AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM WEEKLY STORE NEWS.

Derr & Lamberd Head to Foot Outfitters

OCCASION EXTRAORDINARY.

As has been our custom we shall begin on MONDAY MORNING NEXT, JULY 1st, a series of special daily sales which will eclipse any former efforts. In order to keep busy during July we shall give some extraordinary values. While the prices will in most cases be about the same as former sales, the attractions will be greater and the values the best we have ever given.

REMEMBER: These sales will open at 9 o'clock on the day advertised. No goods will be sold except in person and positively no mail orders filled and none laid aside or samples given.

10 per cent. discount on	Silks.	10 per cent. discount on	Shoes.
10 per cent. " "	Dress Goods.	10 per cent. " "	Corsets.
10 per cent. " "	White Goods.	10 per cent. " "	Muslin Underwear.
10 per cent. " "	Linens.	10 per cent. discount on	Millinery.
10 per cent. " "	Embroidery.	10 per cent. " "	Carpets.
10 per cent. " "	Hosiery.	10 per cent. " "	Mattings.
10 per cent. " "	Gloves.	10 per cent. " "	Furniture.
10 per cent. " "	Underwear.	10 per cent. " "	Curtains.

Ten per cent discount on everything. Ten per cent. discount on everything.

COMMENCING TO-DAY

And continuing throughout the month of July we will allow Ten per cent. discount on every article in this house not advertised at reduced prices.

Monday, July 1st, Fine Wash Goods Day.

Choice of our entire line of fine Wash Materials, that sold up to 25c and 35c, including real Irish Dimity, Imported Swiss, Mercerized Foulardettes, etc., pick from the lot to-day at only

12½c Yard.

Tuesday, July 2nd, Curtain Swiss Day.

1000 yards pretty white Curtain Swiss, with satinlike stripes, full 40 inches wide, nothing nicer or more desirable for summer curtains; the positive value of these goods is 12½c yard, they go this day for only

5c Yard.

THURSDAY, JULY 4th, HOLIDAY. Store Closed All Day.

Wednesday, July 3rd, Sash Ribbon Day.

Several hundred pieces, about 3000 yards, of the finest and most fashionable Ribbons for this season, every yard worth from 50c to 75c, all the most fashionable colors, also black. On Wednesday you shall have these at only

25c Yard.

Friday, July 5th, Unbleached Muslin Day.

This is one of our greatest bargains. 5000 yards heavy, full yard wide Unbleached Muslin, regular 6c quality and good for the price, to-day you may have it, but not over 20 yards to a customer, for only

3½c Yard.

DERR & LAMBERD, - Westminster, Maryland.

"THE WHITE PALACE."



SHIP AHOY!

JUST IN: The finest and most delicious things in Cans, Jugs and Jars. If your appetite needs whetting, just come in. Summer markets are at your service all the year 'round. The choicest Vegetables, Fruits, Preserves, etc. A big stock selling at low prices.

We give 1 Soda Water Ticket with every cash-purchase of $1.00 except sugar.

Our bargains are as follows:
SNOW FLAKE SALT, 8c BOX.
SARATOGA CHIPS, Loose, 25c lb.
FANCY CAKES AND CRACKERS a specialty.
30 to 40 PRUNES to the pound 12c.

Whitman's Famous Chocolates.

☞ We are promoters and not imitators.

JOHN D. BOWERS, THE WHITE PALACE.
jan 21-01 1y-4 TELEPHONE, C. & P., 11-3. 47 East Main St., Westminster.

SOMETHING LONG LOOKED FOR.

A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET

SEWING MACHINES

OF MANY DIFFERENT BRANDS, SOME OF WHICH HAVE

UNLIMITED GUARANTEES AND SUPERIOR QUALITIES

OVER ANY OTHER MACHINES IN THE MARKET.

OILS AND REPAIRS MADE A SPECIALTY.

Any guarantee given reliable and not to be feared. PRICES REASONABLE.

J. WESLEY BIGGS, 52 W. MAIN ST., Westminster.
THE OLD FURNITURE STAND. ap 13-1y

NOTICE to FARMERS.

THE LUMBER, COAL and SUPPLY COMPANY

PROPOSES TO BUY AND SELL

Choice TIMOTHY, CLOVER and other Field Seeds,

and has just received a superior lot of GERMAN MILLET which is being offered at a REASONABLE PRICE.

☞ YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

ju-8-2m M. JOHN LYNCH, Manager, Westminster, Md.

Sawed Lumber.

