American Sentinel.

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FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1907.

IN AN OLD ROOM.

—:o:—

When the late April gladdens into May,
And the home birds come back from wandering:
When dandelions star each roadside way,
And old hopes take new lease of life and wing:
I love to seek that low, brown-raftered room,
Where festooned cobwebs grace the bare wall's gloom,
By the west window, in the flag-seat chair,
To face the memories that inhabit there.

A dumping ground for worn-out, broken things,
You call this place—but while the phebe sings,
And mortars here her neatly molded nest
With mud and mosses to the brown beam pressed,
I hear again, beneath the sunken roof—
No longer rain and snow and tempest proof
The merry laugh of children at their play,
The rhythmic sound of fireside rocker's sway,
The household clatter, and the song of praise,
The morning prayer that ushered in the days;
And floating upward from the tangled bowers,
A fragrance comes of long-lost garden flowers.

Only a dumping place for ruins this,
Yet magic door to youth, to song, I wis;
The moldering garments, books, and letters cast
Aside—the sport of broken-window blast—
Still hold the power, in newly wakened spring,
When pear trees bloom, and phebes, building, sing,
To lure through this old home's forsaken door
The feet that else would tread earth's ways no more.

—Cora A. Matson Dolson in Putnam's Magazine.

Romance of an Apple-Dumpling.

—:o:—

Mehitable Pettingill stood with her cooking book in one hand, the sleeves of her dainty pink gown rolled away from her plump wrists, and a little patch of flour adorning her pleasantly saucy nose.

She was not thinking of her cook-book, however, or her flour-adorned countenance. Her thoughts seemed even further than the plumes of the lilac bush toward which her eyes occasionally wandered. Mehitable was apparently in deep and not altogether pleasant thought.

Could I describe with due fairness the sweet proportion and general delectableness—I thank the old poet for that goodly word—of Mehitable, I should not have commenced with the cook-book, although it has as prominent a place in all that follows as any charm exercised by sweet Mehitable.

Mehitable had inherited, with this trying name, her grandmother's fair skin and sunny hair, with the complexion of a rose-leaf—a richer inheritance, in fact, than many of her friends possessed, who delighted in names breathing of poetic fancy, Lily, Daisy, Birdie and Rose. Her uncle loves to call her 'Dot,' because she is so small, so sweet, so truly commendable in their thrifty household.

But today Mehitable is in trouble and the cooking seems only to add to her perplexity. The sunshine dances in the kitchen doorway, the vine-leaves merrily smiling upon the rows of shining tins and playing hide-and seek in the shadows with the sportive kitten. The kettle boils gently on the stove, everything is neat and clean, waiting for her dessert for their five o'clock dinner.

Annie, Mehitable's maid-of-all-work, not many years her senior, had left her dinner, a roast of lamb and roast potatoes, completing their duty in the oven, and Mehitable hears the faint clatter of dishes as Annie makes ready the dinner table.

Yet here she stands, with that frown between her sweet eyes, and stares at her recipe with eyes that only take in the words, without any idea of the sense of all she is reading. Mehitable is not one of those erratic cooks who make a dish of nothing, adding a 'pinch of this and a bit of that;' she is an order-loving cook, and her dessert is always a rare dish, made with precision. But of all she creates, the acme of satisfaction is reached for Uncle Harvey when she turns her attention to apple-dumplings.

Uncle Harvey remarks with a twinkle in his eye on these occasions. Next to a clear conscience is a good cook. Dot my child you are better than a clear conscience, if that is a possibility, because one may appreciate your thorough goodness without any selfish consideration of future reward.

I fear your appreciation is confined to dumpling, Mehitable would reply, saucily.

But why should Mehitable stand staring today, in her cook-book, as if she did not understand Uncle Harvey's utter content in her skill? She did not even heed the kitten—that, like the Lady of Shallot, grown tired of shadows, rubbed affectionately against her feet.

Let us look over her shoulder and read the recipe for apple-dumplings:

One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls lard, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, two cupfuls of milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream tarter sifted in dry flour, one tablespoonful of salt.

So far, so good. But, as Mehitable goes on with the directions, she twists a gold ring upon her finger; and, strangely enough, the directions are interpolated, thus:

Chop the shortening into the flour, after you have sifted (he said arguing would not help matters:) (I cannot see why,) this and the cream-tartar toget her. (It was just too much, for him to be jealous of such a trifle. I was so provoked.) Put the soda, and wet up quickly, (then I had to break down and cry, and he walked off,) just stiff enough to roll into a paste less than half an inch thick. (He never used to be so foolish. I know he will never speak to me again. Oh, dear!) Cut in squares, and lay in center of each (Harold Van Ansdell.)

