American Sentinel.

WESTMINSTER, - MD.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1907.

THE OLD FARM.

—:o:—

When the busy day is over with its anxious hopes and fears,
And the telephone stops ringing and the last clerk disappears,
With a sigh I lean back weary in my swinging office chair,
And my thoughts go back to childhood and the old farm that is there.

I can see the old homestead, broad and low beneath the trees,
And the rows of shining milk pans sunning in the fresh sweet breeze;
I can see the barn and horses, and the orchard on the hill,
Where we gathered golden pippins for the old straw cider mill.

I can see the upland pastures dotted o'er with grazing sheep,
And the wheat field waving golden, ready for the men to reap,
I can see the old stone fences where the chipmunks used to play,
And the cornfield and the meadow with its piles of fragrant hay.

I can see the cattle standing 'neath the willows by the brook,
Where I used to fish for minnows with a bent pin for a hook;
And a pond where grew the lilies that my mother used to prize,
Ah, the light of heaven's shining now within those dear old eyes.

And I sigh while fancy lingers o'er each well known pleasant scene,
Of the happy days of boyhood thrown bv memory on the screen;
And I'd give all I have gained since, all my wealth and treasures rare,
To go back one day to childhood and the old farm that is there.

—Towsend Allen.

A REUNION IDYL.

—:o:—

Belle Maniates in American Agriculturist.

Elihu Candler, commander of the G. A. R. post in his town, was a very busy man. The surviving veterans of his regiment were to have their annual reunion on the 23d and arrangements were all completed for days of camp life. He was getting anxious, however, about the tents which were to be loaned his association by the State military department. It was now the 21st, the date set for their arrival, and not even the State armorer, who was to superintend the pitching of the tents, had put in an appearance.

Capt. Candler telegraphed the quartermaster general and received a dispatch to the effect that the tents had been sent by freight several days before. He then sought the freight agent, who owned to a bill of tentage, but who insisted the goods had been sidetracked somewhere en route.

Frantic with apprehension, Capt. Elihu Candler took his woes home to pour into feminine ears. They were always at least sympathetic.

'Why don't you telephone the quartermaster general, papa?' inquired his daughter Eloise, a pretty, fair-haired girl of nineteen.

'That's a good idea, Eloise,' he said. 'I'll go down to the office now and jerk them up down there.'

In the course of two hours he returned flushed and wearied, but jubilant. 'I called up the capitol,' he said, 'and I got the assistant quartermaster-general. I interested him, in the situation and he took the train and came right down here. He'll stay with us, of course, till we go into camp, so, ma, you want to prepare for him.'

'What's his name?' asked Mrs. Candler. 'I couldn't catch it over the phone. He's colonel, though. I didn't get his regiment, either.'

Mrs. Candler went to assist her 'help' in the preparation of supper. First, however, she bade Eloise go and don one of her pretty white gowns.

'Oh, mother, what's the use?' Eloise had protested. 'He's some old soldier with a host of war stories who won't know a calico from a dimity.'

'Never mind! He's company and it'll please your pa; besides, here's the summer nearly over and you haven't had the worth of your best dresses.'

Eloise sighed as she listlessly attired herself in a dainty summer frock. Two years at boarding school and a two months' visit the preceding winter with a school friend who resided in Buffalo had entirely convinced her that the society of Ashley Hill was not to be desired. She recalled the dances, theatres and fireside confidences she had enjoyed last winter with Leonard Haverly, while visiting her friend. He had been entirely devoted to her until she was called suddenly home by the illness of her mother.

She remembered the look in his handsome eyes as he bade her farewell at the train and the tenderness in his voice when he eagerly asked permission to write to her and begged her to let him know of her safe arrival and her mother's condition. For the first two weeks after her return her mother's illness had absorbed all her thoughts, although she had penned him the little note as she had promised. After the convalescence she had eagerly gone to the postoffice day after day, but the letter in the longed-for handwriting never came.

