AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1903. VOL. 71--NO. 52.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

First National Bank, New Windsor, Md., December 31st, 1902.

The President and Directors of this Bank have declared a Dividend of

THREE AND A AALF PER CENT.

(3½) on the Capital Stock for the six months ending this day, clear of United States, State and County Taxes, payable on demand.

jan 3 4t NATHAN H. BAILE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NO. 173.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1902.

The President and Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of National, State and County Taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 8th, 1903.

jan 3 4t J. W. HERING, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1902.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Semi-annual Dividend of

FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of this Bank, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes, payable on and after January 10th, 1903.

jan 3 4t GEORGE R. GEHR, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1902.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Dividend of

THREE AND A HALF PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, out of the earnings of the past six months, payable to the stockholders of this date, on and after January 10th, 1903, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Cashier.

jan 3 4t

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 5th, 1902.

An election for TEN DIRECTORS for the Bank will be held on TUESDAY, the 13th of January, 1903, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 12 M., of said day, at said Bank.

J. W. HERING, Cashier.

dec 6 te

ELECTION NOTICE.

First National Bank of New Windsor, Md., New Windsor, Md., December 3rd, 1902.

The annual election for SEVEN DIRECTORS of the above named Bank will be held at the Banking Rooms on TUESDAY, January 13th, 1903, from 1 to 3 o'clock, P. M.

NATHAN H. BAILE, Cashier.

dec 6 te

ELECTION NOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Farmers' Fertilizer Company of Carroll County are hereby notified that the annual election, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to manage the affairs of said Company for the ensuing year, will be held at the Company's office, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of JANUARY, 1902, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 12 o'clock, M.

By order of the Board,

dec 6 4t JOHN ROYER, Secretary.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 2nd, 1902.

The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that an election for DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House, on the Second TUESDAY, being the 13th day of January, 1903, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Cashier.

dec 6 te

ELECTION NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 6th, 1902.

The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting for the election of NINE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of January, 1903, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 o'clock, P. M.

GEORGE R. GEHR, Cashier.

dec 6 te

NO. 4015 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting in Equity.

Karl E. Katz, mortgagee, vs. Moses D. Karper, mortgagor.

Ordered, this 2nd day of January, in the year 1903, that the sale of personal property made and reported in the above entitled cause by Karl E. Katz, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 2nd day of February next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 20th day of January, inst. The report states the amount of sales to be $560.00.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True Copy, Test:

jan 3 3t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

NO. 4016 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

In the matter of the Petition of Rachel M. Gore to have her name changed to Rachel M. Beaver.

The object of the Petition in the above case is to change the name of Rachel M. Gore to that of Rachel M. Beaver.

The Petition states that the Petitioner resides in Carroll County in the State of Maryland, has resided therein since her birth and is an adult above the age of twenty-one years; that she desires her name changed for the reason that she was divorced a vinculo matrimonii from Jasper Holliday Gore, that she is usually called Rachel M. Beaver which often leads to confusion and miscarriage of letters addressed to her; that she has neither child or children; and that she is about to purchase some real estate in this County and State and desires that the title to same should vest in her as Rachel M. Beaver, her maiden name.

It is thereupon this 13th day of December, A. D. 1902, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, ordered that the petitioner cause a copy of this order with the object and substance of the petition to be inserted in some newspaper published in in Carroll County, once a week for more than three successive weeks, before the 19th day of January, A. D. 1903, giving notice to whom it may concern to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 9th day of February, A. D. 1903, to show cause, if any there be, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

WM. H. THOMAS.

True Copy—Test:

dec-20-5t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!

I wish to call the attention of my friends and the public in general to the fact that I now am ready to show one of the

Finest and Cheapest Lines of WALL PAPER

ever exhibited in this county, bought direct from the factory, in full bundle lots, so you get it only from second hands, no two or three profits coming off it. Of course the consumer pays them all. Sam Jones says it takes a pointer pup nine days to get his eyes open. I have known some people to get their's open in fifteen minutes in a wall paper deal. They thought it was two pieces instead of one, and the border they did not understand, &c. That is always their plea. Remember I am the only paper hanger in the county that carries a stock and don't have the expense of running a store therefore I have no opposition. Is you think I can't save you money, come and see me and bring size of your room, or send size by mail and I will tell you what your job will cost, and send samples and convince you that Gladhill's is the place to save twenty-five cents on a dollar on all Wall Papers.

