AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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NEW YORK

BARGAIN HOUSE.

LOW PRICES ARE LOUD TALKERS.

AND FOR THAT REASON THE GOODS MENTIONED BELOW NEED BUT BRIEF EXPLANATIONS.

That Special Lot of Hammocks.

We want you to buy these now because there may not be enough to last and if you put it off you may be left. They are made of fine cotton stock, full size pillow, foot adjustment and metal head stretcher, 12 in. droop sides with fringe, pretty colorings, heavy cord ends with metal hangers. Size of bed 78x38 inches, extreme length 11 feet. Price 99 cents. They are exceptional value.

99 CENTS.

Special in White Dimities.

Purchased last winter at prices that seemed almost like giving them away and offered you now at an equal saving. Fine White Dimities worth 20 and 25 cents, only 12½ and 15.

12 1-2 and 15 Cents.

SPECIAL IN PERCALES.—Another fortunate purchase enables us to offer you a choice selection of new Percales at 10 cents that are really worth 12½ and 15.

10 CENTS.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS.—Good strong ones for summer wear, well made, of fair quality Cottonade, 25 cents. Made of good Cotton Crash, splendid for hot weather. 19 CENTS.

WINDOW SCREENS.—Fit your windows with Wire Screens now and you will have no trouble with flies for the rest of the season. We have the best made screens and guarantee the price to be the lowest for the quality. Size 18x33 in. 20 cents., 24x35 in. 28 cents, and the best hard wood screens, 24x34 in. 35 cents.

WE CLOSE AT 7 EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SATURDAY.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
Department Store,
31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.
T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 24.

THE WHITE PALACE.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

A CLEAN STOCK.

Our Groceries present a clean, fresh, appetizing array. You want the best. You get it here. We sometimes cut prices in two, and reduce them whenever fortunate buying enables us to do so.

You'll find us willing caterers to your pleasure at all times.

We carry the largest stock of

Fancy Groceries

in the State outside of Baltimore.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS.

PRIDE OF WESTMINSTER COFFEE 15c per pound; grind it if you like; you all know what it is. In the Staple Grocery Department we will not be undersold. It will pay you to call before purchasing. We buy Country Produce.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST.,
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TELEPHONE, C & P., 11-3. an-23-00 1y

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For Nearly 60 Years The Leading National Family Newspaper. For Progressive Farmers and Villagers.

An old, staunch, tried and true friend of the American People, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the pioneer in every movement calculated to advance the interests and increase the prosperity of country people in every State in the Union.

For over half a century farmers have followed its instructions in raising their crops, and in converting them into cash have been guided by its market reports, which have been National authority.

If you are interested in "Science and Mechanics" that department will please and instruct. "Short Stories" will entertain old and young. "Fashion Articles" will catch the fancy of the ladies, and "Humorous Illustrations" and items will bring sunshine to your household.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is "The People's Paper" for the entire United States, and contains all important news of the Nation and World.

Regular subscription price $1.00 per year, but we furnish it

and The SENTINEL 1 Year for $1.25.

NEW-YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE. PUBLISHED MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY. A complete, up-to-date, daily newspaper three times a week for busy people who receive their mail oftener than once a week.

Contains all striking news features of THE DAILY TRIBUNE up to hour of going to press: and is profusely illustrated.

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Send all orders to the SENTINEL, Westminster, Md.

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PFEFFER & SON,

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VEHICLES of all KINDS

REPAIRING AND PAINTING done in the best manner.

☞Thirty years experience.

☞We guarantee that all work entrusted to us will be turned out in the most satisfactory manner.

Call and see us, we will save you money.

LIBERTY AND GREEN STS.,
fe-6-1y WESTMINSTER MD.

WESTMINSTER WATER CO. NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Westminster Water Co., held Jan. 9th, 1900, the following orders were passed:

ORDERED, that hereafter all water rents shall be charged against and collected from the OWNERS of properties upon which water privileges are used—and not from tenants as heretofore. That a discount of four per cent. shall be allowed on the payment of said rents if made on or before May 1st, of each year. In case said payment is not made by June 1st, the water shall be turned off, and not restored unless cost of turning off as well as the rental is paid.

A. H. HUBER,
jan-12-tf Sec. and Treas.

Wm. F. Derr. | Wm. F. Derr.

"THE MODEL STORE NEWS."

UNUSUAL VALUES IN FINE INDIA LINENS.

We offer today 100 pieces fine sheet Imported India Linens at really less than manufacturers prices today—Note the prices and values then come see the goods.

