TROTTING
AND
Running Races
AT PLEASURE PARK,
WESTMINSTER, MD., ON
FRIDAY and SATURDAY,
JUNE 14 and 15, 1895,
beginning at 1 o'clock, P. M.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14th.

1st—Running Race, ¾ mile dash, purse, $100; 1st $75, 2nd $25.
2nd—Trotting, 3 minute class, purse, $125. 1st $75, 2nd $30, 3rd $20.
3rd—Running Race, ½ mile heats, 2 in 3, purse, $125; 1st $100, 2nd $25.
4th—Trotting Race, 2.30 class, purse, $150; 1st $100, 2nd $30, 3rd $20.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15th.

1st—Running Race, ¾ mile dash, purse $100; 1st $75, 2nd $25.
2nd—Trotting Race, 2.40 class, purse, $125; 1st $75, 2nd $30, 3rd $20.
3rd—Running Race, ½ mile heats, 2 in 3, purse, $125; 1st $100, 2nd $25.
4th—Trotting and Pacing Race—Free for all, purse, $200; 1st $125, 2nd $50, 3rd $25.

Entrance Fee 5 per cent. of purse; winners to pay 5 per cent. additional; five or more to enter and three to start. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof will receive but one money. All entries must be accompanied by entrance fee. Entrance closes June 6th, 10 o'clock, P. M. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Secretary for privileges. For further information address the Secretary, Westminster, Md.

GENERAL ADMISSION, - - 25 CENTS.
VEHICLES, 15 CENTS.

The association reserves the right to postpone or declare off any race. All trotting races will be best 3 in 5.

No liquor will be sold on the grounds. The races will be under the rules of the National Trotting Association.

P. J. BENNETT, President.
JOHN E. STONESIFER Secretary. a-27-td

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 your workmanship my son has learned to cut by the latest improved system and we guarantee a fit or no sale; and 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

DON'T FAIL
to visit the
Harness and Carriage Emporium, of
J. W. SHUNK,
If You Want Bargains.
We Lead in this Line.

We have the largest, best and cheapest lot of goods ever shown in this city.

Our Harness, Fly Nets and Lap Dusters

are above the average in quality and at

Rock Bottom Prices.

WE WOULD JUST SAY:

Don't be fooled on prices, as that is really the most important part after all.

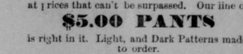
We have in stock and for sale cheap, all the Leading Brands of

Cattle Powders.

Call and see me and be convinced.

J. W. SHUNK,
Opposite Catholic Church,
my-4-1y Westminster Md.

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, Lucretia Dewberries, Juneberries, Asparagus, Currants, Gooseberries, H. 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,
se-15-1y. Westminster, Md.

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,
sp-13-1y Westminster, Md.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 22.

Orndorffs.'

Our Advertising is Truthful and Honest!

Don't skip a word or you may skip a dollar.

Our dealings are fair and square.

We carry the largest stock.

We pay the most license.

We do the most business.

We buy in immense quantities, hence we buy cheap, therefore we sell cheap.

We have passed the first milestone of our business career and, emboldened by our success the past year, we have increased our stock and will show more styles and better selections than ever before.

Something for a rainy day—

"MACKINTOSHES."

Men's Russia and Russet Shoes, from $1.25 to $4.50.

Men's Linen Shoes, $3.00.

Men's Black Shoes, of every description.

We keep the L. A. W. Bicycle Shoe in low and high cut, at $2.00 and $2.25.

A full line of Men's Fixings and Furnishings.

Always the latest and nobbiest in

HATS, SHIRTS, COLLARS,
Neckwear and Hosiery.

Men's and Boys' Sweaters, 25 cents.
Men's and Boys' Sweaters in tan, blue, black and cream, block weave, $1.25.

The largest line of

Ladies' Shoes, Oxfords and Slippers in town,

in black, patent leather, russet, tan and chocolate.

A new line of Vellings. The Trilby Veil is the latest.

We sell you as good a Kid Glove for 75 cts. as you can buy for $1.00, in both lace and button, all colors, tans, browns and blacks.

White Chamois Gloves, will wash, 75 cents.

Flings and Primer Gloves, in all colors and black, both button and lace, $1.00.

Exclusive agents for the Centennial Glove, colors $1.35, blacks $1.75—no better made.

