THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

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$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 15, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 29.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
June Term, 1904.

Estate of Jesse Reifsnider, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 6th day of July, 1904, that the sale of real estate of Jesse Reifsnider, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by John L. Reifsnider, surviving executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this court by the said executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary, on or before the 2nd Monday, 8th day of August next: provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and ublished in Carroll county, before the 1st Monday, 1st day of August, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $865.02½.

A. KURTZ MYERS,
JOHN E. ECKENRODE,
GEORGE R. RUPP,
Judges.

True Copy,—Test:
JOHN J. STEWART, Register of Wills.
jy 8 3t

NO. 4170 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

Edward O. Weant, trustee and plaintiff, vs John J. Orendorff, defendant.

Ordered, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1904, that the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, take jurisdiction in the trust estate of the said John J. Orendorff, and that the said trustee settle said trust estate under the supervision and control of said Court. And it is further ordered that Edward O. Weant, trustee in the above cause named, give notice to all persons having claims against John J. Orendorff to file said claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, on or before the 12th day of September, A. D. 1904, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 15th day of August, A. D. 1904.

WM. H. THOMAS.

True Copy—Test:
jy 8 4t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

NO. 4137 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Charles L. Thomson et al., plaintiffs, vs. Jesse Thomson, et al., defendants.

Ordered, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1904, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of July inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
jy 8 2t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

SUSANNAH SHAEFFER,

late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of January, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of June, 1904.

HARRY K. SHAEFFER,
jy 1 4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the estate of

FRANCIS H. BANKERT,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 22nd day of January, 1905; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 22nd day of June, 1904.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
june 24 4t Administrator.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

First National Bank, New Windsor, Md.
New Windsor, June 30th, 1904.

The President and Directors have this day declared a dividend for the Six Months of

THREE AND A HALF (3½) PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, clear of U. S., State and County Taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 11th, 1904.

NATHAN H. BAILE,
jy 1 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 92.

Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster.
Westminster, Md., June 30th, 1904.

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 July 11th, 1904, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes.

JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM,
jy 1 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE 176.

Union National Bank of Westminster,
Westminster, Md., July 1st, 1904.

The Board of Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, less Taxes, payable on and after Thursday, 7th July, 1904.

J. W. HERING,
jy 1 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster,
Westminster, Md., June 30th, 1904.

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

FOUR AND ONE-HALF PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of this Bank payable on and after July 11th, 1904. Taxes will be deducted from dividend.

GEORGE R. GEHR,
jy 1 3t Cashier.

John E. Eckenrode. Chas. E. Eckenrode.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BUGGIES, SURREYS, STANHOPES, RUNABOUTS, DAYTONS, TRAPS, STICK WAGONS, DELIVERY WAGONS, DEPOT WAGONS and all kinds of Vehicles.

NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.

We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly, Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,
Cor. Liberty and George Sts.,
may 13 04 Westminster, Md.

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS: Behr Bros & Co.,
Chickering, Blasius & Sons,
Hobart M. Cable,
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ORGANS:
ESTEY
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All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

☞ Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER,
West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
oct 16 tf



LISTEN!

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET STYLE AS WELL AS A GOOD LIKENESS IN YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS

AT

Mitchell's

Art Gallery over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md. oct 25 03

Hering's Department Store.

Mid-Summer Clearance Sales OF ALL Summer Goods.

Not a piece of Summer Goods now in stock can remain when July is over. Every penny's worth must be sold.

Bargain Surprises at Every Turn and on Every Floor.

WASH GOODS SACRIFICED.

We place on Sale all our Wash Goods, including Voiles, Dimities, Lawns, Crepe Raye, Fancy Suiting, that have been selling from 15 to 25c,

Clearance Price 9c Yard.

LADIES' WRAPPERS.
10 doz. Ladies' Wrappers, worth $1.00, now 79c.

FOULARD SILK 49c.
10 pcs. Foulard Silk, in Blue, Brown and Black and White, worth 75c to $1.00.