Good gracious! what am I saying? she murmured, suddenly conscious of her foolish wandering. Here I stand reading over this recipe I know by heart, and reading it as if I expected to make a dumpling for Harold. I thought I knew him by heart too, with a grim little smile. However, it is all over now. I shall never be his wife. I wonder if he will come home to dinner with Uncle Harvey, to-night?

With this rather inconsistent conclusion to her tragic cogitation, she commenced to sing a brisk tune, and, while the tears twinkled in her eyes, set to work about her dumplings without further delay; and, despite the trying fact that her first and violent quarrel with her lover had transpired the night before she accomplished the task nobly.

It is a well-known truth that, often, when a woman's heart is heaviest, her biscuit and dumplings are lightest.

It is the poetical justice of human romance, we suppose, shaming the charges of delinquency ever brought against it, by meeting and supplying the practical demand.

It was a pretty sight to see Mehitable's dimpled hands chop the shortening into the flour, after sifting it with the cream-tartar, put in the soda and wet it with a deft hand, and roll into a paste about half an inch thick.

Then she carefully cut the pastry into neat squares, and laid in the center of each a juicy tart apple she had pared and cored. Alas! today, she had no desire to throw the long peeling over her shoulder, when she pared her apples, in order to read her marriage fate in the letter thus formed.

Then she brought the corners of the square dough neatly together, and gave them a slight pinch. Next she got her buttered baking pans, and, placing the joined edges downward, passed them into the oven to bake.

Once more she had time to return to her dismal meditation; which she did, resting her sunny head on her hand.

Harold Van Ansdell was Uncle Harvey's cousin's son. Uncle Harvey had been delighted at the idea of his niece's engagement. What would he say now?

Harold had been very harsh to be provoked over such a trifle. He always came home to dinner with Uncle Harvey, on Saturday evening. Would he come tonight? Would he be penitent, or expect her to be? He had been cruel in all he said and she would never, never, never—

Miss Pettingill, I am sure I smell something burning. Thus spoke Annie, hurrying in from the dining-room.

Oh, dear! cried Mehitable, in a vexed tone; but no harm was done, and, after a few moments, the dumplings came out of the oven, brown and tempting.

She heard her uncle's voice now, and her heart beat violently, as she recognized also the voice she hoped might prove penitent, since Harold came, as was his usual custom. She barely had time to brush the dumplings with beaten egg, to give them a gloss, and then sift powdered sugar over them.

She then directed Annie, in a confused manner, to make a rich sauce for them, and then fled up the back stairway to her room, leaving Annie to smile knowingly and take charge of the temuting beauties, little dreaming how precious a charge she undertook.

Mehitable and Harold met at the dinner-table under Uncle Harvey's eyes, with great equanimity. Mehitable looked cool and fresh, in her pretty dress, with only a little heightened flush of her roses, to betray her agitation. But she noticed that Harold turned very white, as his glance fell upon her the second time. What could he mean? Her left hand went instinctively to her fair curls, as if they must be the cause—one of those silly, graceful motions girls will make. Then, as her hand rested on the table, a moment afterward, she saw her betrothal ring was gone.

Her eyes met his, a moment, in a startled glance, and then he looked away, to answer Uncle Harvey's question.

So you are resolved to go, no matter what any of us may say? Even Dot cannot persuade you? Uncle Harvey said.

Dot has no desire I should remain, returned Harold; we decided that matter last night.

What? demanded Uncle Harvey, while Mehitable forced herself to return Harold's glance firmly. He should not find her lacking in purpose, she said to herself, if he could speak thus cruelly, without striving to conciliate her. But where—where could she have lost her ring? And where was Harold going?

May I ask what all this may mean? once more demanded Uncle Harvey, leaning back in his chair.

Only that my decision regarding my departure for the west has been hastened by the breaking of our engagement. It is as it should be, said Harry. Remember, sir, I came under protest this evening, yielding because I saw Dot had not told you of the rupture. I hoped she had repented of last night's hasty decision. She has not, it seems. Since it is my last meal with you, let us forget this unpleasantness, and talk of other matters.