L. GLADHILL, Westminster, Md.

jun-28-tf

FRANK E. HERR. GEORGE W. BABYLON

HERR BROS.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Jagger Wagons, Phætons, &c.

Orders Filled Promptly. All Work Warranted

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

Factory Opposite Montour House, No. 56 W. MAIN St., WESTMINSTER, Md

sept-12-1y

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORES.

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE.

The greatest of all Clearance Sales ever held in Westminster. In order to reduce our stock before invoicing time, we offer the following reductions:

10 per cent Off.

Dress Goods, Silks, Domestics, Notions, Hosiery and Underwear.

25 per cent Off on Furniture.

Everything belonging to our Furnitnre Department included in this reduction.

10 per cent Off.

Carpets, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Table Covers and Window Shades.

25 per cent Off.

On Coats, Suits, Skirts, Furs and Feather Boas.

THE MUSLIN WEAR SALE.

Always looked forward to by every lady, with great interest. We doubt if you ever before had the opportunity to buy Underwear so cheap as it is offered here.

A few special lots reduced from our regular stock at the following low prices:

19c, 29c, 39c, 59c, 89c, and 98c.

You must not forget we have an immense assortment of finer quality and at

Reasonable Prices.

MILLINERY SPECIALS.

We still have a few more Trimmed Hats which are marked at marvelously reduced prices. We have divided them in two lots.

Lot No. 1, $2.98.

This lot includes all Hats from $6 to $8.50.

Lot No. 2, $1.98.

This lot includes all Hats from $4 to $5.

READY TO WEAR AND UNTRIMMED HATS.

Lot No. 1, 10 Cents. Reduced from 50c and 75c.

Lot No. 2, 25 Cents. Reduced from $1.00 and $1.75.

Lot No. 3, 50 Cents. Reduced from $2.00 and $2.50.

INFANTS' CAPS AND BONNETS AT AND BELOW COST.

$1.25 Silk Bonnets 75c. $2.00 Bonnets $1.25.

To those who have not yet yet supplied themselves, this is your one great chance.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

A NEW FIRM.

KEEFER & SULLIVAN,

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, FLOUR AND FEED.

WANTED.—Fresh Eggs, Ear and Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw.

GIVE US A CALL AND GET OUR PRICES.

Give us a call. Free Delivery. W. M. and C. & P. Telephones.

jan 3 03 KEFFER & SULLIVAN, 88 AND 92 E. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.

January Clearing Sale.

BEFORE TAKING INVENTORY WE HAVE A GREAT MANY

BARGAINS IN WINTER GOODS

TO OFFER YOU.

25 doz. Men's Fleeced Shirts and Drawers, regular 50c grade, at 35 cents.
5 doz. Men's Grey Shirts and Drawers, regular 25c grade, at 15 cents.
10 doz. Boys' Fleeced Shirts and Drawers, at 20 cents.
15 doz. Men's and Boys' Cord Caps, worth 50c, at 25 cents.
8 doz. Men's Puff Ties, worth 50c, at 25 cents.

Call Quick and Get Some of These Bargains.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.

jan-7-02-1y

A BIG CUT!

As Christmas is now over and money scarce, we have decided to reduce our entire stock by making a big cut on everything. Now is your time to buy.

A FEW SPECIALS:

Our elegant line of $1.00 Shirts reduced to 89 cents.
Boys' ribbed Underwear only 19c per garment.
Good heavy ribbed 15c Stockings, to close, at 11c pair.
A big lot of 25 cent Suspenders now 13c pair.
Lot of 50c Suspenders now 25c pair.
Ladies' $1.00 Shoes, in button and lace, 83c pair.
Eight rolls good Toilet Paper for 25c.
$1.25 Dress Suit Cases 89c.
Good Umbrellas 29c.
Hats and Caps at Bargain Prices.
See our 39c Carpet Slippers.

