A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

OFFERED AT

OAK HALL.

NEW WINDSOR, MD.

Rare, Rattling, Rousing Bargains

TO BE HAD FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

Our Entire Stock of CLOTHING to be sold at and below cost, including Gents', Boys' and Youths'. Over $2,000 worth in stock, reduced ⅓ to ¼ from regular price.

If you want a SUIT or OVERCOAT now is your time. 30 to 40 Ladies' Coats to be sold at ½ to ⅓ less than regular price.

10 to 15 pieces of Dress Goods reduced from 50 cts. down to 25 to 35 cts. Black Henrietta Cloths, reduced from 80 cts. and $1.00 to 50 and 65 cts.

BARGAINS IN BLANKETS, COMFORTS.

1500 to 2000 yards best Calico to be sold at 5 cents.

Ginghams, 4 cts. to 7 cts.

Muslin, 4 cts. to 8 cts.

Ticking 8 cts., 10 cts. and 12 cts.

Sheetings very low.

This is what we call a goodly sale of Winter Stock.

Come early if you want the choice. This is no catch-penny game, but genuine stock at very low prices.

Thanks for past patronage, we hope to have you continue dealing with us.

Respectfully,

GEO. C. ANDERS.

P. S.—A full line of Carpets, Mattings, Queensware, &c., will be ready for the new housekeeper for spring trade.

You can always rely upon Oak Hall having what is advertised, and no shoddy goods sold.

Respectfully,

GEORGE C. ANDERS,

apl-16-93 New Windsor, Md.

E. O. GRIMES,

AT THE

Principal Depot, Westminster, Md.

PAY the highest cash price for Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, and all kinds of Country Produce. Constantly on hand a full line of

Choice Groceries

CANNED GOODS,

Cigars, Tobaccos, &c.

THE BEST BRANDS OF

FLOUR AND FEED

OF ALL KINDS.

GUANOS AND PHOSPHATES

of all the principal dealers for sale at manufacturers' prices. Agent for Laflin & Rand's Blasting Powder and Judson's Dynamite for Stump Blasting, &c.

Purchasers may rely upon getting the best goods in my line that the market affords, at the lowest cash rates.

an-5-1y E. O. GRIMES.

Look to Your Interest, People.

Big Slaughter in Wall Paper.

MY PRICES RANGE FROM 12c. TO 30c. PUT ON WALL. GILT 20c. TO 25c. ALL PAPER 8 YARDS LONG

These are not living prices. You may say how do I live. I have no rent to run a store and fuel, &c., and do all of my own work. I don't pay any hands one year to do three months' work in season. This is a chance to get papering done cheap. Take advantage while you have a chance. I will do as before,

Guarantee All Work

done by me. I can give the best references in the county.

There has been a great deal said about me being a sscab workman, but it was only said by those who can't compete with me in price and workmanship and who are afraid of me—never by a party that I did work for. Write for sample and price, or I will come to see you in person and tell you what your job will cost. I can be found 300 yards from the limit of Westminster on the Littlestown turnpike.

Thankful for past favors,

Very Respectfully,

jun-28 L. GLADHILL.

EDWARD LYNCH. M. JOHN LYNCH

E. LYNCH & SON,

DEALERS IN

LUMBER AND COAL

Westminster, Md.

OFFICE AND YARD AT THE DEPOT.

Building Lumber, Shingles, Flooring

SIDING, JOISTS,

LATHS, FENCING BOARDS,

PICKETS, POSTS, &c.,

HARD AND SOFT COAL

Of all kinds constantly on hand. A liberal share of patronage solicited.

EDWARD LYNCH,

ja-23-1y M. JOHN LYNCH.

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet - Makers

A Fine and Assorted Stock of

Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,

Main St., East End, Westminster, Md.

jan-19-1y

JNO. E. ECKENRODE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons,

Buggies, Phætons, &c.,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

I have on hand a complete stock of

Harness of all Kinds.

Fine Light Driving Harness, Phaeton, Buggy and Cart Harnesses, at prices that defy competition. Come and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I can save you money.

☞ Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts.

no17 1y

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMISTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 5.

Orndorffs'.

A Great Tidal Wave of Reductions.

The Cheapest House in Town,

already lower than its competitors, will come down a few pegs more just to give you a sample of what they will do in 1895.

