THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST DVERTISING 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, MARCH 27, 1908. VOL. 77--NO. 13.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the expiration of Thirty Days from the date hereof the undersigned will apply to the County Commissioners of Carroll county, to open a road from the Bartholow road to the Buckingham road, on the bed of the old road known as the Monroe Mill road, between the lands of J. H. Steele and Milton Flohr and A. P. Gordon Cumming and George Rheubottom in Freedom district. The George W. Albaugh Real Estate and Brokerage Co. has the right of way for a road 16 feet in width between the lands of the said J. H. Steele and Milton Flohr, on the bed of the road to be petitioned for.

J. WILBER SHIPLEY,
F. J. ALBAUGH,
GEORGE A. BLIZZARD,
C. W. ALLEN,
KLEE MILLING COMPANY,
and 30 others.

feb 28 5t

TRANSFERS AND ABATEMENTS.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the County Commissioners of Carroll county will sit for the purpose of hearing applications for Transfers and Abatements at their office, in the Court House, Westminster, Md., as follows:

MARCH 31st and APRIL 1st for districts Nos. 1, 2 and 3.
APRIL 7 and 8 for districts Nos. 4, 5 and 6.
APRIL 14 and 15 for districts Nos. 7 and 8.
APRIL 21 and 22 for districts 9, 10 and 11.
APRIL 28 and 29 for districts Nos. 12 and 13.

The Board will sit from 9 a. m. until 3 p. m. on each of said days, ☞ and notice is hereby given that after the sittings as aforesaid no transfers or abatements will be made to affect the levy of 1908.

F. L. HANN,
mar 20 6t Clerk and Treasurer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of GEORGE A. FORMWALT,

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 subscribers, on or before the 16th day of October, 1908, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 16th day of March, 1908.

SUSSANNA FORMWALT,
EDWARD L. FORMWALT,
mar 20 4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

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 3rd day of October, 1908, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of March, 1908.

LOUISA G. CRISWELL,
mar 6 4t Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

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 2nd day of October, 1908, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of March, 1908.

MILTON H. BANKARD,
mar 6 4t Administrator.

LOOK TO YOUR HEALTH

BLISS NATIVE HERBS

The Great Blood Purifier, Kidney and Liver Regulator. Sure cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. 200 dozes for $1.00. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price. Also

BLISS NATIVE OIL
for Burns, Cuts, Catarrh, &c., and
NATIVE BALSAM
for Coughs, Colds, &c., at 25 and 50c per bottle. Not sold in Drug Stores.

Prepared exclusively by the Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Washington, D. C.

H. B. GRAMMER, Agent,
Westminster, Md.

He refers, by permission, to the following persons who have used the Native Herbs and testify to their efficacy as reliable family medicines:

Rev. P. H. Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Stoner,
Joel S. Fisher, Mrs. Wm. F. Helm,
M. E. Campbell, Jacob F. Elgen,
John E. Eckenrode, Abraham I. Geiman,
Joseph S. Witter, Mrs. Rebecca Wagoner,
H. H. Harbaugh, Carroll N. Lockard.
jan 10 08 1y

BARK WANTED AT TANNERY STATION.

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 SIX DOLLARS
($6.00) 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, 1908.

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.
feb 28 3m

It is a Fact

that the goods turned out by the WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS are not to be surpassed by any other mill.

The steadily increasing sales of "Swain's Best" Fancy Patent Flour demonstrate the fact that it is growing to be more and more popular. A trial of this most excellent article will prove to you its real VALUE.

Try "O. K." Flour for Pastry.

Chopping and crushing on short notice and flour, meal, feed, etc., on hand at all times for sale or exchange.

C. & P. Phone, New Windsor 29-3

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MYERS BROTHERS,
Surgeon Dentists,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

We are prepared to do all kinds of
Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Plate work and repairing will be given prompt attention. Gas administered.

J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor, every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month, when he will be in WESTMINSTER.

