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

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 14, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 28.

SAVE MONEY IN JULY
BY BUYING
CLOTHING, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, BELTS,
and all Summer Fixings from
SHARRER & GORSUCH,
WESTMINSTER, Md.

All Summer Suits at Special July Bargain Prices.

Fine Double Breasted Brown and Grey mixed $12 to $15 Suits r. duced to $10 and $11.
$7 and $8 Suits now $5 and $6. Stylish Nufangle $3 to $5 Pants at cost.
What we have left in Youths' Suits less than cost. Handsome $5 Boys' Suits, ages 8 to 12 reduced to $3.50. Children's Wash Suits and Pants cheap.

FIFTY CHOICE SUIT
patterns made to order this month at a special big reduction.

Our 50c Shirts are different from others—better styles, better cut and made. 38c for kind of Shirts usually sold for 50c. Handsome Monarch Shirts $1.00.
See the "Varsity" Collar and other new summer shapes.
The proper styles in Belts 25 and 50c. Special Bargains in Underwear—50c quality for 38c.
Our 25c Underwear is better than regular 25c goods.
Nobby Fancy Hose 10, 15 and 25c. New Neckwear each week.
Alpaca and Serge Coats for comfort.
We sell the best Working Pants and Suits.
10c mixed Hose 5c, while they last.

oct 11 1y 8 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

Granulated Sugar 6c lb.

FREE. Call and get a Match Safe. FREE.

Full size can of Tomatoes for FIVE CENTS.
NEW WHITE FISH 8, 10, 25, 50, 70 and 100 lb. Kegs.
Four double sheets of best Fly Paper for 5 cents.
FREE—Berry and Water S. ts Free with Tea.
Glass Jars, Jelly Tumblers, Jar Gums, Jar Tops, Tin Cans, Wax Strings and Rosin.
All the leading brands of Flour 58c to 90c a Sack.
Full line of Cypers Chick, Forcing and Laying Foods.

5 lbs. good Rice	25 cents.	5 lbs. best Lump Starch	25 cents.
5 lbs. Hemp Seed	25 cents.	5 gallons good White Oil	59 cents.
6 lbs .good Oatmeal	25 cents.	7 bars Sweet Home Soap	25 cents.
3 boxes Sawyers Blue	5 cents.	Croft & Reed's Medicinal Soap	20c a box.
Larkin's Hair Tonic	20c a bottle.	Large can of Sweet Pota oes	10 cents.

Fresh Bran $1.10 per hundred. Fresh Shorts $1.25 per hundred.
Best Western Oats 50c a bushel. Pure Corn Chop 1½c a lb
Baled Hay and Straw, Fine, Coarse and Rock Salt
Full line of Stock Foods, Chicken Powders and Louse Powder.

Both Phones. Free Delivery.

jan 3 04 4 KEEFER & SULLIVAN, 88 and 92 E. Main St., Westminster.

SPRING and SUMMER FOOTWEAR.
We are now ready to show one of the most complete lines of
Spring Footwear
that has ever been shown in this city.

50 Styles of DOROTHY DODD SHOES and OXFORDS in all leathers.
SHOES $3.00 and $3.50. OXFORDS $2.50 and $3.00.
LADIES' SHOES from $1.00 to $3 50 per pair.
LADIES' OXFORDS from 50c to $3.00 per pair.
MISSES' SHOES and OXFORDS from 75c to $2.00 per pair.
MEN'S SHOES from $1.00 to $4.00 per pair.
BOYS' SHOES from $1.00 to $2.50 per pair.
YOUTHS' SHOES from $75c to $2.00 per pair.
MEN'S HEAVY WORKING SHOES from $1.00 to $3.50.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR
SPRING HAT
see us first, as we have all the new shapes at the right prices. Remember us when you want Shirts, Neckwear, Collars, Hosiery, Suspenders, Gloves, Overalls, Trunks, &c.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster
dec 23 04-1y

JOHN D. BOWERS.
Fancy and Staple Groceries.

JUST TO THINK that you can get the best quality of goods at our Store and
Do Not Pay Anymore for them,
than you would elsewhere. I have acquired this by long service in the business, and close attention to stock. This is not acquired in a few years but a lifetime in this business. Cleanliness and good appearance of our Store
Does Not Cost You One Cent,
nor does it cost me but little.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS.
YOU KNOW THE REST.

We give one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of ONE DOLLAR.