You have been expecting those big drops after the holidays; well, you won't be disappointed;

We've Made Them.

A great many of our

SPRING GOODS

have been bought and are commencing to arrive.

We Must Have Room.

If you want a reserve seat, come early in order to avoid the jam.

Our buyer goes to New York in a few days to complete our spring line, just to fill up the cracks.

Oh, what an outlay of Goods we are going to have.

If you want a Coat

at our price, your price, or any price at all, take a dewdrop in and we will fill the bill.

We remain Your Friends,

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND.

sep-8-1y

REMOVAL.

G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S.,

SUCCESSOR TO DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA,

DENTIST.

Office 114 East Main Street, Opposite Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:

UNION BRIDGE—1st Wednesday of each month.

NEW WINDSOR—2d Wednesday of each month.

Painless extraction of teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. fe-23

IRON FENCE!

ALL IRON (POST, RAILS AND PICKETS NOT WIRE.

From 15 cents to 50 cents a foot. according to variety and weight.

Send for circulars, giving full description, or call on the undersigned in person. AGENTS WANTED.

D. F. SHIPLEY,

un-7-1y Westminster, Md.

FRANK K. HERR. SAMUEL K. HERR.

F.K.HERR & BRO

AT THE OLD STAND,

MAIN STREET, OPP. MONTOUR HOUSE

MANUFACTURERS OF

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies,

Jagger Wagons, Phætons, &c.

Special attention given o repairing.

All orders promptly filled and work of ever kind warranted. se-12

CHAS. C. KRAFT,

TUNER AND REPAIRER

OF

Pianos, Church and Parlor Organs,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

Pipe Organ Repairing a Specialty.

Over 25 years Experience.

oc-7-1y

HORSE BILLS. We have a number of Fine Horse Cuts and print bills cheap.

Orndorffs'.

You have heard how we

CUT PRICES.

Well, we have got some

DRESS GOODS

we don't want. If you see the goods and have the price whispered to you we feel sure you will want them.

Will you come and look at them?

WE JUST MENTION

Fruit of the Loom,

7 cts. per Yard.

A few Horse Blankets and a couple of Red Blankets left if you want them.

Are you going to do any quilting?

We want to cut down our Calico Stock.

A lot of 7 cent prints have been thrown on our 5 cent counter.

The year 1894, which has passed, marks another milestone for the old stand, which has stood the blasts of 22 winters and has basked beneath the smiles of as many summers in your midst.

As we commence the 23rd year of its career, feelings of gatitude go out to our friends and customers for your valued patronage in the past, and we feel that if we continue to treat you in the future, as we have done heretofore, (fair and square) we will always remain

Your Friends,

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER. - MARYLAND

MUSIC STORE.

Headquarters for Musical Mdse.

Sheet Music a Specialty.

I have in stock all the Latest and Most Popular Songs published, and a full stock of Instrumental Music. Music Books of all kinds, both Vocal and Instrumental.

Mandolins, Violins, Banjos, Guitars, Flutes, Piccolos, Cornets, Autoharps, and many others. A full line of Cases for all kinds of instruments, and my stock of Strings is complete; always good and fresh, for all stringed intruments.

☞ All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

SPECIAL RATES TO TEACHERS.

Music Instructions given in the rear of store room.

Soliciting the patronage of all who desire anything in my line.

JOHN T. ROYER,

45 W. Main street,

mr-4-1y Westminster, Md.

RESIDENCE FOR RENT

APRIL 1st, 1895.

Located on Carroll St., adjoining Lutheran Church, Westminster, Md., a complete home, with all rooms heated by furnace; water in house; also, range; large stable, and an abundance of choice fruit. Now occupied by P. H. Babylon.

Also following property for sale low: Large Store Property, at junction of Main street and Pennsylvania avenue; Block of Dwellings, on Main street, adjoining Jesse Shreeve.

Having removed from Westminster, I will sell any or all of above property very low and on easy terms. Address,

M. L. MAIN,

55 Antietam street, Hagerstown, Md.

ap-7 tf

Annual Election.

Office Westminster Cemetery Company, Westminster, Md., Jan. 17th, 1895.

Notice is hereby given to the Lotholders of the Westminster Cemetery Company, that the annual election for a President and Board of six Managers of said Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, (Firemen's Hall,) on Tuesday evening, February 5th, 1895, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

JOHN J. REESE, Secretary.

