Grand

Closing Out Sale

OF

Ready-Made

CLOTHING.

INTENDING TO MAKE A CHANGE IN OUR BUSINESS WE HAVE DECIDED TO CLOSE OUT OUR

Ready-Made

CLOTHING

Department.

Every Dollar's Worth of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

SOLD AT

WHOLESALE COST.

SOME A GREAT DEAL LESS.

THIS IS THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY YOU EVER HAD TO BUY

Clothing Cheap.

Don't Miss It.

No Goods Charged during this Sale.

Very Respectfully,

Sharrer Bros

Main Street,

Near Depot,

WESTMINSTER, MD.



# AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 18.



## Orndorffs'.

When you see a good thing push it along. We have got the best things you ever saw in Gentlemen's and Ladies'

**Fine Shoes and Slippers.**

The nobbiest shapes that are made in Men's footwear in Russets, Patent Leathers and Blacks. The prettiest and neatest line of Ladies' Shoes and Oxfords and Slippers ever opened for your inspection. No young man who is strictly in it can afford to pass by our line of Furnishings.

**Spring Neckwear,**

in beautiful effects. Correct styles in Hats. Always the latest in Collars and Shirts.

**GOING**

and soon will be gone—

**OUR CARPETS and MATTINGS**

ARE ON THE GO.

LAST CALL. DON'T MISS IT.

This is the opportunity of a life time Embrace it. Get one of our Seamless Mattings, 12½ cent grade, for 10 cts. We guarantee to sell you as heavy a Matting at 12½ cts. as you can buy at other stores for 16 cents.

GIGANTIC REDUCTIONS IN OUR CARPETS.

The biggest come down of the season. We are closing out our line of Carpets. They are going fast. Come early if you want to get the pick.

**Ingrain Carpets**

AS LOW AS 15 CTS.

**Half Wool Carpets**

30, 35, 37½ CTS.

The prettiest line of Ingrain Carpets in town.

**BRUSSELS CARPETS**

AS LOW AS 45 CTS.

Brussels Carpets reduced from 65, 70 and 75 cts., to 50 and 60 cts.; 80 and 85 cts. reduced to 65 and 70 cts. Others in proportion.

**J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,**

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

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND.

sep-8-1y

## Special Notice.

We have just opened our store, on the 15th of April, 1895, on

WEST MAIN STREET,

ONE DOOR WEST OF

**Geiselman's Furniture Store.**

Our stock embraces a full line of

Dry Goods,

Notions,

Clothing,

Shoes,

and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

WE SELL GOODS AT

**Rock Bottom Prices.**

We would be pleased to have our friends and customers and the public generally to give us a call and be convinced that they will save 25 cents on the dollar by purchasing goods from us. Yours for Bargains,

BOSTON BARGAIN HOUSE,
No. 54 West Main St., Westminster.
LOUIS BLUMBERG & BRO., Proprietors.
ap-20-1y

**Stoner's Nurseries,**

WESTMINSTER, MD.

ATTENTION FARMERS AND FRUIT GROWERS.

I have a fine assortment of Apple, Peach, Plum, Apricot, Pear and Cherry Trees, Blackberries, Raspberries, Japan Wineberries, Lucrecia Dewberries, Juneberries, Asparagus, Currants, Gooseberries, P. P. Roses and Climbing Roses, and all kinds of Ornamental Trees, all in thrifty condition.

You can save a large per cent. by buying Home Grown Stock, getting it Healthier and Cheaper than by buying stock raised and sold by foreign agents.

My trees are ready as soon as the weather is fit, to plant this spring.

Thanking my customers for their past patronage and hoping to have their future trade. I am, Respectfully,

E. STONER,
Office 163 West Main street, Westminster, Md.
se-15-1y.

**MICHAEL E. WALSH,**

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office No. 11 Albaugh Building, Court St. Westminster, Md. feb-9.

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

## Orndorffs'.

'Tis said "distance lends enchantment." Not so with our

**Dress Goods.**

They will bear the closest inspection. You will find correct styles. Why will you doubting stand when others are plucking the golden fruit before your eyes? Get in the push; be with the people. Come and see

**Our Summer Fabrics.**

Everything in Linings—Silesias, Percalines, Canvass, Wiggan, Leno, Grass Cloth, Cotton and Linen, Hair Cloth, Fibre, Chamois and Skirt Extenders.

