American Sentinel.

WESTMINSTER, - MD.

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1907.

ONE OF MANY.

He's not at all distinguished, but
You want to wait a while and see;
When once that fellow leaves the rut,
There's nothing that he couldn't be.
He's in a rather humble place.
But that's not where he means to stay;
He's going to strike a swifter pace,
And move up to the front—some day.

Till now he hasn't had his chance
To show the world what he can do—
There's been such adverse circumstance
To keep his plans from going through;
But time will bring his opening,
And clear the obstacles away;
He's getting ready for the spring,
You'll see what he will do—some day.

He's getting past the years of youth,
At times we think he's lacking steam—
Some people say, to tell the truth,
He's less disposed to do than dream;
But he has faith that's fresh and green,
Although his head is getting gray—
His hope's sublime, his faith's serene,
He means to do a lot some day.

—Cassell's Journal.

When Breathitt's Best Shot Failed.

BY SNOWDEN KING.

'Come out and tell a fellow good-by, won't you Ken?'

Daw Simpleton drew his horse up before the door of a small mountain cabin, one of the many nestling among the foot-hills of the Cumberlands. There was the glint of brown, blue and pink—Kentucky Garrettson, brown head, blue dress, and pink apron, and she stood in the doorway.

'Howdy, Daw. Come in.'

The man glanced down at his right hand lying on his knee, and shook his head.

'What's up? Have you and daddy been scrapping?'

She came out and leaned on the gate, evidently undisturbed.

'I am going away, Ken, and I want a good long look at you before I go.'

'You are really and truly going? I never thought you would. Why, Daw, you love the dear old mountains as much as I do. I don't see how you can leave them—I couldn't. I wouldn't even try, for I know the home-sickness to see them again would kill me.'

Daw Simpleton's whole attitude changed in a moment. His upright figure drooped, and the lips under the black mustache, that were usually close set and resolute, trembled. His eyes gazed wistfully over the wild, rugged scenery for a moment then came quickly back to the girl's face.

'Yes, Ken, they are much to me, but you are dearer than everything else in the world, except the desire to hit back when I have been hurt. I would do anything to injure the man who dared to make you love him, even if the doing spoiled your whole life.'

'Oh, Daw, that is why you are going away. You don't want to hurt Doctor Hearst because you know it would break my heart. Why don't you hate me?'

'Ken, don't you know that a mountaineer's hate and love are always too deep to be put aside? My love has made me do many things,' he continued in a musing tone. 'When your father sent you away to school I took an oath that when you came back you would not find the untaught lout you left. I quit chewing tobacco, drinking mountain dew, and buying loud neckties in order to get money to buy books. I quit fighting so as to have time to study them. I read everything I could lay my hands on. As fast as I learned how words should be used I dropped the mountain dialect—'thar' was the word that clung longest. You cannot know how hard this was, for you never had the mountain tongue. Your mother taught you better. When you came back you seemed to like me better than the other boys that went wild over you, although we had our little tiffs occasionally. Ken, do you remember the night your father thrashed me because I would not go home with you from Caleb West's candy pulling after you had told me I couldn't go? That night was the first time I asked you to marry me, and you told me you never could bear the idea of being called Kentucky Simpleton. I took another oath that night—I told myself and God that I would kill Ben Garrettson, and all that has saved him from that day to this is because he is your father. I believe I could have won you in time if that cowardly sneak of a Doctor hadn't—'

'Stop!' The eyes that could fill with tears could also flash with quick resentment. 'There isn't a man in the state who deserves that less than Doctor Hearst, and you know it. He came here and went praticing his profession when the mountain guns were hissing like rattlesnakes, and when the feuds are on their threats fail to keep him from caring for both sides alike. He doesn't back his bravery with whiskey and pistols, either, for everybady in Breathitt county knows that he never even carries a pocket knife. It's the man in him that goes quietly where others have to shoot their way through.'

The good and the bad—the two elements that were forever waging war in Daw Simpleton's heart—suddenly fought to a finish.

'Ken, are you quite sure you are going to marry him? I may not be much of a fortune teller, but I predict that instead of marrying him you will kill him before the sun goes down.'

The girl laughed a low, happy laugh. 'Why not say the mountains will be leveled into valleys in the same length of time, while you are about it? One is quite as likely to happen as the other.'

'Well, it all depends on how much of the mountain spirit you've got. It has been Ben Garrettson's boast for years that his daughter is the best shot in the country, and that she stood as ready as a son to defend him—to kill the man who injured her father.'