P. S.—Notice is also given that the stated monthly meeting of the present Board will be held at 6½ o'clock, p. m., on the same day, at which time a full report of the operations of the company for the past year will be given to the Lotholders.

JOHN J. REESE,

ja-19-3t Secretary.

Law Co-Partnership.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider,

Attorneys-at-Law,

and Solicitors in Chancery,

232 East Main St., Westminster Md.

We have this day formed a co-partnership for the practice of Law, under the firm name of Reifsnider & Reifsnider. All legal business will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Jr.

June 21, 1894.

Select Poetry.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it makes,
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows the steps it takes,
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience long;
Nobody knows but mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest darlings may not weather
The storms of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For that sweetst gift, a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

Select Story.

THE DEACON'S SON.

The deacon sat at his solitary dinner, and looked gloomily out of his south window at the furniture being unloaded in the yard of the stone house just beyond the division fence.

The stone house had been one of the torments of his life. He had tried many times to buy back the property which nearly a century before had been a part of the farm now descended to himself, but the owner would not sell.

"And last of all the devil came also," quoted the deacon, as the village depot carriage drove up and stopped over the way, and there alighted two boys of perhaps fourteen years, a girl a little older, and a woman, evidently the mother of the trio.

The deacon watched them for awhile in silence, and then muttered to himself:

"The last family kept hens—a hundred of them—in my dooryard; McAllison had a dozen young ones, and they ran all over me; the Snells borrowed every nameable thing on my farm and in my house, and Boker kept fourteen breachy cows. This woman farmer—and his expression was exceedingly contemptous—"will probably be a boiling down of all that has gone before."

But Deacon Ellingwood was wrong in his predictions. Days, weeks and months went by, and he was not troubled with hens, breachy cattle, borrowing or "young ones." Instead, pleasant relations grew imperceptibly between the two families.

The deacon had a not undeserved reputation for being a woman-hater, but he had to own that Mrs. French was a waman of sense, who understood her business and attended strictly to it, and he often found himself, after chore time, gravely discussing the habits of birds and animals, or matters agricultural, with the twins, and smiling with a grim enjoyment of their boyish enthusiasm and conceit. The young girl was the only one with whom he did not seem to get on. She kept persistently out of his way, and always fled at his approach.

And yet Elinor had felt a liking and sympathy for the stern, lonely old man almost from the first; ever since the day, indeed, when a neighbor had condoled with Mrs. French on the supposed misfortune of having Deacon Ellingwood so unpleasantly near. But after all Mrs. Simpson had said, after expatiating on the deacon's peculiarities of temper and his avoidance of all womankind, even to the extent of doing his own housework:

"I don't know as you can blame him. He was brought up by a stepmother who never gave him any peace, she was that neat and fussy, scolding and fault-finding from morning to night, so I've heard say. And then, before he'd much more than got his growth, he went and married a girl from a no-account family that was just as far the other way. To say she was slack don't begin to tell the story. Deacon stood it ten years, and then she died when young 'Siah was born. And then, though that wasn't trials enough, here, about five years ago, he and 'Siah had some kind of falling out, and the boy ran away, and has never been heard of since. I suppose that nigh about killed the old man—everybody calls him old, but he isn't fifty-five yet—and he has never got over it to this day."

To Elinor, who had never ceased to mourn the loss of her own father, the fact that Deacon Ellingwood mourned a lost son seemed to bring him near to her.

"Poor man!" she thought, pitifully. "I wish I could find his boy for him, or do something to comfort him; but I can't, and I don't dare to try." And then she shed a few tears over the deacon's troubles and her own unconquerable diffidence.

The time came, however, when she could do him a good turn, though it seemed very trifling.

The deacon had started early one September morning for the county cattle show, and did not return until late in the afternoon, passing Mrs. French and the boys on the way. When he drove into the yard he saw Elinor standing at the gate in the division fence, as though waiting for him, and he stopped as she came hesitatingly toward him.

"I—your cows hooked down the fence," she stammered out, her color coming and going, "and—"

"When?" interrupted the deacon.

"This afternoon."

"The duce!" he muttered—the nearest he ever came to swearing—and clicked to his horse.

"I drove them up and shut them in the barn," she finished.

"You! Alone?" sharply demanded Deacon Ellingwood.

"There was no one else here."