**Specialists in Dress-Makers' Supplies.**

SILK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

A PRETTY WASH SILK FOR WAISTS,

50 cent quality, 33 cents.

**Shirt Waists,**

to fit all forms, 25 cents to $2.00.

We carry in stock from $2,500 to $3,000

**Standard Patterns,**

acknowledged by all to be the best in existence.

We sell all the Standard Publications. Every month we present you fashion sheets free. If you will kindly examine them, we feel sure you will decide that they are ahead of any of the old fashioned patterns now on the market.

**On Saturdays, April 6th and 13th,**

we will have special sales in

**Carpets and Cottonades.**

These are bona fide reductions;

No fakes.

If you are contemplating the purchase of anything in Dry Goods don't you think it would be business before buying to come and see what we have and hear our prices? We can save you money.

**J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,**

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

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER. - MARYLAND.

**ANDERS THE TAILOR.**
**You'll Want One.**

In view of the fact that a Dollar now looks as big as the bottom of a basket and that fifteen of them will make a bushel of money, I have decided to start the

**SPRING SEASON**

aright by selling Anders' special

**Imported Worsteds at $15**

per Suit, made to order. They are the best goods on the market for the price and this is the only place to get them.

I have the finest line of

**FANCY SUITINGS,**

in the market, from $13 up to $25, and also a fine line of

**Spring Overcoats,**

at prices that can't be surpassed. Our line of

**$5.00 PANTS**

is right in it. Light, and Dark Patterns made to order.

**Special.**

I have a fine line of goods that I am going to cut loose on. Imported Suits that we get $23.00 for we will make up for $19.00 and our $25.00 Suits we will make up for $20.00. Now we don't add on the price and then take off, but these are the regular prices of the suits.

My Gents' Furnishing Goods department is always in the lead and I always get the latest. We have the latest novelties in Neckwear, Gloves, Collars and everything pertaining to a Gents' Outfit. Our line of Shirts, both in White and Colored, can not be equalled outside of the city. Prices from 25 cents up to $1.50. We have the finest line of Negligee Shirts that any one wants to put on for 50 cents. Come and look at them. Anders the Tailor.

P. S.—Don't monkey with second rate tailors or Ready-made Clothing, when you can buy of us at the above prices. In regard to our workmanship my son has learned to cut by the latest improved system and we guarantee a fit or no sale; also remember we don't have women to make and finish our suits off.

J. T. ANDERS,
34 West Main St., Westminster, Md.
Opposite Westminster Savings Institution.
oc-25

**MACHINE SHOP.**

REPAIRING OF

**Engines, Boilers,**

**Steam Pumps, Mill Work, THRESHING MACHINES**

AND

**Agricultural Implements**

of every description, in the best manner. Shafting and all kinds of Brass and Iron Castings furnished.

L. A. HALLER, Machinist,
Cor. Green and Liberty Streets,
ap-13-1y Westminster, Md.

**Sawed Lumber.**

THE undersigned is prepared to fill orders, or Sawed Oak Lumber of all kinds, for House and Barn Frames, Fence Boards, Palings &c. I have for sale White Oak Lumber, in any length or thickness. All orders will be delivered if desired.

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL,
oct-21-tf Bloom, Carroll county, Md.

## CASTORIA

**For Infants and Children.**

**Castoria promotes Digestion,** and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that **Castoria** is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

jan 27 94 2y


## Road Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they have been appointed and commissioned by the County Commissioners of Carroll county, as Examiners to open and locate a public road in said county, commencing at a point in the public road leading from McKinstry's Mills to the grist mill now owned by Mrs. Solomon P. Englar on the New Windsor and Liberty turnpike near Jeremiah Greenwood's tenant house, and running on the bed of an old mill road, as near as practical through the lands of said Greenwood, Samuel M. Hoff and Abraham Lynn, then leaving said mill road and running through the home farm of said Samuel M. Hoff, to-wit: northerly to a point west of a spring house, then northwesterly to intersect the public road leading from said McKinstry's mill-dam to said turnpike near said New Windsor; and to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires that the said road should be opened.