EMBROIDERIES 10c.
A lot of Embroideries, slightly soiled from being displayed, worth 20c to 25c.

JEWELRY.
A lot of fancy Pins, Brooches, and Buckles, that sold at 25c, now 10c each.

SASH RIBBONS.
25 pcs. of fine Ribbons, in all colors, from 6 to 9 inches wide, worth 59c to 75c, now 25c.

COLLAR AND CUFF SETS.
A lot of fine embroidered Collar and Cuff sets, that have been selling from 50c to 75c, now 25c.

CALICO DRESS PATTERNS 50c.
10 yd. lengths of Simpson's best Grey and Black and White Calico, worth 7c.

DAMASK TOWELS 24c.
Extra large Damask Towels, very heavy and fringed, real value 35c.

MUSLIN.
1000 yds. of 8c Muslin, in remnants from 2 to 10 yds., at 5c.

PERCALE REMNANTS.
A lot of Remnants of our best quality Percale, in 2 to 5 yd. lengths, worth 12½c, now 5c.

BABY CAPS.
Your choice of any Baby Cap in stock at half price.

A SALE OF FANS.
Lot 1 contains Fans worth from 10c to 15c, now 5c.
Lot 2 contains Fans worth from 20c to 25c, now 10c.

SILK MULLS 19c.
Plain and Dotted Silk Mulls, in all shades and Black and White, regular price 37½ c.

SILK WAISTS.
White Jap Silk Waists, tucked and pleated and trimmed with Val. Insertion, worth $3.00 and $3.50. Clearance Price $2.25.

HOSIERY BARGAINS.
25 doz. Ladies' Plain and Lace Hose, in Black, that sold at 15c, now 5c.
50 doz. Misses' Ribbed and Lace Hose, in Black and colors, worth 10c to 15c, now 5c.

REMNANTS OF MATTING.
A lot of remnants of Jap and China Matting, worth 25c to 35c, in lengths from 10 to 18 yds., now 15c yard.

SUMMER PORTIERS.
$1.98 Portiers now $1.39.
$1.39 " " .98.

PORCH ROCKERS.
$3 and $3.50 Rockers now $2.50.
$2.50 Rockers now $1.50.

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

SPECIAL ITEMS OF INTEREST For MEN and BOYS, at SHARRER & GORSUCH'S, WESTMINSTER, MD.

100 Suits, small lots, 3 and 4 Suits of a kind, bought from a large manufacturer of Clothing at a price that we can sell you, while they last, Suits made to sell for $10.00 and worth it for

$7.00 AND $8.00.

We sell the famous STROUSE BROS. and MARK'S CLOTHING, in FINE SUITS. What we have left in these goods at a special reduction. Remember these are best makers of ready-to-wear Clothing in the world.

Too many fine Knee Pants Suits left. They must be sold. Bring your boys in.

HOT WEATHER COATS.—Alpacas, Serges and Wash Coats.

25 doz. MEN'S 50c SHIRTS.—Positively the handsomest 50c Shirts ever brought to Westminster. We sell the usual kind of 50c Shirts at 35c. See new Monarch $1.00 Shirts.

SPECIAL IN UNDERWEAR.—50c quality 40c or 75c Suit. Splendid Shirts and Drawers 25c. New things every week in Ties, Collars, Belts and Hosiery. Knee Pants 25c. 20c doz. of these, best ever sold for 25c. See our 45c Working Shirts, sold always at 50c. The best place to buy your Cotton Pants. The kind that don't rip and still selling at old price.

Special Big Bargains in SUITS and TROUSERS to order now.

oct 11 1y 6 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

FOR SALE.

One 8-horse power Portable Frick ENGINE, in good running order; One 6-horse Fleetwood SEPARATOR, with both belt and rod attachment, good as new, run only 2 years. CHEAP, if sold at once.

CLOVER SEED AT MARKET PRICE.

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WALL PAPER AND PAPER HANGING.

A complete line of up-to-date goods can be found at our store. Estimates on

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given without extra charge. An inspection of

STOCK AND PRICES

will convince you that we are the leaders in the business.