Some extra values in Cottonades.

Best Calicoes in blues and colors, 5 cents.

Good heavy Brown Muslin, yard wide, 3½ cents—no remnants.

10 pieces Covert Cloths, light weight, intended for summer, 36-in. wide, beautiful coloring, 6½ cents per yard. It only takes 50 cts. to get a dress of this. If you want selection come early, they are going fast.

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 10

OUR FIELD

Is in Westminster, but by no means confined to Westminster.

While we shoe more Westminsterians and residents of the adjoining towns than are shod by any other shoe firm, our shoes are extensively sold all over the county and adjoining counties. We enjoy the enviable reputation of

Selling Reliable Shoes Only,

and of being the lowest priced retailers of good Shoes and Hats in the county.

We sell no Poor Shoes at any price. Sell the Finest Goods made.

But have good Shoes as low as follows:

Infants' Button Shoes, 25 cents.
Children's School Shoes, 75 cents.
Ladies' Low Cut Shoes, 50 cents.
Ladies' Kid Button Patent Leather Tip, $1.00.
Men's Dress or Working Shoes, $1.00.
Men's Splendid Tan Shoes, $1.50.

HATS! HATS!

To produce a more complete line of Men's, Boys', and Children's Fur and Straw than can be found at this magnificient Hat Store.

In Men's Stiff Hats we have all the latest styles in Blacks and Browns.

Soft Hats, 25 cts. and up.

Boys' and Children's Wear, almost every style and shape that can be seen in the leading city stores.

U. L. REAVER,
Reliable Shoe House,
Next Door to Postoffice,
Leading Shoe and Hat House of
feb-2-1y Westminster, Md.

A GOLD MINE
FOUND IN WESTMINSTER

would doubtless be a happy find, especially at this time, but the next best thing is to call at

JOS. E. SHREEVE'S
NEW GROCERY STORE,
69 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.

Piles of new fresh goods of every description to eat:

Staple and Fancy Groceries and Provisions,

Choice Confectionery, Flour, Fruit, Fancy Cakes, Bread and Rolls, Drugs and Patent Medicines, Cigars and Tobacco.

Highest prices paid for Eggs and Lard in exchange for goods.

☞Goods delivered free of charge.

Please give me a call. No trouble to show goods. Thanking the public for their past patronage, I solicit a liberal share in the future.

Yours Respectfully,
mr-16-1y JOSEPH E. SHREEVE.

ASK for Applewood Whiskey at STRASBURGERS S.

Orndorffs'

Our Advertising is Truthful and Honest!

In Summer Fabrics we are Showing an Immense LINE.

Scotch Lawns,	Favilla Pongees,
Tela Vela Ducks,	Figured Sateens,
Brocaded Sateens,	Black Organdies,
Dunellen Dimities,	Calli Dimities,
Plisse' D'Alsace,	Taffeta Moire,
Drap de Vienne,	Drap Dizmar,
Cordele' Marquise,	Jaconat Dutchess,
Plain Crimpalines,	Figured Crimpalines,
Crepe Brocades,	Knotted Swisses,
Printed Muslins,	Percales.

A VARIETY of SHIRT WAISTS.

THE CHEAPEST PLACE IN TOWN FOR

Straw Mattings,
Oil Cloths,
and Carpets.

Just received, a large lot of Mattings, Oil Cloths and Linoleums, which will be sold at very cheap prices.

Cotton-chain Matting, pretty designs, reduced to 20 cents.

Double Dyed Japan Mattings, artistic weaves, reduced to 15 cents.

Jointless heavy and well covered Mattings, reduced to 12½ cents.

The cheapest Matting in town is our pretty colored, heavy China, reduced to 9 cents.

REMEMBER, FOR THE NEXT
TWO WEEKS,
WE WILL OFFER GENUINE BARGAINS
in Mattings.

This is a Special Sale to close our Mattings for the season.

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

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

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER. - MARYLAND.

On Roller Bearings swiftly glide
The horse's joy, the farmer's pride.
—SHORTFELLOW.

DEERING
Roller Bearing Pony,

The Lightest Draft Binder Made, both 5 and 6 ft. cut.

LIGHT—SIMPLE—SAFE.

A joy to both driver and horses. A saver of time, labor and grain.