All persons whom it may concern are therefore hereby notified that we, the examiners appointed as aforesaid, will meet at the house of Samuel M. Hoff, near the end of the proposed road, on Tuesday, the 7th day of May, 1895, at 8 o'clock, A. M., to execute the trust reposed in us by the aforesaid commission.

EPHRAIM FISCEL.
E. THOMAS SNADER.
SAMUEL HAINES,
Examiners.

ap-6-3t

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the estate of

BENJAMIN HESSON,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of November, 1895, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 9th day of April, 1895.

RUFUS W. HESSON,
ap-13-4t Administrator.

## NO. 3336 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Caroline Scrivnor, assignee of Executrix and Executor of Mortgagee, Plaintiff, vs Jane B. Reynolds, Mortgagor, Defendant.

ORDERED, this 19th day of April, in the year 1895, that the sale of the real estate, mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Caroline Scrivnor, assignee of mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown, on or before the 20th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed and published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 13th day of May next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1,055.00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
ap-20-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

## NO. 3325 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Wm. B. Thomas, assignee of mortgagee &c., vs. Catharine Morelock and Augustus Morelock, her husband, mortgagors.

Ordered, this 19th day of April, A. D. 1895, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
ap-20-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

## NO. 3310 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

David Cassell vs. Caroline Woodyard, et al.

ORDERED, this 26th day of April, A. D. 1895, that the account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

True Copy—Test:
ap-27-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

## Corporation Election.

NOTICE is hereby given that an Election of One Person to serve as

MAYOR AND FIVE PERSONS,

to serve as Common Council, for the City of Westminster, Md., for the ensuing year, will be held on

MONDAY, THE 6TH DAY OF MAY, 1895, between the hours of 12 M. and 6 P. M., at the residence of

MRS. M. E. GRUMBINE,
No. 72 East Main Street, Westminster.

JOSEPH D. BROOKS, Mayor.
HENRY B. GRAMMER, Clerk. ap-6-3t

## License Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons and bodies corporate or politic, to whom it may concern, that they

MUST OBTAIN A LICENSE,

or renew the same, on or before

THE FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1895,

according to the provisions of the Code of Public Laws of the State of Maryland.

ELIAS B. ARNOLD,
ap-6-4t Sheriff of Carroll County.

## Election Notice.

THE Stockholders of the Westminster and Meadow Branch Turnpike Company are hereby notified that an election will be held at the residence of Samuel Roop, Meadow Branch,

ON MONDAY, 6TH DAY OF MAY, 1895, between the hours of 9 and 11 a. m., for the purpose of Electing a Board of Directors to manage the affairs of said Company for the ensuing year.

JOHN T. DIFFENBAUGH,
ap-6-4t Secretary.

SALE BILLS, and all kinds of Job Printing done at this office, on reasonable terms.

## Select Poetry.

### GRASS AND FLOWERS.

The land is beautiful with grass and flowers:
With zones of glory summer rings the world;
The children gambol with the dancing hours:
Smoothly they journey as the one cloud curled
High up the blue, and their feet the grass and flowers
Caress, as though they fell soft as the showers.

Now wherefore, flowers, will each benignant eye
Shut sweet beneath the children's feet; and, grass,
Why bear ye the children's weight without a cry?

Listen! from the flowers and grass a voice:
Alas!
Cannot we let them tread us merrily
Since we so long, so long, on them shall lie!
—John Vance Cheney, in Harper's Magazine for May.

## Select Story.

### NELLIE'S BLUE EYE

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

From the N. Y. Independent.

Robert Brayton, millionaire, sat in his private office for the moment alone. The morning had been a busy one, and his visitors of a particularly trying kind; and now they were gone he breathed a sigh of relief, a sigh that sounded exactly like that of any ordinary individual.

Harry Temple, clerk and private secretary, sat in the outer office, wearily opening the pile of letters the postman had just left on his desk. He had sorted them in piles—the business letters in one pile, circulars, etc., in a second, private letters in the third, while the fourth held what he termed the "crank letters."