She nodded her head. 'It is true. When my mother died, daddy quit the feuds, destroyed his stills, and has tried to live right ever since. He is old now, and not able to defend himself, but his daughter is both able and willing, and the man who raises his hand against him must answer to her for it.'

No one, looking into the earnest young face, could have doubted the genuine grit that backed her assertion.

'He doesn't like Hearst?'

'No; that is my one sorrow. I have often seen Harry's face go white at the jeering things daddy sometimes says to him, but he has promised me he will never quarrel with my father.'

Daw Simpleton's supreme hour had come.

Your idol can break his promise the same as other men, for he shot Ben Garrettson dead not more than twenty minutes ago.'

A sharp pain made its way through the depths of the man's degradation as he saw the small brown hands grasp a snowy whiteness steal over the pretty face.

Charlie Garrettson, a delicate blue-eyed boy who had crept into the embrace of his sister's arm, looked up into her face with quick apprehension. He petted the hand on the gate for a moment with his own wee ones, than went back to the house with a hop, skip and a jump that spells boy the word over.

Kentucky's voice was quite steady when she added: 'Where and what for?'

It was characteristic of the man that she no more doubted his word than she would have doubted the evidence of her own eyes. Her faults were many, but it had always been said of Daw Simpleton that nothing would induce him to lie.

'At Gontier's saw-mill—he called Hearst a coward.'

'Good by Daw. You must go now, I've got a man to kill, and my father to bury—quite enough work for one small woman in one day, is it not?' All the soft gentleness seemed to have fallen from her. Her step was firm and her head thrown proudly erect as she walked back to the house.

Charlie watched her with anxious eyes as she picked up a pistol lying on the table and examined it.

'Why, Charlie, my pistol is not loaded. I didn't think you ever failed to keep it in trim.'

'Must I load it now, sis?' There was a note of agony in the boy's voice.

No, my Winchester will do as well, maybe better—it's sure.

Charlie took as tender care of his sister's gun as many people do of their children. Doctor Hearst often took him for a hunt, but could not persuade him to shoot at the game.

'I just can't,' Charlie once said, 'I love the feel of the gun—to squint my eye down the barrel, and hear the noise it makes, but I just can't kill anything.'

The next time Doctor Hearst came he put a box of cartridges in the lads hands and said: 'They only make a noise, Charlie.'

* * * * *

Gontier's saw-mill was only a mile from the Garrettson cabin, and Kentucky was not long in reaching it. The mill was quiet and a number of men were standing near a stretcher on which Ben Garrettson was lying. Doctor Hearst knelt beside him, putting the last touch on some bandages. The men started when they saw Kentucky, and one of them ejaculated, 'Fine thing fur him he lit out fore she got here!' But the girl neither saw nor heard them. She saw nothing but the helpless object on the ground, and the man who rose to meet her.

'I am so sorry, Kentucky,' and Doctor Hearst's voice was deep with tenderness, 'I was just coming to you. He will—'

'Not another word. Stand still if you please. You haven't a chance. It's a life for a life.'

Doctor Hearst had never heard the voice of the woman he loved sound like that. The Winchester that was never known to miss its mark covered his heart.

It took the group of men that one tense moment to realize the situation and in that moment Kentucky Garrettson fired.

But when the smoke cleared away Doctor Hearst was still standing with that unafraid look on his face that only a very few men can face death with. The figure on the stretcher raised a grizzled head and chuckled:

'Didn't I allers say she'd do it? and by gum, she has. But yer had the wrong target this time, little gal. Daw Simpleton has bin goin round payin his debts 'fore he left the country, and, touching his wounded breast, 'this is one of them, but I ain't dead yit by a long sight, and Hearst says I'll pull through—guess I'll be more perlite to him after this. Just think, Kentuck, what yer might hev' done ef it hadn't bin fur Charlie's blanks.'—Farm and Ranch.

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Health Hints for Girls.

We have been perusing a lot of Ladies Home Infernal rot about how to be very poor but extremely haughty, beautiful and aristocratic at the same time and keep the hands soft and white though doing hard work at a cook stove—and we believe them. Here are more:

Always smile, girls, make it a point to keep a genial and engaging smile on tap all the time, even if your boots leak and your best drummer has delium trenems, keep on smiling. Remember the old adage: Smiles are cheaper than face powder, and come off easier.

Always curry the face before retiring. It is better for the complexion than the truck girls daub on, but it hurts more. A good idea is to make a plaster of plaster of paris and mucilage and spread it on thick. That will keep the skin from bumping up.

To avoid freckles never go out in the sun without a baseball mask on.

