AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1903. VOL. 71--NO. 51.

Western Maryland Railroad.

CONNECTING WITH

P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysb'g, Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown, B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Brunerville, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTION

Taking effect September 28th, 1902.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. AM *	11. AM †	15. AM †	28. PM †	29. PM †	53. AM ‡	55. P M ‡
New York							
Philadelphia							
Washington							
Baltimore	4.30	8.23	10.15	4.25	6.15	9.75	2.5
Arlington		8.44	10.39		6.42	9 58	2.59
Mt. Hope		8.47	10.42	4.48	6.45	10.03	3.02
Pikesville		8.53	10.49	4.54	6.55	10.10	3.09
Owings Mills		9.02	11.02	5.03	7.05	10.21	3.21
Glyndon	5.11	9.13	11.14	5.14	7.15	10.33	3.3.
Emory Grove		9.14	11.15		7.16	10.34	3.32
Finksburg		9.22	11.26	5.22	7.25	10.46	3.47
Carrollton		9.36	11.38		7.37	10.59	4.00
Westminster	5.40	9.51	11.53	5.44	7.52	11.15	4.16
Avondale		9.58	12.00		7.58	11.23	4.26
New Windsor	5.53	10.08	12.10	6.02	8.08	11.34	4.38
Linwood		10.14	12.16	6.07	8.13	11.40	4.42
Union Bridge	6.00	10.20	12.20	6.12	8.17	11.45	4.56
Middleburg		10.28	P M.	6.18	P M	A M.	P M.
Bruceville	6.07	10.28		6.22			
D. P. Creek		10.32		6.26			
Rocky Ridge		10.39		6.34			
Thurmont	6.25	10.51		6.46			
Edgemont	7.05	11.37		7.31			
Waynesboro	†7.22	11.51		7.52			
Chambersb'g	†7 57	12.34		8.28			
Shippensburg		1.00		8.55			
Hagerstown	7.30	12.05		8.C0			
Williamsport	A M.	P M.		P M.			

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. PM *	4. AM †	8. AM †	12. PM †	18. PM †	52. AM ‡	54. P M. ‡
Williamsport							
Hagerstown	4.12		7.02		9.10		
Shippensburg	†2.55		6.00				
Chamb'rsburg	†3 30		6.28		1.46		
Waynesboro	†4.10		7.01		2.19		
Edgemont	4.40		7.35		2.41		
Thurmont	5.17		8.'6		3.21		
Rocky Ridge	5.26		8.26		3.31		
D. P. Creek			8.33		3.38		
Bruceville	5.38		8.37		3.44		
Middleburg			8.39		3.46		
Union Bridge	5.45	6.25	8.46	12.55	3.55	6.45	4 05
Linwood		6.30	8.49	12.59	3.59	6.49	4.09
New Windsor	5.53	6.37	8.54	1.04	4.04	6.56	4.15
Avondale		6.50		1.13	4.14	7.11	4.26
Westminster	6 07	7.00	9.00	1.19	4.20	7.50	4.5.
Carrollton		7.15	9.14	1.32	4.34	7.27	4 49
Finksburg		7.25	9.25	1.42	4.44	7.53	5 02
Emory Grove		7.34		1.50	4.52	8.02	5.14
Glyndon		7.41	9.43	1.51	4.53	8.07	5.15
Owings Mills		7.53	9 52	2.01	5.03	8.20	5.27
Pikesville		8.01	10.00	2.10	5.14	8 33	5.39
Mt. Hope		8.11	10.16	2.17	5.21	8.3.	5.4
Arlington	7.17	8.14		2.19	5.24	8.42	5.49
Baltimore		8.38	10.27	2.40	5 45	9.07	6.15
Washington							
Philadelphia	P M.						
New York		A M	A M	P M.	P M	A M	P M

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

Accomodation train No. 2, going East, leaves Union Bridge, daily except Sunday, at 5.25 A. M., Linwood 5.29, New Windsor 5.38, Avondale 5.50, Westminster 6.05, Carrollton 6.20, Finksburg, 6.32 Glen Falls 6.34, arriving at Baltimore at 7.45 A. M.

Accomodation train No. 17, going West, leaves Baltimore, daily except Sunday, at 2.25 P. M., Glen Falls 3.30, Finksburg 3.32, Carrollton 3.45, Westminster 4.03, Avondale 4.14, New Windsor 4.28, Linwood 4.33 Union Bridge, 4.38 P. M.

Passengers for and from Cherry Run, North Williamsport, and intermediate points, from and for stations east of Hagerstown, change at Hagerstown.