THOMAS H. EASLEY, 46 W. Main St., next to Shaw Drug Co., Westminster, Md.

oct-16

FOR SALE or RENT.



The undersigned, having business relations which require permanent removal from Westminster, offers his Green Street Property for sale or rent. Inquire of Mrs. Farrar, on the premises. Possession given April 1st, 1903.

dec 11 tf D. L. FARRAR.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

Special and prompt attention given to collections and settlement of estates.

OFFICE—Albaugh Building, Court stree Westminster, Md.

IT'S COMPLETE. WHAT?

J. W. Lockard & Son's

CARPET DEPARTMENT, CONTAINING

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Comforts, Blankets, Spreads, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Etc.

Prices Way Down

on above articles, also on our FURNITURE and BUGGIES. We invite all to visit our store before buying, as we will save you money.

Yours to serve,

J. W. LOCKARD & SON., 13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster.

au 16 1y

Removal Sale.

ENTIRE STOCK OF

HARNESS, SADDLES, ROBES, BLANKETS, TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, Etc., to be sold in 30 days at any Old Price For Cash.

J. WALTER SHUNK, 41 East Main St., Westminster, Md.

jan 11 02 1y

THE WESTMINSTER

STEAM LAUNDRY,

153 WEST MAIN STREET.



First-class Work in all its departments. My Family Washing Department has outgrown my present building. Will rebuild to accommodate my increasing business.

R. N. SNADER, Proprietor.

ju-8 tf W. M. and C. & P. Phones.

JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at reasonable prices. Call for estimates.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A PILGRIM.

Nobody knew from whence he came,
But in by the road beyond the town
A threadbare pilgrim, footsore and lame,
Through the village street he wandered down
To the churchyard slope, where the grass was green
And the tall laburnums stood between.

Alone and slowly he entered there,
Peering and searching, with down-bent face
From stone to tablet, his gray head bare—
His eyes intent on each lettered space,
Like one in a waking dream he seemed,
Or, like one awakened, who long had dreamed

We watched him eagerly—bright young eyes
That never had known grief's bitter tear;
Our young hearts beating with pained surprise
And tender thought, and a little fear;
For what could he seek, so poor, alone,
Reading the graveyard, stone by stone?

There was not lacking of friendly hand
And smile to cheer him; kind women paused
And spoke in words he could understand,
"Whom did he seek, and what had caused
His pilgrimage here?" He shook his head.
"I have friends in the graveyard," was all he said.

We guessed and wondered. We never knew!
Though afterwards, often at the close of day
We walked by his side, the green aisles through,
And paused when he paused, as if to pray,
Or to speak a word, in an underbreath
To those who were dear to him—dear in death!

Long years he staid with us; all were kind;
The children loved him, yet, still unguessed
Was the path, and the life, he had left behind,
And when death blessed him, and bade him rest,
We laid him down, where the sunset shone,
With his friends in the graveyard, unnamed, unknown!

—Madeline S. Bridges.

THE PROFESSOR'S REVENGE.

BY G. K. HIBBERT.

"Prof. M'Vint regrets that, owing to his absence from town, his lecture on "The Aspirate in Greek' is unavoidably postponed."

This was the notice that greeted the crowd of students as they surged in one mass to class-room No. 20 on the morning of June 5 some two or three years ago.

"Hallo! what's the meaning of this?" said Pennington. "The old fellow was here as late ten o'clock last night, for I was with him at the science picnic yesterday, and it was after ten by the time we got back. He's gone off mighty quick!"

"Perhaps he hadn't time to get his lecture ready," suggested one.

"More likely his mother's dead," said another.

"Ten to one he's in love, and gone off to pop the question," added a third. At this there was a general laugh, in which you would have joined if you had known the professor. Tall, lean and angular, with a decided stoop, and eyes that were screwed up almost to vanishing point, he was hardly the personage with whom to associate any idea of the tender passion. His age, too, was against him, though no one knew exactly what that age was. If you saw him walking home from college along the esplanade you put him down at 50; but when you saw his face aglow with enthusiasm as he lectured on the beauties of the Greek particles, you changed your mind and said he might be 30.

