knives and Forks, real handsome goods that it will do you good to look at, guaranteed for two years. If they tarnish within that time return them and we will replace them without charge. The silver plating is on white metal and they are very strong. The Tea Spoons are 25 cents the half dozen and the Table Spoons and Knives and Forks are 25 cents for three, 50 cents the half dozen. These are genuine bargains.

25 CENTS.

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Special lot of Pocket Knives, in all sizes, shapes and kinds. Some with two blades, some with three and some with four blades, every one guaranteed without reserve for two years. If they break, get loose in the rivetor in any way prove unsatisfactory return them and get another knife without charge.

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LAP SPREADS.—These are exceptional values and marked far below what they are worth today. Fancy Lap Spreads, good size and weight, nice assortment of colors, knotted fringe, 50 cents. Also some splendid values at 90 cents and $1.25.

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HAMMOCKS.—Bear in mind that special bargain in Hammocks mentioned last week. The hot days are a little behind schedule time, but they will be here never fear. You will be glad enough then to seek the shade of some friendly tree and you will want a hammock to thoroughly enjoy yourself. We defy any one to show a better Hammock than these at $1.25 and yet our price is only 99 cents. 99 Cents.

NEWBURG PANTS—Just a word to remind you of the completeness of our stock of these goods. When you can't get fitted anywhere else come to us and we will suit you. Remember too that no other goods can outwear these, few can equal them, and every pair is warranted not to rip. If they rip you get your money back. The price is only $1.00. $1.00.

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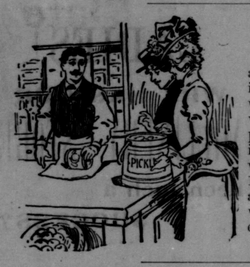
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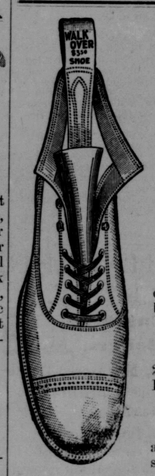
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CASTORIA

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Select Poetry.

For the Sentinel.

Who hath not lost a Friend?

—:o:—

Who hath not lost a friend—
A friend esteemed and true,
And watched him to the end,
Fade 'way like mist from view?
Who hath not paused half-sighing,
O'er dear ones that were dying,
To take a last adieu?

Who hath not lost a friend—
A friend in years grown old,
And felt the heart-strings rend,
To see that form grow cold?
Who hath not at the parting,
Felt tears from sad eyes starting,
And mourned with grief untold?

Alas! this life is made
Of fleeting joy and pain,
But when its brief days fade,
Our loss will turn to gain,
Friends shall enjoy reunion,
And hold a sweet communion,
To never part again.

HORTENSE CASTLEMAN.

Baltimore, Md.

Select Story.

A DOLL AND A MORAL.

BY BERNARD CAPES.

From the Pall Mall Magazine.

"Go sleep, darlin—go sleep!" said Mary in the smallest of voices so that the botanist, of whom she had a worshipful dread, might not hear.

But he did hear.

"Now, child," he said, "put down that thing and come."

Mary laid her doll on the worn leather elbow chair, gave it a little sympathetic pat on the back and reluctantly crept to the side of the botanist as he sat at his table.

"Do you see this drawing of a specimen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't call me, sir. I've told you before."

"Yes, uncle."

"Now, now! Am I your uncle—related to you in any way? I am your guardian. You should have learned that in a week."

Mary looked at her black frock for inspiration, failed to find it and whimpered.

"I won't have that, miss!" cried the botanist angrily, but he should have said ward to be consistent.

"Mary's sprinkle of tears dried in her eyes like wind blown drops of rain on a casement. The botanist's tone softened. He felt almost as if he had knocked over a delicate specimen.

"You must learn self reliance," he said, with a stiff, kind smile. "You are now an orphan, face to face with the hard facts of existence, and you must learn to sow early that your harvest may be full for the reaping."

"I can sew a hem," said Mary.