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Respectfully Yours,
MATTHEWS & MYERS,
No. 80 E. Main Street, Westminster, Md.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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IF YOU WANT TO GET Good Whiskey
CALL AT
A. C. Strasburger's,
where you will find the largest stock of
WHISKEY, BRANDY, GIN, RUM and WINES,
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PHAETONS, RUNABOUTS, TRAPS
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WE PUT ON OUR OWN RUBBER TIRES.
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Special Attention Given to Repairing.
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I do not have Agents so I can give the public the Agents' profit. Photographs that cost you ONE DOLLAR at other Studios and 25 cents for the agent's ticket, can be purchased at my Gallery without a ticket for ONE DOLLAR. This is special. All work guaranteed.
THE WILSON ART STUDIO,
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A RAZOR

that we guarantee will give you satisfaction or your money back. Full hollow ground set ready for use.

We are experts in grinding Razors, Scissors, Clippers, Knives, etc.

Send us your Razor and 35 cents and we will show you how to make it a new one.

THE ELECTRIC CUTLERY CO.
328 N. GAY ST.,
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Two Squares from Hillen Station.
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JOHN BEAVER,
WESTMINSTER, Md.
FINE MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES, in MARBLE and POLISHED GRANITE.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.
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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A BIT OF CLAY.

The studio was hung with plaster casts. A mask of the Venus de Milo smiled vacantly at the opposite wall, while another of St. Jerome frowned down upon the crowd of girls chattering away like blackbirds beneath it. Fantastic plaster arms, hands and feet sported themselves here and there beneath the masks, and miniature anatomical figures added a certain grotesqueness to the incongruous grouping.

A full length Hercules occupied a corner of the studio, and near it a young man prepared to work in clay. He removed the cloth from a half finished bust, and stood waiting for the girls at the other end of the room to settle down and quit their chattering. He placed a screen about the bust, hiding it from their view, and, taking up a tool, held it poised, ready to begin.

The girls were supposed by the teacher to be hard at work copying from the casts, but instead they were idling away their time talking about anything and everything but art, standing together in their big painting aprons which gave them the look of grown up children.

"I'm tired of these old casts," said Lucille, a little French Canadian. "I've done nothing but copy from them for two solid years. Sit down there, Marie, and let us draw you as we did yesterday. It's better practice, any way, than these old things full of finger prints.

Marie curtsied with mock gravity. "In other words" said she, "if I am not a Venus, my face is clean. You do me too much honor. But I decline to have myself caricatured. Some of those things you spruug on me yesterday were nightmares. Jennie made my eyes so big they seemed about to fall on the floor; and Susanne drew my face so thin that I looked like a picked robin."

"There were others," murmured Susanne.

"Others? I should think so. Charlotte made me look like a dime museum freak. One would think, to look at her sketch, that I had water on the brain, my head was so abnormally large. It was all out of proportion."

"Well, sit down and let us try it over again," entreated Lucille. "We see if we can do better. Besides, Jean is waiting for us to get quiet so he can go to work."

Charlotte closed her two hands over her mouth. "Hello, Jean!" she cried, "can't you work while people are talking? You ought to be able to concentrate your mind better than that. Go ahead. We'll be quiet."

"What are you working on, Jean?" asked Susanne—her name was plain Susan, but the girls had given it a French frill. "That old negro? I should think you would be sick and tired of him by now. To my certain knowledge you have done him in every known medium—charcoal, crayon, red chalk, pen and ink, oils, and clay. Why don't you get you another model?"

"Jean is what you might call an industrious person," said Marie. "He stays by a thing until he finishes it. He doesn't gyrate from plaster casts to living models and back again to plaster casts, like some people I know. He sticks by his old clay."

"And a good deal of it sticks by him," said Lucille.

"The first thing we know," Marie went on, "he will be like that sculptor—what's his name?"

"We give it up," cried the girls, in a chorus.

"Well, any way, the fellow who was so enamored of his art that he died for it. One cold night he was afraid his clay would freeze, so he got out of bed—I suppose the bed didn't have any other covers on it—put his only coat around the statue. The next morning they found the statue all right; the clay hadn't frozen, but the sculptor had."

