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, JANUARY 11, 1907. VOL. 76--NO. 2.

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.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Little Farm!

In Westminster District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Conrad Schnabel to R. Virginia McCormick, bearing date on the 5th day of January, A. D., 1898, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 40, folio 548, &c., the undersigned mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, at the

COURT HOUSE DOOR, in WESTMINSTER, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1907,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable small Farm, conveyed by said mortgage, containing

18 ACRES AND 27 SQUARE PERCHES

of Land, more or less, improved by a log weatherboarded Dwelling House, small Barn, and the usual outbuildings. Well of excellent water at the door.



This property is in fair condition, located on Corbin's Mill road, about 1½ miles from Westminster, and 1 mile from Reisterstown turnpike road, adjoins the lands of Mr. Turfle, Mr. Miller, Mr. Corbin and others. A fine opportunity for any one wanting a nice little home.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third to be paid on day of sale, or on ratification of sale by the court; one-third in 6 months, and the remaining one-third in 12 months from day of sale; or all cash, at option of the purchaser. A deposit of $150 will be required of the purchaser on day of sale, (certified check accepted).

R. VIRGINIA McCORMICK,
Mortgagee.
Geo L. Stocksdale, Solicitor. jan 4 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ANNIE E. OCKER,

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 17th day of July, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of December, 1906.

DAVID J. ROOP,
dec 21 4t Executor.

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

ELIZABETH SHAFFER ROOP,

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 31st day of July, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 31st day of December, 1906.

CHARLES S. ROOP,
jan 4 4t Administrator.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

First National Bank, New Windsor, Md., December 31st, 1906.

The President and Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of

THREE AND ONE-HALF (3½) PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, clear of United States, State and County Taxes, payable on and after January 8th, 1907

NATHAN H. BAILE,
jan 4 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND No. 181.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1906.

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

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of National, State and County Taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 8th, 1907.

J. W. HERING,
jan 5 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1906.

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

FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of this Bank, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes, payable on and after January 10th, 1907. Municipal Taxes paid for Stockholders will be deducted from dividend.

GEORGE R. GEHR,
jan 4 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 97.

Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1906.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Dividend of

FOUR PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, out of the earnings of the past six months, payable to the stockholders of this date, on and after January 10th, 1907, clear of Federal, State, County and Municipal Taxes.

JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM,
jan 4 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Westminster, Md., December 29th, 1906.

The Board of Directors of the Westminster Fertilizer Company have this day declared a dividend equal to

SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM,

payable on or after this date to stockholders of record of this date.

Dividend checks will be mailed.

A. H. HUBER,
jan 4 2t Treasurer.

FOR RENT, IN WINFIELD.



One 7-room House, a two-story Shop, Sheds, Stable, Hog House and Garden, all in good condition. Water at the door. Formerly occupied by Chas. R. Pickett, cabinet-maker. Suitable for saddler, tinner or similar business. Can give possession at once. Apply to

C. S. PICKETT,
dec 28 tf Winfield, Md.

FOR SALE, ALL KINDS OF REAL ESTATE.

TOWN AND COUNTRY PROPERTY.

SPECIAL.—No. 21.—Small Farm of 20 acres with good Buildings, near Westminster, Md. Price $1100—big bargain for quick sale.

No. 22.—Fine farm of 50 acres on pike about 3 miles from Westminster. Highly improved land and good buildings, fruit and water.

Apply to

W. FRANK THOMAS, Agent,
dec 21 3t Westminster Md.

GUY W. STEELE, LAWYER,

No. 21 Court St., Westminster
an19 9

IF you want Job Printing of any kind give us a call.

"THE NEW STORE"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Our First

January Clearance Sale

Will Begin

Sat., Dec. 29, and will continue UNTIL Jan. 31.

This January Clearance Sale will be one of the greatest sales in our history.

We must reduce our large stock before taking inventory, Feb. 1st.

Better Bargains and more of them than ever offered before in Winter Dry Goods, Blankets, Comforts, Underwear, Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits, Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing of every description, at prices less than we could buy them direct from the mills today.

Come Early, Get Bargains, Tell Your Friends.

$1.00 WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR 69c.

These are genuine Wright's Health Underwear, usually sold everywhere for $1.00, this clearance sale price 69c.

Men's regular 50c grade, an exceptional good bargain, January price 39c.

MEN'S HATS 50C.