"Hem!" echoed the botanist. "Well, well! Look at this specimen and tell me what it is."

"I think"—

"I wish you to know."

"It's a bit of laburnum, then."

"To what family does it belong?"

Mary rubbed her left calf with her right shoe buckle, felt an inclination to giggle weakly, blushed, looked toward the high, dusty window and into the little sordid patch of Brompton garden beyond and brightened anxiously.

"It belongs to yours," she said; "at least that one there does. Only," she added, perplexed, "you haven't got no family."

"Tut, tut! This is shocking. Describe the flower."

"It's—it's like rows of little yellow bees hanging on."

"It is papilionaceous, certainly. We can do without the fanciful description. I notice a tendency in you—are you listening?—a tendency to cheap picturesqueness, which is opposed to that brevity of language which is at once the richness and economy of knowledge. Poets (who are on the whole a contemptible race) find their effeminate inspiration in what they chose to consider the accidents of life. There are no accidents in life. The red or yellow of a flower, its scent, its formation, are merely subscriptions to a condition and the natural incidents in a system. Give me your attention, please. I shall ring and have that doll removed, otherwise. To compare a flower with a bee, an inanimate with an animate object, is wanton and unnecessary. Now, hear me read this: 'The laburnum (of the genus cytisus) has its leaves on long stalks; leaflets rather glaucous, ternate, nearly sessile, oval, mucronulate. The petioles and subulate stipules downy. The seeds are highly poisonous, containing the principle known as cytisine and possessing narcotic acrid properties.' This description, which I have written down, I wish you to now take to the little black table, with your dictionary. In the latter you will search for each word whose significance is unknown to you, and when you are perfect in your task you will come and construe to me."

The botanist turned his head as he finished and at once bounced to his feet with a positive yelp of rage. Mary was hushing her doll, who was awake and crying.

"This is outrageous!" he shouted. "You are a bad, ungrateful child!"

His fury came with a clap. It was part of a system no doubt. But to expect him to be a philosopher as well as a botanist was to be ridiculously exacting. So he snapped the doll out of its astonished mother's hands and in an excess of indignation tore head and body apart at the neck and threw the mangled remnants on the floor.

"How dare you!" he cried, stamping and vibrating his clinched fists. "You have been petted and spoiled. I shall take you in hand with extreme severity."

One moment Mary gazed dumfounded on her murdered innocent; the next she flew at the botanist tooth and claw. She pommeled him, and he tried to ward off the blows, too astounded for words. But at length he got his arms firmly about her, dragged her to the door, thrust her violently without and turned the key. The child screamed and thumped on the panels a few minutes, desisted suddenly and was heard going sobbing up stairs.

"She is a wildcat," said the botanist, moving back to the table, with his heart palpitating a little. "I must break and form her. Thank God, I have never been married! A child is irreconcilable with any principle of economics. I must mould her inexorably. I am bound to her dead parents, but not to their degenerative system. She has been spoiled, especially by her mother."

His thoughts swerved with a jerk. They ran to—and embraced shall we say?—a rag of yellow ribbon under lock and key in his desk over there.

"She is wonderfully like Lucy," he murmured and went on with his work, which he found a little savorless.

Presently came a tap at the door, a timid one, and after an interval another. The botanist came to himself through an algebraic formula and went and opened it. Outside stood Mary, blowzed and repentant.

"Please," she said, "I'm good now."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Please may I have Eunice?"

"That barbarous fetich? Certainly not!"

For an instant Mary's expression seemed to forbode a resumption of the old business. Then she sent a piteous glance in the direction of the dismembered idol, still lying where it had fallen, and her throat swelled like a widowed bird's recalling, lovesick, the tunefulness of the merry springtime.

"May I do my task?" she said, with a weeping courage.

"You can try to make amends, but I won't have you here. I am very much displeased."

Mary, pathetically forlorn, took book and paper and retreated. At the door she put up a trembling lip. "Will you kiss me?"