Call early so as you may no longer be without the benefits which I am able to give you.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
jan 23 04 1y 5 Both Phones.

LOOK! LOOK!

ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS OF WRECK TAKEN SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 17th, WERE MADE BY ME AT 7.45
two hours after the accident. Copies of Four mounted on one card 25c or mailed for 30cts.
J. D. MITCHELL, Proprietor of Mitchell's Art Gallery,
feb 19 04 1y over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md.

NOTICE OF DISTRIBUTION.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
In the matter of the estate of Jacob Thomson, late of Carroll County, Maryland, deceased.

The undersigned, having settled in the Orphans' Court of Carroll County an account of the personal estate of Jacob Thomson, late of Carroll county, Maryland, deceased, and ascertained the balance in their hands for distribution, according to law, among the creditors of said deceased, hereby give notice to said creditors to file their claims against said deceased, legally authenticated, with the Register of Wills for Carroll county, on or before the 14th day of August, A. D. 1905 preparatory to a distribution of the assets of said personal estate, to be made amongst said creditors under the direction of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Maryland, on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1905. After the final ratification of said distribution by the Orphans' Court aforesaid, the undersigned will be prepared to pay to each of the said creditors their respective dividends according to said distribution.

ELIAS O GRIMES,
CHARLES L. THOMSON,
administrators &c., of Jacob Thomson, late of Car oll county, Maryland, deceased.
Ju 23 4t

LOST OR MISLAID, POLICY

No. 39,555 issued by the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, on the life of Jesse Baile. The finder will please return it to the undersigned. Application has been made for the issuing of a duplicate.

JESSE BAILE.
jy 7 6t Medford, Carroll County, Md.

WARNING NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified that the practice of throwing stones, filth from fence corners and other refuse into the roads and ditches along the roads, in Westminster district, must be discontinued, and that the law, which imposes a heavy fine in such cases, will be rig dly enforced.

THE ROAD COMMISSIONERS
jy 7 3t of Westminster District.

Certificate Reextending Charter.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Comptroller of the Currency,
Washington, D. C., June 24th, 1905.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster, Md.," located in the Town of Westminster, in the County of Carroll and State of Maryland, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress "to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," approved July 12th, 1882, as amended by the Act, approved April 12th, 1902.

Now, THEREFORE, I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster," located in the Town of Westminster, in the County of Carroll and State of Md., is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association: namely, until close of business on June 24th, 1925.

Seal of the COMPTROLLER of the Currency Treasury Department.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and Seal of office, this Twenty-fourth day of June, 1905.

WM. B. RIDGELY,
Comptroller of the Currency.
CHARTER NO. 1526. EXTENSION NO. 881.
ju 30 6t

Commissioners' Notice.

HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster EVERY MONDAY for the transaction of business.

By order, FRANCIS L. HANN,
jy 2 tf Clerk.

OPEN THE DOOR.

—:o:—

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair,
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops golden gems;
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin
They shall grow and bloom with a grace divine
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin,
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door.

—British Weekly.

A Box of Carnations.

—:o:—

BY NANNIE W. HOUK.

From Woman's Farm Journal.

"Is dis here de place whar you gits de writin's of divorcement? asked Uncle Jerry, thrusting his black face, overtopped by a gray, woolly mop of hair, into the lawyer's office. He had partly opened the door and stood, half bent, in the doorway, grinning and sweeping the floor with his old hat.

"Come in Uncle Jerry, what's the trouble?"

"Trouble, 'nough sah, I wants a writin' of divorcement. Jes open the book dar, sah, an' read me de grounds, if you please Mr. Jackson," said Uncle Jerry, rolling his eyes back over his shoulder to make sure he had closed the door tightly, as he dropped into the chair he had dragged toward him. He rested his elbow on his knee, put his chin on his palm and watched the lawyer turn the leaves of the thick, yellow book upon the table. At his client's request to have "de grounds" read to him, the lawyer had laughed, but reaching up to the shelves near by, took down the statutes, found the clause and read:

The district court may grant a divorce for and of the following causes: When either of the parties had a former husband or wife living at the time of the susequent marriage, abandonment for one year, extreme cruelty, fraudulent contract, habitual drunkenness——"

"Dar, stop right dar, dems de grounds," said Uncle Jerry, straightening up.

"Why, Uncle Jerry, does your wife get drunk? I didn't know that."

"No, sah, she don't git drunk, I'se de one, sah, what gits drunk."