EMMITSBURG R. R. Trains East will leave Emmitsburg daily, except Sundays, at 7.50 and 10.00 A. M. and 2.55 and 4.50 P. M., arriving Rocky Ridge at 8.20 and 10.30 A. M. and 3.45 and 5.20 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.35 and 10.30 A. M. and 3.51 and 6.34 P. M., arriving at Emmitsburg 8.56 and 11.09 A. M. and 4.01 and 7.04 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R R., (Daily ex. Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Bruceville at 8.38 A. M. and 2.56 and 10.40 A. M and 4.45 and 6.30 P. M. Trains for Taneytown Littlestown and Columbia leave Bruceville 9.47 A. M., and at 3.45 P. M.

Through Trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 7.25 A. M. and 3.32 P. M. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate points leave Baltimore also daily, except Sunday, at 10.12 A. M.

BALTIMORE & CUMBERLAND VALLEY BRANCH.—Trains leave Hagerstown for Shippensburg and intermediate Stations at 11.05 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Leave Shippensburg for Hagerstown and Intermediate Stations at 6.00 a. m., and and 2.55 p. m.

FOR CHAMBERSBURG VIA ALTENWALD CUT-OFF.—Leave Hagerstown for Chambersburg and Intermediate Stations at 3.30 p. m. Leave Chambersburg for Hagerstown and Intermediate Stations at 7.43 p. m.

F. S. LANDSTREET, Vice-Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

B. H GRISWOLD, Gen'l. Passenger Ag't.

NEW YEAR is COMING

AT

OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, Md.

We bid you welcome to our Feast of Bargains. Never was our stock more complete, never were our Bargains more attractive. A beautiful line of China Dishes, consisting of Tea and Dinner Sets, Salad and Celery Dishes, Glass ware, Lamps, Toilet Sets, Silverware in great variety, Albums, Clocks, Manicure Sets, Pictures and Frames, Vases, Indian Work Baskets, Rugs, Table Covers, Jewelry in great variety, Handkerchiefs by the thousand.

A perfect Wonderland of TOYS for the Children. Come and bring your Children with you.

N. B.—We have 200 Gents' Suits of Clothes, 100 Youth's, 100 Children's and Men's. We will make a special offer during December—**A Nice Hat given with each Suit** from $7.00 up, **or Overcoat** during the month, or a corresponding reduction. A beautiful line from $5.50 to $14.00 in Gents' Suits. We will save you money in Boots and Shoes if you deal with us. Special bargains in Dress Goods.

Three special prizes will be given to the parties buying the largest amount during the month. Our stock of Candy, Nuts, Raisins and Figs is complete.

A present given to every child under 12 years of age Dec. 24th, between the hours of 12 and 3. Come and bring your friends with you.

ja 18 02 1y 5 GEO. C. ANDERS.

NO. 4016 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

In the matter of the Petition of Rachel M. Gore to have her name changed to Rachel M. Beaver.

The object of the Petition in the above case is to change the name of Rachel M. Gore to that of Rachel M. Beaver.

The Petition states that the Petitioner resides in Carroll County in the State of Maryland, has resided therein since her birth and is an adult above the age of twenty-one years; that she desires her name changed for the reason that she was divorced a vinculo matrimonii from Jasper Holliday Gore, that she is usually called Rachel M. Beaver which often leads to confusion and miscarriage of letters addressed to her; that she has neither child or children; and that she is about to purchase some real estate in this County and State and desires that the title to same should vest in her as Rachel M. Beaver, her maiden name.

It is thereupon this 13th day of December, A. D. 1902, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, ordered that the petitioner cause a copy of this order with the object and substance of the petition to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County, once a week for more than three successive weeks, before the 19th day of January, A. D. 1903, giving notice to whom it may concern to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 9th day of February, A. D. 1903, to show cause, if any there be, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

WM. H. THOMAS.

True Copy—Test:
dec-20-3t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

NO. 4009 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Conrad Frankforter, Mortgagee, vs. Charles A. Warner, Mortgagor.

Ordered, this 26th day of December, A. D. 1902, 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 19th day of January, 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.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
dec 27-2t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

HOUSE AND LOT AT PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned, Executrix, will sell at Private Sale, the Home of the late George E. Eckenrode, being No. 30 West George street, in Westminster, Md. For particulars, apply to Michael E. Walsh, or Bettie V. Eckenrode, Executrix. nov 8 tf

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORES.