If a baby squints, cut its head off; it will be cured, but don't go to a hospital to have your telephone cut out.

To remove black heads from the nose an old file will be found handy. Or a hat pin if it is not your best one.

If your carriage is bad speak to your coachman about it. He will retire it.

The eyebrows may be easily made dark and thick by shoveling coal three times a day in a dark cellar or a coal yard.

Keep the hands white and soft. If the knuckles show red run them through the wringer every now and then. This will make them longer and more graceful.

Keep the nails rosy and well polished. A little stove polish will do the trick.

These beauty hints are enough to satisfy the most exacting.

Johnnies on the Spot.

Two men stood at the Manhattan end of Brooklyn Bridge in the afternoon at the hour when the crowd assembled to watch the baseball scores. They indulged in various speculations concerning the make up of the increasing numbers.

'How many men in that push do you think are named John?' asked one.

The man questioned, a matter of fact individual, didn't have an idea about it. He went out of his way to say that it was a fool question. And he added:

'You are going to get the worst of it some day on your inquisitiveness.'

This nettled his friend, who said, 'When I asked you the question I really did not think much about it, but I'll go you a dinner that the majority of the people within the sound of my voice are named John.'

'How do you propose to prove it?'

'By shouting the name from where I stand. I'll bet you the dinner that a majority of those who hear me shout the name will look up responsively.'

'I'll go you just to cure you of a fool habit you have.'

The banterer thereupon inflated his lungs and called out, looking down upon the crowd.

'Hello, there John, now's the game?'

The man who lost the bet said:

'Within the sound of my friend's voice there were at least 200 people. I should say that two-thirds of that number lifted up their faces, and at least one-half of the number shouted up the last return on the blackboard. It cost me the bulk of ten dollars to find it out.'—New York Sun.

'Pop, what is inertia?'

'Well, if I have it it is pure laziness, but if your mother has it it is nervous prostration.'

Some fellows take delight in getting the public crazy over some such idiocy as 'What is the plural of grapefruit?'

Beef Tea.

Take a pound of good round steak, remove all the fat, wipe the meat with a damp cloth, and cut it into pieces about 1 inch square. Put this in a glass fruit jar, pour over it two cups of cold water, and salt, and let it stand for half an hour. Into a deep saucepan put several thicknesses of newspaper and set the jar on this. Pour water into the saucepan so that it will be the same height as the liquid inside the jar. Let the water reach the simmering point, and let it stand for two hours, then increase the heat a very little and cook a little longer. Pour off the liquid, strain, add more salt, if necessary, and serve very hot.

An old Pennsylvania farmer, while on a visit to Philadelphia, was taken with a violent toothache, and, calling on a dentist, was informed that the tooth must be extracted, and that he had better take gas for the operation. The patient agreed to this and then started to count his money, the dentist remarked, 'Oh you need not pay me until I have finished.' 'I reckon not,' replied the farmer, 'but if you are going to make me unconscious I thought I'd just like to see how I stand.'

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

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have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

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to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER. They are adapted to old and young.

Keep the Houses Clean.

Did you ever watch a hen just after you had put in some nice clean straw in the nest boxes? Hear her talk about it when she climbs in to lay her egg! She knows the difference. She is a happier hen than she was when the straw was all mussed up, and it is the happy hen that makes the money.

Some men say that it does not pay to clean the henhouse oftener than once a year. They are the ones who want "every hen on the farm killed." They know hens do not pay, and they do not and cannot where they are treated that way.

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'That account of yours has been running for a long time, has it not?' asked the collector.

'It has,' replied the business man.

'Standing about a year, I should say?'

'Just about.'

'What are you going to do about it then?'

'Let it rest awhile.'

To clean a copper kettle, first rub it with a cut lemon dipped in powdered bath-brick. When all stains are removed wash it in warm soapy water; then dry and polish it with powdered bath-brick and a soft cloth. Powdered bath-brick, mixed to a paste with oil, may be used instead of the lemon.

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'Was it tea or coffee they threw over in the Boston Harbor?' asked the funny man.

'Why tea, of course,' replied the other.

'I'm sorry it was tea,' continued the funny one; 'for if it had been coffee I was going to say that they could have thrown an egg over afterwards, and that would have settled it.'

To imitate ground-glass, rub the glass over with a lump of glazier's putty, carefully and uniformly, until the surface is equally covered. This is an excellent imitation of ground-glass, and is not injured by damp or rain. It is useful for kitchen windows.

Mrs. Bacon—'You say your husband's not at all well?'

Mrs. Egbert—'Yes; he hasn't been well since first of the year.'