THE undersigned is prepared to fill orders for Sawed Oak Lumber of all kinds, for House and Barn Frames, Fence Boards, Palings &c. I have for sale White Oak Lumber, in any length or thickness. All orders will be delivered if desired.

WILLIAM Y FRIZZELL
co 121-tf Bloom, Carroll county, Md.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Eight Building Lots for sale in Westminster. Terms to suit purchasers.

Apply to
MICHAEL E. WALSH,
Attorney-at- Law,
june-16-tf Westminster Md



Everybody Desires to be Easy.

If the foot is easy the rest of the body is sure to be easy also. We accomplish this result in our Walkover $3.50 Shoe for men. Although the price is fairly large the value of the Shoe is even larger and gives more than full return for the investment. We have all the correct styles in

MEN'S, LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AND OXFORDS, from the cheapest to the best grades.

Before buying your

Summer Hat

let us show you our line of

Straw Hats,

prices from 25c to $2.00.

We have all the newest styles in NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, FANCY HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, Etc. Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
jan-7-01-1y

There are Many Places in Westminster to Buy Cheap

GROCERIES,

therefore do not fail to get posted and then examine the goods and the price at the popular Grocery and Confectionery Store of

JOHN T. DERR.

The cheapest, best and most reliable place in Westminster to buy good Groceries, at a cheap grocery price. We mention no prices, but guarantee to give you better goods for the same money or the same goods for less money than any place in the city.

☞ A call will, we are sure, convince you of the same, as it has many others.

Hoping to be favored with a call from you in the near future, I am, Very Respt.,

JOHN T. DERR, THE POPULAR GROCER, 69 EAST MAIN STREET,
[Western Md. and C. & P. Telephones.] WESTMINSTER, MD.

Goods delivered promptly and free of charge. Agent for the Westminster Steam Laundry.
ap-7-1900-1y-7

J. J. ELLIS. C. D. BONSACK.

ELLIS & BONSACK,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. J. ELLIS & Co.)

305 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.,

General Commission Merchants for the Sale of Grain, Hay, Straw, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Dressed Hogs, Live Stock, Hides, Wool, &c. SHIP US YOUR PRODUCE.

TOP PRICES. Send for Market Report and Tags. QUICK RETURNS.

Cow Peas for Sale at Lowest Market Prices.

may-11-9m

Protect Yourselves from Loss BY WIND-STORMS.

Wind-Storm Insurance Policies Issued very low and losses promptly adjusted. No charges for Policy to persons who have their Fire Insurance in this Agency. Drop a postal card to or call on

JAMES E. SMITH,
General Insurance Agent,
No. 7 Court Street,
ap-28- Westminster, Md.

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.

SUNSET ON THE FARM.

From American Agriculturist.

Down behind the western hill the red sun sinks to rest,
All the world is weary, and I am weary, too,
The partridge seeks its covert, and the red-bird seeks its nest,
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home when the daylight is waning;
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting sun.

The sheep from off the hillside haste to the shepherd's fold,
For death lurks in the mountains and darkness comes apace.
The fleeing sun looks backward and turns the sky to gold,
Then folds the mantle of the night across its crimson face.
Home when the daylight is waning:
Home when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.

Lay aside the hoe and spade, and put the sickle by:
All the world is weary, and I am weary too.
Gently fades the rosy light from out the western sky,
And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to home and you.
Home when the daylight is waning:
Home, when my toiling is done;
Ah! down by the gate, sweet, watching eyes wait
My coming at setting of sun.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

II.

[The following well written article, by Mr. F. J. Devilbiss, was intended for publication in the SENTINEL previous to the dedication of the Temple of Fame, in New York, May 30, but was excluded by the advertising pressure upon the columns of the paper. It will, however, be interesting to our readers now, and this oppprtunity is taken to lay it before them.—ED.]

Unlike the selection of ministers named in my last paper, this selection to represent American Literature in the Hall of Fame meets with general unanimity. Those who shall sparkle forever on "the stretched forefinger of all Time," are Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Washington Irving. Evidently, these men of letters cover the entire field of literature. Were the selection confined simply to the field of poetry, the honors would have crowned, in part, another group, and, in any one department of literary effor', doubtless this entire choice could not have been made; but the profoundest essayist, the most acute and philosophical reasoner is easily Emerson, the Carlyle of America. The poet who has left the deepest impress upon the hearts of his people, and the one most generally loved by all peoples, is certainly Longfellow, the Tennyson of America. The novelist and romancer, who has most skillfully drawn from his imagination, and portrayed the most subtle creations with a rare and undefinable charm, the dreamer who has most artistically anatomized the human soul as it exists beneath the surface of every day lives, is Hawthorne, the Balzac of America. And the historian and humorist, the master of grace and purity of diction, the cultured servant of polite literature, is easily Irving on every count. Therefore these men have done more to give distinction to American literary thought, than any who could have been named. They represent intelligence, kindliness and conceptions of spiritual beauty and moral grandeur, that causes us mentally to uncover, at the bare mention of their names. With their great intellect goes great sympathy and inspiration, without which no Hall of Fame could serve to hold their names deathless, and their influence quenchless.