"Did you know the brindle cow was vicious—dangerous?" the deacon demanded, still more sharply.

"Yes," said Elinor, simply.

The deacon looked at her from beneath his shaggy eyebrows for several seconds.

"You're a plucky girl, and I'm obliged to you," he said at last.

A few days after, he overtook her walking to the village.

"Git in and ride?" he asked, reining up.

"Oh, don't get out," she said quickly, as he started to rise. "I can't get in alone," and the next instant she was sitting beside him.

The deacon glanced at the girl from time to time, as he made remarks about the weather, or the people and things they passed, and having a little streak of poetry in his nature, compared her fresh young face with its delicate color to the shy anemone, or "wild flower," as he called it, and her eyes seemed to him like the deepest-hued violets.

"Deacon Ellingwood thinks Elinor is the best cook and the best sewer—the smartest strawberry-picker and the smartest everything in the world," grumbled Fred, one day, while smarting under a few caustic words of the deacon's.

"Yes," assented Ned; "and I'd just like to see him letting us drive that chestnut he's so all-fired choice of; but Elinor can do it all by her lone self."

The autumn that Elinor was eighteen the deacon had a severe attack of rheumatism that threatened to cripple him for the rest of his days.

"If you will lend me one of your boys at night, and let Elinor run over a little while every day and do a few things for me, they shan't lose anything by it," he said to Mrs. French. "I can't have a housekeeper around. It would be worse than the pain."

He was very helpless and discouraged. When nobody was present but Elinor his talk always reverted to his lost boy, who seemed to be constantly in his mind.

"I don't blame him for running away," he would say. "I was too hard with him. I didn't realize he was a man. I wish I knew where he was—I wish I knew!"

Then he would shade his eyes with his hand and brood over the past.

Eleanor came home from the deacon's one night in great excitement.

"You know those letters. Uncle Joe—" the deacon had suggested her calling him Uncle Joe one day when she complained that his name was too long—"has had come every once in a while? Well, he told me about them to-day, and showed me one. It's some unknown person who always sends money and says he owes it, and never signs any name. And I am almost sure it is his son. Some of the letters in the writing are exactly like Uncle Joe's. He thinks it is a man who cheated him once. I want to send a letter to the town where those letters come from, and direct it to Josiah Ellingwood, Jr., and I should think he would be sure to get it if he is the one."

Mrs. French approved of the plan, and the letter was written and sent—only a few lines, telling the father's condition and his longing to see his son, and signed "A Friend."

Ten days passed, and Elinor was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that nothing would come of her venture.

But one afternoon, just at dusk, when she had read and talked the deacon into comparative cheerfulness and was about to prepare his supper, there came a knock at the door. When she opened it, there stood a man with such a decided resemblance to Deacon Ellingwood that she knew him at a glance.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she exclaimed joyfully, stretching out both hands as though to draw him in, and wholly forgetful of herself in her excitement. "Were you the one? Did you get the letter I wrote?"

"Did you write the letter?" he asked, as he held her hands in his for a moment. "I didn't get it until this morning."

"I haven't told your father. It was a guess on my part, and it would have been too cruel to disappoint him. Wait here a minute and let me prepare him."

Through the half-closed door he saw her kneel beside the gray-haired man and heard her ask him whom he had rather see of all the world.

"Has 'Siah come?"

He struggled to his feet that had not born his weight for many a day, and stretched out his arms.

"Yes father I've come."

Elinor slipped out quickly, and left them together.

When 'Siah's trunk came that evening and he opened it in his own room, he went through a somewhat singular performance. First he tossed the things pell mell till he came to a lot of books and papers at the bottom. These he examined carefully and anxiously, as though fearful of having lost something. Then he snatched up a white envelope, bearing his name, eagerly read the enclosed letter several times, replaced it in the envelope, scrutinized the address, and then, blushing excessively the while, he pressed it to his lips, after which it was tenderly deposited in the inner pocket of his vest.

For several days 'Siah did not get so much as a glimpse of his shy neighbor and for weeks thereafter hardly more, though he found, to his chagrin, when he returned from a walk or a ride to the village, that she was pretty certain to have been in to chat with his father.

But she avoided him sedulously, and as spring and then summer came on, he grew desperate, and somewhat provoked as well.

