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, OCTOBER 12, 1906. VOL. 75--NO. 41.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In view of the many inquiries that have been most naturally made during the past week, it becomes our duty to make a frank statement to the public.

Because of the fact that a number of persons are interested in the AMERICAN SENTINEL and job printing office; for the protection of all these interests the undersigned were by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, appointed Receivers, and will continue the publication of the AMERICAN SENTINEL and all the work of the office, under the same business and editorial management that existed before the death of Mrs. E. J. Rippard.

So far as the interests of the public are concerned there is no change whatever in the conduct of the office, and we solicit the continued patronage of subscribers and advertisers, assuring them that they will receive as in the past, faithful and efficient service.

E. O. GRIMES, Jr.,
W. L. SEABROOK,
Receivers.

Public Sale.

The undersigned, Administratrix of Jacob L. Shafer, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, at the late residence of said deceased, on Pennsylvania avenue, in Westminster, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1906,

at 12 o'clock, M., sharp, the following Property: 1 BAY MARE, 1 COW, 1 CUTTER SLEIGH, 2 Falling Top Buggies, 1 Spring Wagon, Harness, Buffalo and Lap Robes, Circular Saw, Corn Sheller, Milk Cans, Tools, Oyster Shell Mill, Green Bone Cutter, Corn Barrel, Axes, Revolver, Rifle and Gun, Dishes, Stove, Kettles, Wardrobe, Sink, Stand, Books, Coverlets, Comforts, Quilts, Silver Water Pitcher, Castor, and many other articles not named. Also one Share of Stock of the Westminster Hardware Co., and 4 of the Farmers' Fertilizer and Feed Company. See bills for further particulars.

LUCRETIA V. SHAFER,
Elias N. Davis, Auct. Administratrix.
oct 5 2t

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale OF A Valuable Farm

in Myers' District, between Band Hall and Bish Schoolhouse, in Carroll county, Md., known as the Nelson H. Unger Property.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Nelson H. Unger and Eliza J. Unger, his wife, to John S. Ziegler, bearing date March 29th, 1901, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber J. H. B. No. 45, folio 130 &c., the undersigned assignee of said mortgage will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26th, 1906,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that Valuable Real Estate conveyed by said mortgage, containing 53 ACRES and 130 8 10 SQUARE PERCHES of Land, more or less, improved with a Two-story Dwelling House, Barn and all other necessary outbuildings all in good repair.



This property is situate on the road leading from Band Hall to Bish School House and adjoins the lands of Leander Frock, George W. Zepp, Nelson Bish and Edward Geiman.

TERMS OF SALE.—$100.00 to be paid in cash on day of sale, and balance to be paid on the ratification of sale by the court; or these terms may be changed to suit purchaser by applying to Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney.

MARY A. HOFF,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auctioneer. oct 5 3t

PUBLIC SALE OF A DESIRABLE AND VALUABLE FARM.

By virtue of power contained in the last will and testament of Ann L. Fowble, late of Carroll county, deceased, and an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the subscriber, as executor of said deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises at Warfieldsburg, Carroll county, Md., on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27th, 1906,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Valuable Real Estate:

A Farm, containing

97¼ ACRES OF LAND, more or less, adjoining the village of Warfieldsburg, Md., and also adjoining the lands of Mrs. Hannah Lantz, Rezin Cook, Vachel Sellman and others. The farm is eligibly located, and the land is in a good state of cultivation.

The improvements consist of a large Dwelling House, Bank Barn, large Corn Crib, Meat House, Hog House and Carriage House, Spring House and Dairy, with a never failing Spring of Water. Also a small Tenant House.

The property is convenient to stores, schools and churches, and is altogether a most desirable Farm Property.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid to said executors on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the court, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in six months, and the other in twelve months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

The property is now in the tenancy of Mr. John Walkling, who will take pleasure in showing it to persons who wish to examine it.

JOSHUA W. HERING,
Executor of Ann L. Fowble, deceased.
Elias N. Davis, Auct. oct 5 4t

WM. H. H. ZEPP,

Harness Emporium.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR LINE OF

Summer Goods

SUCH AS

FLY NETS, HORSE COVERS, LAP DUSTERS, Ear Tips, Dangles, &c.

We can save you money on FLY NETS as we bought before the advance in price.