Only a few of a kind left; some of these Hats were $1.50, others $1.00; lots too small to keep in stock, to close out we offer for 50c.

50C MEN'S NEGLIGEE SHIRTS 39C.

In looking over our Men's Negligee Shirt Stock we find a few of this kind and a few of another, we put them in one lot and say 39c.

12 1-2C HOSIERY 10C.

100 doz. Children's Ribbed Hose, cheap at 12½c, now 10c pair.

GREAT IS THE DISCOUNT ON LADIES' COATS, SUITS and FURS.

To appreciate the quality of these startling bargains you must see them. DO NOT MISS THIS GREAT CHANCE.

$20.00	Ladies' Suits		$16.00
16.00	" "		12.00
14.00	" "		10.00
12.50	" "	and Coats	9.00
10.00	" "	"	7.50
6.50	" "	"	4.75
6.00	Children's Coats		4.75
5.00	" "		3.98
2.75	" "		1.98

$3.75 RUBBER BOOTS $2.75.

Just rec'd. several cases of Goodyear's snag proof Rubber Boots, sold every where for $3.75, our price until sold $2.75. $2.25 Felt Boots $1.98.

GREAT BARGAINS IN SHOES.

In looking over our Shoe Department we find here and there only a few pairs of a kind left. We cannot duplicate them for less than 25c to 50c pair advance; have made special prices to close these small lots out.
Come and see them; every pair a bargain.

CLOTHING.

If prices cut any figure in clothing we are here to name them to you.

Men's $10.00 Suits or Overcoat	- -	$6.75
" $8.00 " " "	- -	$5.00
Children's $5.00 Suits	- - -	$3.50
" $3.50 "	- - - -	$2.50

$1.25 BED SPREADS 98C.

ALL THE BEST CALICOES now 5C.

For January only, to reduce stock, we mark all our Calicoes 5c.

We only handle the best makes and have them in a pretty variety of patterns.

7C OUTING FLANNELS 5C.

1,000 yards of good heavy Outings, assorted colors, worth 7 and 8c, go at 5c.

7C MUSLIN 5C.

Two bales yard wide Unbleached Muslin, from 4 to 10 yard lengths, worth at the mills to-day 7c, our price 5c.

10 and 12 1-2c. FLANNELLETS 8c.

All new goods, pretty patterns, worth 10 to 12½c, your choice now, to clean up, for only 8c.

7c APRON GINGHAMS 5c.

500 yds left to close out, in nearly all colors, 5c yd.

$1.25 FLANNELET WRAPPERS 98c.

10 doz Ladies' Flannellet wrappers, to close out to make room for spring goods, go at 98c.

12 1-2c BAT COTTON 10c.

Only 10 Bales left of our regular 12½c cotton 10c lb.

$1.25 COMFORTS and BLANKETS 98C.

Special bargains in Blankets and Comforts, $2.50 now $1.98; $1.25 now 98c, and so on through the entire line.

25C WINDOW SHADES 19C.

30 dozen regular 25c kind of Window Shades, in all colors, 19c.

BIG UNDERWEAR BARGAINS.

10 doz. 50c quality Underwear Vests or Pants, all sizes, only 39c.

Another lot of Vests and Pants, fully worth 39c, at only 25c.

50c DRESS GOODS, Special 25c.

A very pretty line of regular 50c Dress Goods, this sale, 25c.

50c OUTING SKIRTS 39c.

Only 5 doz. Ladies' Outing Skirts left, that sold for 50c, to close out, 39c.

$1.25 SATTEEN SKIRTS 98c.

To close out and make room for spring goods we offer you this handsome Black Satteen Skirt for 98c.

75c OUTING NIGHT SHIRTS 49c.

Only a small lot left of these Outing Night Shirts, in all sizes, for men and boys, fully worth 75c, to close out, 49c.

Special Bargains in Housefurnishing Goods, Glassware, Chinaware, Lamps, Jardiniers and hundreds of other things in our kitchen, 2nd floor.

Wishing you the Compliments of the Season,

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here had spurned,
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine,
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;
And if some one we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach the face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you will shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friend;
And that sometimes the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not today. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say: "God knew the best."

—Mrs. May Riley Smith.

The Baby-Book.

By Sheila Macdougall.