Roller Bearings make Light Draft. Elevator Extensions make it practically open end for long grain, and enable it to handle longer straw than any other binder, at the same time protecting and shielding heads of grain.

The Jointed Platform

does away with the truck nuisance, and enables you to store your machine in a 7x9 room.

DEERING IDEAL MOWER,

with Ball and Roller Bearings, the lightest running Mower of them all. Serrated Ledger Plates in every guard, which hold up the fine grasses and press them against the knives. No choking.

Deering Hay Rakes,

both Self and Hand Dump; steel frame and wheels; strong, light and noiseless.

BINDER TWINE

of the best quality and guaranteed.

Don't fail to call and see these machines before buying.

M. JOHN LYNCH, AGENT
for Deering Harvester Co.,
Near Depot, Westminster, Md.

I have several second-hand Binders and Mowers which will be sold cheap, among them a Banner Buckeye, which has cut but a few acres. m-18 7t

ICE CREAM
AND ICES!

JAMES W. BEACHAM,
Manufacturer,
AVONDALE, - MARYLAND.

Having secured a large supply of Ice, I am now prepared to manufacture Ice Cream in any quantity and to furnish Parties, Picnics, Excursions, Celebrations, Fairs, Festivals, Hotels, Boarding Houses and Private Parties with a first-class article on reasonable terms and at short notice.

☞Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

Cream delivered at any hour every day in the week except Sunday—on Sunday, in the morning. Plain cream, of a single flavor, $1.00 per gallon; Mixed Cream $1.10 per gallon, to private families. Larger quantities at special rates.

Orders for Sunday cream should be sent in by 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Telephone call 203-2.

JAMES W. BEACHAM,
Avondale P. O., Carroll Co., Md.
my-18-3m

MICHAEL E. WALSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office No. 11 Albaugh Building, Court St. Westminster, Md. feb-9-

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.,
jan 27 94 2y New York City.

Miller Bros.

One would imagine from some of the advertisements in this paper of the wonderful so-called rebuilding, unloading and closing out sales that they were actually giving away goods and paying you to take them off their hands.

Let us assure you such is not the case.

No matter what is advertised by these give-away-goods stores, our prices are in nearly every item lower on new first-class materials.

We haven't any shop-worn or out of style goods to close out. Our policy of doing business don't permit it.

When we buy an article that don't sell quick we put a price on it (when it is in style) that will sell it.

We told you just a year ago we were going to revolutionize the dry goods business. We have done it.

We know the cause of these so-called rebuilding, unloading and closing out sales, and so does the general public.

We are busy; that accounts for it.

Every day we sell some new customer who has been in the habit of trading some place else. Our business is increasing every day.

We have had to add two additional sales people past two weeks.

Remember we guarantee everything we sell to be as represented or we will cheerfully exchange or refund the money. Or if you find after reasonable wear that any article you buy of us does not give satisfaction, come to us and we will make it satisfactory.

Our motto: The best goods in the market for the least money.

Miller Bros.'
Popular Stores.

fe-1-95-8

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

EDEN ENGLEMAN,

late of Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 7th day of December, 1895; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 7th day of May, 1895.

ELIZA ENGLEMAN,
FRANCIS E. REESE,
m-11-4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

DANIEL HELTABRIDLE,

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 6th day of December, 1895; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand, this 6th day of May, 1895.

AARON F. HELTABRIDLE,
m-11-4t Executor.

THE best Axes, Hatchets and Hand Saws at BABYLON & GILBERT'S

Select Poetry.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

A goodby kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of day,
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
Thd lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind—
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through your heart, I find,
For love is tender, love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give,
It seems so easy some souls to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly less and less
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

Select Story.

JEANNE'S BRAVERY.

Felix Labardie had been a French tireur in the great war of 1870, and I liked nothing better in the evening than to sit and listen to his stories of the terrible time when France lay gasping and bleeding.

One evening we had been silently smoking for some time when he said, "Did I ever tell you, monsieur, how I fell into the hands of the Germans and out again?"

"No," I said. "I thought the Germans shot all the guerrillas they had caught."

"They let me go free, monsieur," he said, with a grim laugh. "It may seem incredible, monsieur, but Jeanne yonder held the life of royalty on her finger tips."

"I should like very much to hear the story," I said.