OUR STOCK OF

BUGGY, SURREY AND TEAM HARNESS

is complete and at prices that defy competition.

A full and complete line of

TURF AND Baseball Goods

constantly on hand at lowest prices. We have a full line of Collars, Saddles, Whips, Fly Nets, Halters, Chains, Traces, Hames, Oil Soap and Dressing, in fact everything to be found in a first-class Harness Store.

We make a specialty of Hand Work. Repairing promptly done. Give us a call.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,
opposite the Forks, 113 W. Main St.,
dec 15 05 1y Westminster, Md.

Regular Dinner 25 cts.

STEAKS AND CHOPS TO ORDER.

OYSTERS.

THE CARROLL DINING AND QUICK LUNCH ROOM,
WALTER R. DEVILBISS,
formerly of Carroll County,
118 PARK AVENUE, near Lexington St.,
Baltimore, Md.

DAIRY LUNCH oct 28 6 mo

HERD OF

MILCH COWS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, near Medford, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1906,

her herd of Milch Cows. They are 5 to 7 gallons a day milkers, and farmers in need of good cows will do well to see them and attend the sale.

sept 14 5t* MRS. ELLA A. MARTIN.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

First Anniversary

We desire to call your attention to the fact that we are entering upon our second year in business and wish to express our gratitude for the considerations you have shared with us, believing as we do you will find us better prepared to sell you greater values than last year, as we had to go on the market at ruling prices, but this year we start with piles of goods **on hand and coming** that were bought in anticipation of a rising market. Hence we can offer you any desirable articles of merchandise as cheap as any reliable house.

Our New Line of Tailored Suits.

The new fall models in Ladies' Tailored Suits, Coats, Waists and Skirts are here and have been carefully selected for your fall and winter wants. Every fashion inspiration is here, carefully executed by our makers. We have the correct spirit of the season in these charming models of style. Our Suits are of

Cheviots, Serges, Plaids, and Fancy Tweed Mixtures.

Look over our Fall and Winter Models of Coats. They are the newest models that can be had regardless of price.

The New Skirts.

Because of the extreme fullness of the Skirt Styles demanded for this season they are rich in beauty, light in weight and the latest of fashions declared.

Solid Black Taffeta Silks.

These are all fine grades of pure silk rustling Taffetas, good wearing and a deep jet black. We are offering them much lower than we could go on the market today and buy them for. For instance, our yard wide at 90c would be cheap at $1.15. COMPARE SAMPLES.

Fancy Dress Goods.

Our line of Fancy Wool Plaids and Mixtures of mannish effects, at 50c yd., are remarkably cheap. We feel that you would not be satisfied without seeing our beautiful line before making your purchases.

Trimmings are Fashionable.

Many dresses will depend entirely upon trimmings—Braids and Buttons—for the desired effect. And well they may. We don't remember a season when such trimmings and so many of them were used as this season. Remember we have them in any style, width, color and price you may desire, from the narrow soutache to the very wide applique designs, from 3c yd. up.

Underwear.

We have our fall line of Underwear on sale for fall and winter, including the famous Forest Mills, known to all lovers of strictly well made and long wearing garments to be the real money saving Underwear to buy.

Clothing, Shoes, &c.

More and more are we convinced that the Clothing we display and sell is up to the minute in style, fit, and workmanship and besides all that, we sell it much cheaper than others do. We also carry a large and well selected line of Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Raincoats, Rubber Coats, Pea Jackets, Covert Coats, and Corduroy Coats, as well as Suits to please all.

When in need of Boots of any description, Rubber, Leather or Felt, we have them. Rubbers of every kind and size and Shoes of every description can be supplied here at money saving prices.

Save Money by Dealing With **Babylon & Lippy Co.** Westminster, Maryland.

C. E. NUSBAUM & CO.

OUR FALL OPENING AND DISPLAY OF FINE

Dress Goods, Silks, Dress Trimmings

and Stylish Footwear takes place on

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, October 12th and 13th.

Everybody is invited and urged to come. We have greatly enlarged our Dress Goods Department and are anxious to show you our line. No one will be urged to buy.

C. E. NUSBAUM & CO., Popular Cash Store,
my 26 1y 14 New Windsor, Md.

DOYLE & MAGEE,

28 and 30 West Main St., Westminster.