J. S. Myers will be in Westminster every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month, when he will be in TANEYTOWN.

Maryland and C. & P. Telephone.
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Dr. G. E. Baughman,
Surgeon Dentist,
WESTMINSTER, Md.

All kinds of Crown and Bridge Work
Teeth extracted; also Filling.
All work guaranteed.

OFFICE 114 EAST MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE UNION NATIONAL BANK
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"The Daylight Stores"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO

Our Stores Present Attractions!

ONLY by a visit can they be truly realized. Every floor is bright with novelties. Each department is on the "qui-vive" to surpass its own best record. Come any day—'twill pay—come every day—each visit will disclose some new attractions.

Our Household Department

or Kitchen, on 2nd floor, is just the department for this season of the year when nearly every housekeeper needs some new Kitchen Utensils, Window Shades, Lace Curtains or Draperies of some sort. Well, we suggest right here is the place to unveil the secret of your memorandum knowing our stock is the largest, the newest, the best and cheapest. Why not avail yourself of these opportunities for this week? 'Twill Pay.

Our Matting Department

presents some exceptionally big bargains this week in Mattings, both China and Japan. They are all entirely New Goods and choice patterns.

Our Oil Cloths and Linoleums

are of the best makes and new patterns. Oil cloths 25c yd. up. Linoleums 50c sq. yd. up.

Carpets--all New and the Latest Patterns and Designs

Just in time for the new spring housekeeper. Can give you beautiful Ingrains from 25c up. Brussels, Axminster and Velvets as well as Rag. Carpets of almost every pattern. The new patent carpet, just the thing for wear and durability, at 40c is cheap.

Rugs--Our Rug Corner is full of choice patterns and kinds

including the "Crex" Rugs in all sizes. Stair and Hall Mattings as well. Just the thing for Summer.

New Oxfords Arriving Daily
New Spring Hats
New Spring Clothing
New Spring Shirts
See Windows

BUY YOUR SHOES

where you can get the CORRECT STYLES as well as the RIGHT PRICES. Our Shoes fit the foot, also the pocketbook. We have taken the agency for

BUSTER BROWN BLUE RIBBON SHOES

for Girls and Boys. Come in and see them if you are looking for something good.

Dorothy Dodd Shoes for Ladies $3.00 and $3.50.
Walk Over Shoes for Men $3.50 and $4.00.

RUBBERS of Every Description at Rock Bottom Prices. Give us a Call.

WM. O. DEVILBISS. 22 W. Main St., Westminster
dec 14-07-1y

JOHN D. BOWERS,
Staple and Fancy Groceries, Cereals and Canned Goods.

A full line of California Peaches, Prunes and Apricots.

The noted PRIDE OF WESTMINTER COFFEE, 18c per lb.; PRIDE OF CARROLL COFFEE, 16c per lb. These Coffees are worth as much as any 21c or 20c Coffee in the market.

Whitman's Confections.
The best sold this side of Philadelphia, Pa.

We give one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of One Dollar, except Sugar.

JOHN D. BOWERS. 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster
feb 10 06 1f Both Phones.

Both Phones Both Phones

DOYLE & MAGEE

HAVING BOUGHT THE STOCK OF LYNCH & STEELE we are now prepared to give you one of the largest assortments to select from ever carried by any house in Maryland. We not only have the lines of

Vehicles, Farm Machinery, Threshing Machines, and Household Furniture

that we have carried but have added to the already large stock. The different makes of Farm Machinery sold by Lynch & Steele, at their place on Liberty street. Remember we have everything useful for the farmer. Do not forget the fact that we are

Headquarters for FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS

All New Seeds, as we have just received a new supply of Garden Seeds direct from one of the best known seed farms. Ask for DOYLE & MAGEE'S SPECIAL LAWN MIXTURE prepared especially for us by the grower. Something that will not only keep fresh and green during the hot Summer months but will keep green till late in the fall. jan25tf

Now Look HERE!