Poetry and Fiction have always moved and delighted men, because they bring into existence a wealth of other scenes and awaken or stir, for the moment at least, the feelings, the reason and the imagination, transforming that which was half dormant before, into full and abounding life. The time has passed when poetry is supposed to be for ornamentation or for the sickly sentimentalist. Through the emotion of one soul, the whole destinies of men or empires are compressed into a few rich moments. It conveys a troop of images appealing to the inner eye, instead of the outer, and with its "eternal passion, eternal pain," is both the rhymthic expression of the inner and fuller life, and the sacred fire which has been the highest aspiration of the world's greatest souls. But in poetry, there is not only feeling. It is the profoundest expression of both thought and feeling together, of thought, in words which are aglow with feeling and feeling which is illuminated with thought. The paramount desire is not so much to adorn the expression of thought, as to illuminate it.

The art of literature, is therefore the highest of the arts, because its power of expression is the greatest; and poetry is its highest form, as having the full st expressive power, since it not only expresses thought, but feeling as well. Next among the different forms of literary expression, stands the novel, as it is not only the epitome of what the writer has seen and felt, but of what he has lived and been, and now is. The more of life he contributes to his creations, just in proportion is it imparted to us, and the more deeply are wrought our emotions and impulses as we drink of the tides of feeling of our common humanity. Fiction, from its first crude beginning in some Hebrew or Arabic tale, to the novel of Dickens or Hawthorne, has been but the natural outcome of this same irresistible craving, to enlarge our own narrow existence, through the inner experience of another's fortunes, joys and woes, in an imaginary, yet real world. For the same reason, the essay is a better vehicle of expression, than history, because the writer is more free to reveal his own inner life and personality, and it contributes to us, in just proportions to what it takes from him.

The essays of Emerson have dated an epoch in American Literature, and not only in literature, but also in church, society and state. He burst the shackles which bound us to the old traditions, and bade us live under the open sky, in the broad light, looking far and wide, seeing with our own eyes, and hearing with our own ears. He blazed away with a devoutness born of light and love, and assailed an environment which was content with the inheriting of the traditions of religion, and second-hand thought in general. He maintained that no man can now be excommunicated from the church universal, but by himself, by the death of goodness in his own breast. No man, hitherto, so emphasized the functions of the intellect in the sphere of religion, and demanded a faith ever consistent with knowledge. Not only must the heart declare "I have felt," but the intellect must also affirm "I know."

Look at his portrait, and you are impressed with something of the character of his mind. His deep spirituality, calm reserve, and sweet serenity form a halo around his personality which spreads with contagion unawares. The world has had its philosophers and its poets, but few have so combined the spiritual insight of the prophet, and the keen intellect of a giant, with the soul of a saint, and the heart of a child. Emerson ranks with the profoundest intellects of the last century, or of any century. He has done more for American Literature than any other man, living or dead, and what is better, his influence continues to widen with the "process of the suns."

Longfellow has been well denominated as "the poet of the commonplace." He was a pure and noble soul, and his genius needs no niche in the Temple of Fame to perpetuate his memory and influence. His life's work, which is our common heritage, is his greatest monument, and is more enduring than columns of marble or tablets of brass. His songs will ever continue to be an inspiration and a solace, and have power to "soothe the restless pulse of care," long after the Temple of Fame shall have fallen in ruins, and its tablets of bronze crumbled into dust. While life has sorrow, and the human heart woe, and while pain, pleasure, birth and death remain the human heritage, the beautiful simplicity and tender sympathy of Longfellow's genius will make existence richer, sweeter, nobler.

He, as all famous poets, has lain open his great heart, throbbing, pulsing heart beats of the vital actions of life; touching with sublime tenderness and pathos, each human passion as belongs to all. This couplet of his, is significant of himself.

The many sounds of nature.
Borrowed sweetness from his singing."

Longfellow is certainly the popular poet, par excellence. Many of his poems have been translated into more than forty different languages, and are familiar to every civilized people on the globe. He has given us some of the most beautiful similitudes in the English language. I think the following one of surpassing beauty:

"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of music."