One morning in July, 'Siah was harnessing the horse into the hay rigging, and had stopped to reach under for the girth, when he heard the screen door of the stone house close very softly. He knew it was not Mrs. French, for she always shut it with a decided click, and the boys always slammed it.

He pretended not to hear, therefore, and for a full minute did not look up. When he did he saw Elinor, with a huge sunbonnet, tripping down the lane between the two farms with a tin pail on her arm.

He gazed after her a moment, and then, with great decision of manner, began rapidly to unharness again.

"What has happened?" asked his father, as he emerged from the pantry with a basket in his hand.

"I'm going huckleberrying."

The deacon was too amazed to expostulate with him.

When 'Siah reached the pasture he saw the big sunbonnet bobbing about in the bushes, and, in as quiet and natural a way as possible, bent his steps toward it. But he had not gone far when the sunbonnet showed signs of agitation, and then gradually moved off toward the left.

"Ah!" said 'Siah, under his breath, "that's your little scheme, is it—to slip around through the vines and get away from me? Two can play at that game."

After what seemed to 'Siah an interminable while, and when his patience was well-nigh exhausted, he saw through spaces of his leafy shelter a pink sunbonnet cautiously rise above the level of the distant verdure. The wearer scanned the surrounding country long and earnestly. The view seemed to be satisfactory, for with mind seemingly free from care, she at once settled busily at work.

"Fine day for berrying, Miss French!"

She turned, and there not ten feet away, was Mr. Josiah Ellingwood. She almost tumbled into the bushes in her dismay.

"Do you find them thick?" he asked, crossing over to her bush.

"Yes, quite thick," she answered, his quiet, even voice reassuring her a little.

'Siah moved around beside her.

"Elinor, why do you avoid me so?" he said in quite a different tone.

"I don't know," she returned, with whimsical earnestness. "I can't help it. I feel as though I must."

"Am I disagreeable to you?"

"N-o," in a very low voice.

"Elinor, look at me. There is something I want to tell you—something I have been longing to tell you ever since the night I came home."

Elinor looked for one instant into his face, and the impulse even then was to run away; but she knew there was no use in attempting it now that she had let him see her eyes.

That evening, after the chores were done, 'Siah came out of his room dressed in his best clothes. His father did not ask him where he was going; he had been very careful of his speech since the reconciliation with his son.

'Siah had been gone perhaps fifteen minutes when he came back again. His father thought he had forgotten something. But no; he took off his hat and sat down.

"Father—I—think of—er—getting married," he said.

The deacon turned pale, and a groan escaped him.

"In fact, I'm engaged."

"Is it—is it Nancy Jones?"

"Nancy Jones!" echoed his son with contemptuous wonder. "No."

He gave a little nod to some one in the next room, and in an instant a pair of soft arms went around the deacon's neck, and Elinor's pretty, laughing face looked into his.

"It's me. But if you don't want me for a daughter-in-law, I won't marry him. I won't have anything more to do with him."

"Not wan't you!" cried Deacon Ellingwood, in a tone of the supremest satisfaction, when he had recovered from his astonishment. "Not want you, indeed! Why, if it had been anybody else, I would have run away this time and never have come back again!"

Agricultural Estimates.

The estimates of the area, product, and value, by States and Territories, of the cereal corps, together with those of hay, potatoes, and tobacco, have been completed by the Statistican of the Agricultural Department, and are presented as follows:

The corn crop of 1894, in rate of yield, is one of the lowest on record. In the past 13 years, the yield per acre of but one year, namely, 1881, was lower.

Severe drouth and dry winds in a few of the principal corn-producing States reduced the area harvested for its grain value to 62,582,000 from the 76,000,000 acres planted.

The product garnered is 1,212,770,000 bushels, having an estimated farm value of $554,719,000.

The wheat crop is above an average one in yield per acre. The entire product for the county is 460,267,416 bushels, which is below the average for the five years 1890 to 1894, inclusive. The farm value of the crop is $225,902,025.

The estimates for oats are: Area, 27,023,553 acres; product, 662,086,928; value, $214,818,920; yield per acre, 24.5 bushels. Rye: Area, 1,944,780 acres; product, 26,727,615 bushels; value, $13,394,476. Barley: Area, 3,170.602 acres; product, 61,400,465 bushels; value, $27,134,127. Buckwheat: 789,232 acres; product, 12,668,200 bushels; value, $7,040,238. Potatoes: Area, 2,737,973 acres; product, 170,787,338 bushels; value, $91,526,787. Hay: Area, 48,321,272 acres; product, 54,874,408 tons; value, $468,578,321. Tobacco: Area, 523,103 acres; product, 406,678,385 pounds; value, $27,760,739.