In a large comfortable bedroom stood an only daughter, alone. It was her wedding eve, and although the hands of the clock on the mantle pointed to midnight, her mother had but that moment left her to get some sleep for the morrow. But the girl still stood in front of the fireplace, and looked thoughtfully into it; her mother's parting words echoed in her ears, wistful words betokening some doubt:

'Are you really happy, darling?'

'Perfectly, little mother,' she had answered, readily enough, but now the words confronted her in the silence and she knew they were untrue. She was not as happy as a girl should be on the eve of her marriage. She was willing to marry the man to whom she was pledged, and was fond of him in a way, but he was neither her first nor her greatest love. Ronald Freeman she had loved passionately. Their last quarrel was due to Freeman's jealousy of John Benson, which she had bitterly resented. There had followed three days of silence, and then she had sent him back his ring, in spite of her mother's pleading and warning. Ronald came once to the house, but with fear that he would take her seriously gripping her heart she perversely refused to see him, and he did not come again. That was all. Her love story ended there, and she feverishly sought distraction in society, and found it, for she soon grew used to meeting Ronald with as much indifference as he showed toward her. And now, tomorrow, she was to be married to Benson.

She drew her light kimono closer round her, and ran for a moment into the next room, which was filled with beautiful wedding presents. 'I will be happy,' she told herself, with proud courage, as she gazed on the lovely things. Suddenly her eye lighted on a box on a little old writing desk of her mother's, forgotten in a corner amid all the silver and bric-a-brac. Here she had often found her mother writing early and late, but had never known what she wrote there. Once she had asked for the key of its drawer, and had been surprised by a refusal.

'You have your own desk, dear, and we have our desk in the library; this is my desk,' said Mrs. Hastings, with gentle decision.

'I believe you keep your heart locked in there!' Constance had cried, half in jest.

'Perhaps I do. Some day you may unlock it, but not until I am gone,' the widow had replied, and the daughter had not ventured further.

She thought of this conversation as she took up the box on it, thinking it contained some undiscovered wedding gift. She raised the cover and removed the tissue paper that encircled a pretty, white kid book, on whose surface she read her own full name and the date of her birth, in gold letters. Glancing into it she found it filled with writing in her mother's hand, and thinking she had found a last loving wedding present, which her mother had chosen to offer her in this delicate way, she returned with it to the fire. There she sat down to spend another hour beside it in reading this odd gift.

She soon realized that the book contained the mother's history of her child's life from her birth to the present day, told with all a mother's loving diffuseness and care. The first entry read:

'Last month my wee daughter came into the world. Harold and I cannot believe our happiness. She is as good as gold, and pretty as a picture of Raphael's, I am going to chronicle all her life, what she eats, what she wears, when she first speaks and walks, and gets her first tooth, and all the events of her baby life. And, perhaps, if I do not grow too diffuse, the book may last until I can tell of her first days at school, when she falls in love, and even when she marries, as I suppose she must. But she was only christened today, so the possibility is not very imminent! She cried so heartily at the baptism, that I am sure the old man has left her forever.'

And here followed a list of guests and presents at the christening.

Too interested to hesitate longer over the ethical right or wrong of reading what might not, after all, have been intended for her eye, the girl read on the history of her baby years, simple and touching records of the joys and sorrows, the satisfaction and anxiety of the young mother with her first and only child. Through it all the devoted love of the mother made itself evident, the moving spirit of the journal.

'My darling Connie is two years old today,' one entry began. 'She is so pretty now that I have just had her photographed. Harold is crazy about her, and prefers to play with her all Sunday rather than go out with her. Today she fell on the fender and hurt her forehead quite badly. I feel it will leave a scar.' Constance unconsciously fingered a tiny ridge under her hair.

Two o'clock rang from the little clock on the mantel when Constance reached the last third of the book. She had passed through the periods of babyhood, childhood, and girlhood; the great sorrow of their lives had been gently alluded to, for very little was written at all at that time of loss, but 'Harold' appeared no more as a living presence in those pages. After a time there began to appear often the name of Ronald Freeman, the most frequent and welcome visitor at their house. Mrs. Hastings evidently had a weakness for the handsome young man. Once she wrote:

'Ronald came tonight and took us to the opera. Constance looked very pretty, and he gazed at her a good deal, I thought. If they would only grow to care for each other, I should be so happy. He is so good and true.'