The business letters were opened first, and more work given the young typewriter, who sat gazing out of the window. Those requiring Mr. Brayton's personal attention were merely glanced through, in order to ascertain their nature.

Finally he reached the crank pile. It was larger than usual, but of the same nature. There were numerous demands for endowments for old ladies' homes, unheard of missions and numberless odd societies, and the usual number of requests for situations, advice, &c.

One ambitious young man wanted to borrow twenty-five dollars, that he might be married at once, and show the city swell whom he had cut out how things were done in Jersey.

A young girl far out in the country wanted his old neckties if they weren't too soiled. She was making a crazy quilt for the fall cattle show. Already she had bits of silk from several noted persons; wouldn't he please oblige her?

Another wanted any old gloves his daughter might be ready to lay aside. She wouldn't mind if they were a little large; they were better if they were.

It was the old story over again, and one after another they were thrown into the yawning waste basket.

The last envelope bore a child's hand-writing. The address had begun boldly and with care; but it was too long, and the last name was crowded, and the letters ran uphill.

Half curiously young Temple tore it open. Children were not common as correspondents, and Mr. Brayton had a warm spot in his heart for children.

The paper was highly scented by a mixture of cheap cologne and soap; in the upper left-hand corner was an embossed landscape of the most impossible color and perspective. It read:

"Please Mr. Brayton, won't you help me buy Nellie Fowler a new eye? Maybe you don't know who she is, well she is a girl who got hurt when the men blasted the road she was near, and they didn't see her and a big piece of rock hit her in the eye and then she couldn't see, and the doctor he said it must come out, and so he cut it out and now she hasn't got but one eye and it looks bad. She used to be real pretty and we called her curley Lock 'cause her hair is curly, but it makes you kind o' sick when you see that grate hole in her face, and she keeps a rag tied over it mostly, and she cries a great deal, cause she looks so homely, and the dr. He says she ought to have a Glass eye, but they don't make them here, and she's too poor any way cause her father's dead, and her mother's sick. I've kind o' adopted her an i want to get her an eye awful. Say, won't you help me. You can address me

"JOHNNIE LEE Esq.

"P. S.—Ain't this paper pretty, i bought it to the Post office and it cost five cents."

Harry Temple leaned back in his chair and gave a low whistle. The typewriter looked up from her pile of letters and smiled; but Harry was busy rereading the letter.

Just before the noon hour, when Mr. Brayton returned to his office, he was given his mail, and as he proceeded to open it, he noticed that young Temple lingered.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Here is a letter," hesitatingly replied the young man, "which I don't know whether you wish to see or not;" and he turned it over in his hand.

"One of your famous 'crank letters?'" queried Mr. Brayton. "Better let me see it, if it's a good one;" and he smiled as he held out his hand for it.

Young Temple went out from the office and shut the door and stood gazing down into the tumultuous street.

"Poor little cuss," he said to himself; "You pin all your faith in the goodness of rich men, don't you?"

But in a moment his meditations were disturbed. Mr. Brayton was a man of action, and he stood in the doorway now.

"Temple!" he called. His voice was quick and incisive. "Go out and buy a ticket to that unknown place, will you; and you, Miss Curry, turning to the typewriter, "inform Johnnie Lee, Esq., that Robert Brayton will receive him in his office at Mr. Lee's earliest convenience. And inclose ticket, please."

Her fingers flew over the keys, and Temple, who was half way to the door, stopped a moment. "The youngster may not have any decent clothes," he suggested.

Mr. Brayton looked thoughtful a moment.

"Pshaw! never mind, let us see him as he is;" and the man of business went back to his stocks and bonds.

Three days passed and the episod, had not been mentioned in the office.

Early on the morning of the fourth day, long before fashionable New York was awake, there was a timid knock at the office door. Then it opened.

It was a queer little figure that stood there, but Temple knew it at once. It was Johnnie Lee. He was a happy-looking youngster, round-faced and tanned and freckled. His clothes bore the unmistakable stamp of home manufacture from cast-off-garments. But it was a cherry voice that spoke: "Howdy do! Mr. Brayton to home? I'm Johnnie Lee."