THE GREAT WHITE SALE OF 1903.

OUR FIRST ANNUAL SALE OF MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

We have planned this sale to make it the best on record. The best we have is as good as the best anywhere in this town. The lowest priced garments are excellently made from good materials, AND THEY FIT. This sale has not been hastily gotten together, with a few leaders to draw attention. It is a carefully thought out sale, in which our best efforts have culminated in the shape of a most complete variety of unmatchable bargains. It will repay every woman to see goods and prices before buying. No odd lots; no job lots, but all new goods.

Clearing Embroidery Sale.

To make room for our New Embroideries, we empty our boxes of all broken sets, short lengths and soiled goods. To make this a quick sale we mark them at ONE-FOURTH and ONE-HALF off the regular price.

At 5c.

Cambric and Nainsook Embroideries and Insertions, fine neat and showy goods, values up to 10c.

At 8c.

Fine and wide Nainsook and Cambric Embroideries and Insertions; mainly 12½c and 15c values.

At 15c.

Including the finest goods, in broken sets, in Cambric Nainsook and Swiss, values up to 35c.

Our Reduction Sale in the Suit Department has been a Wonder during the past week. 25 per cent Reduction on Coats, Suits, Skirts and Furs. DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

John D. Bowers.

NEW YEAR Good Things.

Our large and steady patronage increases to such an extent at Christmas that we give enormous orders in advance for the choicest things in the land. Don't fail to give us your order and as early as you can. You shall have the best the market affords cheap.

Staple and Fancy GROCERY DEPARTMENTS

are in readiness for business. We are headquarters for NUTS, FRUITS and CONFECTIONS, as well as in GROCERIES. You want something special for the HOLIDAYS, so here is the place to get it. NUTS, RAISINS, CITRON, CURRANTS, GRAPES, ORANGES, CRANBERRIES, CHEAP MIXED CANDIES. WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS, 20c to 80c per lb. You all know what they are. Special bargains for the Holidays. Our wagon is going from morning till night. Speedy delivery of goods. Call and see for yourself what is in store for you. Country produce taken in exchange. Highest prices paid.

JOHN D. BOWERS, OPPOSITE CATHOLIC RECTORY,
jan-23-02 1y C. & P. TELEPHONE 11-3. 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.

Money! Money!

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

WADDELL will save you not only Pennies but Dollars on your New Year supplies. The largest stock of

Candy, Fruits, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons, Cakes,

CRACKERS, FIGS, DATES, CRANBERRIES, &c., in the county. Baker's Chocolate 16c a cake. Pure Rio Coffee 9c a pound. Baking Powder, very best, only 4c a can. Cocoanuts from 4c up. A good double handle Basket only 3c each.

PRICES CUT ON EVERYTHING.

W. H. WADDELL,
nov 22 02 1y Cut Price Merchant, 28 West Main St., Westminster Md.

SELL WHEAT TO Roberts, Roop & Co.

Highest Price. Honest Weight. Free Storage.

Westminster, Md.
oct 18 6m

IT'S COMPLETE. WHAT?

J. W. Lockard & Son's CARPET DEPARTMENT, CONTAINING

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Comforts, Blankets, Spreads, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Etc.

Prices Way Down

on above articles, also on our FURNITURE and BUGGIES. We invite all to visit our store before buying, as we will save you money.

Yours to serve,

J. W. LOCKARD & SON.,
13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster.
an 16 1y

J. S. MYERS, D. D. S. J. E. MYERS, D. D. S.

MYERS BROTHERS, Surgeon Dentists

NEW WINDSOR AND WESTMINSTER, MD.

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

Our office at Westminster, formerly occupied by Dr. Selby, will always be open.

The TANEYTOWN OFFICE will be open first Monday and Tuesday of every month.

GAS ADMINISTERED.
Western Maryland Telephone.
aug 23 02 tf

Removal Sale.

ENTIRE STOCK OF

HARNESS, SADDLES, ROBES, BLANKETS, TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, Etc.,

to be sold in 30 days at any Old Price For Cash.

J. WALTER SHUNK,
41 East Main St., Westminster, Md.
jan 11 02 1y

JOB PRINTING, such as Sale Bills Posters, Pamphlets, Books, &c., printed a short notice and at modern prices Call at this office before placeing orders elsewhere.

CASTORIA

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

LAY ME LOW, MY WORK IS DO

Lay me low, my work is done,
I am weary. Lay me low.
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the butterfly takes wing,
Where the aspens, drooping grow,
Where the young birds chirp and sing—
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long
In the world's unequal fight
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right.
Always with a stubborn heart,
Taking, giving blow for blow;
Brother, I have played my part,
And am weary; let me go.