The botanist expiated his blush with a burnt offering of anger. "Go away," he said. "I am displeased, I tell you."

But when Mary had departed he felt badly at ease. He was conscious of a maggot in his brain and likened his head to an oak apple. After lunch he went out for a walk, and when he returned Eunice had vanished, and the house seemed cold and dull.

Toward evening rain drummed on the windows, and after dinner, restless and dissatisfied, he stood looking out into the dreary garden. It was shadowy, no light there, and the black, wet ground shone like eelskin. But under the laburnum in the far corner was a broad splotch of whiteness.

Suddenly his breath caught like a kink in a running reel. He stood a moment, then stole to the bell.

"God! God!" he muttered as he rang it in scared fashion.

"What is that?" he said to the servant who appeared.

The girl looked and gave a cry.

"It's Miss Mary!" she said and ran into the rain, pursued by the botanist.

They found the child soaked, sitting in her night dress and very drowsy.

"Take her—you," whispered the botanist. "I am not even worthy to be a first principle."

The girl carried the child swiftly into the sitting room.

"Light the gas," she said impatiently and was meekly obeyed.

Then in a moment the botanist rushed at the child, slapped and shook her and seemed to go mad.

"Let her be, you devil!" cried the girl, struggling to defend her charge, but the botanist took no notice of her, for Mary opened her eyes.

"What have you eaten?" he shrieked, and Mary murmured, "A yellow bee's egg."

Then the botanist seemed to go stark crazy.

"Get mustard, smelling salts, cold water!" he yelled. "Tickle her throat! Keep her awake! Fetch the battery!"

"Battery yourself!" snapped the girl defiantly.

"You fool, she's eaten poison—laburnum seeds! She'll die!"

That was only an expression of opinion, for five hours later the botanist was talking to Mary quite humbly and wistfully as she lay in bed.

"And—and what made you do it, Mary?"

"It was when I came back from burying Eunice, guardian, and there was nobody left, and then I remembered the paper that you wrote about the cittishine and that you—you wouldn't"—

"Call it yellow bees, Mary, or golden rain and call me uncle, Mary. And you shall have another doll to-morrow, half as big as yourself, efflorescent and serrated like a Dresden shepherdess, and—and"—

The botanist bent a moment and left the room hurriedly.

"He's made my face wet," thought Mary. "But, darling Eunice—well, she was a rickety child, after all, poor dear."

And in the darkness of his study the botanist was murmuring: "Lucy! Lucy!"

TOO MUCH SOAP.

Most persons from habit are too free users of soap in performing the daily ablutions, "It should be borne in mind that soap removes the sebaceous matter from the surface of the skin, and that the skin, thus deprived of its natural oily substance, tends to become dry and rough. The sebaceous glands are thus unduly stimulated to produce more secretion, while at the same time the excessive perspiration is also irritating them to lubricate the surface. The removal of the natural grease of the skin under these circumstances is distinctly disadvantageous and bathing should be performed with plain water. Soap is only required when bathing is neglected." The foregoing is not from any book on secrets of the toilet, but is the wisdom of a learned physician, who is pointing out one of the note-worthy causes of that irritating condition known as prickly heat, with which so many persons suffer in the early warm season. His contention is that prickly heat is in a great measure caused by too much soaping of the body.

Tomatoes and Strawberries.

Once upon a time tomatoes were looked upon by the learned physician with abhorrence, because it was generally believed that eating them brought about cancer; nowadays the tomato is a popular vegetable, because it is looked upon as vegetable calomel, and eating it serves to keep the bowels in proper shape. Very many doctors there are who contend that strawberries, the most popular fruit grown, should be banished from the table of gouty and rheumatic persons, probably with just as much reason as was behind the former contempt for the tomato. A writer in Nature speaks up on behalf of the luscious berry and notes what Linnaeus, the great naturalist, had to say about the curative properties of the strawberry. He was persuaded to partake of the berry while suffering from an acute attack of sciatica, with a result that the pain disappeared and a gentle sleep followed. The next day the sick man partook of a great many strawberries and the following day there was no more pain and he was able to leave his bed.