15c GRADE 18c GRADE 20 GRADE 25c GRADE
10c. 12 1-2c. 15c. 20c.

Hosiery Sale.

18c VALUE 12½c.

50 dozen ladies very fine gauge and regular made fast black hose positive 18c values on sale today at

12½c pr.

Good Silks 40c.

Actual 75c printed India and Foulard Silks in a dozen lovely printings including the popular polka dots, mostly dark blues, a few blacks and other colors at about half price

40c yd.

Quantity limited—Come quick.

Fashionable Footwear.

There are certain occasions and costumes that demand dainty, dressy footwear as an accompaniment. The

"Queen Quality."

Boots and Oxfords fulfil these requirements, and are also very easy on the feet, besides being snug fitting—they are beautiful creations—made of very fine Kibo Kid with medium light soles. We are showing these famous shoes in more than twenty styles.

BOOTS $3. OXFORDS $2.50.

Muslin Underwear.

There is no let up in our selling of Muslin Underwear—but we are giving you the goods all beautifully made at less prices than they can be bought from the manufactuer to-day—in fact less than you can buy the materials—look!

Regular 40c—
Corset Covers 25c.
Regular 50c—
Drawers 29c.
Regular 75c—
Night Gowns 50c.
Regular $1.00—
Petticoats 75c.

Carpets and Matting

for summer. Our stock is very attractive and prices very moderate. Fine Japanese Matting in beautiful carpet designs regular 40c grade priced special at only

28c yd.

Fine Carpets.

At very low prices, we still have a few rolls of those best Brussel, Velvets and Axminster carpets—the regular price is $1.25 and $1.40, here today for just

$1.00 yd.

WE CLOSE AT SIX O'CLOCK EXCEPT SATURDAY.

THE GREAT
MODEL EMPORIUM.
Wm. F. Derr,

Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

THE UP TO DATE STORE.

This is one of the many styles we carry in the

WALK OVER $3.50 SHOES.

We have them in

LACE and BUTTON, PATENT LEATHER,
BLACK and TAN, VICI KID,
RUSSET and BOX CALF.

All other grades of Men's, Ladies', Misses', and Children's Shoes and Oxfords, from the cheapest to the best. We have just received a beautiful line of

English Square Ties, for Ladies and Gents,

25 and 50 cents. Also Four-in-Hand, Club House and Bat Wing Ties. Our elegant stock of

MEN'S STRAW HATS, SAILORS

and other shapes, is not surpassed. We are glad to show these Hats, for we know they're right.

Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
jan-7-00-1y

After Season Prices in the Height of the Season, at the

One Price Cash Store.

STOUFFER & ENSOR, THE CORNER STORE, NEW WINDSOR, MD.

Our $6, $7, $8 and $9 Men's Suits are going fast—and why? Because the quality is first-class and the styles and patterns are the very newest, and better than all, ours are just from $2.00 to $3.00 under the regular price. "This is what we are told." We are ready for the hot weather.

Look At Our Spot Cash Prices.

Neckwear, etc., please both the eye and purse. Money saved is money made; you will realize this by dealing with us.
march 31-1900-1y-3 STOUFFER & ENSOR, New Windsor, Md.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit TANEYTOWN on the 1st WEDNESDAY of each month.

☞Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

A liberal share of public patronage solicited.

Respectfully, J. W. HELM, D. D. S.,
ju-20-tf New Windsor, Md.

THE KEELEY CURE!

TWENTY YEARS OF PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN CASES OF

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The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Select Poetry.

VACATION DAYS.

From Golden Days.

Now is the season of the year
When, yawning o'er his slate,
The idle schoolboy figures up
Vacation's certain date.
And calculates, with heavy sigh,
The days and weeks that must roll by
Before emancipation comes
From intricate and puzzling sums.

How leaden-footed travels Time!—
The clocks have lazy grown—
Such lengthened hours of school as these
Before were never known;
In fact, there really seems to be
A villainous conspiracy
To hold in check the gladsome day
That tabooes books and welcomes play.

From Monday morn till Friday night
Seems like a dreary age,
While visions of vacation joys
Dance o'er the lessoned page,
And thoughts of ball and baited hooks
Allure the mind from tiresome books,
And breed a rank indifference
To parts of speech or present tense.

The grass has never looked so green,
The sun ne'er shone so bright,
As in these aggravating days
That slowly take their flight.
As though it matters not to them
How much the schoolboy will condemn
The hours and minutes that postpone
The days and weeks he'll call his own.