Stern the world and bitter cold,
Irksome, painful to endure;
Everywhere a love of gold,
Nowhere pity for the poor.
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,
Pride, hypocrisy and show;
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes,
I am weary, let me go.

Other chance when I am gone
May restore the battle-call,
Bravely lead the good cause on
Fighting in the which I fall.
God may quicken some true soul
Here to take my place below
In the heroes' muster-roll—
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,
Drape the standards on the wall,
I have drained the mortal cup
To the finish, dregs and all;
When our work is done 'tis best,
Brother, best that we should go—
I am weary, let me rest;
I am weary, lay me low.

—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

TWO RESCUES.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

"Hi! Hi! Hold on there, partner!"

Jack Norton, with hands buried in the pockets of a heavy winter overcoat, came striding over the hardened snow, down the slope of a dark and deserted side street that led to the East River. He had just caught sight of another man passing through the yellow patch of light that marked a squalid rumshop in a basement, and some instinct had prompted him to hail as "partner" this man whom he then saw for the first time.

The strange man checked an impulse to look back, but only went on all the more doggedly. Norton also quickened his pace. After a few more strides he could see, in the faint light which the snow reflected from the last lonesome gas lamp on the block, that there was no need of swiftness to catch up with this man; the street ended right there in a sort of platform with an iron railing at its edge, and immediately below this railing was the East River, where cakes of ice swirled out of the darkness into stray beams of light, and on into darkness again. The stranger—a strongly built man in a thick peajacket—stood there, grasping the head of an iron rail in either hand, staring out beyond.

"It's no good, old man,' said Norton, crunching over the fresh snow on the platform to reach the stranger, "no good. Thought of doing it myself. If you'll hold on a minute I'll tell you why."

The man in the peajacket turned and glared at this intruder with the tall hat and the air of another class. "Who in thunder are you?" And then, as if a new thought had suddenly occurred to him, he leaned forward and peered into Norton's face.

"That's all right," said Norton standing up to the scrutiny as if he had quite expected it. "I'm not off my head—not altogether. I only want to keep you from a mistake I nearly made myself. A few minutes ago I started to come down here and—well, disappear in that darkness out there. See those chunks of ice racing each other? If you and I jumped this railing now, we'd be racing like that next moment, and with no more idea of where we were racing to. It's all like that, the other world is. Chap named Hamlet settled it all long ago."

"Well, say, if you ain't crazy you've got more gall than anybody's got a right too and keep their senses. What you got to do with my affairs?"

Norton laughed aloud. "Your affairs! Don't you see we're in the same boat, you and I? You just listen to me——"

"No, I won't just listen to you," the other man growled. "And if you know what's good for you, you'll get away out of here."

This threat to a man who had all but resolved on suicide struck Norton so suddenly and sharply as comical that he broke into a roar of laughter, awakening the echoes of the winter night. His mirth instantly roused the resentment of the man in the peajacket, who, backing away from the railing, struck violently at him right and left.

By instinct and long habit Norton put up his hands. He was the taller man of the two, active and more skillful in self-defence than the other; but a long winter overcoat is an awkward garment for boxing in, and the gloves proper for a gentleman's afternoon calls are not at all the prize-ring type. Handicapped like this, he was less difficult for the smaller man, whose furious drives and swings fell short of his face, but reached his chest and ribs.

The two clinched and stamped up and down in the dry snow, their [illegible] held pinioned in the snow. Only one person had been in his thoughts as he came down that lonely side street, and her he would not have harmed for all that life could afford. It had seemed, though, that death would be for him a happy escape from the agony of his meeting with her that afternoon, finding her so affectionately intimate with that supercilious middle-aged Professor What's-his-name, and his just resentment met with what sounded to him like a heartless sneer, and all this after years of absence in constant love and hope. By all logic Norton ought to have been glad to let the man in the peajacket get up and kill him, but somehow his impulses had all been changed by this chance meeting with a fellow creature to whom life seemed as unbearable as to himself.

The solution of the problem how to release the desperate man came to Norton when the panting still was feebly broken by the distant voice of a child calling. The man on the ground raised his head, as if from force of habit, to listen. The voice came nearer.

"Papa! papa! Mamma wants you."

"Let me up. That's my kid."

Norton jumped up delighted.

"Papa! Mamma wants you to come to her."

"Here, Connie!"