"No," Temple informed him, "Mr. Brayton wasn't in yet; he could wait." And he gave him a chair and proceeded to question him how he managed to find his way.

"Oh," Johnnie said, "just's soon's I got your letter I wanted to start right off; but I had to wait fer ma to make me a new coat." He glanced proudly at the ill-fitting jacket.

"It was great fun coming, 'cause in one place the cars was awful crowded, and lots of folks had to stand. One fellow wanted me to give him my seat, and the conductor said I'd better, too, 'cause I was a youngster, and could stand's well as not. But, sir, says I, no sir, I ain't a-giving up seats this trip, and I wish to be comfortable myself, for I have business with Mr. Robert Brayton. Then he looked at me queer and walked away. New York's an awful big place, ain't it? I've walked about a million miles, and I thought I must have got here a hundred times. I should think you'd find it pretty hard work getting here every day don't you?"

Temple assured him, very gravely, that it was very easy after one knew the way.

And as they kept on talking Johnnie expressed his opinion on all subjects from the revival at home to the Brooklyn strike. He was an independent, he declared. He wouldn't be a democrat, because Tom Faber was. He didn't quite like being a republican, either. It was more convenient to be on the fence.

Just here Mr. Brayton came in. Johnnie didn't notice him particularly, for a good many had come in since he had sat there. So for a moment Mr. Brayton listened with the others, then walked into his office, telling Temple to "send the youngster in."

And Johnnie went in; and just what conversation took place no one ever knew. The clerks in the outer office could hear the hum of voices, the rich, full voice of Mr. Brayton and the eager, childish voice of the boy. Then, when Mr. Brayton began to be in demand, Johnnie was sent out, and Temple was told to make him useful until noon. So, until twelve, he was kept at one thing and another; then when Mr. Brayton went out, he took Johnnie with him.

First they went for lunch, Johnnie all unconscious of the interest and amusement he created, and Mr. Brayton only smiled and raised his eyebrows when his acquaintances looked, bowed and looked again.

Johnnie was modest in his desires for lunch. He despised soup—too watery for him, sir. He guessed he'd have some turkey and stuffin, and sweet potato, punkin-pie, ice-cream and nuts.

These disposed of, they went to a store, where Johnnie was told to select an eye like Nellie's; and as he did so, Mr. Brayton stood near the window, apparently looking; but his sharp eye was on the boy and his quick ear caught the conversation.

"No," said Johnnie, very emphatically, "that isn't the color at all It's a different blue, just like the lake in summer when there ain't any clouds."

One tray and another was brought, but the blue that the boy wanted was not there. Finally he spied an eye in the showcase.

"That's it!" he cried, "Let's see her."

"That is an imported one of the very finest material," remarked the clerk, with a doubtful glance at Johnnie, and an inquiring one at Mr. Brayton's back, "and it costs a great deal."

"Well," said Johnnie, drawing himself up with an air of superiority, "I just guess you don't know who wants to buy that eye. Mr. Brayton here, sir, can buy anything in all this world that he wants. I guess if you'd only one eye, you'd want the other to be like it, even if it is imported," with a mimicking stress on the word.

Here Mr. Brayton interposed.

"Let the boy have it," he said; and so, with the eye in its velvet box and Johnnie's pockets stuffed with pamphlets telling how to insert and clean the eye, they left the store. And then after they had bought a box of candy for Nellie, they went back to the office. There, he told them about what he had seen, then gravely shook hands with them all; said good-by, and started off. He had been gone only a few moments when Mr. Brayton came in from his office.

"Miss Curry," he said, "wouldn't you like a little trip? Our visitor has left the treasured eye behind him, and he may wish it. You might follow the youngster and see the end of this matter."

Miss Curry, nothing loth, shut her machine and departed. She caught sight of Johnnie just as he went into the ferry, and she followed him on to the train and stepped off at the little village where he did.

But then she couldn't keep up with him. She saw him turn into a house and when she once reached it, she paused at the open door.

There was a little girl standing, looking expectantly at Johnnie, who excitedly was turning his pockets inside out, in vain search for the eye.