Uses of Glycerine.

Pure glycerine, it is said, is an unappreciated substance that would prove wonderfully useful to the housekeeper. For laundry purposes, if one may believe what she hears, it is simply invaluable, especially in the washing of blankets, flannels, and, indeed, all minerals for which softened water is imperative. The quantity to be used for such purposes is infinitesimal, so that it is not extravagant. For instance, a tablespoonful of the pure article in a large bucket, in which such large and cumbrous things as blankets would be washed, will prove exceedingly useful. Applied to boots, when they have been impaired by damp, wet or mud, it prevents cracks and untimely signs of wear. It should be put on with a rag over night, and wiped off before the blacking is applied in the morning.—New York Evening Sun.

The Mississippi river each year washes away an alarming amount of shore, equal to 10 square miles of territory 86 feet deep.

CHARACTER IN LETTERS.

A letter may be effusive in words of regard, but shop-worn paper, pale ink and slovenly, illegible handwriting will speak much louder of carelessness and discourtesy; just as carefully selected paper, black ink and clear handwriting convey an impression of the courtesy, good breeding and refinement of the writer. The dotting of an i, crossing of a t, a careful punctuation mark, or a stamp placed evenly and correctly may be trifles in themselves, but the speak volumes for the faithfulness and thoughtfulness of the correspondent, says Frances Bennett Callaway, in Ledger Monthly.

A young girl who received a miserable scrawled note from her sweetheart, asked herself with some forebodings:

"Can I trust my happiness with a man who writes like that?"

The handsome young lover, however, was more persuasive with eyes and lips than with his pen, and the girl finally married him. The wife endured many discomforts and vexations from the heedlessness and thoughtlessness of her husband, and often remembered the warning which had been given her in his love letters.

A reverse story is that of a beauty whose betrothed adored her until his absence required some correspondence, when her scribbly, slovenly, heartless letters wrought a complete dissillusion, and the friendship was broken.

"I took no pains with my letters, for I did not care," she confided to a friend. "And now I would give the world to have him back."

But it was too late. The impression of her character sent forth in those careless letters could never be recalled.

It helps one in character-building to avoid even an appearance of weakness, as, for example, profuse apologies, which are so often insincere, and usually indicate some defect in the writer's character, such as indolence, subtle conceit or affectation.

A long, rambling, confused letter reveals weakness either mentally or physically, because it shows that the writer lacks the power to concentrate his thoughts. The man who has the strength and firmness of character to collect his thoughts and send them out with plain directness is the man who prevails in speech, either written or spoken.

Fine, flowery rhetoric, like vulgar display in dress, springs from ignorance and lack of training, and gives the impression of vanity and insincerity. Simple sincerity is a great charm in letter-writing, and we can all be simply and sincerely true.

Fretfulness, melancholy and fault-finding should be avoided in letter-writing, if for no other reason than that they portray the writer's selfishness and weakness. In brightness and good cheer, in the determination to look for light and not darkness, is revealed the strongest character, and it is the bright, cheerful letter writers who are a spiritual power and force in the world to-day.

First Silver Wedding.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hugh Capet. The servants, says Home Chat, belonging to him had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman, and what could he do as a rewawd? Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than the man's whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowery and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, than the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that we should worry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding." And the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty.

This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it become a fashion after 25 years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

Avoid Contact With Sick Pets.

Dogs and monkeys are subject to tuberculosis and are said to be capable of communicating the infection to human beings. A large number of the canaries that die in captivity fall victims to the same disease. Parrots suffer from a malady peculiar to themselves. The bacillus that causes it is thought to originate pneumonia in man. Cats have been known to be carriers of diphtheria, and possibly of scarlet fever and other infectious diseases. Great care should be taken during an epidemic to keep pet animals out of the reach of infection, or else away from the children, and at any time a bird or animal that seems ailing should be at once isolated.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Boston Poor Department expended last year $178,430.

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