"Certainly, monsieur, and if monsieur thinks what was done was wrong he must excuse a woman in love.

"After Sedan, monsieur, a meeting was called in our village, and 30 of us enrolled ourselves as a company of Francs-tireurs. We felt we could do more for France as irregulars than serving under incompetent generals. We were well armed, and a brave and skillful old veteran commanded us. As the Germans were in force around Metz, we marched in that direction and made our headquarters in the hills behind a village called Pency, about three leagues from the fortress. It was in Pency Jeanne lived, and from the first moment I saw her, monsieur, I said to myself, 'If fortune is kind, Felix, that girl shall be your wife.' Her father was the miller of Pency, and the accursed Uhlans had almost ruined him. They were bitter against the invaders, and my profession made me find favor in her eyes. Before we had been at Pency a month we had plighted our troth, on the understanding that we should not marry until France was rid of the enemy.

"Small as our band was, we made ourselves a terror to the marauding Uhlans, thanks to the generalship of old Montbon. Jeanne was invaluable to us. She was all eyes and ears, and Montbon called her the 'head of the intelligence department' of our band. I used to meet her every evening, when it was possible, in a little cave I had discovered, which, having no outlets, was proof against surprise.

"We staid three months at Pency, and then the place became too hot for us, and we prepared to leave for a village some leagues to the south. I fell into the hands of the Bavarians the very evening before we were to leave Pency.

"Jeanne declares to this day, and I believe rightly, that I was betrayed by a villager, a young fellow named Odeau, who believed the Virgin had intended Jeanne for his wife, and who was ever savage when she refused him. But be that as it may, monsieur, I was seized at dusk that evening as I was on my way to meet Jeanne, and taken so completely by surprise that I had not the least chance of defending myself, or trying to escape, and, worse than all, was taken with the rifle in my hand.

"'You are an assassin' said the stout little officer in command in barbarnos French. 'You shall be shot. Where are your companions?'

"But I professed not to understand. I was afraid of being shot on the spot. There was much of the executioner and little of the judge in those days, monsieur.

"Much to my relief, my arms were bound behind me, and we set out for the hamlet where the Crown Prince Frederick had his headquarters.

"As fortune would have it, Jeanne met us on the road. Monsieur would suppose that Jeanne is a quiet little woman, but monsieur has not seen her thoroughly aroused. She flung herself on me and tried to release me. Then she seized the bayonet of a Bavarian, and if I had not begged her for my sake to be calm she would have fought the whole party single handed. Then she fell to beseeching them, for she could speak German well, but they only laughed at her and drove her off with foul words. My heart was like lead then, monsieur. But I did not know Jeanne.

"I was taken before the prince's adjutant, who promised me liberty if I would betray my compatriots. But I feigned stupidity, and when he found that I would tell nothing he ordered me to be shot at 5 the next morning. 'We give you till then,' he said, 'to find your tongue. You'll be dumb enough after.' And he laughed.

"I was bound like a log, monsieur, and thrown into a hut and brutally kicked. My thoughts were not pleasant all this time. I lay thinking of Jeanne, whom I should never see again, picturing that, womanlike, she would go home and weep in her helplessness and despair. But I did not know her then. She was working for me with all the energy and wit of a woman. Jeanne, Jeanne, ma petite, come here."

Jeanne came to the door.

"Come and tell monsieur how you saved me, ma petite."

A blush overspread Jeanne's features.

"What, that foolish story again?"

"Certainly not foolish," I interposed. "I should deem it a kindness if you would oblige me."

"If monsieur wishes it, and monsieur will allow me, I will get my knitting."

"Certainly," I said.

"When I saw him carried off," Jeanne began as soon as she was seated, "I was in despair, for I knew what his fate would be. And then the good Virgin put an idea into my head, and I prayed to her to give me the strength and cunning to carry it out. There had been a sharp fight a week before, and I knew Jacques Pellot had possessed himself of some German uniforms that he had taken from the dead. So I demanded them from him and threatened him till he produced them. A sous lieutenant's uniform fitted me nicely, and after cutting off my hair and concealing a pistol and dagger in my tunic I hurried away. I crept along cautiously when I neared the enemy's lines, for my plan was to get through the sentries without being challenged. When I heard the pickets, I dropped to the ground and crawled like a snake. And yet I was nearly caught. A German officer was leaning against a tree, and I almost touched him. I lay still without breathing audibly for a long time—how long I cannot say—until he moved away. Then, once inside the lines, I rose up and hastened to the prince's headquarters. I prayed for courage and then walked up to the door. I trembled so that I could hardly speak. Fortunately the officer did not observe my agitation.