Is it true, Dot? asked Uncle Harvey, in despair.

Yes, uncle, she replied, with greater calmness that Harold had struggled with his dignity and anger.

But, oh! where was the ring? How could she have lost it? But, if Harold gave her no opportunity for explanation, she too would be inexorable, if it broke her heart.

So Harold chatted on with apparent ease and made Uncle Harvey join him, albeit the latter was a little sulky.

Disappointment is the bane of a good appetite, and Uncle Harvey was sorely disappointed in the turn affairs had taken.

Even when his favorite dumplings appeared, he could not rally his spirits, in face of the two young people flashing occasional defiant glances at each other, across the table.

A silence fell as they ate the dainty dessert, when suddenly Harold choked slightly, and Uncle Harvey looked in surprise, as the young man deliberately took from his mouth a small gold circlet.

There was a mingling of amusement and gladness in Harold's face. He looked at Mehitable.

You lost it? You did not discard it? he cried eagerly.

I lost it in making the dumplings, she returned, shaken from her self-possession. It must have slipped off, and fallen into the dumpling.

Then you did not mean to give it back to me? cried Harold. You did not—

Oh! I had it on today. I never meant to—

But Uncle Harvey burst into a roar of laughter.

Why Dot you are not so cruel as to choke a man with his own engagement ring? I never asked you to flavor dumplings with love-sauce! That is 'ringing' the changes on a man, he cried, between gasps of choking laughter.

But Harold walked around the table with the ring, and took Mehitable's hand in his, and, while she blushed furiously, put it back upon her finger again.

Forgive me, dear; and tell me you never meant to take it off and give me over, he said, looking so charmingly sincere and handsome in his penitence that Mehitable uttered a demure little 'Yes,' and Uncle Harvey finished his meal alone, while they slipped back into the parlor.

Mehitable Pettingill is now Mrs. Harold Van Ansdell, and manages her household with excellent skill; but her husband often jocosely remarks, while he enjoys her heightening color, that there is no dish she makes with such singular success, as his favorite, the apple-dumpling.—Good Literature.

Why He Sought The Mourners' Bench.

'Once we had a revival, and I attended it with my girl. She got quite excited, and before I knew what was happening, she started for the mourners' bench. She didn't ask me if I'd go. She just got up and went all by herself.

'Well, she kneeled down there, and I see that right next to her was kneelin' a feller she'd been going with some and who was a rival o' mine. 'I said, by gosh! I can't stand that! Maybe he'll be ketchin' her.' There was just a little room between her and him, and I stepped up and kneeled so as to separate 'em.

'I cut him out that time, and he didn't marry that girl. As far as that goes, neither did I. Oh, well, you can't be young but once!'

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Mistake to Wear Clothes.

In a paper read before the 'Twentieth Century Club,' Mrs. O. A. James, speaking on 'The Science of Artistic Dress,' said unclothed people, accustomed to see the human body nude, are less vicious than clothed nations, among whom clothing adds allurement to the mystery of the human body. Continuing she said, in part:

'Women wear tight-fitting bodices on the street and exposed bust in public gatherings, like the opera, and yet we blush at the exposure of the ankles and call it immodest. What is there more essentially immodest about the exposure of the upper than of the lower limbs?

'Modesty is the latest evolved of all the virtues and originally is the effect rather than the cause of clothes. The first chapter of Genesis shows that clothing originally was the result of moral degeneracy. Because we are clothed are we human beings more virtuous than the unclothed horse we drive?

'The very adoption of clothing by the human race in the beginning was a mistake hygienically. Compressed waists, distorted spines, bunions and other physical ailments are the penalty, as well as the hate, envy, grief, extravagance and vice that accompany their use. There was positively no excuse for people of warm climates to adopt clothes originally.

'The garments worn by Japanese women are the best of all models hygienically for women's wear, yet the Japanese are discarding them for Western styles.

'Clothing, to be really modest, must be so from the universal standpoint, and the clothing worn by heathen nations is really more modest than that worn by us Americans, with the exception of the English, who have less sense of beauty in clothing than any nation.

'Who shall say that the dress of the South Sea Islanders is less artistic than that of the Twelfth Century dames?'—Detroit dispatch in New York World.

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The Eleventh Commandment.

(Mrs. M. B. Emory in the Queenstown News.)