"I had it! I had it!" he declared, and his face grew troubled, and finally the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"It was such a lovely eye," he moaned; "blue, just like yours, and now it's lost, and I hate myself," and he threw himself into a chair, as if all hope were gone.

The weary-faced mother turned her face away. Nellie's lips quivered, but she swallowed the sobs.

"Never mind, Johnnie," she said, stroking the freckled, tear-stained face of the boy, "never mind, Johnnie. You know it couldn't make me see and I guess I don't look so very bad," and she put her hand to the bandaged eye.

Then she looked up for a strange lady stood in the door and handed her a package.

"See, Johnnie!" she cried.

Johnnie dashed the tears from his eyes and looked at the package. His face grew bright and he tore off the papers, touched the spring of the box, and there on its white cushion lay the blue eye, smiling like Nellie's own.

"The eye! the eye!" he shouted. "See, Nellie; it's your very own," and he threw his arms about her and kissed her again and again.

And Miss Curry, the tears fast filling eyes, hurried away from the scene.

This is no regular story. Johnnie Lee did not become Mr. Brayton's office boy and finally a millionaire himself. Young Temple and the typewriter did not marry each other and "live happy ever after."

In fact the whole episode was soon forgotten.

But in the far-away country town where Johnnie is growing to sturdy manhood, the story of his trip to New York is ever a new one.

Strangers sometimes speak of the marvelous blue of Nellie's eyes, with their long curling lashes.

Then she will repeat the words to Johnnie as he stops to leave the milk and chat, and they will laugh softly together while their faces are bright with happiness.

Love gives its heart away, but hate "steals" its own.

Beauty has a pass into society; but goodness is our invitation.

## Cultivating Sponges.

From the Scientific American.

Sponge farming has been found to be a very profitable industry, and at present there are hundreds of acres in the Gulf of Mexico, along the Florida coast, devoted to this novel purpose. The attempt to grow sponges was first made when it was discovered that the sponge fisheries of the Bahamas and gulf coast of Florida showed signs of becoming exhausted. It has since been found that under proper cultivation sponges may be raised which are superior in quality and command higher prices than those found at sea. The site for a sponge farm is usually some arm of the sea where the salt water flows in freely. The only preparation necessary is to drop in rocks, stones, and other substances for the sponges to fasten themselves to and to dam up the lagoon so that the sponge seeds cannot be blown out to sea. The farms at first obtained their supplies of sponge seeds from the Fish Commissioners, but latterly they obtain them directly from the sponge fisheries. In the autumn of the year the various varieties of sponges are purchased by the sponge farmer, care being taken to secure both the male and female cells. The sponge seeds are generally kept in small "pounds" during the winter months, and here the masses of protoplasm develop and grow. The spores are liberated early in the spring. They swim about, the eggs grow rapidly and soon attach themselves to the rock or coral at the bottom of he water. The sponge germ requires little attention after it is once started. The sponges grow slowly, and, as a rule, none are pulled up till the end of the third year. The largest sponges are gathered and the smaller ones are left to produce new seeds, and grow to a larger size. The sponges may be readily gathered on sponge farms, since the water is usualy shallow and smooth, and the dangers of ordinary deep sea sponge fishing is not encountered. The finest sponges raised in this way are said to sell for from $1.50 to $3 per pound. If no diseases or enemies get into the sponge beds, the sponges yield large crops year after year. The yearly income from the sponge farm is said to range from $1,000 to $10,000, according to its size, location, and age.

## How It's Done.

Uncle Sam issues every year from his printing office about 1,000,000 volumes of various kinds of literature, at a cost of somewhat more than $1,000,000. These consist largely of reports of various departments of the Government. The total weight of the copies printed of the last annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture was sixty tons. Illustrations are furnished by contractors outside.

Those made for the Department of Agriculture, and more particularly for the Bureau of Ethnology, are very expensive. The cost of illustrations sometimes runs up to $100.000 in a single year.

Money spent for bindings mounts up to an enormous sum annually. For that purpose during the fiscal year were used the skins of 53,000 sheep, 3,600 imported hides of Turkish goats for "morocco," and great quantities of the pelts of other beasts, including 100,000 square feet of Russian leather, made from cow-hide.