"'Take me to his highness instantly,' I said in my best German. 'Important dispatches.'

"'Who from?' he began.

"'To his highness instantly,' I said boldly, but my knees shook under me.

"He looked at me closely in the dim light, and I felt ready to faint. Then without a word he took me to the prince's room. 'Important dispatches,' he said, knocking and showing me in.

"'From whom?' asked the prince.

"'In private, may it please your highness,' I stammered, but feeling that I would not leave without Felix's life or another for it.

"'Retire and leave us, Haupt,' said the prince, and the officer, closing the door behind him, obeyed.

"'And now,' said the prince kindly. 'You look pale and ill, sir. What is your name?'

"The key was in the door, and I turned it swiftly. 'And now,' I said, pulling out my pistol and pointing it full at his face—my hand did not even tremble at that supreme moment—'your highness,' I said rapidly, 'if you call out you are a dead man.'

"Ah, he was a German, but he was so brave, so brave! He did not even wince, but he looked straight into my eyes and smiled.

"'Ah,' he said lightly, 'a stratagem! Who are you, and what do you want?'

"'Monsier le prince,' I said, 'I am the daughter of the miller of Pency. My lover, Felix Larondie, was taken by your men tonight as a Francetireur. If he is not already dead, he is condemned. I want his life or—you lose yours, monsieur.'

"'A woman!' he said. 'Well done,' and he smiled, and the pistol almost dropped from my hand with the pity of it till I thought of Felix. 'I know nothing of this, my good woman. No, but stay. Here are some papers Elberfeld has left for me to sign. Ah, here it is. Felix Larondie peasant, taken with arms. To be shot at 5 a. m.'

"'He shall not die, your highness, or'—I could not threaten him with words, but my pistol was steady.

"'But he is an assassin.'

"'No,' I cried, 'he is a soldier, though he does not wear the uniform. Imagine, your highness,' I said, 'if I should have dared so much for a murderer.'

"'But he has fought as a Francetireur, not as a soldier.'

"'What of that, monsieur? And if he had not fought for France in her hour I would spurn him from me. He must go free, your highness, if you value your life.'

"'My life is in the hands of God, mademoiselle,' he said, lifting his eyes to mine. 'Threats do not move me, but you are a brave woman.'

"And then my courage left me, monsieur, and I dropped the pistol and flung myself sobbing at his feet and beseeched and entreated him. And he raised me, monsieur, and made me drink wine and tell him all the the story. Ah, but he was brave and a true gentleman! And when I had told him all he said. 'He shall be pardoned,' adding, with a smile, 'Such a devoted woman must not go husbandless.' And then I fell to weeping again, monsieur, and kissed his hand and tried to thank him. And he took me to Felix, and he was released. I flung myself on Felix and cut his bonds myself, and we thanked the prince together. We women don't find out if men are worth it till afterward, monsieur," with a sly look at her husband. "Three days later an orderly came with a bracelet from his highness, and on it was engraven, 'To a brave and devoted Frenchwoman.' See, I wear it still.

"Ah, monsieur, we wept when that noble prince died, and the great doctor could not save him. We sent a wreath and I presumed to write to the empress. She is a worthy daughter of your queen, monsieur. She sent me a letter written with her own hand. She was worthy of that true and brave gentleman, her husband."

RANDOM NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY PROFESSOR REESE.

PART II.

From Western Maryland College Monthly.

In the thirteen hundred years of its existence, Antwerp has witnessed many strange sights, but it may be doubted whether its quaint gables and peaked roofs have ever looked down upon anything more surprising than the procession through its narrow, winding streets, of Pawnee Bill's cowboys and Indians, which took place on the Sunday morning of our arrival. We had seen these products of the "Wild West" a few years before in Westminster, but we hardly expected to meet them again under the shadow of Antwerp Cathedral. They looked as much out of keeping with their surroundings as a Roman of the time of Cato the Elder would look walking up Broadway, New York, in his toga. Bill was exhibiting at the Antwerp Exposition, and this street parade was his advertisement. His, however, was only one of many processions which we saw in our Sunday stroll before the hour for morning service. My companion counted seventeen of them, then grew tired and stopped. But I had had occasion to notice before this, that it did not require much figuring to make *him* tired.