The room was warm and cozy, she had had a tiring day, and a still more exacting one lay before her, but Constance was not sleepy. She read, in the record of a month later, with a sympathetic thrill as she recalled the day:

'Connie had been with Roland only a few minutes tonight when Lizzie came up and said that Mr. Freeman had asked for me. I was writing letters, and purposedly left them alone, but went down at the summons. Ronald came to meet me at the door with his hand in Constance's and such a happy look on his face. 'She loves me, Mrs. Hastings! Will you give her to me?' My head swam for a moment. I could not see. When I steadied myself, I found my Connie's arms about me, while Ronald placed me in a chair. I looked earnestly into the face of my child, and my doubts were set at rest. 'Take her, Ronald,' I said. 'If she loves you, her old mother will give her up. I would rather give her to you than anybody.'

With a sigh the girl turned over half a dozen pages—the first skip she had made. She could not read of that happy time without endangering her purpose and peace of mind. The happiest women's lives have no history, it is said, and the six pages Constance passed by sufficed for the six happy months of her engagement to Ronald. She found herself at the day following her quarrel with him. The mother was mystified, distressed:

'Constance will not talk about it but I am dreadfully afraid this is a serious quarrel. She eats nothing and looks white and miserable. I suppose it was that foolish escapade of hers in going driving with Mr. Benson. I think Ronald is particularly jealous of him because he is so wealthy and successful—as if Connie cared for that! She only encouraged him out of caprice, and would have explained if Ronald had given her a chance. He probably took a high hand with her, and so she rebelled. But she is too haughty, I fear, and I hope Ronald will not give in to her too soon, or they will never be happy together. Connie does not know that old Mr. Freemen's money will not go to Ronald if he does not marry within two years. He would not let me tell her.'

Constance sat up straight. Here was news that startled her. Was this the reason Ronald had proposed to her? Was it to insure his income that he wanted to marry? She had known his old father was eccentric, but this new proof of it was amazing. A rage took possession of her that Ronald should have made, or tried to make, use of her for his mercenary ends. But she read further, and found the following day thus recorded:

'Ronald came to see me tonight. Constance was out at Mrs. Bryan's at a rehearsal of her play. As R—— resigned from it yesterday, she thought it her duty to stick to it. The poor boy looked pale and worn, and begged me piteously to ask Connie to see him. I refused, however, to let him go to Mrs. Bryan's for her, thinking it better to let her come round herself. I told him how proud she is, and what a high idea she has of manliness. 'She knows she is in the wrong, Ron,' I said to him, 'and it would do you no good to apologize to her. You must be firm, and she will soon put out a friendly hand. When she does, you may be as sweet to her as you please, but my earnest advice is to wait for her to make the first overtures. If you don't, you will spoil your life.' He promised to remember and act on my counsel, though it was so hard, and then said: 'Do you know the terms of my father's will, Mrs. Hastings? Does Constance know them?' I said that I knew them, but had not told her. 'I am so glad,' he said, 'for I would not have her marry me for pity or anything but love, and she might be good and impulsive enough to do so, if she thought she would harm me by refusing. You know I had no idea of it till six months ago. My father was a most eccentric man, and lived in fear of my becoming dissipated. When I informed my lawyer that I was going to be married, he told me of the peculiar terms of the will, and said that he intended to give one year's warning only, and he had hoped I was going to marry Constance—but now it is all over!' I cheered him up, and promised to do what I could, but Connie is a hard girl to reason with. She is headstrong and stubborn. Oh, I pray it will all come right yet, even if it takes time!'

The girl's eyes were full of tears; she could read no further. The record of her wooing by John Benson had no attraction for her now. She closed the book and laid it down. So he had really been true, after all, and loved her of his own free will, without the motive of preserving his inheritance. Nor had he given her up so easily as she had feared, but yielded to her own mother's unwise advice.

She rose, and from a jewel-box on the dressing table, took out a small gold locket on a long chain. From within the grave, deep eyes of Ronald Freeman looked at her with honest manliness, as they had always done. It was all she had kept to remember him by; his ring she had returned with his other presents and letters, and had dared to keep only this locket, which he had given her long before they became engaged.

'It is not too late!' said Constance slowly laying her magnificent half-hoop of diamonds in its velvet case, and throwing the slender gold chain around her neck. She pressed to her lips the little locket of her old lover, and then, falling on her knees beside the chair on which lay the little white kid book, laid her wet cheek upon it.