The man in the peajacket sat up on the snowy curb, trying to rid himself of the marks of his rough-and-tumble in the snow. Norton was picking up his tall hat when a little girl in a pink frock emerged from the darkness of the street. The little girl appeared to forget that it was a cold night, and that her black woolen shawl thrown over her head was a very slender protection. The shawl was trailing behind her as she ran to her papa, and sobbing, threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, papa, she didn't mean for you to go away and never come back? Won't you come to her now, please papa?"

Norton, brushing his silk hat, felt once more moved to laughter—perhaps not the laughter of a merely humorous appreciation, but still laughter. Taught by his late experience, he moderated his laugh to a hardly audible chuckle, and then, as that excited no fresh outbreak on the part of Connie's papa, he spoke up:

"Yes, Connie"—he had caught the little one's name—"papa's going home. But you musn't catch cold, little girl. Here!"

He was taking off his own overcoat to throw over the child when her father, still sitting in the snow hugging her to his peajacket, looked up and caught him in the act.

"If you take off that coat, you'll catch your death of noomony, mister," he said.

"I shall not have time for that, partner. Why not? Because I'm going to send you home with Connie while I go the other way." He nodded in the direction of the river. "I have no home where I'm wanted, and no little girl to run about in the snow looking for me."

Connie looked up at him over her papa's shoulder. "Ain't you got—nobody at all?"

"Nobody at all, Connie. Here, let me see if the coat's too long for you."

Her papa rose and gathered up the trailing black shawl. "Run on home, baby," he said, wrapping it tight about her. "Run on now, just as fast as you can, and tell mamma I'm coming right away—soon as I get through talking to this gentleman on business."

Norton took something out of his pocket, stopped, and transferred the something to Connie's hand, whispering to her, and she, after one puzzled stare, disappeared up the street. He looked after her a moment, and then, turning away with a chuckle, said: "You must have been clean off your head partner. And you tried to make out I was. I wish you'd tell me what the trouble is. But anyhow, I know now you hadn't half my excuse for wanting to jump into the river."

"Think so, eh? How would you like it if you had worked hard for ten years, and then had to see your things all sold out—horse, and wagon, and everything—and your wife saying you're no kind of use——"

"That's enough," Norton interrupted. "It's only money with you. By the way what's your name? McCorkle? All right, McCorkle. I just want to tell you that you don't know when you're well off. Come on, McCorkle; I'm going to put off that swim with the ice cakes until tomorrow night. Ugh! It surely is a good deal more comfortable with this coat on. Hope I didn't seriously hurt your arms just now."

The two late combatants began to plod together through the snow in the roadway. "Now, see here, McCorkle, I'm putting off my plunge just for one thing—just to write a check to your order. You agree to take that check and use it? You won't? All right, then. Good night." He turned back and began to unbutton his coat again.

McCorkle was really doubtful about the suicidal intention of this top-hatted man who had interferred with his own impulse in that direction. He had to acknowledge himself conquered on this line, too, for the sake of his own peace of conscience, and having had sufficient proof of his inability to save the other man by physical force. Besides, he longed to be back with his wife and Connie. So he solemnly promised to accept the check and consented to show Norton the little tenement just around the corner on the avenue that was his home. And so Norton had the good fortune to meet Mrs. McCorkle.

Norton was young in years, and younger in general experience. Much of his life had been spent on a Western cattle range, in a region where Mrs. McCorkle's sex was scantily and not favorably represented. Pondering the situation revealed by Connie's sobbing message, and by the scene at which he assisted in the McCorkle home, he began to think that a woman's word needs much interpreting and patience. And that other person was of Mrs. McCorkle's sex, though in unlike circumstances. Upon which Norton resolved to wait for the interpretation of events.

The following note reached him at his hotel next morning:

"Dear Jack: If you had not gone off in a huff you would have learned before now that Dr. Brereton, who seemed to be the cause of your outrageous behavior, is going to be my step-papa. It was not for me to tell you, but mamma says I may—now. She would have told you herself, if you had come up and had a cup of tea with her. You may thank her for this note; I would never have written it. I could have shaken you. He thought your tantrums so funny!"—New York Times.

Lost Time.

If one grain of sand on the shore of the ocean were lost and scientists were to spend years in trying to find it, they would be attempting a task resembling that to which leading astronomers of England and France are now devoting themselves.

