AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1903. VOL. 72--NO. 18.

To Ministers and Others.

Owing to the late hour in which decrees and other legal papers are issued by the Court, frequently not until Thursday night, we request all ministers and those having fairs, festivals, suppers and entertainments for the benefit of Sunday schools and public schools to send their notices in not later than Tuesday morning of the week they wish them announced. *By doing so their publication can be guaranteed.* Legal notices must be published within a certain time after they are issued by the Court, and in order to comply with the decrees, &c., of the Court we are compelled to leave out or curtail our local corresponeence or omit markets, religious and other notices.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Ascension Church.—Holy Communion at 10 a. m. Second Celebration and Sermon at 7.30 a. m. Evening service at 7.30.
E. B. TAYLOR, Rector.

Methodist Protestant Church.—Sabbath School Sunday at 9.15 a. m. Midweek service on Wednesday evening at 8.00. Junior C. E. service at 2.00 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.
L. F. WARNER, Pastor.

Centenary M. E. Church.—Sabbath School Sunday at 9.15 a. m. Junior League 2.30 p. m. Epworth League at 6.45 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m., and 7.45 p. m.
D. G. MILLER, Pastor.

Grace Lutheran Church.—Lecture and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Junior Catechise at 1.30, Senior at 2.00 p. m., on Saturday. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.
P. H. MILLER, D. D., Pastor.

St. Paul's Ref. Church.—Sunday School at 9.15 a. m. Divine services at 10.30 a. m., and at 7.15 p. m.
CALVIN S. SLAGLE, Pastor.

Carroll Charge, Reformed Church.—Divine service at Benjamin's 10 a. m. Sunday School 9 a. m. Service at Pleasant Valley 2 p. m.
JAMES B. STONESIFER, Pastor.

Salem Charge, Lutheran Church.—St. Benjamin's Church.—Sunday School at 9 a. m.
St. John's.—Sunday School at 9 a. m. Holy Communion 10 a. m. Preparasory service Saturday afternoon 2 p. m.
R. W. Doty Pastor.

Uniontown Charge—Lutheran.—Communion services will be held in the charge as follows:
Winter's: May 3rd, at 10 a. m.
Preparatory service on the Saturday preceding at 2.30 p. m.
G. W. Baughman, Pastor.

Union Bridge Charge—Reformed Church.—Baust Church 10 a. m. St. Paul's 7.30 p. m.
H. J. Macalister, Pastor.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
April Term, 1903.

Estate of Samuel Kesselring, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 29th day of April, 1903, that the sale of the real estate of Samuel Kesselring, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Sarah M. Cratin and Mary E. Groft, acting executrices of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executrices be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 25th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 18th day of May, next. The report states the amout of sale to be Twelve Hundred Dollars. ($1200.00.)

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL,
JACOB RINEHART,
L. CALVIN JORDAN. } Judges.

True copy,—Test:
JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
apr 28-4t Register of Wills.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

In Bankruptcy. In the matter of Charles C. Engel, Bankrupt.

Ordered by the Court, this 15th day of April, 1903, on reading the petition of Charles C. Engel, bankrupt, asking for a discharge, as provided by the Act of Congress, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 9th day of May, 1903, before this Court, at the City of Baltimore, in said District, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and that E. Oliver Grimes, Jr., the Referee, to whom this cause has been referred, give at least ten days notice thereof, by mail, to all creditors, at their respective addresses, as they may appear on the list of creditors of said bankrupt, in the schedules filed in this proceeding, and to all creditors who have since filed their claims in this cause; and that all creditors who have proved their debts, and other persons interested may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

THOS. J. MORRIS, District Judge.
True Copy, Test: JAS. W. CHEW, Clerk.
ap 29 3t

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maryland.

In Bankruptcy. In the matter of Charles. C. C. Caple, Bankrupt.

Ordered by the Court, this 15th day of April, 1903, on reading the petition of Charles C. C. Caple, Bankrupt, asking for a discharge, as provided by the Act of Congress, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 9th day of May 1903, before this Court, at the City of Baltimore, in said district, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and that E. Oliver Grimes, Jr., the Referee, to whom this cause has been referred, give at least ten days notice thereof, by mail, to all creditors, at their respective addresses, as they may appear on the list of creditors of said Bankrupt, in the schedules filed in this proceeding, and to all creditors who have since filed their claims in this cause; and that all creditors who have proved their debts, and other persons interested may appear at said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

THOS. J. MORRIS, District Judge.
True Copy, Test: JAS. W. CHEW, Clerk.
ap 29 3t

Statement Showing the Condition of the Mutual Benefit Life Ins. Co., of Newark, New Jersey, December 31st, 1902.