SPECIAL SALE

OF

PARLOR SUITS,	CHIFFONIERS,
BEDROOM SUITS,	SIDEBOARDS,
DRESSERS.	IRON BEDS.

In order to make room for Holiday Goods we will sell all the above named articles at

15 Per Cent. from our Regular Prices.

Remember this Sale is a Special One and will stop November 15.

Anyone needing any of the above named articles can have a rare chance to get them at the cut prices. Call and examine our stock and get prices while they are reduced.

sept 21 8t DOYLE & MAGEE.

SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCKS OF

SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

in Carroll county and invite you to look us up before buying your Fall and Winter Goods.

Special strong lines of boys' and girls' School Shoes; also men's and women's Heavy Shoes. Agents for Walk-Over Shoes for men, $3.50 and $4.00. Dorothy Dodd Shoes for women $3.00 and $3.50.

All the new and up-to-date styles in men's and boys' Hats and Caps. Always the newest things in Shirts, Collars, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery and Suspenders. Give us a call.

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

YOUNG LADIES and GIRLS

Desiring Steady Employment at Light Work, with Best Wages, send written application with request for full information.

Address, P. O. Drawer 718, Baltimore, Md.

For our responsibility we refer to the editor of this paper.

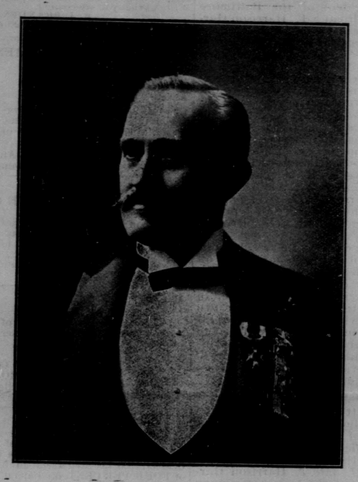
oct 5 2t*

THE WESTMINSTER FERTILIZER COMPANY,
(SUCCESSORS TO CHAS. SCHAEFFER,)
OFFER TO THEIR PATRONS THE OLD AND RELIABLE HAND MIXED BRANDS OF

BIG GUN, GOVERNOR, LEADER and SUPER A.

Report of State Agricultural Chemist shows all of the above Brands TO BE ABOVE THE GUARANTEED ANALYSIS.

SACKS for Fertilizer furnished in ADVANCE.
Westminster Fertilizer Co.
aug 24 8t



Gen. Jno. R. King, U. S. Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

GOING HOME.

—o—

Some day, with staff and bundle, when, world wearied, I'll turn back
Thro' the years, thro' all the shadows, to the old familiar track;
I shall bid a long farewell to all the scenes of Time and Fate,
And I'll go the road that leads me to a sagging garden gate.

I shall tread thro' sunny meadows where old-fashioned blossoms blow,
Thro' the byways, thro' the hill gaps, that I knew so long ago,
I shall pause upon the bridge that spans the river, there to gaze
In the swift and silent current—as I did in other days.

I shall rest beneath the branches of the guarled old apple tree,
A pilgrim stained and whitened, on life's vast uncertain sea,
With my bundle for a pillow, 'neath the Heavens' sprinkled light,
I shall whisper, ere I slumber, to the stars a long good night.

There shall be, when I turn backward, faces strange for me to greet,
And the old friends, I shall pass them in the quaint old village street,
But it matters not, for yonder, where the light shines o'er the lea,
There is someone waiting, waiting—and I know she'll welcome me.

WELL PLANNED, BUT--!

—:o:—

From London Answers.

'That settles it,' said Dick Northcote, watching the red billiard ball hesitate and finally plunge into a side pocket. How's the time, marker?'

'Near ten, sir,' the marker answered, professionally impassive.

'By Jove, I must move!' He looked toward his defeated opponent, also struggling into his coat. 'Are you going, Catmur?' he asked, in some astonishment.

The man addressed as Catmur smiled. Not a particularly pleasant smile if one were observant, but apparently sincere enough for Dick Northcote.

'No one else is likely to come in. Besides, I am tired of billiards. A walk will freshen me.'

'I'm going straight home, the clerk replied.'

'But that's a walk. The sea with this wind will be worth watching. You live on the front, don't you?'