BETTER GET BABY'S PICTURE TAKEN.
SOMETHING MIGHT HAPPEN. At the Baby Charmer's.

J. D. MITCHELL, PHOTOGRAPHER,
feb 19 07 1y over Bowers' Store, Westminster Md.

A smile upon her face;
Took elevator No. 6,
And launched forth into space
'Tis safe to say she'd hardly gone
Beyond she second floor,
When Mr. Brown came sailing down
Serene in No. 4.

"Hey, Mr. Brown!" the starter cried,
"Your wife wife went up this minute."
A car was just about to start,
And Mr. Brown jumped in it.
"You'd better wait till she comss back!"
The starter tried to shout,
But up went Brown—a car came down,
And Mrs. Brown stepped out!

The starter shook with hidden mirth
He didn't dare display;
"Your husband, mum, went back," he said,
"But crossed you on the way,
Just take a chair and rest awhile,
He'll surely come right down."
She wouldn't listen; up she went—
While down came Mr. Brown.

He went back up—his wife came down

CHARLES TAFT.

From the Philadelphia Press Sunday Magazine.

"You know my brother Bill gets a lots of fun out of life," said Henry Taft to me one day. "While Charles is printing the A. P. dispatches and some advertisements in 'The Times Star' out in Ohio, Hod is making undergraduates unhappy up in Connecticut, and I am here in New York trying to convince the Court of Appeals that it is wrong occasionally, Bill is playing the part of Walking Delegate for the White Man's Civilization. He's got duck suits and fur overcoats, low shoes, high boots, and spiked mountain climbers, pith helmets, silk hats, and caps with ear muffs. When he goes to bed at night he writes down where he is likely to be the next morning; so that he doesn't have to call the bell boy, the ship's steward, or the car porter to ask, 'Do you mind telling me where I am this morning?'

"You know Charles tells me that must have been a radiant occasion in Harbin when the very formal committee tried to do the honors in French. They were all the locals dignitaries, and they showed up at the train in full regalia and great enthusiasm. There were about twelve of them, mostly Princes and Generals, and immediately on presentation they began to make a sort of syndicated address of welcome in the sort of French they speak in Siberia. Little Charlie calls it bull French. Brother Bill smiled—it must have been easy—and listened, after whispering a summons for General Clarence Edwards, who was a sort of flying squadron for such an emergency. When the twelve had cleared the last barrier and were pounding into the wire, Edwards arrived.

"'Tell them, General,' said Bill, 'that I say this a wonderful country; that I deeply appreciate their presence here this morning; that on my return to my country it will be my first pleasure to inform my countrymen of the profound courtesy shown to visiting Americans in Siberia. Tell them again that this is a wonderful country; thank them up one side and down the other; tell them anything else you can think of, but don't say anything about Port Arthur or the Japs or the war. That must be a rather sore spot.'

"Edwards spoke eloquently for fifteen minutes in beautiful French, with bows on both sides after every rhetorical period; then the honorary graybeard of the party said, addressing brother Bill:

"'Excellency, ve spike by you, for we onnerstand you very well; but we no onnerstand dhese gantlemun. An' you will now please spike wit' we, an' say w'at do you think hov they Japonaise and they war.'"

TAFT AND THE MULE

"A little thing like working Fred Carpenter, his secretary, so hard that Carpenter had to be left behind in Europe doesn't bother my broter Bill in the least," observed Charles P. Taft, the eldest of the four brothers; "but he is notoriously kind with animals. They tell me a little story of the last time he was in the Phillippines, which has to do with a mule. He had been on an inspection trip for several days, riding an army mule, and one day after a very hard ride out from the capital of a province the party were about to sit down to a sumptuous dinner the presidents and so on had provided, when one of the officers saw Bill going off down the hill to where the horses were tied.

"'Mr. Secretary, lunch is just ready, you know.'

"'Yes, I know; but I'm going to get lunch for my mule. He has done some rather hard work this morning, and I want to see him filling up before I take my turn.'