Total Income during the year.	$15,605,018.54
Total Disbursements	11,167,951.08
Total admitted Assets	82,759,184.13
Total Liabilities	76,163,289 50
Surplus as regards Policy-holders	6,655,894.83

H. P. GODDARD, STATE AGENT,
410 Maryland Trust Building, Baltimore, Md.
J. Hoffman Fuss, Agent, Westminster, Md.
E. E. Roop, Agent, Wakefield Md.
Albert Jones & Son, Agents, Mt. Airy, Md.
ap 11 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of administration on the estate of

ROBERT K. CAPLES,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of November, 1903; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of April, 1903.

HOWARD T. SMITH,
ap 25 4t Administrator

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Md., letters of admini.tration on the estate of

SAMUEL McCREA,

late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 21st day of November, 1903; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 21st day of April, 1903.

E. OLIVER GRIMES, Jr.,
ap 25 4t Administrator.

LICENSE NOTICE.

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

MUST OBTAIN A LICENSE,

or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1903,

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

FRANCIS A. CRAWFORD,
ap 11 4t Sheriff of Carroll County.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

Having sold out my Laundry Plant to Mr. G. Pius Little on account of the condition of my health, I take this opportunity to thank my many friends and patrons for the earnest and liberal support they gave me. I am deeply interested in this business and will not lose interest in it, even after I quit the active duties pertaining to it. I hope all my friends and patrons will continue with Mr. Little. I earnestly solicit your patronage for his sake as well as my own.

J. C. SHREEVE,
Former Proprietor of Acme Steam Laundry.
ap 18 3t

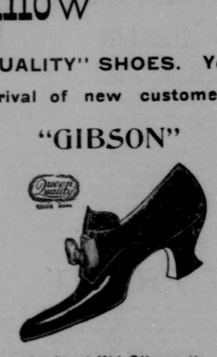
HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

Queen Quality
THE FAMOUS SHOE FOR WOMEN

It is interesting to know

how rapidly my trade is increasing on "QUEEN QUALITY" SHOES. You can gauge the enthusiasm they create by the arrival of new customers daily. Women buy them, try them and advertise their merits. Every pair sells two or three more. The first pair is a revelation to the wearer. They are the recognized world's standard of Women's Footwear. They are models of fashion's latest creations and are strikingly handsome and attractive and modest in price.

"GIBSON"



All Ideal Kid Gibson tie, light flexible sole, leather Louis heel, two large eyelets, wide silk ribbon.

$3.00 for Boots. $2.50 for Oxfords.

Special $3.00.

Money orders receive prompt attention. Send money order with mail order.

Suit and Wrap Department.

Our collection comprises the latest conceits and effects that have been brought out by the leading tailors this season. The assortment consists of

Voiles, Etamines, Cheviots and Cloths

in the popular shades.

Suits from $10.00 to $25.00.

Skirts from $3.50 to $5.00.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

COMPARE

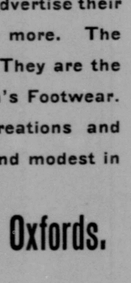
Sharrer & Gorsuch's

$15 SUITS MADE TO ORDER,

with others' $18 and $20 Suits, and you will see how we save you a $5 bill on every Merchant Tailor Suit. Over 500 of the season's handsomest patterns to select your Suit or Trousers from. A special line of Fine Worsted Pants, to order, $5.00.

Elegant Ready Made Suits.

Our Suits this year in style, fit and finish are fit for a king to wear. Suits from $4 to $15. Our $7 and $8 Suits are regular $10 values.



Boys' Suits. Boys' Suits.

We sell more Boys' Clothing each season because mothers are learning that Sharrer & Gorsuch's Boys' Suits and Knee Pants wear best and are cheapest.

Some Great Shirt Bargains.

A genuine Madras Dress Shirt 25c. Bedford Cord 50c Shirt 35c.
A line of Shirts, that look and wear like $1 Shirts, for 50c.
The best Working Shirt made 45c; a good one for 25c.
50 doz. of our famous Working Pants 50c to 85c. Sweet Orr Overalls.

oct 11 1y 7

John D. Bowers.

Sharing a Good Thing.