"You can't get a divorce for your own drunkenness, Uncle Jerry. Your wife will have to get the divorce if you must part for that cause," said the lawyer, placing the book back upon the shelf. The old man shook his head.

"She won't do it, Mr. Jackson. I done told her pintedly, many a time, she better lef me, but she won't do it. She says I won't have no one to wash my shirts fur me."

"Well, you'd better go home and make it up with her."

"Tant nuthin' to make up, sah, cepin' wid de young lady, sah. Lord, sah, I might lay roun' drunk a week and Mealy wouldn' drive me off. Hit's de young lady, say, what's makin' all de trouble. She tole my wife ef she didn't send me off, she'd haf to go hersef."

"Whom do you mean by the young lady?"

The lawyer had stopped laughing and was looking straight at the old man.

"Well, sah, I dunno es I oughter say young lady eszactly, but bein' es how she ain't done nuver married nobody, I always ses dat out o' politeness. But I reckon ef de truth was knowed, sah, she ain't no spring chicken.

"Whom do you mean?" The lawyer's voice sounded a little husky as he repeated the question, though it escaped the notice of his garrulous client.

"Law, sah, ain't I done tole you? Why, de young lady of de ranch, Miss Jinny Allison. Jean, or somethin' or other like dat, she calls herself, but I calls her Miss Jinny. She done tole my wife dat dis was de las time she was er gwine to put up wid it, dat either she had to leave hersef or sen me away, en as I done tole you, sah, Mealy nuver would sen me away, en I'se feered fur her to leave de ranch, sah, kase I'se feered to trus myself to make a livin' fer her en me in dis here country whar dar ain't no cotton nor nuthin' to make money outer cepin' cattle, en de rich folks got all de cattle; so"—Uncle Jerry looked down into his hat which he held in his hand and shook his head sadly, "I ses to myself, I gwine to town to git a writin' of divocement from Mealy so she won't haf to leave de ranch. I hate it powerful, sah, I don know what ole Jerry gwine do 'bout Mealey, kase I can't take Mealy 'way from dar. Hit's a good place, dar ain't so mighty much to do, en Miss Jinny she helps do de work. Oh, Miss Jinny ain't proud en stuck up, sah, but she will go by her feelin's. She ses t' Mealy she feels taint right fur her to 'low me to git drunk en lay roun' dar, en she haf to hire a boy to herd cattle in my place, en to pester Mealy's en her livers outen dem. I knows her feelin's is generally mighty squar, sah, but taint no easier to bar, sah, den if dey wasn't."

The lawyer got up quickly and walked over to the window and looked out.

"No," he said softly, "it isn't any easier to bear."

Into the view from his window came the courthouse, a plain, ugly, red brick building, not much in the way of architecture, but something about it held the gaze of the man as he stood there. He had forgotten himself, for he had gone back ten years into the past, to a scene once enacted in this ugly, red brick building which stood only a few blocks away from his office.

He was a young lawyer then, and the maiden that he loved, loved him, and the earth was full of melody. The young lovers had lived through the happy period of courtship and engagement, and the wedding was to take place soon after the adjournment of the April term of court, then in session. About this time in the history of this city the trouble over the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law, which had been enacted by the last Kansas legislature, was great.

The community was split in twain. There were the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists, and the opposition of the two parties to each other was fierce and lasting. One side claimed that the law abiding, respectable part of the community wished to have the laws enforced and the morality and decency of the city maintained; the other that the rights of American citizens had been abridged by this sumptuary statute, and that those who upheld it were cranks and ought to be suppressed. The part taken in their suppression by the one side resolved itself into a system of evasions of the law and cunning shifts to escape the espionage of the other.

Most of the women were classed with the cranks, and when persons charged with the breaking of this law were to be tried the bailiff had to bring in extra chairs borrowed from the adjoining offices, for the ladies who thronged into the court-room.