'Yes; the terrace facing the green.'

The two men passed out of the billiard room of the Merton Arms Hotel, and into a passage. From a room near them came the sound of a strident piano and the painful effort of a man persuaded to sing. The door opened and an elderly man came out.

'Be that young Mr. Northcote?' he asked.

'What do you want, Rodgers?' the bank clerk demanded, rather nettled.

'You'm sleepin' up to bank 'ouse tonight seemingly. We'm caretakers while Mr. Bird be away; ur's tookt the maids with him on 'olidays. Well, it's the annual of the Hoddfellows tonight. I'm a Hoddfellow, so I'm 'ere. And the missus don't know 'ee. But just tell 'er you'm come, and it'll be all right.'

'Very well,' the clerk answered vexedly. He looked quickly at his companion. Catmur stood waiting. It was not evident whether he had heard. Northcote was afraid he had not, but in any case it did not matter. —If a stranger—he had only met Catmur in the hotel a week previously—the man was evidently a gentleman of means. His conversation cynical and well informed, established that.

The two men walked together down the main street to the long, narrow strip of green that lay between terraces of houses and the promenade. Beyond the sand, lay hidden by the night. The wind, blowing coldly, tumbled the waves in ragged lines of creamy white.

Conversation had drifted unconsciously to Northcote's hobby—the collecting of moths.

'My dear fellow,' Catmur said, 'I grant you butterflies—they have the charm of color. An artist might find delight in them. They are gorgeous, eastern sultans of flower harems, full of suggestion. It was no idle fancy that rendered them the Greek symbols of the soul. The moths—I associate them with the impertinent odors last year's furs shake out in the early autumn.'

'You are something of an artist, Catmur. I could show you beauty in moth comparable to that in a butterfly. Do you know a spotted Burnet? No, of course you don't. There's color in moths and beauty of marking. Now I could show—'

He pulled up snddenly. The hour was later than it ought to have been, and the bank house was still without a tenant. Bird, the manager, was away; the cashier lived with his people in a villa in the town, and had begged off the discomfort of inhabiting somebody else's house, and Northcote had volunteered. He ought to put his nightclothes together and be off. But there he was outside his room, and it would look inhospitable not to ask Catmur in for a peg.

Northcote looked up at the house. The lights were out in all the rooms but his.

'Come in for a peg. I shall turn you out almost at once, because I have to sleep at the bank tonight. You heard Rodgers speak about it—idiot! fool!'

'A little indiscreet,' Catmur said, with a smile. 'I confess a peg sounds inviting—this southeaster is nipping—but not if I'm inconveniencing you.'

'Not at all,' Northcote answered. He let himself in with a latch key, and turned up the lamp in the sitting room. 'I won't show you my cabinet tonight,' he continued, 'but here's a sitting-board with a few, enough to convince you.' He lugged out the board from the cupboard. 'If you'll excuse me, 'I'll rush a few things into my bag. There's a syphon, a bottle, and glasses on the sideboard; mix a couple of pegs.' He dived out of the room as he spoke, after a scared look at the clock on the mantlepiece.

II

Catmur, left to himself, took no notice of the sitting-board, but crossed the room and closed the door softly. Then he poured out two pegs of whisky in two tumblers. With a quick dive into a waistcoat pocket he produced a small vial, uncorked it, and counted a few drops into one of the tumblers. The other he filled up with soda water. Then he turned to the sitting-board.

'You are right, Northcote,' he said when the bank clerk burst into the room carrying a small handbag. 'I am convinced. There is a softness of color effects I had not noticed. Oh, there's your peg. Shall I help you to soda? I did not know how you liked it mixed. The syphon hissed, and Northcote accepted the tumbler and drank.

'Rather a queer taste, eh? Corked perhaps. I hope yours is all right!'

'Mine is quite all right, thanks,' Catmur assured him.

'Then the lingering flavor of a Merton Arms cigar has upset my palate. I don't want to be rude, but I shall have to turn you out. I—by Jove, this room is hot! I suppose—coming in—the cold. Do you mind—' Northcote sat down hastily upon the broken spring sofa and gasped. His eyes stared at the lamp, his face grew white, he put out an irresolute hand, and pressed his forehead. The window, Catmur, open it,' he managed to say.