Confectionery is most often bought for a gift. Those who buy it naturally want the best. That's why Candy buyers are critical, and that's why such careful buyers of Candy come here. Whatever you want, from the wholesome old-fashioned Taffies to the rich delicious modern Creams, you'll find our stock offers the best. Fancy and Staple Groceries are our specialties. We stick exclusively to our new line, and buy from first hands, therefore can give you first prices and fresh goods. The advantage you have, your goods don't cost you anymore than you pay for them elsewhere. This is one point you want to look at carefully. We have reopened our SODA FOUNTAIN and are prepared to furnish you with the old reliable Soda Water you all know about, with new additions and new drinks, 40 different flavors. We are giving one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of $1.00, except Sugar. County 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.

Funeral Director.

I wish to inform my friends and patrons hat I am still in the

UNDERTAKING BUSINESS.

and having purchased a new outfit am better equipped to give entire satisfaction. In my seven years' experience I have studied up new process

FOR EMBALMING

which, by careful study, has proved an entire success.
(Carroll County Telephone.)

JAMES M. STONER,
Pennsylvania Avenue,
ap-23-1y Westminster Md.

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

JAMES A. LOGUE,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 6th day of November, 1903, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of April, 1903.

ROSA A. LOGUE,
ap 11 4t Executrix.

PLAIN and fancy Printing, Posters, Sale Bills, &c., done at short notice at this office.

THE WESTMINSTER
STEAM LAUNDRY,
153 WEST MAIN STREET,

is well equipped to do your family work.

Recent improvements have increased our capacity in all departments.

Your family wash done at a low price per lb. Rough dry or ironed.

Try it awhile and see if you ever had whiter linen.

Shirt and Collar work cannot be excelled.

R. N. SNADER, Proprietor.
ju-8 tf W. M. and C. & P. Phones.

IT'S COMPLETE. WHAT?

J. W. Lockard & Son's,

CARPET DEPARTMENT, CONTAINING

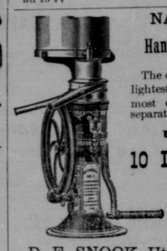
Carpets, Mattings,

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.
au 16 1y



NATIONAL
Hand Separator.

The closest skimming, lightest running, and most economical hand separator.

USE IT
10 Days Free.

Full particulars on request.

D. F. SNOOK, Utica Mills,
General Agent, Frederick county, Md.
ap 18 9 mo*

C. & P. 'Phone, St. Paul 3105.
Md. 'Phone, Courtland 3123.

The Stockton COMMISSION CO.

(INCORPORATED.)
204-602 EQUITABLE BUILDING,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Stocks, Grain, Cotton

Bought and Sold for Cash or on Margin.
Representative Wanted for Westminster.
References. ap 18 3 m*

A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower;
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown,
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree;
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle on his mission bent
Tarries in that coolinz tent.
Let me also cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing soul can rest
On the way and be their host.

—Edwin Markham.

A Question of Ethics.

FROM JEAN WEBSTER'S
"When Patty Went to College."

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF
THE CENTURY CO.

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Patty's class room methods were the result of a wide experience in the professorial type of mind. By her senior year she had reduced the matter of recitation to a system, and could foretell with unvarying precision the day she would be called on and the question she would be asked. Her tactics varied with the subject and the instructor, and were the result of a penetration and knowledge of human nature that might have accomplished something in a worthier cause.

In chemistry, for example, her instructor was a man who had outlived any early illusions in regard to the superior conscientiousness of girls over boys. He was not by nature a suspicious person, but a long experience in teaching had inculcated an inordinate wariness which was sometimes out of season. He allowed no napping in his classes, and those who did not pay attention suffered. Patty discovered his weakness early in the year, and planned her campaign accordingly. As long as she did not understand the experiment in hand, she would watch him with a face beaming with intelligence; but when she did understand, and wished to recite, she would let her eyes wander to the window with a dreamy, far-away smile, and, being asked a question, would come back to the realities of chemistry with a start, and, after a moment of ostentatious pondering, make a brilliant recitation. It must be confessed that her moments of abstraction were rare; she was far too often radiantly interested.