Be patient, little man, and wait—
The hour will come at last—
And then, methinks, you'll growl at Time
Because he goes too fast.
And wish, instead of twenty-four,
The hours of day were twice a score,
And that vacation time might be
A miniature eternity.

Select Story.

THE LOVE STORY OF NUMBER SIX.

In an orphan asylum of a small town in Vermont, Lizzie Macready was known as No. 6. The name was particularly fitting for more reasons than one. Lizzie was the youngest child of six. She was the sixth orphan who had been admitted to the institution. Her father was a locomotive engineer on the Vermont Central railway. Lizzie, the youngest child, was six years old when he was killed in a collision, and brought home a corpse to his little ones. His eldest daughter had been keeping house since the death of her mother, and soon after the father's demise she married a section boss. The children were scattered among friends and relatives. The boys had found good homes and were all at work earning money. Lizzie was taken into the orphanage, of which her aunt, a kindly, middle-aged woman, was matron.

Nobody objected to this arrangement, for Miss Sanders stood very high in the esteem of the townspeople, who thought it but right that the youngest child should be cared for at the expense of the county, since all the others had not become burdens on their charity.

Number six grew up a likely girl amidst the orphans of the place, and now, at the age of 16, she was quite a help to her aunt, who still continued in charge of the county's waifs. All who had been there when she was a toddler were gone. The girls had sought service with the townspeople, the boys were at work in the fields. Lizzie was taking upon her young shoulders the cares which burdened the white-haired woman who had been a mother to her.

At this time there was not an empty bed or cradle in the institution. An open winter, something unusual in the rigorous climate of the Vermont hills, had depopulated the firesides and filled the graveyards. For years there had not been infants in the home until this winter. Now there were two, a boy and a girl. The former was the son of the school-master. The girl was a poor washerwoman's child. Bud, the male infant, was robust enough and thriving as successfully among the strangers as he had in his mother's arms, but Bee, the charwoman's infant daughter, needed a deal of attention. This little mite of humanity had been christened Beatrice, to the great astonishment of everybody. A washerwoman calling her child Beatrice was an unheard of thing among the plain people of the Vermont hills. Maggie, Mary or Annie, wagged the gossips, would have been more suitable.

Mrs. Rossister, the mother of little Beatrice, came to the Green mountain town when her child was not quite a year old. She wore widow's weeds and informed those who asked her antecedents that her husband had died a short time ago, leaving her in poverty. He had been a good man, she explained, but a year's sickness had eaten up their little savings.

This was in the summer of the year, and a few days before Christmas the mother was called away from little Bee, before she could indicate what she wanted done with her child. After the burial of Mrs. Rossiter the baby was taken to the orphanage and placed in charge of Miss Sanders. From the first Lizzie Macready—Number Six—took a violent fancy to the little one. Bee got all the coddling and fondling. She was such a wee thing; so delicate and frail. Big blue eyes gazed wistfully out of a thin, pale face, and there was a sad droop to the baby's mouth, as if the child realized its forlorn condition.

For a time after Mrs Rossiter's coming to Water Hollow, the gossips indulged in talk about the legitimacy of little Bee. All doubts were set aside, however, when the public administrator found in an old tin box among Mrs. Rossiter's effects two marriage certificates. One, the latest, pronounced her the wife of James Rossiter, whom she had wed six years before the baby was born. The other was ten years older. It had been issued by a minister in a small town of New York, and by it the woman had become the wife of a man named Correll.

This was news, indeed, to the denizens of Water Hollow, and they at once speculated what had become of her first husband. By the time they had found something else to talk about Baby Bee was forgotten, so far as they were concerned.

Slowly the little girl grew, tenderly cared for by Number Six, who had become deeply attached to her and could not endure to have her out of her sight. Several opportunities presented themselves for Bee's adoption, but Lizzie Macready objected. She could not bear to think of a separation from the little waif whose life, like hers, seemed cast in lonely paths. But there came a time when even Lizzie could no longer expect to retain control of Bee Rossiter. A childless couple had come to summer at a neighboring resort in the Green mountains, and while on their journey visited the orphanage. They had long ago decided to adopt a child, and a glance at little Bee satisfied them that she was just what they wanted.

The bargain was made and it was agreed that Bee should be sent to them a few days before their summer sojourn came to an end.

From that time on Number Six was a changed being. She pined and fretted, as the day drew near that would separate her from the little girl, and Aunt Sanders was more than once compelled to call in the house physician to administer to her niece.