Anyhow he was not popular. His dry Scotch humor was not appreciated—it very often bit too deeply into the feelings of his victim to be pleasant, and all who came beneath the lash of his tongue bore him no small grudge for what he made them suffer. Then he lived absolutely apart from college life, not even mixing with the other members of the staff. Consequently he knew little what was passing around him, and was given credit for knowing still less.

He had never been known to miss a lecture; even when one morning he found on his arrival at college that his class-room had been burnt out in the night, he calmly remarked to the crowd of students near the door: "I think, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission, we will deliver our lecture in the corridor." No wonder, therefore, that there was no small stir when this historic notice stared the world unblushingly in the face.

"I wonder what it can be," said Eva Miller to her friend Jemima Bates, as they turned slowly from the classroom door and walked away down the corridor. "Poor man, I am afraid there is something wrong; and he has no one to look after him or do things for him. It seems a very lonely life."

"O, he's perfectly happy in his work," replied Jemima; "he doesn't want anyone to look after him." Jemima judged all men (and women) by her own feelings, which is a dangerous thing to do.

"I don't know," said her companion doubtfully. "However, it's no concern of mine, so I'm off to the tennis-field instead."

Had she only known that it was a very great concern of hers, she would have give the matter a little more thought.

The previous day, as young Pennington had said, had been the science picnic. Much to the surprise of everybody, the professor finally accepted his invitation—though he wrote first of all declining. A perusal of the list of the invited "arts" was the cause of his change of mind. The fact was Prof. McVint was in love—it had taken some time to convince him of the fact, and he had argued it out pro and con. with himself in every imaginable way. But from the conclusion he could not escape; whatever his premises, the deduction invariably came out: "Therefore I love her."

He began to notice it first in this way: Into his mind, as he was busy in the preparation of his lectures, there would creep the surreptitious thought: "What will she think of this? How will she take that?" Then he found himself thanking Providence that by its kindly ordering the lady students sat in the front row during lectures, and, therefore, more within range of his somewhat limited vision. The next thing that he was conscious of was that he was hunting high and low in his room for a pair of glasses, far stronger than those he generally used, and not at all necessary for mere reading purposes. Two or three times he lost his place in his notes and stood confused and put to shame before the class, a thing that had never happened before in all his experience. Finally, he came to the conclusion that the tie which he had been wearing when the senior student was a freshman and which he had worn ever since, was a little the worse for wear and must be replaced, and then what he had long suspected broke fully on his mind. Such a wholesale revolution could mean but one thing!

Thus it came to pass that on noticing the name of Eva Miller among those invited to the picnic, the professor suddenly changed his mind. He was a man of few words and prompt deeds. He would try his luck that very day.

To describe his feelings during the drive to the scene of action would be impossible. Strangely out of place in the middle of the chattering crowd, distrusting his own powers, and yet so bold as to amaze himself, the professor sat alone and neglected in a corner of the brake. The kindness of heaven, however, aided a little by the cunning of man, had placed the object of his adoration almost opposite him. So, while he gazed blankly into space, and was supposed by anyone who gave him a passing thought to be elaborating a new treatise on "The Particles," he could all the time feast his eye unobserved on the vision of beauty not two yards away. Lunch eaten, the whole party broke up and scattered in all directions, as parties will do till the end of time. Now was his opportunity; he would follow the group containing his idol at a little distance, and surely he would get a chance of speaking with her alone before long. Keeping the group in sight, and himself out of it, he dawdled and hung about as is the way of people who are doing their best not to overtake a friend a little way ahead. He walked forward, then back a bit; then on again, then back; then stood stock-still for a few moments pretending to use his watch as a compass; and then, finding that some one had been watching his maneuvers with unfeigned interest, bolted straight ahead as if he were shot from a gun. In less than two minutes he was upon the group, but, alas, his eyes had played him false again, and she was not there. What did he want with Jemima Bates!