'All right, old man,' Catmur answered. He stood looking at the bank clerk without moving. To Northcote he appeared growing further and further away like a man in a dissolving picture. He tried to struggle to his feet, but only succeeded in knocking over the handbag.

Then his head sank into his breast. Catmur lifted him up on the sofa.

'Look here, Catmur,' Northcote said drowsily, 'I must be going. I must—the bank—' He trailed off into unconsciousness.

Catmur turned out the lamp and let himself out of the front door, closing it very quietly. He walked briskly to the hotel, and presently emerged from the side door carrying a big bag that weighed him down perceptibly on one side. The chorus of 'Widdecombe Fair,' from the lusty throats of the Hoddfellows, followed him into the dark night.

He rang the bell at the bank house private door, and, presently, there was a sound of chains and bolts. At that moment a policeman passed and looked at him and he gave him a civil 'good night.'

'Who'm you?' demanded Mrs. Rodgers, an ample woman, with a perceptible head cold and a certain querulousness of tone.

'You are expecting me I, think,' Catmur said, shifting the bag from one hand to another.

'Oh, you'm young Mr. Northcote, be you? You'm late. Come in. Your room be ready.'

Catmur stepped in, and waited while the door was fastened up again. 'That bag be 'eavy?' Mrs. Rodgers commented, preceding him lumbering up the staircase. 'I never seed a young fellow with one so 'eavy.'

'This 'ere be your room, you'm in Mr. and Mrs. Bird's.' She jumped as he put down his handbag, it sounded so heavy. 'Gude lord, sir,' she cried, 'what a weight!'

'Yes,' he said. 'I've brought some dumb-bells with me.'

'That's a mercy,' she answered. 'There's a mortal lot as ain't dumb up there.' She pointed to a few electric bells above the bed. They'm connected with the strong room, so I'm told.'

'Yes, yes,' Catmur said a little testily. 'I'm tired, Mrs. Rodgers.'

With that she made her laborious way downstairs again.

The sound of the closed doors reassured him, and he smiled. The job promised to be an absurdly easy one. He had the bank to himself, and with no chance of interference. At 5 o'clock a London mail train stopped at Preston-Super-Mare station. Nothing would be discovered until nine, at the earliest. Possibly the cashier would not come in until later than that.

Catmur opened his bag. It contained steel tools. He selected a wire cutter. In five minutes the electric bells were as dumb as those he professed to be carrying.

There was a pair of felt slippers in the bag. Catmur put these on. There was also a dark lantern; he trimmed it and lit it. Then, taking up his bag, he smiled again.

'The diamonds were lodged here a fortnight ago,' he thought triumphantly, 'when the Washes went away. I know they are good, beyond the average value of those of a successful brewer. They were Lady Washes' passport to society.

Very cautiously he went downstairs. The bank looked curiously ghostly with its empty stools. He felt his way carefully. 'Ah! This is the entrance to the strong room.' He put down his bag of tools. Presently there was a curious sound of grating like the gnawing of a big rat.

About 2 o'clock Mr. Rodgers stood outside the bank house ringing the bell. A constable, coming around the corner, advanced at the same time as Mrs. Rodgers set to work to leisurely unbar the door.

'Hallo, Mr. Rodgers, you're late tonight!' said the constable.

''Scuse me,' Rodgers replied, with elaborate politeness, ''scuse me—you 'ave—'vantage—'

The door opened and Mrs. Rodgers swathed in shawls and red flannel, and holding aloft a candlestick, peered out.

'Ah, my dear!' said Rodgers. 'Frien' of mine.' He waved towards the constable. 'As young Mr. Northcote come in?'

'He came in a long time ago,' Mrs. Rodgers said. 'It wur 'bout 'leven—nearly that, I reckon.'

'Mr. Northcote!' exclaimed the constable. 'I saw you let in a tall, dark man, carrying a bag. That was not Mr. Northcote. I know him. I don't know the cashier—I thought it might be him. I didn't see the man clearly, but he was taller and thinner than Mr. Northcote, and Mr. Northcote is very fair.'

'You're not long here?' asked Mrs. Rodgers.

'Only moved here last week. But Mr. Northcote was up to Bovey fishing in the summer. I had better look into this.'

The constable moved into the passage and waited while Mrs. Rodgers closed the door. Rodgers sat down on the mat.