Teachers Are Not Paid Enough

It is very desirable that this movement for better pay should everywhere be extended to teachers. Never have the schools of this country had so important a part to play in our civilization as at the present time, and nothing else is so important about the schools as the qualification and character of the teachers. Monthly or yearly rates of payment of teachers that seemed ample 15 or 20 years ago are quite insufficient now. This is true with respect to the public schools, and it also applies to higher institutions, where the salaries of professors ought to be made sufficient to attract and hold a superior class of men.

The problem is a very serious one, and it deserves careful consideration throughout the country. If there is one reason stronger than another why the taxing power should lay a firmer hand upon the growing wealth of great corporations and upon the income of vast private fortunes, it is because the State must adequately perform its responsible task of education. If there is to be compulsory attendance of schools, there must be schools worth the attending, and ample provision for all the children. If there is to be extension of child labor laws and better enforced exclusion of children from factories, mines, and various gainful employments, there must be developed such a system of education as to add immensely to the efficiency of the child when, at a later age, he joins the army of the bread winners. Let us repeat, then, that the central fact in the school system is the teacher, and that we cannot expect to have the right sort of teachers in the long run without paying them enough to justify them in regarding their profession as a permanent calling rather than a temporary makeshift.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.

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

Depend on Yourself—Not on Fate.

Many a man has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the cards which fate dealt him, that he must pick them up and play the game, and that no effort on his part, however great, could materially change the result. But, my young friend, the fate that dealt your cards is in main your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with fate or destiny, but with you. You will take the trick if you have the superior energy, ability and determination requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which, you say, fate has dealt you. The game depends upon your training, upon the way you are disciplined to sieze and use your opportunities, and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior advantages.

Just because circumstances do sometimes give clients to lawyers and patients to physicians, put commonplace clergymen in uncommon pulpits, and place the sons of the rich at the head of great corporations—even when they have only average ability and scarcely any experience, while poor youths, with greater ability and more experience, often have to fight their way for years to obtain ordinary situations, are you justified in starting out without a chart or in leaving a place for luck in your program? What would you think of the captain of a great liner who would start out to sea without any port in view, and trust to luck to land his precious cargo safely?

Did you ever know of a strong man making out his life program and depending upon chance to carry out any part of it? Men who depend upon 'luck' do not think it worth while to make a thorough preparation for success. They are not willing to pay the regular price for it. They are looking for bargains. They are hunting for short cuts to success.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. 'Luck is the tide,' nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward port; he rows against it if it flows the other way.—*Success Magazine.*

Why Butter Prices Hold Up.

Much speculation is indulged in about the fact that, with all the supposed great increase in creameries, the prices of butter still hold up. Those who speculate forget two or three things:

1. That the cow is the source of the butter supply, not the creamery.

2. That the more dense the cow population becomes in any section, the less proportion of heifer calves are raised.

3. That the increase in milk consumption has been so great that a very large share of the cows of the country have been diverted from butter making to that business.

4. That the increase of cows in this country is only about 6 per cent. yearly, so it takes about twenty years to double the cow population.

5. That the progress of dairy ideas among farmers is teaching them to weed out the unprofitable cows, thus reducingtvery perceptibly the milk supply for unprofitable butter making.

6. That the percentage of increase of population is much greater than the percentage of increase in cows, while the consumption of milk and butter per capita has been steadily on the increase. All these things tend to strengthen the dairy business in all its parts and keep prices to a healthy grade.—Hoard s Dairyman.

The Golden Rule Three.

Three things to be—pure, just and honest.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to live—courage, affection and gentleness.

Three things to love—the wise, the virtuous and the innocent.

Three things to commend—thrifi, industry and promptness.

Three things about which to think—life, death and eternity.

Three things to despise—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to admire—dignity, gracefulness and intellectual power.

Three things to cherish—the true, the beautiful and the good.

Three things for which to fight—honor, home and country,

Three things to attain—goodness of heart, integrity of purpose and cheerfulness of disposition.

'Darling,' said the bride, 'I had a terrible feeling of sadness come over me this afternoon—a sort of feeling that you were doing something that would break my heart if I knew of it Think, sweet, what were you doing, now, this afternoon at four o'clock?'

'Dearest,' replied the husband tenderly and reassuringly, 'at that hour I was licking stamps and pasting them on envelopes.'

Men who are always attempting to kill two birds with one stone never bag much game.

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