"He was insistent about it, and two boys were sent a mile away to get grain for the mule's lunch; then the party sat down.

"Some one asked him why he rode a mule while everyone else rode horses. 'Well,' said Bill, 'a horse sees me coming. He looks at my three hundred pounds, and files a peremptory protest with his commanding officer. A mule doesn't kick till after I've been aboard two or three days.'

TAFT AND THE G STRING MYSTERY.

He certainly tires me out when we are working side by side. He is the hardest working man I ever saw, from seven in the morning till twelve at night, and all the time exactly like a big engine at full speed. Why, they tell me that out in the Philippines, where nobody cares to take more than necessary steps, the people around him dread his appearance in the islands. Days of toil begin, and woe to him who can't keep Brother Bill's gait! The caddies on the golf links out there had him stumped for awhile they tell me. You know, Bill is a furious golfer. Eight miles around twice a day, between dictating correspondence and going over reports, seems to be mere pastime for him. The caddies are little Igorrote boys, and while they like good golf they like it played at a subtropical rate. Bill is a champion with cups and plates and records and all that, and one of his drives is certainly a hard thing for a caddie to follow.

"The first day he was out this last trip, they tell me he teed off with a beauty that looked good for more than two hundred yards; but he noticed that the caddie found it very quickly, and that it was a long way short of its apparent stopping point. The next shot the caddie again found it at once and to their amazement the ball was close up to the green, when it looked to have gone twenty yards to the right So the caddie had a good rest in the shade before the next drive. This time he found the ball with even less effort, and Bill became suspicious. The balls were being planted; but where could the boy be carrying his supply? He was close cropped, had a small mouth, and was as bare as an egg save for a G string as wide as your finger round his middle.

"This time, when the boy was not looking, Bill put a blue pencil mark on the ball. Again it was found too easily and was in too short a lie; also there was no pencil mark on it. They called the caddie back, accused him and scrutinized him, but to no avail. He protested by all the Igorrote gods that he was honest and tireless. After another hole or two, something caught Bill's eye.

"'Don't you think that boy carries his left arm very stiffly, General?' said he.

"This time they saw him sneak the ball out of his armpit, plant it, and then take to the shade. The two players said nothing; but at the next green they saw the Igorrote imp renew his ammunition from a hiding place by the sand box, and then, acting under the sanction of the Secretary of the War Department of the United States of America, a General of the army soundly spanked an enterprising resident of our insular possessions."

WILLIAM H. AND CHARLIE JR.

The qualities of a disciplinarian in the big Secretary of War are not of the obvious sort. The first thing noticeacle is his ability to make everybody work, and, as has been said, to excel everyone around him in labor. His rules are commonsense, and his atmosphere of deportment is keyed to good nature—always good nature. This is the argument in his relations to his youngest son, Charles, named for his uncle. Charlie, jr., is a real boy, and works overtime keeping up the family reputation for activity, though his energies are by no means always well directed.

One day the Secretary spoke in a Western town where the Mayor was the brother of a great man and had to be treated with tact. Perhaps it may be said that relations were a little strained. Such things will happen, of course. The day passed without incident of an untoward nature, until the last words were said and the train was ready to pull on west. Charlie had not been unaware of the friction that had been avoided. Now, as the train was pulling out, he hurried forward, dropped off the car, ducked till the window at which his father sat had passed, and then darting into the crowd snatched off the cap of the Mayor's son of his own age, made a wild leap, and caught the rail of the last car and stood there as the train swept out of the station, shouting back, "Hey, kid! Here's your hat!"

Mrs. Taft struggles in vain to make him different from other boys; but has failed so far, as mothers will. One evening [illegible] board ship on a voyage the world was watching, Charlie came sliding into his place in the august company, his cap hidden under his jacket, his hair tousled, and dark, shadowy expanses of an accumulated nature on his hands, neck, and face.

"Do you realize that you are unfit company for self respecting people; that you are in a filthy state?" whispered his mother.