On those occasions Willard Jackson was usually a prominent figure. He was alert, quick and prudent and had come to be called in Western parlance the leader of the bar at Quickville. The county prosecutor, from the vantage ground of his office, generally secured the services of Willard Jackson for the prosecution, but in this trial of which he was thinking now, as he stood before his window looking out upon the old court-house, he had been employed by the defence. It was the case of the term, if the interest shown by the citizens in its progress would indicate its importance. The defendant was an old and subtle offender, so read the indictment, and so the prohibitionists believed; and the feminine portion of these zealous upholders of this law were determined that if the moral force of their presence at the trial would help to convict the accused it should not be wanting. He felt his heart throb now as he recalled how his blood had tumbled about in his veins at the sight of Jean's sweet face among the women seated just outside the bar. Then if Uncle Jerry's thought had not been so self-centered he would have heard the sigh which followed, for it sounded as if it had lain at the bottom of the lawyer's heart a long time, gathering to itself, and biding its time to escape. He had a glimpse of himself, as, having been called as a witness by the state, he stepped from the witness stand that April day with the words of the oath, "You do solemly swear that the testimony you are about to give in the case now pending, in which the state of Kansas is plaintiff and Jim Blake is defendant, shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God," pirouetting upon his conscience. It all came back to him as he stood there before the window with the spring breeze trying to comfort his hot cheeks. Then the other words, "I cannot marry a man who has perjured himself," struck at him, and he turned quickly from the window.

"Uncle Jerry, don't you think you might manage to quit drinking as the easiest way out of this trouble?"

"Well, I dunno, Mr. Jackson, hit tastes powerful good, now, sah, since you kaint get none cepin' from de bootleggers. Ole Jerry would go a long ways to git a drap now, sah."

"So you think, Uncle Jerry, that the prohibitory law has increased the taste for liquor, do you?"

"Oh, yes, sah; sartainly it has, sah."

"That's bad news for our prohibitory friends, Uncle Jerry," said the lawyer, laughing.

"Oh, no, sah. By no manner of means, sah. Kaint nobody git it now but de ole soaks like me dat jes will have it, whether or no. You jes let any of de boys try to get it. La, sah, dey kaint git a drap. Dem folks up dar at Topeka knowed what dey was 'bout, sah, wid dar 'hibertory law, sah. But dat ain't what's botherin' me now, sah. I'm feered Miss Jinny is gwine to sen Mealy way from de ranch ef I kaint git dat divorcement, kase when she say anything, sah"—the old man drooped his head and shook it from side to side instead of finishing his sentence—"en she done tole Mealy pintedly, she wouldn't put up with it no more. Den dar's dem cyarnations. Who gwine to water dat bed uv flowers ef ole Jerry ain't dar? I totes bout' twenty buckets uv water from de well every night arter I puts de cattle in the correl, en pours it on dem no 'count white flowers what she calls cyarnations. De ole well is sixty feet deep, en every year I have been dar I has to do de same thing. Law, sah, hit pears like dem cyarnations is her very life."

"Carnations!" ah, he remembered. They were to have been their wedding flowers.

"She won't let nobody tech 'em but herself, but——"

"Uncle Jerry"—the lawyer had been walking rapidly back and forth across his office floor and stopped quickly before Uncle Jerry's chair. "I'm going to send you back to the ranch this evening."

An eager light was shining in his eyes. He reached up hurriedly for his hat, letting it fall to the floor in his haste to jerk it from the hook.

"Sit here until I come back, Uncle Jerry," he said, regaining his hat. "I won't be gone long," he called back from the hall.

The old man listened to his footsteps until he reached the end of the hall and clattered down the steps.

"De land er massy, what ails Mr. Jackson? I never seed him act that way before."

Left alone, Uncle Jerry soon gave himself up to the drowsiness which the silence induced, and when the lawyer returned the old man was nodding in his chair.

"Wake up, Uncle Jerry."

"Law, Mr. Jackson, I ain't been asleep, sah. I been sittin' yere studyin' 'bout dat divorcement ever since you been gone. I ain't been sleep a-tall, sah."

The lawyer smiled. The next moment he had forgotten Uncle Jerry's harmless fiction.

"How near does the train run to Sunflower ranch, Uncle Jerry?"

"'Bout two miles of it, sah."

"Well, the train reaches the station at 6; that will give you time to walk two miles before dark. I want you to take this box to Miss Jean Allison to-night. Come back to me to-morrow and we'll fix it about the divorce. Be careful of the box, Uncle Jerry," he said, putting some money into the old man's hand and pushing him to the door.

"My gracious! Mr. Jackson done gin me three dollars," Uncle Jerry chuckled in his glee. He felt rich. "Hit won' take more'n 'bout half uv it to take me to de ranch en fetch me back to-morrer, I don't reckon."

He glanced around as if seeking something when he neared the station.