My work in this world is nearly but not quite finished, and I would like to suggest to the citizens of our little town the importance of practicing the eleventh commandment? you say. I never heard it myself until recently, when the nights have been long and lonely. It has made a lasting impression upon me, and I will give it to you in plain language at the end of this little article. One thing is sure, if it could be put into practice it would bring us contentment and perhaps prosperity. Better feeling would surely exist among us all. We are quite familiar with the Ten Commandments, and although the one I recommend—the eleventh—was omitted by old Moses, it is quite applicable in this day when gossip prevails to such an extent.

An old man hailing from North Carolina originated the eleventh commandment—'Uncle Billy', as he was called. All through life he tried to do the very best he could and was a friend to every one but himself. In the morning long before daybreak he started from his home when court was in session, contemplating an enjoyable repast with the lawyers. On one occasion he entered the dining saloon where the gentlemen of the bar were feasting on the delicacies of the season. On this particular occasion they refused him his dinner, for good reasons I presume. Not discouraged, he walked out of the room and applied to some charitable ladies who lived near by, and asked for his dinner, which had never been refused him before. These ladies invited him in, and he said in harsh language: 'I want my dinner.'

The ladies replied timidly: ''Uncle Billy.' if you will stay sober and stop drinking altogether, we will let you have a nice dinner.'

The old fellow bristled up and said: 'Ladies, did you ever hear the eleventh commandment? My mother taught it to me and I have always tried to practice it.'

'Why, 'Uncle Billy',' said the church-going ladies, 'there is no eleventh commandment, with all due reverence to your mother.'

'Yes, but there is,' he replied vehemently; 'and it is this: Mind your own business and let other people's alone.'

Let us one and all practice this eleventh commandment originated by Uncle Billy' throughout the year 1907.

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Had a Bad Effect.

As a result of feeding malt to his chickens, Farmer James Man of Elmont, L. I., witnessed a shocking debauch among his flock. Ten thousand old hens and virtuous young pullets, and even little chicks, danced about the yards in a manner that would have frightened members of the W. C. T. U. had any been present.

Mr. Man purchased a load of malt for his hens, having heard it encouraged them to lay. Not being a drinking man, he knew nothing about the possible effect of the beverage, and, as the chickens seemed to like it, he dealt out a plentiful measure. Then things began to happen. After cleaning up every bit of the malt, the chickens rolled helplessly on the ground. The entire hennery was quiet for the first time since it had been stocked. Mr. Man was horrified. He supposed the chickens were all dead. But presently an old rooster raised his head and gently murmured:

'Whe-e-e!'

'Ee-e-eyow!' responded another cock. And then others, partly recovering from the first stupefaction, commenced to whoop, giving full expression to their exuberance.

'By gum, they're drunk!' exclaimed Farmer Man, greatly relieved. Intoxicated chickens were better than dead ones.

Farmer Man has materially reduced the portion of malt.

Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind is a quality much talked of, much honored and little cultivated. Yet, like most other good things in the world, it requires cultivation to bring it to any degree of perfection, for in very few cases is it a natural gift. Some people there are doubtless to whom it comes naturally and by instinct to do the right things at the right time and place, but they are few in number. Then again, some people are by nature cooler headed than their neighbors and do not shout or otherwise become useless just when their services are required. But this quiet composure, though very valuable, is not quite the same thing as presence of mind. The latter consists not only in having your wits ready for use, but in knowing how to use them and being sufficiently calm and steady in mind to remember and turn to account that knowledge. From the earliest possible age children should be taught self control and the instinct of trying to remedy any mistake or accident they may encounter.

Oilcloth should never be scrubbed; if this course is followed the paint will quickly be worn off. It should first be carefully swept with a soft brush to remove all the dust and fluff, then wiped with a large soft cloth wrung out of tepid (not hot) water. If it is very dirty it may be necessary to use a little soft soap, but this should be done rarely, and on no account must soda be used. When it is dry, wipe over with a cloth or sponge dipped in skimmed milk, which will brighten and preserve the colors and give it a polish. After sponging with the milk dry with a cloth.

A few days since, a lady of rather inquisitive character was visiting a certain county seat, and among other places she visited the jail.

She would ask the different prisoners for what crime they were there. It went off well enough until she came to a rather hard looking specimen of humanity, whom she asked, 'What are you here for?'

'For stealing a horse.'

'Are you sorry for it?'

'Yes.'

'Won't you try and do better next time?'

'Yes, I'll steal two.'

Diner—Waiter, what is this button doing in the salad?