Despite her lack of interest in her personal appearance to-night, she had never looked prettier than when she came down to the dining-room to see that the table was properly set. In the meantime, the G. A. R. post and a band were assembled at the depot awaiting the coming of the train and their distinguished guest. The train brought but one passenger for Ashley Hill, a beardless boy with square shoulders and military bearing, who looked with much astonishment at the multitude.

'I didn't suppose Ashley Hill boasted of so large a population,' he thought.

Just then he was accosted by Capt. Candler. 'Say, young man, do you happen to know if the assistant quartermaster general was on your train?'

'Well, I guess I do!' was the reply, accompanied by a hearty laugh. 'I am the assistant quartermaster general. Are you the commander of the post who talked over the 'phone with me?'

'That's me. You must excuse me. You gave your title as colonel and I got you set down in my mind as a Civil War veteran. You see we old soldiers are quite apt to forget the young blood.'

The assistant quartermaster general gave another of his inspiring laughs. 'I am colonel by virtue of my office as assistant quartermaster general, and I am assistant quartermaster general by virtue of being a National Guard officer and a hustling politician.'

'Well, it's a good one on me,' laughed the commander, and he introduced the assistant quartermaster general as such to the post, who bade him a hearty welcome and to his great amusement escorted him to the hotel to the music of the 'Star Spangled Banner.'

They gave him the best the hotel afforded and he then proceeded to call the freight agent to time, secure the tents and order the delinquent armorer and a squad of workmen to be up and doing at sunrise. It was evident that the young colonel was forceful. When Capt. Candler was escorting him to his home he suddenly exclaimed:

'I don't know your name yet. I didn't catch it over the 'phone.'

'Haverly. Leonard Haverly. I don't know yours either.'

'My name is Candler.'

The young man started. 'I wonder if I haven't met your daughter, Miss Eloise Candler?'

'Yes; she's my daughter. And you know her?'

'I met her at Buffalo last winter at the home of Miss Woodson.'

'Well, don't that beat all! And Eloise is expecting me to bring home an old soldier!'

'I have been up at our camp ground for a month,' said the young colonel presently, 'and I knew nothing of your business transaction until you 'phoned to-day. I had a clerk look it up and he simply gave me the place the tents had been billed to and the number of your post. I didn't notice your name.

They had now reached the Candler residence and the captain ushered his guest into the dining-room.

'Oh, here you are, Eloise! Here's someone you know. I'll go and tell ma to dish up the supper.'

As the captain left the room, Eloise turned and beheld the ideal of her girlish fancy. The color quickly rose to her fair face, but she gravely and courteously bade him welcome, and then turned again to the flowers she was arranging in the centre of the table. 'Papa expected an old soldier,' she said with a slight smile.

'And are you sorry, Eloise, that I came instead?'

'No,' she said, but in a very formal manner. 'I am very glad to again meet a friend of Mabel's. I have very pleasant recollections of my visit in Buffalo.'

He looked at her intently. He was a wonderful man for action and directness. 'Eloise,' he demanded suddenly, 'why didn't you answer my letter?'

'I have never received a letter from you,' she replied with some indignation in her accents.

'I wrote you the day I received your note and directed it as you said, Box No. 17.'

She looked at him with incredulous eyes. 'I never received it,' she said indifferently.

'Eloise,' said Haverly, in low, reproachful tones, 'you don't believe me, do you?'

'Yes,' she said slowly. 'I believe you, but I wish I had received the letter.'

'Do you, really?' he asked eagerly. 'Did you want to hear from me? I felt awfully chagrined at not receiving a reply. I wouldn't write again, because I put in it a return envelope, and as it never came back to me, I was confident you had received it.'

They had now reached the business portion of the little village. In front of the drug store stood a stout, ruddy-cheeked man who stopped the young couple. Eloise greeted and introduced him as Dr. Wardell. 'I was just coming to call upon you, Eloise. I have got a confession to make. My wife got out my overcoat to-day to see if the moths were not inhabiting it, and in a pocket she found this letter addressed to you. I remember now when your mother was sick last winter, your father telephoned me one day to stop at the postoffice and get his mail on my way to the house. I got several letters from your box and this must have slipped down in the lining.' He handed her the long delayed letter.