The girl who had tasted all the bitterness of an orphaned life, clung to the motherless child with all the vehemency of a first love. Night and day she prayed that something might interfere to let her keep the little girl a little longer.

And the unexpected happened. A stranger alighted one day from the one-horse fly which plied between the railway station and the best hotel in the town. He was a handsome, prosperous looking man. His clothes and the alligator bag indicated that. He asked for the best room in the house and paid for it in advance. The morning after his arrival he set out for the parsonage, and through the volubility of the minister's housekeeper, it soon leaked out that he had come to inquire about Mrs. Rossiter. The parson took him first to the little graveyard and showed him the mound beneath which the old charwoman lay buried. Then he accompanied him to the orphanage to see little Bee.

Lizzie Macready was busy at a window when the stranger and the parson walked up the gravel path. The bronzed face of the former was aglow with excitement. Lizzie had never seen a more pleasing face, she thought. It was a good, honest face, too, and when a moment later she was requested to bring little Bee to the reception-room her heart throbbed wildly. Perhaps her prayer had been heard.

The woman and the child entered the room, and the stranger came forward to greet them. He caught the little girl in his arms and kissed her. Bee, who had never before been caressed by a man, wound her arms around his neck and laid her head on his shoulder. A good omen, thought Lizzie, and confidently shook the stranger's hand. The minister introduced the stranger as Mr. Correll, little Bee's half brother. His father, a wild, reckless fellow, had left his wife. He had taken their child, a boy with him. The boy was the man who now stood before them. They had drifted to the mining camps of Colorado and there Correll had amassed riches. A few months ago he died leaving everything to his son and imploring him to find his mother. This the son did. He had learned of his mother's divorce and marriage to Rossiter, and of the birth of a baby girl. Their trail led to the little mountain town in Vermont and here he found one in her grave, the other a public charge in an orphanage. Now he would take her away with him and spend his riches upon her. In a day or two he would be ready to depart.

Lizzie Macready grew paleas death when he announced his intention. The child, still nestling in his arms, held out her hand to her foster-mother.

"Dear Number Six," she cried. "I can never leave you!"

Sweeet blushes crept into the girl's cheek at this avowal of affection on the part of the child. The stranger stooped and kissed her hand. "How can I ever thank you for what you have done for her!"

For days Mr. Correll, the rich young miner, lingered in the little mountain town. Again the gossips got together, wondering what kept him in a place so devoid of attraction to people with money. There was nothing in the way of little Bee's departure. Surely that foolish young woman, Lizzie Macready, would not again interpose silly objections.

Every day the stranger went to the orphanage to spend hours with his little sister and beloved Number Six, for he insisted that Lizzie Macready should accompany her charge on all their strolls through the garden.

At last he informed the landlord of the little hostelry that he would depart the next day, He ordered a four-seated carriage instead of a single fly to take him to the station.

"I am not going alone this time," he said with a happy smile.

"Going to take the little girl with you I see," answered the landlord, saying to himself that there would be one less for the county to feed.

"Yes, and a wife!" continued Correll.

"A wife?" gasped the inn-keeper. "Where did you get her?"

"Over at the orphanage. I am going to be married in the morning to Lizzie Macready—Number Six—you know!"

Doom of the Lobster.

The extinction of the lobster is threatened. He is in too much demand as an article of food. The United States fish commissioner, in answer to an inquiry from Representative Fitzgerald, gives statistics which show the catch in lobsters in Massachusetts waters has decreased 70 per cent. during the last 18 years. The yield was 4,315,416 pounds, valued at $158,229 in 1880, which in 1898 fell to 1,693,741 pounds, valued at $147,-02. The yield has not only decreased but with increasing scarcity the price has advanced, thus in turn causing greater activity on the part of fishermen. The fish commission, says the Chicago Tribune, has been doing its best to maintain the supply. During the last five years 387,041,805 young lobsters artificially hatched have been liberated on the Massachusetts coast. Practically all the eggs from which these lobsters were hatched would have been destroyed had the commission not purchased the egg-bearing adults from fishermen, which is good evidence that but for the commission the supply of lobsters would be practically exhausted to-day. The New England states have laws against the catching of undersized lobsters, and also of brood lobsters carrying eggs, but the laws do not seem to be well enforced. The result is that in spite of the work of the commission the lobster supply is constantly shrinking, and the time may come when the lobster will be as much of a curiosity as is the buffalo, and only multi-millionaires can afford to eat them.