The Government Printing Office turns out 350,000 blank books every year. Some of these are very expensive. Three of them are made annually for Congress, to contain the names and addresses of Senators and Representatives and their accounts with Uncle Sam, which cost $65 each. Each of them weighs 85 pounds and contains 1,200 pages. The paper of which they are composed is of the finest that can be made, the quantity of it required for the three books costing $60. Material for the binding costs $48.

Blessed be the little children who make up so unconsciously for our life-disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to bear each other's faults, find solace for their pain in these golden links! These fragile props keep them from sinking quite disheartened by life's roadside. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else unwilling ones, and made them see how blessed earth may become in pronouncing that expressive word—"Forgive!"

One hundred million tons of water pour over Niagara Falls every hour. This is said to represent sixteen million horse power. Some idea of this enormous amount of water may be had by understanding that the coal produced in the world would not make enough of steam to pump a a stream of equal size.

## AT THE BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is baby's bedtime,
My little one comes to me
In her snowy little nightgown
And kneels down at my knee.
And I fancy a sweet child angel
Is for a time my guest
As she says her little prayers over,
With her hands upon her breast.

"Now I lay me," she whispers
In low voice, "down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"—and the blue eyes
Half close—"my soul to keep.
If I should die"—oh, the shiver
At my heart!—"before I wake,
I pray the Lord"—and the eyelids
Droop low—"my soul to take."

Then I lift up the little one, clasping
Her close to my loving heart,
And give her warm, good-night kisses
Till the closed lids break apart
As the leaves do, folding a flower,
And the violets of her eyes
Look up in their drowsy fashion
And smile at me angelwise.

"Dood night," she whispers softly
And sleepily, with a kiss
That lingers with me in slumber,
That stirs my heart with bliss,
As I think of the little one dreaming
With her head against my breast,
Till my sleep is as full of rapture
As her dreaming is of rest.

—Eben E. Rexford.

## The Railroad Speed Record Broken Between Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

The magnificent physical condition of the Pennsylvania Railroad's Double Lines to Atlantic City was fully attested April 21st, in the splendid run made by the special train from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. The train put out of the slip at Market Street Wharf at 5.30 A. M., precisely, and fifty-one and one-half minutes thereafter came to a stop in Atlantic City Station. The train left the station in Camden six and a quarter minutes after the departure from the Philadelphia side, so that the actual running time was only forty-five and three-quarter minutes. The distance by this route is fifty-eight and three-tenths miles, and the average speed was seventy-six and one-half miles per hour. This is the fastest time ever made between the Delaware and the Atlantic Ocean, and is actually the fastest time ever made by any railroad train for the distance. From Winslow to Absecon, twenty-four and nine-tenths miles, an average speed of eighty-three miles per hour was maintained. The fastest single mile was made in forty-one seconds, which is an average of eighty-seven and eight-tenths miles per hour. This is the most notable performance in railroad speed which has yet been recorded. It could not be accomplished without the aid of the best and most substantial roadbed, the finest modern equipment, and the skillful management of experienced men. No portion of the Pennsylvania System, off the world-famous main line, is superior to the division over which this phenomenal run was made. The track is laid with heavy steel rails on stone ballast, a great part of which has been renewed during the past winter, and the movement of trains is protected by block signals. The equipment has been greatly improved by the addition of locomotives of the highest standard and the handsomest coaches and parlor cars. These facts are of peculiar interest in view of the great traffic which the summer will bring to this popular route. The management is fully alive to the demand for the best accommodations and the quickest time consistent with safety, and the summer schedule will undoubtedly present the largest number of the best equipped and fastest trains ever enjoyed by the travelers between the Delaware and the Ocean.

## A Canine Life Saver.

In the March number of *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass., the following account of how a dog was instrumental in saving the lives of eight seamen is given:

"Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off, through the storm, to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for at any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprung into the sea and fought his way through the angry waves toward the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood and threw it toward him. The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued."

Ridicule is the argument of the ignorant.

A misfortune avoided is a blessing gained.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2299-0078