In French her tactics were exactly opposite. The instructor, with all the native politeness of his race, called on those only who caught his eye and appeared willing and anxious to recite. This made the matter comparatively simple, but still required considerable finesse. Patty dropped her pen, spilled the pages from her note-book, tied her shoe-string, and even sneezed opportunely in order not to catch his eye at inconvenient moments. The rest of the class, who were not artists, contented themselves with merely lowering their eyes as he looked along the line—a method which in Patty's scornful estimation, said as plainly as words, "Please don't call on me; don't know." But with Professor Cairnsley, who taught philosophy, it was more difficult to form a working hypothesis. He had grown old in the service of the college, and after thirty years' experience of girl-nature he was still as unsuspiciously trustful as he had been in the beginning. Taking it for granted that his pupils were as interested in the contemplation of philosophic truths as he himself, the professor conducted his recitations without a suspicion of guile, and based his procedure entirely upon the inspiration of the moment. The key to his method had always remained a mystery, and several generations of classes had searched for it in vain. Some averred that he called on every seventh girl; others that he drew lots. Patty triumphantly announced early in the course that she had discovered the secret at last—that on Monday he called on the red-haired girls; on Tuesday, those with yellow hair; on Wednesday and Thursday, those with brown; and on Friday, those with black. But this solution, like the others, was found to break down in actual practice; and Patty, for one, discovered that it required all her ingenuity, and even a good deal of studying, to maintain her reputation for brilliancy in Professor Cairnsley's classes. And she cared about maintaining it, for she liked the professor and was one of his favorite pupils. She had known his wife before she entered college, and she often called upon them in their home, and, in short, exemplified the ideal relations between faculty and students.

Owing to the pressure of many interests, Patty's researches into philosophy were not as deep as the intentions of the course, but she had a very good working knowledge, which, in its details, would have astonished Professor Cairnsley could he have got behind the scenes. Though her knowledge was not based strictly on the text-book, her reputation in the class was good, and, as Patty admitted with a sigh, "It's a great strain on the imagination to keep up a reputation in philosophy."

It had been established, indeed, as far back as her sophomore year, when the psychology class was awed into silence by its first introduction to the abstractions of science, and Patty alone had dared to lift her voice. The professor, one morning had been placidly lecturing along on the subject of sensation, and in the course of the lecture had remarked: "It is probable that the individual experiences all the primary sensations during the first few months of infancy, and that in after life there is no such thing as a new sensation."

"Professor Cairnsley," Patty piped up, "did you ever shoot the chutes?"

The ice was broken at last, and the class felt at home, even in the somewhat deep waters of philosophy; and Patty, however undeservedly, had gained the credit of having a deeper insight than most into matters psychical.

And so into her senior year, when she entered upon the study of ethics, she carried along an unearned and fragile reputation, built upon subterfuges and likely to crumble at the slightest touch. She had maintained it very creditably up to the Christmas vacation, and had argued upon the ultimate ground of moral obligation and the origin of conscience quite as intelligently as though she had previously read what the text-book had to say on the subject. But when they had commenced the study of specific theologies, based upon definite historical facts, Patty found her imagination of little use, and on several occasions it had been purely good luck that had saved her from exposure. Once the bell had rung at an opportune moment, and twice she had been able to avert a direct answer by leading the discussion into side issues. She realized, however, that fortune would not always favor her, and as the professor usually forgot to call the roll, she formed the nefarious practice of cutting class when she did not have her lesson.

For a week or so in particular, her pressure of work in other directions (not all of them scholastic) had prevented her from devoting her usual amount of energy to the task of maintaining her philosophy reputation, and she had, without conscience, cut ethics several days in succession, and had failed to comment upon the fact to the professor.

"What did he lecture about in ethics—those recitations I missed?" she inquired of Priscilla, one afternoon.

"Swedenborg."

"Swedenborg," repeated Patty, dreamily. "He got up a new religion, didn't he? Or was it a new system of gymnastics? I've heard about him, but I don't seem to remember any details."

"You'd better make him up; he's important."

"I dare say; but I've lived twenty-one years without knowing about him, and I can wait a month longer. I'm saving up Confucius and the Jesuits for examination-time, and I'll add Swedenborg to the list."

"You'd better not. Professor Cairnsley's fond of him, and is likely to pop a special examination at any moment."

"Not Professor Cairnsley," laughed Patty. "He doesn't want to waste the time. He's going to lecture straight on for two weeks—nice man; I see it in his eyes. What I admire in a professor is a good, steady, plodding disposition that doesn't go in for sensational surprises."

"You'll find yourself mistaken some day," warned Priscilla.

"No danger, my dear Cassandra. I know Professor Cairnsley, and Professor Cairnsley thinks he knows me; and we just get along together beautifully. I wish there were more like him," Patty added with a sigh.