"You tell that so feelingly, Marie," remarked Susanne, "you nearly make me weep. Why don't you practice in private if you will tell touching stories like that?"

The others laughed, and Marie closed the discussion, which threatened to become general. "Be quiet," said she. "I am going to pose."

She took her seat in the center of the group, the mark for a dozen pairs of eyes—more, for Jean glanced constantly in her direction, working rapidly, modeling first with his little saw-like tools, then pressing the medium tenderly between his forefinger and thumb. Under his manipulation the plastic clay was fast fashioning itself into a thing of beauty.

For a while there was stillness in the studio. There could be heard only the scratching of swift pencils over rough drawing paper. Once a girl uttered an annoyed exclamation, then rose and ran about the room in search of an eraser; then resuming her seat, she worked with energy, fearing that Marie would tire and quit posing before she could finish her sketch.

One sketched her in profile, another took a three-quarter view, and still another, back of her, drew the mass of sunny braids coiled about her head, with the merest suggestion of a rounded cheek and dimple.

Suddenly Marie yawned and stretched herself.

"There," they exclaimed, "you have spoiled the pose! We'll never get it again in the world."

"It's a terrible loss to art, I know," said Marie; but I'm tired and I'm going to quit." She stood erect, clapped her hands above her head, and yawned again. "Another thing," she added, "this is the very last time I am going to pose. As I remarked before, I am tired of your old caricatures."

She started around the circle back of their chairs, examining the sketches.

"Of all the horrible things!" she laughed. "When will you girls learn to draw? See this, Jean"—raising her voice—"see how they have made me look. Is one of my eyes half an inch lower than the other?"

But he did not answer her question, though he looked straight at her in the musing, dreamy way in which artists study their models.

"He's in the clouds as usual," said Susanne, holding her sketch off at arm's length and peering critically at it. "There's no earthly use in trying to call him back. Say, Marie—with a quick change of subject—"this isn't so bad is it? It seems to me the contour of the head is very good, and so is the drawing of the eyes."

Marie bent over the back of the chair and studied it a moment. "It's a fortunate thing," she said meditatively, 'that artists see their own work through rose colored glasses. Now the whole thing seems abominably out of drawing to me. If that face looks like mine let me crawl off somewhere and die."

And they separated with a laugh, each going to her work; some to the room in which a class painted in oils from the living model—a crossing sweeper brought in from the street—others to the class in pen and ink, where they prepared themselves for illustrating; and others home.

Marie stood in the little dark room where the students took off their aprons and washed their brushes. Her's lay in a heap unwashed. "Oh, these old brushes!" she cried in dismay. "I forgot them, and now look how dry and sticky they are! How shall I ever get them clean?"

Clara Washburn, a girl of fifteen, stood at the sink, rubbing her brushes on a great cake of yellow soap, then nimbly back and forth over the palm of her hand. "Leave them," she said. "I will wash them for you."

The same thing happened every day. Marie forgot her brushes, and Clara washed them for her. She threw her arms around the child's neck and kissed her. "You are the dearest girl in the world," she said.

And for Clara that was quite enough pay. She left her own brushes and commenced to wash Marie's, while the elder girl drew off her apron, smoothed her hair, stuck two long hatpins in her hat, and went out into the hall. The door of the studio where the plaster casts hung was still open. She glanced in.

It was growing late. The subdued north light falling on the casts gave them a softened effect; the finger prints of the students were no longer visible. The face of Venus gleamed delicately in this tender light. Even the frown of St. Jerome showed less severe. A "Fighting Gladiator," thrusting out his doubled up fist, appeared to menace her as she stood in the doorway, while "Mercury," standing perilously on one toe upon a ball—the earth—beckoned her to come in

The studio was not peopled alone by these dim plasters. Jean still worked there on his clay. He worked swiftly and silently, a smile lingering about his lips as he deftly manipulated his tools—the smile of the artist satisfied at last with his own handiwork.