Charlie answered nothing; but kept the tail of his eye fixed on his father. His trust was not misplaced.

"Of course he's dirty, I know," interposed the big man in a whisper, while everyone about suspended forks to hear. "I should be too, if I had been playing where he has been. In fact, I think I should rather like it. You know, it's bad enough for one member of the family to be living up to the Cabinet Minister chalkmark all the time. I hate to dress and fuss as much as he does, and Charlie is not to blame because I am his father."

TAFT AND HIS DOG BISCUIT.

Somebody told Bill once that it was a hard job for a fat man to get himself taken seriously; and he is so full of fun that he takes himself only halfway seriously on that point," remarks Brother Charles. "It isn't easy to make up your mind as to whether Brother Bill is big, or is just fat, unless you are a member of the family and know that he has always been big and threatening to get bigger. When he began to round out around seventeen, it was plain that he was going to fill quite a place in the world. He is as strong as a bull, has a chest capacity like an ox, and you ought to see him run! Nevertheless, he is all the time fighting the obesity bugaboo, and I will tell you some of the funny things he does.

"Some expert told him to take a cold bath early in the morning; and so Bill is up around six and works up an awful appetite for breakfast. He eats a breakfast that would appal you. Some other expert told him to walk ten miles every day; and if Bill is where he can do it he gets up a terrific hunger for lunch, has another bath, and then does himself forty pounds' worth of mental harm, compelling himself to eat what he calls his dog biscuit. It is some kind of brown looking cracker, and Bill eats it and works while everyone else is having lunch. Some more experts have told him that horseback riding, golf, gymnasium, and trout fishing are fine for weight reducing, and Bill does one or the other of these, according to where he is, with his stomach stayed by his dog biscuit, and the result is that when dinner time comes it is dangerous to be near him, he is so hungry.

"He goes to the dinner table repeating desperately to himself what the last expert told him, Never eat more food than you can lay on the fingers of one hand, and never eat that much late in the day. It's no use. His huge physical machine demands it's proper nourishment, and he stows away a vast meal, after which he rises, shakes his head, and says.

'To-morrow I am going to go on a short diet. I shall have a dog biscuit for dinner.' It is the same thing the next day; but the result is that he is in magnificent trim all the time, and I believe he really thinks it is the dog biscuit that does it."

TAFT IN THE BABY RAISING PERIOD.

The famous Secretary's family is a compact one, ideal in size and character according to present day ideas. There is an elder son now in Yale, who is quite what his father was at the same age when the latter graduated second in a class of one hundred and fifty-two, with a good atheletic record as well; a younger son whose activities have been mentioned; and a daughter just becoming a young woman, the pride and joy of Mrs. Secretary, who is a woman of such marked individuality that her marriage to one of the foremost men of his time does not obscure her in the least.

"Some day Bill may be charged with lack of consideration for others, or some sort of selfishness," commented one of the Tafts; "but I want to draw a little picture to be set against that day. Up in Canada some fifteen years ago the Taft tribe was wont to assemble for the hot part of the summer, and you know how hot it get in Cincinnati in August. Raise the vision of a six-room house out in the woods in a cool spot near the water; then imagine three families of Tafts and their progeny gathered together under that roof with one accord. The partitions were none too thick, and the place was summer built at best. The mosquitoes had fire drill every night from sundown till dawn, and mosquito-bit babies will cry and fret, and when they do other people can't sleep.

"Now for the last scene in this little allegorical tableau of the virtue of unselfishness. Imagine a great, big man draped as are those who should slumber, a lulled baby on each arm, walking up and down by the hour barefooted through the dewy grass under the light of the big Canadian moon!"

TAFT'S TORN TROUSERS AND THE CZAR.

Well, a man must amount to something," said Senator Ben Tilman a few month ago as he laid down his morning paper, "when they telegraphed the news all around the world to say that he has torn his pants." He had just read that Taft had kept the Czar of the Russias waiting for half an hour to receive him, because Taft had split his trousers.