'That's when the Pure Food Laws went into effect. Maybe pure food doesn't agree with him!'

Madame (to her newly arrived servant)—'What is that you are bringing in your hand?' Maid—'Oh, that is nothing but a little crockery cement.'

The most satisfactory way to cut off a boy's cigarettes is to cut the cigarette off close to the holder.

Sometimes a man is out late at night acquiring a reputation that he can't lose.

As many people shy at a logical conclusion as jump at a chance.

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His Ship Went Down.

The man with the bronzed face and the rolling eyes was enthralling his friends when Mr. Bottom entered just in time to hear him say:

'And so my ship went down with all hands.'

'Went down?' queried Mr. Bottom excitedly. 'But where were you?'

'I was in the captain's cabin at the time,' said the bronzed one. 'We sank slowly, but surely, and scarcely a ripple was left to mark the spot.'

'How sad!' said Mr. Bottom. 'But, still, I suppose you forced your way out of the cabin and managed to swim ashore, eh? Or were you taken off by a passing vessel?'

'No, I wasn't,' said the bronzed one. 'I just stood where I was.'

'Look here,' said Mr. Bottom seriously. 'You say you were locked in a cabin and made no effort to escape, and yet here you are safe and sound before us! Is this a tale of the horse marines?'

'Not exactly,' said the saint. 'It's a tale of the submarines. That was the sort of ship I was aboard.'—Chicago Journal.

The Weekly Editor.

Shrewd, with a natural gift for homely philosophy, intensified by his close contact with men and things, essentially an optimist, with a kindly viewpoint toward all things human, only caustic when he is girding at sham or wrong, the weekly editor is a citizen eminently worth your cultivation.

Year in and year out he preaches his inspiring propaganda, hammering into his constituents the duty of developing the talents Providence has placed in their keeping. He it is, too, who buttonholes the prospective investor or immigrant, bearing such eloquent and convincing testimony touching the attractions of his town and country as constitutes each one of his kind an active soldier in the army enlisted for the development of Georgia. It is difficult for the man whose sentiment and judgment are influenced by daily journalism to realize the role played by these men in the history annually making in this state, whether industrial or political. —Atlanta Constitution.

Make Yoursely Capable.

There are many things for you in life; but one of all-important things is to so excel in some line of usefulness that those who know you will respect thatin you.

In a social gathering, the fact that you can sing, or tell a story, or play the violin, or lead in a parlor game, adds to your desirability. In every day life, the fact that you are handy with tools, or that you can write a fine hand or that you can compose a good letter, is quickly recognized.

In whatever way you earn a living, whether by keeping books or keeping house, selling goods or making goods, teaching school or running trains, you are respectable and respected in the degree that you do your work well. If you are careless or lazy, half-hearted or blundering, you are without just pride,—a perpetual apology among your associates and a failure in life. No outward show, no influences, no trade union backing, can gloss it over.—New Century.

The Old Time Pip.

Pip is a term usually applied to inflammation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, the chief symptoms being a drying of the membrane of the mouth, particularly the covering of the tongue. Edges and ends of tongue become horny and sometimes separate in the form of a hard shell. Usually accompanies some deranged condition of the digestive organs or some disease affecting the air passages. May result from inhaling irritating dust. Try moistening tongue and mouth with a mixture of equal parts glycerin and water two or three times a day. If this does not give relief use a solution of fifteen grains of boric acid in an ounce of water in the same manner.

Douglass Mixture is made from copperas and water. Take a piece of copperas about the size of a walnut, dissolve in two gallons of water; add to this a tablespoonful of sulphuric acid. When thoroughly well dissolved, give one tablespoon of the mixture to each quart of drinking water. You will gain equally good results if you drop a piece of copperas about the size of a hazelnut in two quarts of water and permit the fowls to drink from same. There is at the present time considerable aversion to use of Douglass Mixture. It is thought that the iron and acid injures the crop and gizzard. A better preparation than this is to mix some red oxide of iron powder into the mash food. Use very little of this, as poultry do not need much iron.

Sheets and other bedding, table linen and the greater part of the weakly washing are better for being mangled instead of ironed. The mangle is preferred by many housewives to the flat-iron, because they believe that the clothes last longer and keep their color better if mangled instead of ironed.

To preventing blue spotting the clothes, put some out on a piece of white cloth, gather up the corners and tie together. Dip this bag in the water, and squeeze it until the water is blue enough. In this way the clothes will never become spotted.

You can't tell how deep the convolutions in the gray matter are by the size of a man's head.

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