Marie tiptoed up behind him. So absorbed was he that he did not notice her or hear her footsteps.

Before him was the bust of a girl. She was shrouded in a great painting apron. This apron, high at the neck, fell into simple and graceful lines about her shoulders. In a marvelously dexterous way he had given the effect of checks—the broad checks of her own painting apron. She looked from the apron to the face—it was her own! No need to complain here of the incorrectness of the drawing, the poorness of the likeness; the features were perfect. There was in them the quizzical, half tired, sleepy look of a girl sitting for her portrait, trying to keep awake under the fire of a dozen eyes. The lips were slightly parted, the eyes were pensive, and there was a tiny, distracting dimple in the rounded cheek.

Marie laughed, so pleased was she with this charming likeness of herself, and Jean, dropping his tool, turned his face to her. It was suddenly ashen as the faces of the plaster casts on the walls.

"Why, Marie!" he exclaimed, "I thought you had gone home long ago," and he attempted to cover the bust with a cloth.

"I came back to see what you were doing," she explained. Take that cloth off and let me see it again. I like it."

Jean obediently removed the cloth, and they stood looking at the face. It returned their look, lifelike, with its parted lips and speaking eyes.

"It is good," said Marie.

She flushed as she glanced questioningly up and found his eyes upon her. What beautiful eyes he had, but how sad they were! She looked away, disturbed by the vague trouble in them; wondering if he did not care for her, since he had done her so beautifully in clay. Jean was so silent, so reserved, she could never understand him.

The class in oils had broken up. The sound of the girl's voices came down the hall. They roused Jean from his revery. He sighed.

"It is beautiful, isn't it!" he asked. "I have worked hard on it. While you were sitting for those girls, you were also sitting for me. Isn't it exquisite?" Aren't the eyes caressing, dreamy? Isn't the mouth adorable? Isn't that little dimple in the cheek the sweetest thing in the world?"

He appeared to have forgotten not only her presence, but her very existence. He half shut his eyes, he formed his two hands into tubes, and looked through them. He lost himself in a kind of ecstary over the beauty of his own creation. Marie watched him, wondering why, since she stood there so near him, a live girl, real flesh and blood, with an adorable mouth and a dimple, he should rave over a bit of senseless clay.

Presently, with a last lingering look, he started forward, and before she could prevent it he had crushed the face between his hands; quickly kneading it down, down, until nothing was left of its beauty, until there remained on the working table only a shapeless lump of clay. This he continued to work as a woman works her bread; he sprinkled water on it from a bowl, and when it was sufficiently moist he spread the cloth over the pitiful ruin and, turning from it faced her again.

"It was a beautiful dream," he said then; "and it is ended as all dreams end—in nothingness."

A tear quivered and fell from Marie's long lashes. A sense of loss overwhelmed her. The face had been so like hers. It was as if a part of herself lay buried underneath that cloth.

"Whichever pathway we choose in life," Jean went on with a sob, "the opposite one seems the best. That pathway was full of flowers. I could almost smell them, they were so sweet; but it was not for my feet. They had already chosen another."

A swarm of girls passed the door. One of them looked in.

"Is that you, Marie?" she asked. "Come on and go with us."

"Yes, go on," said Jean, "but first let me show you something."

He drew a little photograph from his pocket and held it up before her.

The face was sweet, the eyes all alight, softly radiant.

"Don't you think she is pretty, Marie?" he asked. "She is—my wife."

"Come on, come on!" cried the girls; and Marie followed by the smile of Venus, which seemed suddenly to have changed from vacancy to mockery, walked slowly out and away toward home, like one in a dream.

Dotty Dimples—What ju s'spose vacations is for, anyway, Lily?

Lily Longlegs—W'y, don't you know?

"Tourse I don't, er I wouldn't 'ave asted you."

'W'y, when th' teacher's teached you all she knows she lets you loose awhile till you forget it all, so she can teach it to you again an' keep school doin' that much longer-er."

"I understand Dumley failed in business yesterday for the fifth time."

"Haven't you heard the later news! He shot himself this morning."