Having tried to explain his sudden swoop down on these unprotected females, and having dismally failed therein, he turned aside, sick at heart, and entered a small plantation of young trees. A narrow footpath led through this, and as he neared the stile that opened on the fields beyond he saw two figures leaning against it. Another moment showed him Eva Miller and yaung Pennington, deep in conversation and oblivious of all around. Quietly and unobserved he turned back, and on reaching his rooms that night he told his landlady he had to go away by the early train for two or three days. Hence that notice on the class room door.

The professor's dream was over; there was but one thing left—revenge; and the professor settled down to plan and scheme how best to obtain it. Pennington was reading with him for a classical scholarship at Oxford, so the professor saw the way quite clear. Instead of one hour extra in the evening, he gave his pupil two, and sometimes even more, out of his own valuable time. He looked out all his old notes and helps, and lent them to his enemy; he corrected all his work with especial care, and went to the trouble of writing out model answers for his pupil to copy. In short, painstaking and thorough as Prof. McVint had always been, he had never taken such pains or used such thorough methods with a pupil before. Nothing was too much trouble for him. "At any rate," he used to murmer to himself, as deep in his heart he nursed his revenge, "if she can't marry me she shall marry one of the best students Oxford and this place ever turned out."

And when 18 months later the news came that Guy Pennington had pulled off the top "schol." at Balliol the professor's revenge was complete, and his satisfaction knew no bounds.

Congratulate you most heartily, McVint," said Dr. Smithers, the physics demonstrator, "one of your best successes; won't Miss Miller be glad!"

"O, nonsense," returned the professor, "no credit due to me at all. A fellow with brains like that could get anything, no matter who prepared him. But"—with a sigh—"I'm very glad for her sake."

"Yes," answered the doctor, breezily, "she always was proud of her brother. Good morning, McVint," and was gone like a shot. The professor stood rooted to the ground. Her brother! Her brother! What could it all mean?

And then was seen a sight such as never before was witnessed by gods or men. Students on their way to college stopped amazed, amiable old gentlemen out for their constitutional forgot their amiability, and swore horribly as they were rudely hustled and pushed aside, elderly females screamed "Hi, stop thief," butchers' boys whistled and cackled, servant girls craned their heads out of windows, little dogs barked and yelped for pure delight, and all the universe stood still, as Prof. McVint, gathering up the skirts of his ample gown, flew down the length of the esplanade in pursuit of the unsuspecting Smithers.

"Brother, did you say," he burst out, as he caught that bustling worthy by the arm, "did you say he was her brother?"

Smithers stared blankly at him for a moment. "O, I had forgotten," he said, looking round with an annoyed air. "What a fuss about nothing! Of course, I said brother, though he is really only her stepbrother. Pennington's father died soon after he was born, and his mother subsequently married a Miller. I thought everyone knew that. But what difference does it make?"

That was a question the professor declined to answer. What difference? Why, this difference—that before ten o'clock that evening the professor had told Miss Miller of the episode of the stile (among other things), and she had laughingly said: "You poor dear, and so you really thought Guy and I were lovers. You see, even professors don't know everything. And to think we have wasted 18 months!"

What the professor said in reply, history does not record.—Black and White, London.

Rules for Readers.

See that when reading or standing the light is abundant, but not dazing.

It should never come from the front.

Avoid reading and study by poor light.

Sunlight should never fall upon work or the printed page.

Never read in the twilight.

Nor while suffering great bodily fatigue, nor during recovery from illness.

Never read lying down.

Select well printed books.

For proper vision printed matter should not be less than fifteen inches from the eye.

During reading or study avoid the stooping position, or whatever tends to produce congestion of the head and face.

Do not use the eyes too long for near work, but give them occasional periods of rest.

Look up frequently when at work and fix the eye upon some distant object.

One would not think of walking all day without sitting down, nor should one attempt to read or sew steadily.

Closing the eyes for a full minute every now and then rests the tired optic nerve.

If you are at all troubled about your eyes consult an occulist at once.

A married woman's idea of allowing her husband to make a fool of himself is to let him heve his own way.

The old world would make slower progress in education if it were not for the questions children ask.