'I am so glad,' murmured Haverly, looking tenderly into the soft eyes of the smiling girl, when they had walked on a few steps, 'that you said you believed me before it was proven to you.'

And the next letter she received from Leonard Haverly came duly to hand—and heart.

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Turkeys In Tobacco Field.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

'I saw a sight out in the country the other day,' said an old Kentuckian now visiting in St. Louis, 'that recalled a good many memories of the tobacco fields of my native state.

'You know wherever tobacco is grown, tobacco worms appear as though by magic. If let alone, they speedily destroy the entire crop, so a large share of the attention required by a tobacco field consisted in getting rid of the worms. During slavery days every tobacco plantation had a swarm of little darkies, whose duty it was to parade along the rows of plants every day and pick off the worms. Sometimes the pickers were provided with little tin buckets, old oyster cans or things like that, into which they would put their worms, and the one whose can was fullest at the end of the day's work was rewarded with a small gratuity.

'After the war, however, colored boys and girls preferred going to school to picking tobacco worms, so it was hard to find pickers.

'Then someone discovered that turkeys would do the work, and every tobacco grower raised each season a big flock of turkeys and turned them loose in the fields to catch the worms. They soon learned what they were there for, and that the best part of their daily provender was to be found on the leaves rather than on the ground. They would examine every leaf, and not a worm escaped them.

'The St. Louis county farmer had a patch of tobacco, for his own use, I suppose, and he also knew the trick of keeping the plants clean, for there was a squad of half-grown turkeys, with an old gobbler and three or four hens leading the procession, marching up and down the rows, turning their heads first to one side, then to the other, and jumping up with a kick and a flutter after a worm that was too high to be reached from the ground.

'I don't know how they manage the worms in Kentucky now, for it has been years since I have been there. Perhaps they spray the plants with insecticides, but I shall never forget the diligence displayed by the young turkeys when they were first introduced into a tobacco field and discovered that worms were good eating.'

About a Sneeze.

There is a quaint old rhyme about sneezing which runs as follows:

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger.
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger.
Sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter.
Sneeze on Thursday, something better.
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow.
Sneeze on Saturday, see truelover tomorrow.

A sneeze on Sunday meant a visit from the parson the next day and a good old English housewise set everything in order against his coming.

The sneeze has certain unfailing traditions attached to it, especially among the early English peasants, and handed down to our day they have become superstitions.—New York Times.

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

Prepared.

'Jonny, where have you been? Your hair is suspiciously wet. School was out two hours ago.'

'I fell in the creek.'

'But your clothes are not wet.'

'Well, you see, mamma, while I was standin' on the bridge I thought maybe I'd fall in, so I took off my clothes, an' I did.'—Life.

An Indian scalps his enemy; a white man skins his friend.

Does Advertising Pay?

Like Silas Wegg, W. J. Lampton 'drops into poetry' in the current issue of Fame, and by suggestive interrogations preaches a sermon that every nonadvertiser ought to digest. Thus vigorously he stirs up the inert and unenterprising:

Say,
Does advertising pay?
Does it pay to show
The uninformed the way to go
To reach the goal
That means to you
A profit on the work you do,
And means to them
No less a chance
Their own condition to enhance?
Does it pay to rise
In every sort of enterprise
That makes for progress,
Moves the world
Along beneath a flag unfurled?
Does it pay to strive
To keep the best in you alive—
To set the pegs so far ahead
That all the blood in you that's red
Must circulate
At lightning speed
To meet successfully the need
Of present days
And modern ways?
Does it pay to hustle?
Does it pay to stake
Your character to make or break,
And tell the world
You'll win the fight
Because you're out
To do it right,
As earnest of which
You take a pride
In having nothing
You want to hide?
Say,
Does it pay
To do it that way,
Or simply to rust
And rot and quit,
With nobody any the better for it?
Say,
Is that the way?

Cautious.