Wax in Canned Goods Keeps the Air Out.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The following is a hint on keeping the air out of fruit in a self-sealing manner:

"Put wax in canned fruits and vegetables!" exclaimed a woman while listening to a friend, an experienced housekeeper.

"Certainly I do," the friend replied. "That is the great secret of keeping successfully all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables. It is very simple and you can see at once why it is so efficient a preservative.

"Into each can or jar drop a piece of wax about half the size of the first joint of your thumb. The fruit or vegetable is hot, of course, when it is poured into the can; the wax melting forms a thin coating around the top, bottom and sides, a coating which keeps in the juices as well as keeps out the air.

"When you open the can it is cold, and the coat of wax can be taken off as easily as a paper.

"If you have never tried it you cannot realize its excellence; if you once try it, I'm sure you will never think of any other method."

The Young Wife.

Lack of Experience That Causes Numerous Trying Mistakes.

For lack of experience many trying mistakes are made by the young housekeeper which would gladly be corrected if only some kindly friend would come to the rescue. Take a young girl fresh from the school room and from a home where there have been servants enough to do all that is necessary about the house work, or else from a home where the work of the house has all been done by the mother, and put into her inexperienced hands the care and entire charge of a house, what else can be expected but that serious mistakes will be made and many bitter tears shed in consequence of her want of knowledge. Ninety-nine out of every hundred young girls that marry are totally ignorant of the necessary care that will fall upon them.

If the other one girl from the hundred has been fortunate enough to have had a far-seeing mother, who has taught her daughter to look carefully after a household, she should rise up and bless her thoughtful mother for her wisdom. Before a girl becomes a wife she should at least be able to oversee the work that is done in her home, give reasonable directions to the servants, and in time of need she should be able to make good bread, roast and broil meats, know how to make good soups, a few simple desserts, and, above all, know how to make good coffee. From this simple beginning she may, by care and watchfulness, become a good manager of the household stores, even if the necessity of doing the cooking never happens to fall upon her.

I have heard mothers say, "Oh! the cares of life will fall soon enough upon her; let her have a free foot while she can, and when she marries she will soon learn." In consequence of this mistaken kindness her daughters have everything to learn when the cares of a home fall upon them, and in consequence of their lack of knowledge many bitter tears are shed, dollars are wasted by her mistakes, and in a large majority of cases an unhappy home and wretched surroundings are the result. Her daughters are left to grow up in the same way, and in consequence of their mother's ignorance, matters go from bad to worse.

There are many, of course, who have too much pride to allow matters to go on in this way, and to these great credit should be given, for they have a hard fight, and well deserve the victory when it has been won.

Every mother should teach her daughters the rudiments of housekeeping.

Trust of Farmers.

From N. Y. Sun.

The uniting of all the farmers of the world in a sort of international trust or agreement to restrict the production of wheat and to raise prices is the project which it is hoped to carry out at the International Agricultural convention to be held in Paris July 9 to 16. It is proposed to ask the farmers of the world to reduce their wheat output by 20 per cent., and not to sell a bushel for less than one dollar.

J. C. Hanley, of St. Paul, executive agent of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, the National Cotton Growers' Association, the Farmers Federation of the Mississippi Valley, and the National Grain Growers' Association, is the chief promoter of the International Agricultural trust in America. Prof. G. Ruhland, of the university of Fribourg, Switzerland, is the chief promoter of the plan in Europe. The idea was conceived by these two men independently.

Mr. Hanley has been a worker in the interests of the farmers for years. He has been interested in many holdyour wheat schemes and is prominently associated with the farmers' elevator and various cooperative undertakings. He has for years studied the prices and is at present very active in promoting legislation by congress in the interest of the farmers. He has long been of the opinion that if the farmers would only get together and come to an understanding as to limiting production and would agree to sell only when their price could be obtained they could easily master the situation. As a professor of economics Prof. Ruhland has come to the same conclusion. His study of the agrarian problems of different civilized countries led him to believe that the only cure for the widespread troubles of farmers, which are much more severe in the old than in the new world, is to restrict production. Both Mr. Hanley and the professor were hard at work getting the idea into practice when they encountered each other through correspondence. Since then they have been working in harmony with a common idea, namely to persuade the International Agricultural congress to indorse the idea and recommend it to the various associations present at the conference for application next year.

The Lord Mayor of London wears a badge of office which contains diamonds valued at £120,000.

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