"Wush I could see one uv dem bootleggers. Ole Jerry would like ter have a dram powferful well now. Dey ain't none uv em roun' dough," he said in a disappointed voice, climbing into the car at the signal. He seated himself by the window when the car began to move. Then he thought of the lawyer's box. His fingers ached from his unconscious grip upon it, and he put it down on the seat by him and stretched open his hand to rest it.

"I wonder what Mr. Jackson got in dis yere box, anyhow. I gwinter take a peep en see."

He took off the string, removed the paper wrapper and lifted the top.

"Well, ef dis don't beat my time. Hit's nothin' but a passle uv flowers, dem same white cyarnations. I reckon Miss Jinny won't kyar nothin' 'bout dis little box uv em when she got a great big bed full uv 'em, a heap purtier dan dese."

He set the box down contemptuously and settled himself in the seat for a snooze. When the train reached the station, the conductor shook the old man's shoulder, "Wake up, old man, you want to get off here."

Uncle Jerry started up, scrambled out of his seat and hastened to the door. Just as he stepped to the ground, he remembered the flowers.

"Dar! I done forgot dem flowers; en I nuver tied 'em, nuther. Hy! Mr. Conductor, stop dar! stop dar!" He tried to keep up with the slowly-moving train, waving his arms up and down as he called.

Some one laughed, looking out of the window.

"Here are your flowers, old man."

"The box opened as it descended, scattering the flowers on the ground.

"I wonder what dat fool is laughin' at." He was stooping around from side to side, picking up the flowers. "I reckon he's laughin' at me foolin' wid dese yer no 'count flowers. Why, dar's a kyard, too. I mus' put dat back, sho," he said, placing it with awkward fingers under the flowers.

On the same evening that Uncle Jerry was trudging along the dusty road that led from the station to Sunflower ranch, carrying the despised box of carnations under his arm, Jean sat out on the modest stoop of her father's house enjoying, after a busy day, the quiet evening.

The house was made of sod—a long, low structure, and thatched with straw. It had been considered a grand edifice in the early days of Kansas, as it certainly was an evidence of the thrift of the first inhabitants of the state, who, for want of brick, wood, or other materials for housebuilding, hitched their teams to their plows and turned over sods for the purpose. These, though they did not admit of the fine chiseling of the marbles which were shaped and glorified by the classic ancients, yet made comfortable houses for the homeless pioneers of the prairies. The dark, rough outer wall of this old building, which Jean loved for its simple ugliness, was beautiful now by a covering of pink roses.

Jean, white-robed and silent, swaying gently back and forth in her easy chair, gazed with worshipful admiration upon it. About the place was the soft, green buffalo grass, the virgin sod of the western prairies, spreading away to the front of the house into a level lawn; toward the west, running into a gentle slope, and enamored of the change, widening finally into a picturesque dell.

In the green, just where the eye could best enjoy its beauty, was a large bed of white carnations. Jean's soul was full of the white past as her eyes rested upon the flowers that brought back to her that brief, sweet period. She had forgotten for the time the annoying experiences she had suffered lately from Uncle Jerry's lapses from sobriety. It was Uncle Jerry's obsequious voice that disturbed her."

"Good evenin', Miss Jinny, sarvent to yer, Miss," he said, coming around the corner of the house, taking off his old hat as he spoke and sweeping the ground with it as he half bent before the woman.

"I done been ter town, Miss, ter see Mr. Jackson. I thought maybe he mought wanter sen' yer somethin' or ruther, en here 't is, Miss."

He held a paper box toward her.

"Where have you been? What do you mean?"

She did not notice the pitiful fabrication of the old man. She held out her hand without thinking of anything but the dreadful grip at her heart which seemed about to hold it still. Uncle Jerry put the box in her hand.

"Dar's a kyard in de box, Miss, leastways I reckon dar is, I ain't seed Mr. Jackson tie de box up, zackly, Miss, but I reckon dar's a kyard in dar, Miss."

She began to untie the box, but her fingers were weak and helpless.

"You may go, Uncle Jerry—and tell Mealy to give you some supper."

"Thanky, Mistis, ole Jerry is powerful hongry," as he shuffled around the corner out of sight.

These were the words upon the card: "Jean, may I come to you now? Willard."

When she read them, there was a rhapsody in her heart. She bent over the box of flowers, laid her face in them and just let her joy run riot.