'Lock him into a room and slip out to the police station!' whispered the constable.

'Like this?' Mrs. Rodgers said indignantly. 'I couldn't!'

'Well, dress as quickly as you can.'

He watched her guide Rodgers into a room, and then turned toward the door communicating with the bank.

'I didn't get a good look at the chap,' he whispered to himself, 'but he was very like— Oh, it can't be! It's so many years ago, and he—I'm a fool to be thinking of him!'

At the door he paused. A curious grating noise like the gnawing of a big rat, which came from the bank premises, paused also. He opened the door cautiously and edged in. There was a man on the other side of the door and he stood on that, motionless. He thought he heard a movement, a secretive, furtive movement, somewhere in the room.

There was no sound for two minutes. The constable's big fingers groped silently over the wall. Suddenly his fingers felt the cold touch of metal. With a bold sweep he switched on all the lights.

'Move,' came a low voice in a vindictive hiss, 'and you are a dead man. Switch off those lights!'

The constable turned around quickly. Catmur stood beside the entrance to the strong room with a revolver in his hand. The door was open. As each caught sight of the other, both started.

'Bob!' said Catmur.

'Jack!' gasped the constable.

'Thank God, 'tis you!' Catmur said. 'You can say I was gone. Two minutes to get the sparklers—I'm through with the door—and I can slip out. You can report you found the strong door open. Switch off the lights!'

'I can't,' said the constable.

'Don't Bob!' cried Catmur. 'I'm armed. I—you're my brother, but I'm going to get out of this—by Heaven, I am!'

He leveled his revolver.

'I have my duty to do,' said the constable.

'D'you hear? Switch off those lights.'

Catmur leaned forward, the revolver hand raised.

'I won't.' The constable spoke firmly and strode forward. There was a loud crack. When the smoke cleared away the constable was kneeling over the dead body of Catmur.

Ten minutes later he was still kneeling there, when the sergeant touched him on the shoulder.

'What's this?' asked the sergeant. 'Dead?'

'He shot himself. It was a question between shooting me or—or that. He shot himself.' He spoke in a dazed way, still staring at the prone body. 'My poor mother!' he added.

An Echo.

There is scarcely anything in nature that exerts the fascination over every one alike than does an echo, and common as it may become there is always a feeling of mystery about it that holds us with a charm. Of course we all know that it is merely the reflection of a sound from some object, as the side of a house or a rock or a hill, but often we cannot tell how far away away the object is that causes it. Here is a way, to tell every time:

Holding a watch in your hand, shout a single syllable, as "Ho!" or "Ha!" and count the number of seconds from the time you shout till the sound comes back to you. Now, sound travels at the rate of 1,125 feet a second, so the number of seconds that elapse multiplied by 1,125 will give the distance in feet traveled by the voice in going to to the object and back to you again, and one-half of that number will be the number of feet away that object is. Of course the object may be only a few hundred feet away, in which case the sound will come back in less than a second, but you may determine the distance, nevertheless, by calling a single syllable—"Ha!" and calling it again as you hear the echo, not before or after it, but just with it.

With a little practice you can do this. Repeat the call ten or twelve times, counting the seconds between the first call and the last echo. Suppose, for example, that the time is seven seconds and that you called the syllable ten times. Then each echo took seventenths of a second, and the distance, found in the same way as before, is about 394 feet.—Exchange.

A Swarm of Household B's.

Be careful. Care prevents many dropped stitches and bad breaks. Be careful.

Be faithful. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' Be faithful.

Be Prompt. Slackness makes slovenly homes and weary world wanderers. Be prompt.

Be cheerful. Cheerfulness tends to length of days and to days that are worth the lengthening. Be cheerful.

Be thoughtful. Thoughtfulness is too tender a plant of blessed fragrance and beauty to be born unseen, etc. Be thoughtful, says Home Chats.

Be good humored. Good humor is better than medicine, no matter how well the ill natured pill be sugar-coated. Be good humored.

A Political Catechism.

What is the force of Hughes? Morality!

What is the force of Hearst? Immorality!

What is the force of party call? Solidarity!

What is the force of common weal? Mutuality!

What is the force of things to be? Rascality!

What is the force of reflective thought? Rationality!

What is the force of the people's voice? Finality!—New York Times.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.

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