Professor Cairnsley began a lecture the next morning which was evidently caluclated to extend through the hour, and Patty cast a triumphant glance at Priscilla as she unscrewed the top of her fountain-pen and settled down to work. In the course of the lecture, however, he had occasion to refer to Swedenborg, and, pausing a moment, he casually asked a girl on the front seat for a resume of Swedenborg's philosophy. She, unfortunately confusing him with Schopenhauer, glibly attributed to him doctrines which would have outraged his soul could he have heard them. It is written that the worm will turn, and the professor's bland smile deserted him as he passed the question to a second girl without much better result. The class in general had evidently been laboring under Patty's delusion that the time had not come in which to learn back notes. Amazed and indignant, he pursued the matter with a persistency and a rancor he seldom showed. He began going straight through the class, growing more and more sarcastic with each recitation.

As she saw him finish with the row in front and begin on her row, Patty knew that she was doomed. She racked her brain for some memory of Swedenborg. He was a name to her and nothing more. He might have been an ancient Greek or a modern American, for all she knew. As Professor Cairnsley came along the line he was gradually eliciting from the terrified class the superficial points which were more or less common to all philosophers. Patty percived that her imagination could not help her out, that for once the placid professor was on the war-path, and that Swedenborg, and nothing but Swedenborg, would serve. She cast an agonized glance up at Priscilla, and Priscilla grinned back with "I told you so" written on every feature.

Patty looked about desperately. The lecture-room was shaped like an amphitheater, with part of the seats on a level with the main floor, and the rest rising in tiers. Patty sat on the main floor, well toward the rear. She could barely see the professor's head, but he was coming irrevocably. She did not have to see very clearly to know that. The girl before her answered wildly; the professor frowned, and, looking down at his roll-book, slowly and deliberately made a zero.

When he raised his eyes again Patty's seat was empty. She was kneeling on the floor, with her head bowed behind the girl in front. The unconscious professor passed over her bent head and called on the girl on the other side, who coughed hysterically once or twice, and flunked flat; and while he was crediting the fact in his roll-book Patty resumed her seat. A ripple of laughter ran around the room; the professor frowned, and remarked that he saw no occasion for amusement. The bell rang, and the class somewhat sheepishly filed out.

That afternoon Patty burst into the study where Priscilla and Georgie Merriles were making tea. "Did you ever think I had much of a conscience?" she demanded.

"Never thought it was your strong point," said Georgie.

"Well, I've got a perfectly tremendous one. What do you think I've been doing?"

"Making up your ethics lectures," suggested Priscilla.

"Worse than that."

"You haven't been to gym, Patty!" said Georgie.

"Goodness, no! I'm not so far gone as that. Well, I'll tell you. I met Professor Cairnsley by the gate and walked in with him, and, if you please, he complimented me on my work in ethics!"

"That ought to have been embarrassing," said Georgie.

"It was," acknowledged Patty. "I told him I didn't really know as much as he thought I did."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was too modest. He's such a trustful old man, you know, that you sort of hate to deceive him. And what do you think? I told him about the seat!"

Priscilla smiled approvingly upon her usually recreant room-mate. "Well, Patty, you certainly are better than I gave you credit for!"

"Thank you," murmured Patty,

"I begin to believe you have got a conscience," said Georgie.

"An excellent one," said Patty, complacently.

"It pays in the end," said Priscilla.

"It does," agreed Patty. "Professor Cairnsley said he would explain Swedenborg to me himself, and he invited me over to dinner to-night!"

DUST—IS IT DANGEROUS.

C. D. ZIMMERMAN.

From Scientific American.

When the maid chases the dust round the room with a feather duster, she might as well be throwing chips to the wind so far as any good can come from it. Our brooms are nearly as bad, for all the fine dust—the kind that does harm—goes up into the air and escapes the dust-pan, to come down again after quiet is restored. Carpet sweepers are a slight improvement, but they do not sweep clean; some carpets require the strength of a good man with a broom to get the dirt out of them. If this is true, there is a great field for the inventor to produce a sweeper that will be sanitary; it must swallow all the dust.

It is quite important to know what dust consists of to be able to judge as to how healthy it is, and for this purpose many analyses have been made, leaving out factory, grain threshing machine, and country road dust. We will take ten liters of air for a basis; in the Boston City Hospital the number of living bacteria was found to be nearly 450 and of molds 225. In a model New York hospital, where everything is supposed to be clean, and all the attendants are thoroughly drilled to fully understand what the word clean means, 12 living germs settled on the disk, and after sweeping 226. In a New York tenement house carpeted living room, 75 living bacteria settled on the disk in an exposure of five minutes; after sweeping, 2,700, and mold settled on a plate or disk three and three-quarters inches in diameter.