"He, he, he," chuckled Uncle Jerry gleefully, as he turned away from the corner of the house where he had been watching Jean, "Dem ole flowers has done de business fur ole Jerry, shore's your born, honey. I gwinter pour 'bout a hundred en five buckets on dat air cyarnation bed dis night, 'fore I goes to sleep."

Returning the Photograph.

Marshall P. Wilder tells of a quarrel between a couple of his acquaintance who had been engaged for some months. The two lovers since have "made up," but while their quarrel was at its height no recrimination was too severe for either of them to put upon the other.

Of course the first thing the girl did after the breaking of the engagement was to write to the young man, requesting the return of various souvenirs, and she particularly desired him to send back her photograph, which, she declared in her note, she had given to him "in a moment of girlish folly."

The young man's reply was amusingly cruel. Said he: "I regret exceedingly that at present I am unable to find the photograph requested. However, I send you my entire collection of young ladies' photos, numbering some forty or fifty, among which, no doubt, you will find your own. The rest I shall thank you to return by the bearer of this."—St. Louis Republic.

An excellent authority on the subject says many farmers make a serious mistake by neglecting to do the little things which keep their premises and their buildings in order. A cluttered yard and dilapidated buildings on one farm certainly have some influence upon the appearance of all the farmhouses in a neighborhood. And when all the farms in a given locality get this neglected appearance, property depreciates in value, the farmer's income grows smaller, he sinks to a lower vevel, both morally and intellectually; his children grow up lacking in ambition or else with a strong distaste for farming, and rack and ruin begin. Keep your buildings in repair and your lawn clean. It pays.

Employer, Look Pleasant.

If you are an employer do not go about your place of business as though you thought life were a wretched, miserable grind, says O. S. Marden, in *Success*. Show yourself master of the situation, not its slave. Rise above the petty annoyances which destroy peace and harmony. Make up your mind that you are too large to be overcome by trifles. Resolve that you will be larger than your business, that you will overtop it with your manliness and cheerfulness.

To say nothing of its being your duty to make the lives of those who are helping you to carry on your business as pleasant as possible, it is the best policy for you to pursue. You know very well that a horse that is prodded and fretted and urged all the times by means of whip and spur and rein will not travel nearly so far without becoming exhausted as one that is urged forward by gentleness and kind treatment. In their susceptibility to kindness men and women are in nowise different from the lower animals. You cannot expect your employes to remain buoyant, cheerful, alert and unwearied under the goad of scowls and the lash of a bitter tongue. Energy is only another name for enthusiasm, and how can you expect those who work for you to be enthusiastic or energetic in your service when surrounded by an atmosphere of despondency and gloom, when they expect a volley of curses and criticism every time you pass.

Many a man who could have been a success sleeps in a failure's grave today because of his gloomy, mean, contemptible disposition and manner. He poisoned the atmosphere about him by venting his spleen, dyspepsia and bile on everyone in his vicinity. He not only minimized the value of his own efforts, but he also paralyzed the powers, the initiative, the helpful faculties and suggestive ideas of all those who worked for him.

Will Power an Essential.

What would you think of a young man, ambitious to become a lawyer, who should surround himself with a medical atmosphere and spend his time reading medical books? asks Orison Swett Marden, in Success. Do you think he would ever become a great lawyer by following such a course? No, he must put himself into a law atmosphere, where he can absorb it and be steeped in it until he is attuned to the legal note. He must be grafted into the legal tree so that he can feel its sap circulating through him.

How long would it take a young man to become successful who puts himself into an atmosphere of failure and remains in it until he is soaked to saturation with the idea? How long would it take a man who depreciates himself, talks of failure, walks like a failure, and dresses like a failure—who is always complaining of the insurmountable difficulties in his way, and whose every step is on the road to failure—how long would it take him to arrive at the success goal? Would anyone believe in him or expect him to win?

The majority of failures began to deteriorate by doubting or depreciating themselves, or by losing confidence in their own ability. The moment you harbor doubt and begin to lose faith in yourself, you capitulate to the enemy. Every time you acknowledge weakness, inefficiency, or lack of ability, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to undermine the very foundation of all achievement.

So long as you carry around a failure atmosphere, and radiate doubt and discouragement, you will be a failure. Turn about face, cut off all currents of failure thoughts, of discouraged thoughts. Boldly face your goal with a stout heart and a determined endeavor, and you will find that things will change for you; but you must see a new world before you can live in it. It is to what you see, to what you believe, to what you struggle incessantly to attain, that you will approximate.