The true inside history of this international event is made public here for the first time, and should go down in the tradition of our era as a a notable commentary on the hollow mockery of greatness. I give it in the unrevised version of the victim's brother.

"Perhaps if Bill had had time to get a certified tailor around Irkutsk and take him through with him to St. Petersburg, he might have been able to avoid the crisis. You know, a tailor must be a regular Michelangelo of his trade to do credit to Brother Bill's shape. He had this one pair of dress trousers, and they had been in active service by land and sea for sometime.

"Some place around 108 east and 57 north the left knee split across, and in the same latitude, about 62 east, the right knee went. Bill struggled through to 37 east by wearing a black sock pinned across each knee underneath, and the board of strategy met, and as the Czar would be waiting as soon as the train arrived it was decided not to repair the breeches till reinforcement could be rushed to the front—and the back, I hasten to say. Mrs. Taft went to work, and the pants looked all right when she got through, especially when Brother Bill had on that big fur overcoat you hear all this talk about.

"The decisive moment arrived, and Bill put them on for the imperial party. It was a sorrowful hour. As he bent his knees getting out of the compartment, the good work was all undone. There was a white leak at each knee like a Montana snowdrift. So my brother Bill climbed back again and took them off. While his wife worked on one leg, Hallie Erminie Rives worked on the other. The Czar of all the Russias was still holding the poise and wondering why the great American did not come. Half an hour behind schedule, the long, low, rakish sleigh that brought him drew over the horizon. It had been arranged for Bill and a Grand Duke to ride together; but after Bill was in the Grand Duke had to take another sleigh or else hook on behind. But anyhow they got to Tsarskoye Selo, and with a stately stride that put no strain on his knees Bill advanced to be received. To the right of him sixteen tons of gold braid, shiny leather, and jeweled swords; to the left of him eight million dollars worth of ikons, honorable uniforms, and fine raiment; in front of him the mighty monarch in gorgeous array—

"But I know just what Bill did. He smiled as he can smile, apologized for being late, and told Nicholas about the pants. Maybe a flicker of doubt crossed the listener's face. Then Bill showed him the darned place on his knees, and they began to talk about the future of China."

Ancient Flying Machine.

Now that so much attention is being paid to the problem of navigating the air, it may not be amiss to recall that a strange effort in this direction was made just 400 years ago. It was in September, 1507, that King James IV. sent a special ambassador from Edinburgh to France. An adventurer, John Damain, who had gained the favor of the king, said that he would reach France before the ambassador by simply flying there. He had a pair of huge wings made of eagles' feathers, fastened them to his body, and in the presence of thousands of people he launched himself into the air from the walls of Stirling Castle. Instead of rising, though, he fell to the ground and broke his leg. The air navigator's excuse for his failure was that some cock's feathers had been mixed in with the eagle's plumes, and that these influenced the body earthward. —Washington Herald.

The Why Of It.

I had noticed that the half dozen colored men about the depot in an Alabama town showed great defference to the colored man that checked the baggage, and I finally asked one of them if he was some great man.

"Of co'se he is," was the reply, "Dat Mistah Jones he am an honorable, he am."

Pretty soon I found a chance to speak to Mistah Jones himself, I observed;

"I have been told that you are an honorable?"

"Yes, sah—yes, sah," he replied as he drew himself up.

"How did you get your title?"

"I run fur de legislachur' in dis district and got beaten seben thousand votes, sah! Yes, sah—yes, sah. Been an honorable now fur about fo' years. Heard one of de men call you jedge a leetle while ago, Sah, de honorable greets de jedge and hopes he am as well as de occashun requires."

Postponed.

Mr. Peckhen—I believe I'm going to have appendicitis.

Mrs. Peckhen—Well, I guess you're not, either. I'm going to have a new fur coat and your appendicitis can just wait. It's just like you, anyway. You never decide to get a thing until it's out of style.