Waiter—Part of the dressing, sir.

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We will pay EIGHT dollars and fifty cents,
($8.50) PER TON
of 2,000 pounds for 2,000
TONS OF PRIME CHESTNUT OAK BARK,
and FIVE dollars,
($5.00) PER TON
FOR BLACK OAK BARK,

of this year's peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the CARROLL TANNERY, before the 1st day of July, 1907.

We will not buy any Span Oak Bark this year, and will only buy Black Oak Bark from parties who will sell us their Rock Oak Bark.

The Carroll Oak Tanning Co.,
of Carroll County, Md.
TANNERY STATION, on W. M. R. R.
mar 8 3 m

JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at this Office

THE TIMBER SUPPLY.

Three Times as Much Timber Used Each Year as the Forest Grows.

Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country as a whole consumes every year between three and four times more wood than all of the forests of the United States grow in the meantime. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only 10 cubic feet annually, whereas it ought to be laying up at least 30 cubic feet in order to furnish the products taken out of it. Since 1880 more than 700,000,000,000 feet of timber have been cut for lumber alone, including 80,000,000,000 feet of coniferous timber in excess of the total coniferous stumpage estimate of the Census in 1880.

These are some of the remarkable statements in Circular 97 of the Forest Service, which deals with the timber supply of the United States and reviews the stumpage estimates made by all the important authorities. A study of the circular must lead directly to the conclusion that the rate at which forest products in the United States have been and are being consumed is far too lavish, and that only one result can follow unless steps are promptly taken to prevent waste in use and to increase the growth rate of every acre of forest in the United States. The result is a timber famine. This country is to-day in the same position with regard to forest resources as was Germany 150 years ago. During this period of 150 years such German States as Saxony and Prussia, particularly the latter, have applied a policy of government control and regulation which has immensely increased the productivity of their forests. The same policy will achieve even better results in the United States, because we have the advantage of all the lessons which Europe has learned and paid for in the course of a century of theory and practice.

Lest it might be assumed that the rapid and gaining depletion of American forest resources is sufficiently accounted for by the increase of population, it is pointed out in the circular that the increase in population, since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut in the same period. Two areas supplying timber have already reached and passed their maximum production—the Northeastern States in 1870 and the Lake States in 1890. To-day the Southern States, which cut yellow pine amounting to one-third the total annual lumber cut of the country, are undoubtedly near their maximum. The Pacific States will soon take the ascendency. The State of Washington within a few years has come to the front and now ranks first of all individual States in volume of cut.

At present but one-fifth of the total forest area of the United States is embraced in Natural Forests. The remaining four-fifths have already passed or are most likely to pass into private hands. The average age of the trees felled for lumber this year is not less than 150 years. In other words, if he is to secure a second crop of trees of the same size, the lumberman or private forest owner must wait, say, at least one hundred years for the second crop to grow. As a rule, such long-time investments as this waiting would involve do not commend themselves to business men who are accustomed to quick returns. But the States and the Nation can look much farther ahead. The larger, then, the area of National and State control over woodlands, the greater is the likelihood that the forests of the country will be kept permanently productive.

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

Brief Notes Concerning Inventions.

A new method of preserving milk in closed vessels for an indefinite period has been perfected by an inventor of London. The process consists in eliminating the air and replacing it by carbonic acid gas. Prof. Macfayden, the bacteriologist, has asserted that if all the microorganisms could be excluded, milk would never go sour, and by aeration this claim has been substantiated. Carbonic-acid gas possesses decided antiseptic qualities, and is harmless when consumed with food. In this manner milk can be stored in bottles or other similarly sealed vessels for a prolonged period without souring, as experiments have demonstrated. Similarly, owing to the antiseptic properties of the gas, aeration completes sterilization carried out by the dairyman. In the case of those who do not like the flavor of aerated drinks, the milk can be easily stilled by pouring it into an open vessel such as a glass or jug and leaving it exposed to the air for a short time.

A new toy brought out for the holiday trade is a gas cannon. It is alleged to be entirely safe and is intended to amuse the small boy. The cannon is mounted on a box and the latter contains a small acetylene gas generator. It is supplied with a safety device rendering accidents and injury to the tiny operators quite impossible. The gas is led to the cannon through a tube and when it is loaded with a small ball of wood, the discharge is effected by an electric spark.—Scientific American.

WE carry in stock forty patterns of Mouldings and Casings for you to select from.
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