Some Crowns.

When Emperor Napoleon I, was crowned king of Italy at Milan, May 23, 1805, he placed the iron crown of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming, "Dieu me l'a donne; gare a qui la touche" (God has given it to me; beware who touches it), which was the haughty motto attached to it by its ancient owners.

The Hungarian crown, worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary, is the identical one worn by Stephen 800 years ago. It is of pure gold and weighs nine marks six ounces (fourteen pounds) and is adorned with 53 sapphires, 50 rubies, 1 emerald and 338 pearls.

The crown of the king of France is a circle enameled, adorned with precious stones and heightened up with eight arched diadems, rising from as many fleurs-de-lis, that conjoin at the top under a double fleur-de-lis, all of gold.—Chambers' Journal.

Food Preservatives.

All of the most common food preservatives are constituents of the food we eat. Nature herself has put them into our food. We have been consuming them since time began. Our savage ancestors consumed them for millenniums before us.

Two grains of salicylic acid will preserve a pound of food for a reasonable length of time. A grain is the amount most commonly used. In order to preserve the same amount of food with equal safety one pound of sugar would be required. In fifteen pounds of well preserved food there would be thirty grains of salicylic acid. It is a very common thing for physicians to administer to their patients thirty grains at a dose and keep up the administration for many days with benefit to the patient. Fifteen pounds of food preserved to an equal extent by sugar would require fifteen pounds of sugar. How long does the reader suppose that any person could retain good health if they undertook to eat fifteen pounds of sugar at a single sitting and keep taking such doses for weeks at a time?

As a grain of salicylic acid will preserve more food with equal certainty than an ounce of salt and as fifteen grains of salicylic acid would equal in preserving power over a pound of salt, who would hesitate in choosing the alternative doses of thirty grains of salicylic acid or of two pounds of table salt? One pound of salt is a fatal dose.—Dr. R. G. Eccles in Public Opinion.

Spider Silk.

The American consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, sends an interesting report on the manufacture of silk from spiders' web.

The first difficulty in securing the thread direct from the Madagascar spider ("halabe," big spider, the natives call her) was met with in divising a suitable holder to secure the living spider while winding off the web. This was originally performed by confining the spiders in empty match boxes with their abdomens protruding, thus making so many living reels. The extraction of the web does not apparently inconvenience the insects, although care has to be taken not to injure them. From that stage has been envolved a frame of twenty four small guillotines, in each of which a spider is secured in such a manner that on one side protrudes the abdomen, while on the other the head, thorax and legs are free. The precaution of keeping the legs out of the way is necessary, because the spiders when the secretion is spun off in this fashion, are liable to break off the web with their legs.

The spider submits without resistance to the winding off of its thread. After the laying period or formation of the web it can be reeled off five or six times in the course of a month, after which the spider dies, having yielded about 4,000 yards. Native girls do the work.

The Ocean Derelict.

Of all the spectacles of the seas none is so tragic as the derelict, the errant of the trackless deep. Weird beyond description is the picture presented by some broken and battered hulk as she swings into view against the sky line, with the turgid green sees sweeping over her moss grown decks and a splintered fragment of mast pointing upward, as if in protest against her undoing. It is a sight also to arouse fear.

For the derelict is the most potent of all the dangers that threaten the seafarer. Silent, stealthy, invisible, it is the terror of the mariner. It is the arch hypocrite of the deep. Against it skill of seamanship, vigilance in watching, avail not. Lights and whistles, beams and buoys proclaim the proximity of land; the throbbing of engines, the noises of shipboard life tell of an approaching vessel; icebergs and floes betray themselves by their ghostly radiance and surrounding frigidity of air, but the derelict gives no warning, makes no signal. The first sign of its existence is the crash, the sickening tremble and quaver of the ship suddenly wounded to death.—P. T. McGrath in McClure's.

While drilling a well on a farm near Dillsburg, York county, Pa., a few days ago, at a depth of 75 feet a vein of copper oar four feet thick was struck. A local mineralogist who tested the oar said it was very rich in copper and also contains some silver.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

"Dear," said the melancholy wife, "If you die first you will wait for me there on that far shore, won't you?"

"I guess so," replied the husband wearily. "I've always had to wait for you everywhere I go."

Dr. Arnold Paff, of the National Bureau of Education, claims to have discovered the lazy worm in school children. The lazy worm in many of the boys is only a fishing worm.

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