The man who's daft on fishing might be classed as an angler-maniac.

ONCE MORE WE MEET.

Once more we meet beside the silver river.
Not as we parted in the bygone days,
Ere storms of fate had torn our lives asunder
And clouds obscured the golden love dawn's rays.
Once more we meet and cancel old regrets:
Once more we meet, and hand clasps hand again,
Never to ask if one of us regrets,
Never to think of bygone hours of pain.
Once more we meet, when sunset glids the heavens,
Meet as we parted, loyal, brave and true,
Only the hand of time has touched us gently,
Changing, perchance, our hair to whiter hue.
Once more we meet, the lonely hours are over,
Once more we meet and own the past was best,
Never to part, my darling, never more,
Until the angels call us home to rest.

TIRESOME PEOPLE.

The reason that women were assigned to the position of house-keepers in the eternal scheme of things was because on omniscient Providence knew that only those who possessed patience in a well-developed state would do for this work. And women are patient!

If Job was the most patient person on earth at the period his history was written, why have none of his masculine descendants this virtue in our time? That's the question women would ask.

But the house-keeper? Here is what one of her has to put up with. She must have on her table at each meal three kinds of sugar, granulated, loaf and pulverized. The loaf is used in the coffee of all of the members of the household save one. He declares it doesn't sweeten things for him and uses granulated. The pulverized sugar is the common property of all at breakfast for their fruit and oatmeal, but at dinner it is particularly prized by one of the grown-ups, who has a sweet tooth or a whole row of them, and who eats sugar in his tomato soup, sugar in his hominy, sugar piled up on his pie and sugar on his ice cream. He is even said to eat molasses on his codfish cakes, but this is almost beyond belief, and the readers are not called upon to credit it if they find the story too much for their credulity.

To satisfy the varied tastes for sugar is, however, far easier than to satisfy capricious appetites for other things.

When, for instance, one member of the household refuses to eat veal on the ground that it tastes like baby; and another will not eat pork because it disagrees with him, and still another likes his beef done to a crisp, while his brother takes his rare, then, indeed, is it time for the house-keeper to retire to her den and in sackcloth and ashes bemoan her unhappy fate.

In an uptown family four different kinds of bread are found on the breakfast table each morning. There is toast for the head of the house, who has dispepsia; cold light bread for a maiden aunt who comes from Vermont; hot rolls for a son, who will eat nothing else, and corn pone or hot cakes for the others. Here's economy for you with a vengeance.

One sensible woman holds that the troubles with servants had their rise in the idiosyncrasies of those who were in authority over them. She contends that when Bridget found that vagaries were fashionable she laid in a stock on her own account, and has been adding to them ever since.

But to return to our muttons, which have to do with the mistress and not the maid, it is doubtful if in one family out of every dozen there is an exact similiarity of tastes. One fruitful source of disagreement concerns salad dressings. Now there are some very nice and respectable people in the world, with orthodox religious beliefs, who yet do not like the taste of olive oil, and these persons are quite fierce when the subject is mentioned to them. No, they don't like oil, they say, and what is more, neither does any one else who has any sense. Oil is all very well when one wants a machine to run smoothly, but as an edible it is unspeakably horrible, and the unfortunates who do like it feel that this leaves nothing to be said. It does leave something for the housekeeper to do, however. It gives her an opportunity to try her hand at making two salad dressings instead of one.

Of the persons who will not eat cabbage, but who love sauerkraut; of those which rice makes ill and cheese unhappy, there is not time to tell here. This story was meant originally to sing the praises of the sympathetic person who attempts to reconcile all discrepancies of appetite and make everyone happy; she who is the object of everyone's displeasure at dinner time if things do not go to suit and whose gentle form acts as a buffer to avert sad consequences from the cook. But her virtues really should be sung by a more eloquent some one who could do her justice, for, goodness knows, she needs some compensation in this world for what she suffers at the hands of her dear ones every day.

The average wife imagines her husband would have remained a bachelor if he had not been fortunate enough to find her.

The fellow who thinks he knows it all seldom turns his knowledge to good account.

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