Queer Collection of Money.

From the Troy Times.

The currency discussion in Congress gives timeliness to a happening in the People's Bank of Lebanon, Pa. The story is told by Congressman Woomer, cashier of the bank. On the day mentioned the executor of the estate of Mrs. Moses Light entered the bank and deposited $4000, which he had found hidden away in corners of Mrs. Light's home. The money had been accumulating for years and years, and was the patient savings from the sale of produce. Among the deposits were 1700 pennies, including many issues of the old coppers. There were $13 in notes of the State Bank of Lebanon. Fortunately they are still good, as the Lebanon State Bank never failed, but was merged into the present Lebanon National Bank. There were $47 in fractional Currency, 3c, 5c, 10c, 25c and 50c "shinplasters." Some of the latter were in the original sheets in which they were printed. When it became known that these relics were in the bank, people thronged in to purchase them, and in an hour all the "shinplasters" had disappeared. There was also a $10 5 per cent. interest-bearing note issued by the Government in the early part of the war. There was a large quantity of old silver, including a half dollar that was minted in 1819. There were several of the first issue of greenbacks, as crisp as though they had come off the presses at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving.

It is hard for us to believe that things that look harmless can be wrong.

Land Owners.

A report was issued last week by the Census Bureau which shows that the owners of farms and homes, who are regarded substantially as the landowners of the United States, own probably more than 90 per cent. of the wealth of the country. Of the white owners and tenant-heads, 51.48 per cent. are owners; of the negroes, 17.50 per cent.; of those of mixed white and negro parentage, 25.23 per cent.; of the Indians, 65.12 per cent.; of the Chinese and Japanese, 13.72 per cent. The white owners of farms and homes that are free from mortgage are 71.23 per cent. of all white owners; of the negroes, 89.29 per cent. of those of mixed parentage, 87.12 per cent.; of the Indians, 95.66 per cent.; of the Chinese and Japanese, 96.97 per cent. The percentages of ownership are slightly higher for women than for men, and free ownership is also higher among women, except with the Indians and Chinese and Japanese.

The ownership of homes in the 53 principal cities is nearly as great among the foreign-born as among the natives. Among the native home proprietors in these cities, 23.41 per cent. are owners, and this percentage is exceeded by that for England and Wales, France, Germany, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and for unmentioned foreign countries; the higher percentage being 31.85 for the Germans; the lowest percentage is 6.28 for the Italians; next above is 13.87 for the French Canadians, and third in order is 14.87 for the natives of Russia and Poland.

The Pneumatic Tire.

An interesting series of experiments have been made recently to test the difference between the draught of road friction of a carriage with and without the modern pneumatic tire wheels. Two ordinary box buggies are employed, each being weighted to weigh 254 pounds. On a smooth hard pine floor it was found that the power required to start the pneumatic tire from a standstill was four pounds and the power required to start the steel tired carriage was three pounds. Next an obstruction 5-16 of an inch high was placed in froat of each carriage, and it was found that 25 pounds was required to haul the steel tired carriage over the obstruction and but 11 pounds to draw the pneumatic tired carriage.

Similar experiments with obstructions of various kinds showed that about the same advantage was maintained by the pneumatic tires. To haul the two carriages over an ordinary sand road it was found that the steel tires required about 40 pounds and the pneumatic about 25 pounds. A great many experiments of the same nature showed little or no variation in this proportion.

For a Sweet Breath.

From among a score of paragraphs on the methods of relief from an offensive breath an experienced physician selected the following:

"Don't expect to have clean teeth or a sweet breath while there is a tinge of white on the tongue. It is an unmistakable evidence of indigestion. Drink sour lemonade, eat ripe fruit and green vegetables for purgatives; exercise freely, use plenty of water internally and externally, and keep up the treatment until the mouth is clean, healthy, and red. Various things are suggested to counteract an unpleasant breath resulting from a bad tooth or garlic scented dishes. Cinnamon, mint, creams, orris root, cloves, mastic resin, and spruce gum will disguise some odors. Ten drops of tincture of myrrh in a glass of water will sweeten and refresh the mouth; a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor or peppermint in the same gargle is among the very best antiseptics, and a few drops of myrrh and camphor in the water are recommended in case of cold, throat trouble, or any slight indispositon which may affect the breath."