Using the same basis for outdoor analyses, in ten liters of air in Central Park, N. Y., 500 were found; in downtown streets, 965, and where the street sweepers were at work 5,810 living germs were found in the small space of three and three-quarters of an inch in five minutes' exposure. Certainly not very healthy air to breathe.

Just how unhealthy and bad such air is will be left for the reader to guess at. One-half a liter of air (about 30 cubic inches) is what a man takes in every time he breathes, and if of weak lungs, he takes less, but always enough of the dust-laiden air that may contain one or more tubercle bacilli, which may pass the many guards nature provides to prevent it, and settle in his lungs. Consumption follows. Nearly one-fourth of all deaths are from consumption, principally distributed by dust. Diphtheria, smallpox, yellow fever, Asiatic cholera, typhoid fever, scarlatina, measles, pneumonia, erysipelas, blood poisoning etc., are among the diseases often disseminated by invisible dust particles.

The expectoration of a consumptive may contain millions of germs. Falling on the sidewalk of a city, it is soon tracked over a large area and gradually mixed with the dust; the same on the street, especially on asphalt pavements, where each wheel acts as a millstone, grinding everything into the finest powder, to be raised by passing vehicles into the air and sent into thousands of healthy lungs.

These conditions are reversed when it rains; the disease germs are washed into the sewers, and rarely, if ever, get a chance to enter into the air again as dust; then why not imitate rain, and sprinkle the streets? There exists even among well-read people a notion that sprinkling of the streets is unhealthy. A clean street thoroughly sprinkled cannot be unhealthy, and a dirty street is certainly less dangerous to health in a state of mud than if the mud was converted into dust, to be carried into our systems, our houses, and our clothing.

City streets should be kept scrupulously clean by hand labor, preferable to machines, and thoroughly sprinkled from four to ten times a day, according to the amount of travel and the condition of the atmosphere. No street used for general traffic can be kept perfectly clean, that is an impossibility; then do the next best thing. A street cleaned once or twice a week cannot be very clean. A man with suitable tools, according to the pavement, should be given as much territory as he can cover from five to ten times a day, removing the droppings at once before they are ground into dust. A sprinkling wagon should keep it damp enough to keep the dust from rising; the wagon should also have a hose attachment, so that a man or boy can wash the dust from the sidewalks at least three times a day. Asphalt pavements require more sprinkling than other pavements, but it is not necessary that they be constantly wet, for the reason that after sprinkling, the dust and dirt form a paste that will not again rise in dust, even if the pavement lookz perfectly dry, until the wheels have again pulverized it into powder. Horses do not slip on wet pavements when they are clean; the dirt makes them slippery. The first few drops of fine rain or dew sometimes cause trouble, but the heavier the rain or sprinkling (from cart,) the better on asphalt. If asphalt pavements contain the proper ingredients to effectually shed water, no injury can come from any amount of rain or sprinkling, in fact the more the better; if, however, any water is absorbed, as is shown by a spot that does not dry at once when the rain stops, such spots soon become holes, especially in fall, when frost gets at them.

Municipal corporations should furnish all the water free, from a sanitary point of view, to anyone who is willing to hold a hose or employ a cart to sprinkle walks or streets. Whenever a village grows out of barbarity into civilization, they close their wells, build waterworks, and employ sprinkling wagons—drink pure water and stop eating dust.

Country air may contain only 200 particles of dust per cubic centimeter, while that of large cities may run up to 150,000 and in tenement houses as high as 1,000,000. These particles consist of sand, soot, cotton fiber, pollen, fine hair, pulverized excreta of animals, parts of seeds, bacteria molds, etc. Most of these of course are perfectly harmless, except when they are too numerous and irritate the respiratory organs or contain the live germs of contagious diseases.

Our modes of ventilation, so far as dust is concerned, are as crude as our way of chasing the dust from one place to another with dusters instead of catching it with damp cloths and damp brooms. The only pure air is so far above us as to be practically out of reach, but some day there will be a trust organized to supply dwellings with pure air, as we now imagine we enjoy pure water.

Papa (an ex-widower)—"Come here, Bessie, and see the new mamma I promised you."

Bessie (aged four)—"Why, papa, she doesn't look very new."

No man's memory is so well trained that he can forget his sorrows as easily as his joys.

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