Among the six millions and a half who make up the population of Belgium there are now twenty thousand Protestants and of these many are probably foreign residents. In no country of its size are there so many churches, priests, convents, monasteries, nuns and monks, but the policy of the government is very liberal towards all faiths and the Roman Catholic priest, the Protestant minister and the Jewish rabbi, all draw their salaries from the public treasury. In the exercise of its religious freedom, Antwerp seems to have gone to the studio and not to the church for its patron saint, and the choice has fallen upon Peter Paul Rubens. This great painter, the foremost representative of the Flemish school, has been dead for two centuries and a half, but his presence and his influence pervade the city. Devotees of art come from the remotest parts of the world to gaze with admiration upon his Descent from the Cross and his elevation of the Cross in the Cathedral; his tomb behind the high altar of St. Jacques reminds one of the shrine of a saint; his statute is the one conspicuous object in the principal square, the Place Verte; the chief avenue of the Park bears his name and every boy in Antwerp wears his dress. Every boy, I mean, whose social grade raises him above the lads who go clattering over the pavements in wooden shoes. In nothing is the good taste and artistic sense of the people more evident than in their selection of a costume for their boys of the knee breeches age. It is an exact reproduction of the Rubens statue, and, with doublet, cloak, wide breeches, black stockings, buckled shoes and broad brimmed felt hat, makes the most graceful and picturesque dress I have ever seen on a male human being. If my companion and guide had not, unfortunately, reached the uninteresting long-trousers stage of existence, I should have been strongly tempted to drape him *a la* Rubens and let him surprise the natives on his return home.

There is always more or less risk in the repetition of an experience which in some past period of life has given us pleasure. We may have so changed in the interval, the acting cause may have been so modified, that the experience, in its original freshness and charm, can not be reproduced and we feel that something which we could ill spare has gone out of our life. Twenty years ago I sailed from the east coast of England for Belgium and after a night spent on the North Sea, in the calm splendor of the full moon, had retired, to awake as we were passing up the river and nearing Antwerp. It was then that I gained my first sight of the Continent and as I stood on the deck of our steamer, viewing the low, flat country, the huge forts which guard the approach to the city, the windmills and the toy-like rows of trees which gave the landscape so quaint an aspect, there came floating over the water the sweetest music that had ever greeted my ear, a music such as I thought one could never hear outside of Heaven. It was the melody of the chimes of the Cathedral whose tower, rising four hundred feet in air, charmed the eye by its exquisite sculptured tracery as much as its carillon of sixty bells charmed the ear. These bells began to ring nine years before Columbus sailed in search of a new world, so that it is little wonder that their tones are mellow by this time. Well, when I drew near to Antwerp last summer, it was with some trepidation that I waited for the first notes of the chimes to reach me again across the water. Would they sound the same to me as of old? So much had happened since I heard them last: the lad by my side had not then been born; the intervening years had brought much sorrow with them; how would the chimes touch my heart now? Ah, here they are, faint but clear, like notes dropped from angelic harps; my whole nature thrills responsive to the tones, my tear-dimmed eyes can scarcely see the tower from which they come, and my head is bowed as when a Benediction is pronounced. I thanked God that Sunday morning that the chimes had not lost their charm for me, and when at night I dropped asleep, their notes made a soft accompaniment to dreams which fantastically interwove the present and the past.

What miracles of patient elaboration these huge carved wooden pulpits are which one sees in the Belgian churches! Here in Antwerp Cathedral, the preacher addresses his congregation from an intricate mass of foliage, among which all kinds of birds, real and unreal, are perched, and which is supported by four life-size figures representing Europe, Asia, Africa and America. At Malines, or Mechlin, twelve miles away, the carver of the cathedral pulpit has taken for his subject, the Conversion of St. Paul, but the struggling horse, the prostrate Saul of Tarsus, and the frightened soldiers are only the central figuers of a veritable extravaganza of other representations of life, divine, satanic, vegetable and reptilic, while over all hangs a sounding board of imitation rock and forest. It is however in the magnificent church which the piety of Brussels has erected to its patroness, Ste. Gudule, that we find the most famous of Flemish pulpits. Its support is the Tree of Knowledge, among the branches of which may be noticed various kinds of birds, such as the vulture, the owl, the peacock and the eagle, on seemingly intimate terms with a bear, a cat, a dog, a squirrel cracking nuts and a monkey nibbling at an apple. Below are the life-size figures of our first parents taking their departure from Eden, while crowning the whole scene is the Virgin whose Holy Child is crushing the serpent's head with a cross. It would require a very eloquent preacher, I should think, to draw the attention of a worshiper in Ste. Gudule from the pulpit to the sermon.