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is that of the City of Mexico—forty per thousand. The city is 7,000 feet above sea level, but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great. Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, explains in a recent article that when the water in Lake Texcoco is high it backs up into the sewers until the soil under the houses and in the streets is saturated with sewerage.

Sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, says Carlyle, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.

Curious Artificial Fuels.

The Patent Office at Washington has at present a very curious assortment of contrivances patented for cheapening the cost of fuel. Some of the ideas are exceedingly interesting. One patent provides for using corn cobs soaked in petroleum, another would have people cut leaves and grass when green and press them into compact blocks. It is claimed for this particular patent that such blocks might be used for building and fencing without impairing their value as fuel. There are, besides, many devices for utilizing coal dust. One proposes to mix clay, molasses and water, coal dust and petroleum. Another mixture is that of saw dust, Irish moss, abestos fiber and burnt limestone, those being boiled and made into bricks with coal dust. Then there is a patent for bricks without coal dust, to be composed of ashes and sawdust saturated with petroleum and coated with resin. Among the most curious ingredients for artificial fuels are clam shells, charred garbage, corn meal, wheat, flour, sugar, sea weed, broken glass, lard, tar and leaves.

One of the most interesting of these contrivances is composed of powdered charcoal and finely cut cork. The fuel burns very slowly and gives off a great deal of heat being particularly well adapted for the sick room. Exclusive rights have been taken out for the manufacture of a brick or cartridge of highly porous clay, which is to be soaked in kerosene and put in the kitchen stove when wanted. It is only necessary to touch a match to this and the fire is ready for cooking. None of these, however, are more ingenious or economical than a fuel which is reported to be in use at present in Egypt. In this case Egyptian mummies, chiefly those of cats, ibises and other animals held sacred by the ancients, are employed.

Seed-Guessing Is Lottery.

Assistant Attorney General Thomas, of the Postoffice Department, has made some important rulings governing offenses of a lottery nature. In connection with newspaper notices the department rules that it is immaterial whether the result of a lottery drawing is published as news, without pay, or as an advertisement with pay. Newspapers containing the result of the awarding of such prizes are non-mailable. The only exceptions made are in cases of newspapers publishing such matter in order to expose the concerns and crush or cripple their business, a policy which is held to be in line with the spirit of the law. In a decision Judge Thomas says it is clear that the law-makers intended to make newspapers non-mailable that contained matter concerning lotteries which is merely intended as news for public reading.

The department also decided that the awarding of a prize to the person guessing nearest the number of seeds in a watermelon would be a lottery, though the guessing of weight of a melon would not constitute a lottery if the guess was made after the melon had been lifted. The award of a prize to the one guessing nearest the number of beans in a clear glass bottle set in plain view is also held to be a lottery. The only way of removing the chance element is to announce the size of the vessel and the size of each article put into it, which, however, would not apply to beans, corn, oats or other articles of variable size and shape, as the number could not then be computed even approximately.

Traits of Calhoun.

From the United States, Goldwin Smith.

Calhoun was a man of Scotch-Irish origin, with the fervent but somber energy characteristic of that race. By temper he was a political Calvinist, while South Carolina gave him for a creed slavery, of which she was the center and the soul.

As a speaker he impressed, not by anything that appealed to the imagination, but by intense earnestness and logical force. On his face and character there was a shade of sadness, which deepened as his career took a more tragic turn.

He was the first statesman who, discarding not only the philosophical condemnation of slavery fashionable among the old Republicans of the South, but the apologies of its moderate upholders, proclaimed that slavery was a positive good, that it was the only relation possible between the white and black races, and even that the system of society based on it was the best and alone stable, while the system based on freedom and equality was unstable and anarchic.

Men can draw aside from the deep swift current of life's earnest purpose until all their energies are wasted in stagnant marshes of nothingness, and the tattlers of scandal are ever ready to take advantage of this, a well-known weakness. But, when we are so intent upon marking out and accomplishing good work that we have no time to notice falsehood'a breath, then we are most safe from its malice.

Thh right kind of repentance not only means to stop doing wrong but to begin doing right.

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