A few days ago a new male resident of this city, recently arrived from Ireland, having made a favorable impression on Market street, secured a position. The merchant the next day, having made out a large number of statements, called the new employee into his office, directing him to 'go out and post these bills.' 'Where?' inquired the young man. 'Oh, yes,' said the business man, 'I forgot that you have only been in this country a short time. There's a mail box on the telegraph pole at the corner. Post the bills there.' The son of Erin soon returned, laying the bills on the merchant's desk. 'I may be a little green yet sir,' said he, 'but I'm not posting them bills with a big policeman watching the box.' 'Not posting them? Why not? What about the policeman?' asked the astonished storekeeper. 'That's all right, but you're not fooling me all the same, if I do appear to be green. Sure, didn't I seen the sign on the pole over the box. 'Post no bills under penalty of law?'—Philadelphia Record.

The Patch Told The Tale.

A New Englander recently had occasion to engage a gardener. One morning two applicants appeared—one a decidedly decent-looking man and the other of much less prepossessing appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man of the house chose the latter applicant.

A friend who was present evinced surprise at the selection, asking:

'Has that man worked for you before?'

'No,' replied the other; 'in fact, I never saw either of them until today.'

'Then why did you choose the shorter man? The other had a much better face.'

'Face!' exclaimed the proprietor of the place, in disgust. 'Let me tell you that when you pick a gardener, you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees you want him. If the patch is on the seat of his trousers, you don't.—From Success.

Some Hand Rules.

Don't sit with your thumbs doubled up; it makes the thumb joints large.

Don't put your thumbs in your mouth, for it makes the tip of the thumb big.

Don't use your teeth upon your fingers, for it loosens the flesh at the sides of the nails and makes the fingers stubby.

Don't use your fingers as drumsticks, unless you want to make the ends of your fingers as round and big as marbles.

Don't strain your hands by driving in pins or tacks or by using them roughly, you will surely spoil their shape.

Don't pull your fingers.

Don't bend your fingers backward.

Don't distort your knuckles or your muscles; keep them in as normal shape as possible.

Not the Real Thing.

Clara—I'm going to break off my engagement with Tom. I find I do not love him.

Maude—Indeed! When did you make the discovery?

Clara—Last night, I saw him out riding with another girl, and I didn't feel like pulling her hair or scratching her eyes out at all.

An easy way not to convince a man is to give him a convincing argument.

You Can See Our Finish.

Almost anywhere they use finished LUMBER. Get our prices on YELLOW PINE FINISHING. We are better prepared than ever to supply your needs in

MOULDINGS, CASINGS, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
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will save the dyspeptic from many days of misery, and enable him to eat whatever he wishes. They prevent

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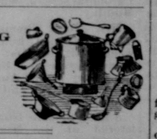
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Write for particulars.
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R. W. SILVESTER, President,
jy 26 8t College Park, Maryland.

Commissioners Notice.

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

By order, FRANCIS L. HANN,
feb 10 05 Treasurer.

GEORGE O. BRILHART
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Teeth extracted positively without pain.
Sets of Teeth.....$4.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Gold..... 1.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Silver..... 75c.
Teeth filled with Amalgam.. 50c.
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DEFERRED LOCALS.

New Windsor 9, Patapsco 1.

New Windsor defeated Patapsco at the former place Aug. 31, by the score of 9 to 1. Loats who pitched for New Windsor, was in fine form striking out 15 men and letting them down with three hits. Tracey pitched a good game for the losers, but did not receive as good support as his apponent. Patapsco was handicaped by the absence of two of its regular players.

Sandyville 12, Smallwood 7.

The Sandyville Juniors won the championship of the Smallwood boys Saturday week. It was a very fine game. Both Brown and Frick pitched good games.

Batteries—Sandyville, Brown and Taylor; Smallwood, Frick and Buchman. The lineup was:

Sandyville		Smallwood
Shipley	1 b	Magin
Caple	c f	Packsf
Taylor	c	Buckman
Brown	p	Frick
Stocskdale	2 b	Richter
Oursler	s s	Bitzel
Blizzard	1 f	Schlerf
Heagy	r f	Wicks
Rhoten	3 b	Dell

Score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R
Sandyville	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	12
Smallwood	0	2	0	0	2	1	0	2	0	7

Wakefield Items.