One-sixteenth of a second is missing, and no one can tell where it has gone. Between the sun's time, as recorded at Greenwich, and as understood at Paris, there is that brief and seemingly unimportant discrepancy. No expense is being spared to trace the missing fraction. A special building has been erected at Paris, costly instruments installed, a corps of mathematicians engaged and a process that may take years to complete has been commenced. The inaccuracy is more important than will appear to the nationality of thousands of people. The pursuit of the missing fraction of a second is therefore of world-wide importance. We shall all be much relieved when it has been found, for then not a grain of the sands of time will be missing.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

LOST!

—:o:—

Harken to what we have to tell!
They say that he went at the stroke of a bell!—
Our good Old Year!
That never a soul hath seen him go,
Out through the sparkle of stars and snow
He passed, ere the sound of that bell was spent,
And we know not even the way he went,—
Our good Old Year!

So now we are looking and searching well
To find the Ringer who rang the knell
Of our good Old Year.
For what have we done to be treated so?
He was our friend; ay, well we know
By what beautiful ways in the summer gay,
With what wonderful tales in the twilight gray,
He hath made him dear!

And what we may do we will not tell
Should we find that Ringer with rope and bell!
But this is clear,
He shall send one peal as a warning to you;
"Hear, all good folk! Make the most of the New!
Guard the hours while yours! Now heed us well,
For we lost at the very last stroke of a bell,
Our good Old Year!"

Foot and Mouth Disease.

R. L. Adams in Scientific American.

The disease which has broken out in Massachusetts, especially in the vicinity of Boston, known as the foot and mouth disease (Epizootic Aphtha) is not knew to this country. Thirty years ago it caused considerable havoc in Massachusetts, New York, and Connecticut, as well as in Canada. It was finally suppressed and exterminated, at a cost of $3,000, and until a few weeks ago not a single case had been reported in the United States since.

The germs which spread the disease in this last case—first found in Brighton Stock Yards, Brighton, Mass., a few weeks since—may have been brought over from Scotland fens, or some districts of France, or from some foreign country where the disease is prevalent, on some traveler's clothes who had visited one of these places and inspected the live stock, or on the straw or hay packed around articles imported from them. The second herd found with the disease was in Dedham, Mass., and the herd here had contracted the disease from a cow bought at an auction in Concord. The cow proved to be lame, and so it was sent back, but too late to prevent the introduction of the disease and its spreading to the herd. From these places the disease spread rapidly to other places, and there is danger of its spreading still further.

The disease is propagated by germs and is highly contagious. Persons can carry the germs on their clothing or shoes, dogs can transport them, and they can be taken into the systems of a healthy heard which passed over the same road that a sick animal passed over a few hours previous. Cattle are not the only animals subject to it, for it is contracted by sheep, swine, horses, poultry, and sometimes by man. In the latter it comes from drinking the milk or eating the flesh of infected animals, and sometimes by coming in contact with the sores; for instance, the hands coming in contact with the sores on the teats, while milking. The disease has the nature of an eruptive fever, which is easily recognized by the symptoms, consisting of a higher temperature in in the mouth, bleeding teats, an erect coat, loss of appetite, and the secretion of "ropy" saliva. Little blisters, about one-half inch in diameter, form in the mouth and various parts of the body, as on the teats. The anival drivels, and in walking around treads on this saliva, in which the virus obtained foothold when the blisters broke, and gets the sores in his hoofs. The irritation caused by the sores causes the animal to lie down, so that he gets the sores on various other parts of his body. In two or three days the blisters grow ripe, break, and discharge their contents. If a number of these occur in one place, it makes a raw spot and is very irritating. The disease runs its course in ten or fifteen days, and the animal gets well in the majority of cases, although it sometimes proves fatal.

As the germs are carried only on solid matter, no persons are allowed near infected places; and if caught are liable to arrest. Fifty thousand dollars has been appropriated to exterminate the disease, and with such competent men as we have in charge, it will probably be stamped out in a few weeks. Isolated herds will probably be bought and killed, while communities infected with it will be quarantined and traffic stopped. At present Portland is the only exporting place in New England doing business, for Maine and Connecticut are the only States in New England free from the disease.

Beat Them With Kindness.

Better than arbitration,—wise and necessary as that may be at times,—better than arbitration, especially than enforced arbitration, is mutual acquaintance, respect, confidence, and ease of approach; and these cannot be obtained when there is totally absent, on either side, a spirit of human sympathy. The other day we asked a highly successful manufacturer how it was that he had got along so well, and for so many years, with his great crowd of employees and their labor-union allies. "We beat them," he said, "with kindness."—The January Century (Editorial).

Justice without wisdom is impossible.—Fronde.

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