"Suicide?"

"An attempt, but he failed even at that."

THE OPEN FIREPLACE.

Some like apartments warmed by steam
Some claim the furnace stands the test,
Some say in comfort they can dream
When rattling pipes lull them to rest.
They add, "To sleep it gives a zest,"
And makes them happy as can be,
But these to me are not the best -
The open fireplace for me!

Before the grate I sit and gaze,
The pictures there fill me with joy,
They bring back to my mind the days
When I was just a careless boy,
When foolish doubts did not annoy,
When life seemed ever gay and free.
With pipe and furnace I won't toy—
The open fireplace for me!

When night is here, and lights burn low,
I watch the flickering shadows play
Upon the floor. They come and go
As do one's thoughts, now grave, now gay.
Contentment mine? Well, I should say!
Life's better than I thought 'twould be
And more delightful every day—
The open fireplace for me!

L'ENVOI.

Yes, though on most things I'm not right,
This statement's true, you will agree—
Soft coal costs less than anthracite -
The open fireplace for me!

- Cincinnati Times Star.

A Few Odd Rules For Raising A Boy.

Mothers, don't raise your boys in a bandbox.

When the lid comes off and they have to root for a living they will find the ground hard, and the wind will cut into their tender hides like prickly pears into the nose of a new born calf.

Take the lid off early and permit the sunshine and the breeze to tan their complexion and harden their muscles; then when they are forced to bump up against the stern realities of life they know how to take hold of the plow handles and make a showing.

Taking the lid off does not mean that you should send them out into the streets to be run over by the ice wagon or to insist upon their falling into the sewer. It doesn't mean that your son should be decorated with a cigarette and taught how to swear like his father does. That will all come soon enough.

But what the boy needs is air and room to expand. He doesn't want to be made "mamma's boy" to such an extent that he is kept inside as if he were a geranium or a night-blooming cereus.

A little dash of Christian Science to the extent of allowing the boy to believe he is strong and healthy will go a long way toward making him do so, if you give him the opportunity to drink in the pure tonic that is dished up in the open air. No mother enjoys seeing her son a puny little fellow with cheeks like a sand lily and voice like a peedee. Let the youngster get out in the yard and tear up a few rods of orchard grass and kick holes into the azure ozone. Let him get rid of a few of those warwhoops that lie hidden in the throat of every boy.

If he gets his white waist dirty do not lick the life out of him and send him to bed. It is your fault. You should know better than to put a white waist on him. Brown ducking is what he wants.

The lad who grows up like a hothouse plant has no show with the one who sleeps up in the garret and eats cornbread and milk.

Give the boy a chance.

Not at Home.

Council for the plaintiff was in the midst of a severe cross-examination. The witness was a local rustic, unused to legal tactics and much awed by court proceedings.

"I understand," said the lawyer, "that you called on the defendant one afternoon. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir," returned the countryman.

"What did he say!"

Counsel for the defendant sprang to his feet with an objection. His opponent persisted, and there was an appeal to the bench. After a few moments the judges retired to consider the point. They were absent nearly half an hour. When they returned they announced their decision that the question was permissible.

"Now, let us hear what the plaintiff said," cried the successful disputant triumphantly, turning to the witness, who had not spoken during the interruption.

"He wasn't at home," replied the rustic solemnly.

Figured Out The Profit In A Pig.

A Pennsylvania railroad officer has a stock farm on the outskirts of Philadelphia, and at a recent dinner of the Clover club a friend of the railroader spoke of it, saying: "He runs it on a business basis. Sometimes he makes money out of it. Last year he bought a pig for $27, fed it 40 bushels of corn at $1 a bushel, and then sold it for $31.50.

"I made $4.50 out of that pig," he remarked to me the day after the animal was taken away.

"But," I protested, "how about the 40 bushels of corn at $1 a bushel that you fed him?"

"Oh," commented the gentleman farmer, "I didn't expect to make anything on the corn."

Some women simply can't be dignified without a trailing skirt.

Borrowing is not much better than begging.

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