As my space is exhausted, I will conclude with a verse:

"Bards of passion, bards of mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth,
That they might touch the hearts of men.
And bring them back to heaven again."

FRANK J. DEVILBISS.

May 22, 1901.

The Drain Outlets.

The drain outlets should be looked after at this season of the year. Trash and silt may have lodged so as to prevent the free flow of water. Stock will often tramp around outlets to drink the warm water flowing out of the tile drain, rather than sip ice water to be found elsewhere. Muskrats will carry trash into the tile occasionally, and pretty effectively stop up the drain. A screen wire, with inch meshes fastened securely over the mouth of the drain, will prevent any trouble from muskrats or other animals entering the drain. We have known rabbits, when hard pressed, to enter the mouth of drains when little water is flowing and go up so far as not to be able to return, die and stop up the drain. Half inch iron rods driven into the earth firmly one inch or more apart will be effective in keeping out varmints.

A bed of genuine asphalt has been found near Texarkana, Texas.

For the Sentinel.

LETTER FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

Following is the letter of Mr. Malvin R. Knight, a U. S. soldier in the Philippines, written to his cousin, Miss Daisy Barnes, of Gamber, and referred to in the SENTINEL last week. It is generally interesting and the last paragraph ought to be particularly so to the U. S. Government:

SILANG, P. I.,
April 30th, 1901.

DEAR COUSIN:—I will endeavor to describe to you a soldier's life in the Philippines. At 8.30 A. M., on the 25th inst., 34 men, myself included, were ordered to be ready to fall in line in 20 minutes, with one day's rations, canteen, haversack, rifle and belt and one hundred rounds of ammunition. We were all ready at the time designated, got a lunch at the kitchen and at once took a pack train of six mules and started on the Talisoy trail. Owing to trouble with the mules we only made 9½ miles until 2 P. M. We went into camp on the Talisoy mountains, 3000 feet above Lake Taal. We did not have a blanket to sleep under, but as luck would have it the 4th Infty. mounted detachment joined us, and we doubled up with them in their saddle blankets. We put out a guard of 18 men and slept above the clouds during the night. The next morning we started down the mountain and met B troop, 6th Cavalry, with 29 prisoners who were turned over to our guard of the previous night, and they were started back to headquarters at Silang. While we were delivering our prisoners to B troop another pack train came down the hill. 16 of us infantrymen (doughboys as we term ourselves) took the lead down the hill and arrived at Talisoy at 9.45 A. M. A and B troops, consisting of 30 mounted men and 16 infantrymen of this regiment, went into camp and drew rations at 12 o'clock and used the earth for a bed, a stone for a pillow and the sky for a blanket, and that way passed the second night of our march. The following morning our Dr. and Lieuts., Glade, Brown and Norman, got permission from the colonel to go across the lake to a volcano. There were no boats where we were, so they got an escort of seven men and went around the beach about 8 miles and there found a banco (or native boat) and started to cross the lake. Their escort was sent back with their horses to Talisoy. About noon Sgt. Dunbar and Private Nelson, of the mounted detachment, got a boat on the quiet and also started for the volcano. They got out on the lake about 1½ miles, when they struck a current which upset the boat and spilled its occupants. Their rifles and belts went to the bottom, but as the men were both good swimmers they succeeded in reaching land all right, and explained the terrible current to the colonel. This caused him to worry about the four officers who had started to cross the lake earlier in the day. He walked up and down the beach and searched the lake and the distant shore with his field glass, but failed to see anything of the lost officers. At night we built a large signal fire on the beach, and the colonel sent several natives to look for a boat in which to search for the lost officers. They succeeded in obtaining one large boat into which 15 men and one officer got and started to search the lake. This boat's crew encountered the same treacherous current and met the same fate as the others. One man swam ashore and told the condition of the others. Another boat was sent to the rescue and succeeded after a hard struggle in saving them all. Now everybody was safe except the four officers. A detachment of B troop was sent up and down the beach to see if there were any tidings of the lost. They were fired upon by an insurgent outpost not 3 miles from camp. About 1.30 the next day we sighted a sail-boat leave the island where the volcano is. Three men were sent out in a small boat and 15 cavalrymen were sent down to the beach to find out what was in the sail boat. In a few minutes a courier came back with the intelligence that the boat contained the four lost officers. This caused great rejoicing in camp, for the officers were all loved by the men under them. That night B troop again got mixed up with a band of insurgents, killing and wounding several and capturing 9 prisoners. The next day we started back to Silang, which we entered without any more mishaps. There are about 3000 armed negroes around Lake Taal. They come in and surrender their old rifles, which are not serviceable, get 30 pasos apiece for them, return to the insurgents and buy new ones and thus keep up the campaign. The way those Jingoes are working Uncle Sam for money is a sin. I wish I was allowed to tell you what I think and know about it.