Muskrat vs. Terrapin.

Mr. Kemp Hoen, a large wholesale dealer in frog and terrapin and also a fish merchant, says that muskrat, cooked according to his recipe, is the best dish ever invented. Frogs and terrapin, everywhere regarded as dishes fit for a king's table, are relegated to the background by Mr. Hoen when the muskrat season opens. Mr. Hoen says that the only reason more muskrats are not eaten is that they have not been given a fair trial on the table.

"I am going to have muskrat tonight," said he the other day, "and I intend to have the dish frequently until the end of the season. Frogs' legs and terripins are not in it with muskrat. I began eating muskrats early this season and hereafter will get them whenever I can. Not only am I very fond of the dish, bnt my wife also thoroughly enjoys it.

HOW TO COOK MUSKRATS.

"I always prepare the muskrats myself. Yesterday I bought two muskrats for about 10 cents, and with a little more to cover the cost of the dressing a man can have the finest meal imaginable.

"In preparing the muskrats I clean them and place them in an iron kettle, in which I put some water and two handfuls of salt. I leave them from one afternoon until the next day, after which they are thoroughly washed. They are then put in an iron kettle and boiled until the flesh is about ready to drop off. When the meal is done, hard boil three eggs. Take the yolks and cut them up, mix in a little sherry, a quarter of a pound of butter and a pint of milk, with salt according to taste, and when this dressing has reached a parboil pour it over the meat. Of course, little or much sherry can be used, according to the taste of the difer.

"Well, sir, if this dish is prepared carefully, there is nothing better. After once tasting it you will always like it."—Baltimore News.

A Will and a Way.

Frank W. Gettes is president of the National Association of Credit Men, which is an organization so-called because its members are the men who sometimes refuse you credit.

One day last autumn he was attending a session of a branch of his organization near Lexington, Virginia, and when the meeting was over he decided to visit the old Virginia Military Institute where "Stonewall" Jackson was, at the outbreak of the Civil War, a professor of natural philosophy. He did better than he had hoped, for by the merest chance, he stumbled over an ancient negro, who was, as a boy, in the General's service during Stonewall's pedagogic days. The old fellow gave a detailed, if apocryphal, account of the soldier's career, and ended it with, "En' now he's done gone whar we's all gotter go."

"Gone to Heaven, I hope," said Gettes, who had no objection to giving a dead man all the spiritual credit that's lying around loose.

"Well, suh," replied the negro, "I dunno 'bout dat."

"What?" said Gettes. "You don't think he deserved it?"

"Bress yo', suh," grinned the skeptic, "he done deserved it, all right. But yo' see it was des this-a-way; Mars' Jackson he'd a strong will and peculiar tastes, en' whether he's in Hedden 'pends altogether on whether he *wanted* to go dar."—Saturday Evening Post.

All Wind.

In an obscure country chapel a yonng minister had, as he thought, preached with considerable unction. He had used in his sermon, an illustration of storm and peace, the storm on the lake of Galilee. That storm was depicted as one of lightning and thunder, and rain and wind. As he came out of the chapel one of the members tackled him in the midst of people. He began by saying:

"That was a wonderful description of thine of the storm; the only thing about it was, it wasn't true. Who told thee it thundered and lightned and rain?"

"Why," said thee preacher, "those are the natural accompaniments of a storm."

"Ah," said he, "but if thee had read the Bible thee would have seen that it was a storm of wind, just like thine."

To Drain the Zuyder Zee.

Dutch engineers have begun the tremendous task which will result in turning the Zuyder Zee into 1400 square miles of dry land, protected from the inroads of the sea by great dykes. The task is a tremendous one and will cost $76,000,000, but when completed there will be enough additional homes and farms for 50,000 Dutchmen. The Zuyder Zee has occupied a prominent position in Dutch history. On its shores are the ancient towns under whose walls the Dutch fleet used to lie at anchor in the days when Holland disputed the supremacy of the seas with England.

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