A carrier pigeon came to the residence of Mr. J. F. Babylon on Wednesday week. It had on its right leg a band with the following: A. L. T. 50-6.

Miss Grace Smith, of this place, who had been visiting her old schoolmates in Parkersburg, W. Va., and in Ohio, for 6 weeks, came home on Wednesday week and says she had a very good time.

Misses Grace and Mary Derr, of Baltimore, visited their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fletcher Babylon, of this place on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Mr. I. N. Stoner went to Baltimore on Monday on business.

Mr. Dennis A. Smith, of this place, is having a severe attack of hay fever. Dr. Whitehill, of New Windsor, is attending him.

Farmers in this section having sweet corn are hauling it to the factory. They report a short crop.

Bird Hill Items.

Most of our farmers are busy getting their potatoes out of the ground, but are generally disappointed in the quantity, which is far below their expectations, except in a few instances, where a good crop is reported. Blight seems to have struck the vines and prevented the full growth of the potatoes.

The Deer Park Sunday School picnic, held on Saturday last, was a decided success in every way. An unusually large crowd was present, and the sales of confectionery, &c., amounted to $170, of which $53 was clear profit. This was very good taking into consideration the fact that independently of this profit, 214 scholars were treated. Some excellent musical selections were admirably rendered by the Pleasant Valley Band.

Melrose Items.

Mr. John J. Baumgardner has a pumpkin stalk that has 19 pumpkins on one vine. Who can beat it?

Mr. E. Feeser has a sunflower stalk that has 50 sunflowers of different sizes on it.

The Germantown Outing Club spent a day last week at Drechsler's dam and captured 100 pounds of fish. One of the finny tribe weighed 11 pounds.

Our printer has added nearly 500 subscribers to "Mission Worker" in the past two weeks.

Mistakes will occur. Mr. Henry Dherit did not sell his farm to Mr. Royer. It was only gossip.

When the date of Wentz's annual Union S. S. celebration arrived, all roads led to Mr. Cornelius Crumrine's beautiful grove near Wentz's school house, where, more than 60 years ago, the Sunday School was organized. On Saturday, Aug. 31, more than 500 people gathered to hear the program by the children, the largest crowd ever assembled there. The excellent music by Carroll County Reed Band was appreciated. As the school did not receive their treat on the day of celebration, they can expect it before school closes for the season, Sunday, Sept. 15th. There were many visitors present from many distant places and all seemed impressed with the large crowd and program.

Mr. Wm. Zepp, of Iowa, accompanied by his sister, Mrs. Susan Currens, of Gettysburg, Pa., cousins of Mr. Wm. S. Zepp, near here, spent last week in visiting relatives and friends in the neighborhood.

Just two days after Wentz's Union S. S. celebration one of the little members was accidentally, perhaps fatally, shot. Luella, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wentz, was accidentally shot by a small son of Mr. John S. Wentz, of Manchester, the ball entering the shoulder, going downward. At the present writing the little girl is in a critical condition.

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

An Indoor Job.

Not long ago a young Irishman was seeking work in western Illinois, and among those to whom he applied was a farmer near Cairo.

The farmer was attracted by the Celt's frank, cheery manner, and, while he was not in need of help, he asked, after a pause.

'Can you cradle?'

'Cradle?' replied the Irishman. 'Sure, I can! But, sir,' he added persuasively, 'couldn't ye give me a job out of dures?'—Harpers Weekly.

His Old Excuse.

'A poor tramp stopped at the door today,' said Mrs. Subbs, 'and I gave him a good meal.'

'Well, well,' sneered her husband, 'why did you do that, softy?'

'I just couldn't help it; he reminded me so of you. I asked him if he'd saw some wood for me, and he said he was too tired.'—Catholic Standard and Times.

Clara—There should be a law passed compelling men to wear some distinct dress to denote whether they are married or not.

Maude—Oh, that isn't necessary.

Clara—Why not?

Maude—When a man is seen on the street in a last year's hat and baggy trousers, it is safe to bet that he's married.—Chicago News.

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