Your cousin,

MALVIN R. KNIGHT,
Co. K, 4th U. S. Infantry,
Silang, P. I.

"I notice lots of people are collecting silver spoons," remarked the traveler. "Is that a new craze?" "Not at all," replied the hotel clerk, "same old thing. Kleptomania.

For the Sentinel.

Letter from North Dakota.

SURREY, N. DAKOTA, June 18, 1901.

MR. EDITOR:—It affords me much pleasure to pen you a few lines for your paper which is a very welcome visitor to our home and which is much appreciated by all, as is shown when the mail comes. All are anxiously waiting and ready to grab for the SENTINEL. We are having very fine growing weather nowadays and everything is growing nicely. The land where it has been said rain was never seen to come has proven to be very seasonable. The rainfall has been very heavy the last week and it has penetrated the earth to the depth of two to three feet. Every person is looking for a big crop this year. When I remember the dry season we had last year and the crop that was raised I can't see how we can help but get a good crop. Our country is still booming. Surrey is the scene of a large store in course of erection, 22x44, which will be completed in the near future; also a large school house which when finished will be used for preaching and Sunday School. Our day school, at the "Maryland," is progressing finely.

Memorial day was observed by memorial exercises. The program was as follows: Four Soldiers Boys, by Carroll Shorb, Allen Long, Edward Petry, David Shorb; Our Flag, by Maggie Hirschey, Samuel Long, Susie Hirschey, Paul Shorb; What Children can Do, by Elizabeth Hufferd, Anna Wilgus, Ruth Shorb, Susan Wilgus; The Flag Goes By, by Solomon Hirschey; Little Bo-Peep, Beatrice Long. The national flag was displayed in profusion as an emblem of true patriotism. The scholars acquitted themselves nobly both in the recitations, declamations and the display of colors, receiving in return the hearty applause of the audience. The exercises were closed by singing. Much credit is due Miss Hardman, who was instrumental in bringing about so good a program and for the well rehearsed dialogues and speeches.

On Sunday last, 16th, Elder D. M. Shorb and family had the call of a young miss who refused to give her name and who is also barefooted. But the Elder, being good natured, took her in and is a proud as well as a happy man, with his new daughter.

Grandpap Shorb, as we call him, better known to the Carroll county people as Joseph Shorb, was on the sick list a few days last week with rheumatism, but is out again plowing, which he delights to do riding his plow behind four horses, strung out two abreast.

Our friend, Mr. McAlister, who came with us from Carroll county last spring, and who is well known by many people in the vicinity of Uniontown, we are glad to say is amongst our leading and energetic farmers. Mr. McA. is hale and hearty and more than delighted with his venture to Dakota, and says if more of the Carroll people would do as he did—come and see for themselves—they would soon be ready to share in Uncle Sam's hospitality and secure a home they could call their own. Mr. McAlister and myself were in Minot the other day and among the many sights we saw was a large snapping turtle being dragged up the street, by two boys on its back. When we inquired of them how heavy it was they said thirty-five pounds. The monster was caught in the Moose river. The river has lots of fish in it of different varieties, which are caught in large quantities and of huge size. It is 9.30 P. M., and I am writing by the twilight, the sun having gone below the horizon. So you see we have no need of any great amount of candle light.

I close with best regards for all.

Yours truly, D. S. PETRY.

Social Pests.

Only the other day an unhappy man in a New Hampshire city shot and killed his wife and then shot himself. When dying he told his friends that the mania to kill had been born in his heart under the influence of the gossip of neighbors. He knew nothing against his wife, but the whispering of persons he believed to be friends, and doubtless who thought themselves his friends, made him mad, and he killed the woman he loved.

Were the persons who, as self-appointed censors of the private affairs of this man and his wife put into his heart the black suspicion that grew until only death could allay it, touched by a twinge of conscience when the man and his wife lay dead? The chances are they were not, for the gossip seldom realizes the evil done by gossiping. In many natures proneness to gossip is so sadly dominant that an idle tale about this, that or the other one is ever on the tongue. It may be true, but more often it is only half true, and sometimes not true at at all; and the person of whom it is needlessly told is never benefitted by the telling of it.

"Don't despair, Edward, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now."

"Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?"

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