It is only when we stand and gaze admirably at this huge, bronze, equestrian statue, in the *Place Royale*, in Brussels, that we remember that Godfrey de Bouillon was a Belgian and that one of his titles was Marquis of Antwerp. The statue is said to mark the very spot where the hero stood when he summoned his knights to join him in the first crusade, and amid the sham royalty of modern times it is a pleasure to see even the effigy of a man of the true kingly type. No character of the eleventh century, or of any century, is more firmly established in the memory of mankind than Godfrey—not merely because he was a worthy descendent of Charlemagne; not merely because he pledged life and fortune in the furtherance of a great idea; not merely because he was the foremost champion of Christendom against the Saracens; not merely because he was Sovereign of Jerusalem by the unanimous suffrage of his fellow princes; but because he refused to wear the title of king and a crown of gold in the city where his Lord had suffered shame and worn a crown of thorns.

It was at our hotel in the Rue Fosse aux Loups, Brussels, that I encountered a mild surprise. It had not occurred to me that it could lurk in the familiar figure of a negro, but it did. He was of medium height, faultlessly dressed, of quiet and modest manners. At first I took him to be the valet of some traveling gentleman, but it was soon apparent that he was an independent sightseer, doing the Continent like the rest of us. To the English guests at the hotel he was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever;" they never tired of talking with him and fair English ladies carefully made room for him by their sides on the settees of the court-yard. Availing myself of the first rare occasion when he did not happen to be the centre of an admiring circle, I approached him in a *quasi* accidental manner and asked him what part of the United States he was from. "I am from Africa and have never been in America," he replied in excellent English, "but I hope to visit that country sometime or other in the course of my travels." Before I could recover from my surprise, his insular admirers began to crowd around him and I retired to wonder who he was. I think of him sometimes and wander yet.

The Palace of the King of the Belgians, which we see here in the upper town—the aristocratic quarters of Brussels—was once the home of the ill-starred princess, Carlotta, Daughter of the late and sister of the present King, she linked her fortunes with the Austrian Archduke, Maximilian, brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and thus for three years, by the grace of Louis Napoleon's bayonet's, wore the empty title of Empress of Mexico. When Iuarez captured her husband in 1867, tried him by court-martial and shot him, the poor Belgian princess lost her reason and from the windows of the Chateau of Bouchout, in the suburbs, where she passes the slow hours of her widowhood, it is said that she is ever looking for the husband who never comes. Like Tennyson's Mariana,

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not" she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."

How strangely events are linked together in this strange world! A French usurper takes advantage of our civil war to establish an empire under his patronage on this continent; the restoration of the Union frightens him off; he leaves his puppet emperor to his fate, at the hands of the infuriated Mexicans, and the tragedy of Queretaro brings a sorrow, fit for the pen of Sophocles, into the splendid palace at which we are looking this bright summer day.

To sit by the bedside of a sick boy in a foreign hotel, waiting for the doctor, is an occupation for which I should want very high wages if I had to follow it for a living. But when he had come, examined and prescribed for the feverish patient, I knew he was a good doctor and I felt better. I had summoned him because he was recommended to me by the American consul as the leading physician of Brussels and I saw at once that he deserved his reputation. When I read his prescription I could have hugged him for the immediate relief it gave to my anxious mind and for the speedy relief it promised to the boy. For it was my mother's remedy for my own childhood's ills that the great Belgian doctor had prescribed, and as I came back from the chemist's shop in the Boulevard Anspach, with my little bottle of castor oil in my hands, I no longer felt the desolation of sickness in a strange land. I bore a remedy which like "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

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The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second is something to hold in reverence.

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