THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 1, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 14.

NO. 7160. TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of Comptroller of the Currency.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 4, 1904.

WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that

"The First National Bank of Mount Airy," located in the Village of Mount Airy, in the County of Carroll, and State of Maryland, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking.

NOW THEREFORE I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Mount Airy," located in the Village of Mount Airy, in the County of Carroll, and State of Maryland, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty-one Hundred and Sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Currency Bureau Seal of the COMPTROLLER of the Currency Treasury Department.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and Seal of office, this Fourth day of March, 1904.

WM. B. RIDGELY, Comptroller of the Currency.

mar 11 10t

Reifsnider & Grimes, Solicitors.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF A

VALUABLE FARM,

Situate about 1½ miles from the corporate limits of the City of Westminster, in Carroll County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a court of equity, passed in cause No. 4137 Equity, wherein Charles L. Thomson, et al. are plaintiffs and Jesse Thomson, infant, et al. are defendants, the undersigned, trustees therein appointed to sell the hereinafter described Real Estate, will offer at Public Sale at the

COURT HOUSE DOOR IN WESTMINSTER,

Carroll county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, THE 16TH DAY OF APRIL, A. D. 1904, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that farm in said cause mentioned, containing in the aggregate

94 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 25 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND, more or less, of which Jacob Thompson, late of Carroll county, Maryland, died seized and possessed.

This property adjoins the lands of Daniel Hunter, Vincent Yingling and Wm. B. Thomas. The arable land is in an excellent state of cultivation and there is a due proportion of

MEADOW AND WOOD LAND.

There is a fine never failing spring of excellent water and the land is in a high state of cultivation. The farm is situated on the road leading from Westminster to the Tannery, known as the Gorsuch Road. It is conveniently located to schools, churches, markets and railroad. Would be admirably adapted for building sites.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money shall be paid by the purchaser or purchasers to the trustees on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, and the residue shall be paid in two equal payments, the one to be paid in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale, with interest, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with two securities to be approved by the trustees, or all cash upon the ratification of the sale by said Court.

ELIAS O. GRIMES, CHARLES L. THOMSON, Trustees.

mar 25 4t

TRANSFERS AND ABATEMENTS.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the County Commissioners of Carroll county will sit for the purpose of hearing applications for transfers and abatements at their office, in the Court House, Westminster, Md., as follows:

For Districts Nos. 1, 2 and 3, on April 11th and 12th, 1904.

For Districts Nos. 4, 5 and 6, on April 18th and 19th, 1904.

For Districts Nos. 7 and 8, on April 25th and 26th, 1904.

For Districts Nos. 9, 10 and 11, on May 2nd and 3rd, 1904.

For Districts Nos. 12 and 13, on May 9th and 10th, 1904.

The Board will sit from 9 a. m. until 3 p. m. on each of said days, ☞ and notice is hereby given that after the sittings as aforesaid no transfers or abatements will be made to affect the levy of 1904.

By order of the Board, FRANCIS L. HANN, Treasurer.

mar 18 7t

NO. 4126 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Paul Leister and Raymond Leister, infants, by Michael S. Brilhart, their next friend, &c., plaintiffs, against James A. Leister, et al. &c.

Ordered, this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1904, by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a court of equity, that the sales of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Michael S. Brillhart and George L. Stockdale, trustees in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of April next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of April next. The report states the amount of sales to be $3,658.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test: DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

mar 18 3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters testamentary on the estate of

WILLIAM BACHMAN,

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 subscribers, on or before the 21st day of October, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 21st day of March, 1904.

ALFRED C. BACHMAN, JONAS BACHMAN, EPHRAIM BACHMAN, Executors.

mar 25 4t

Hyder's Jewelry Store

IS STILL AT THE SAME OLD PLACE, 75 WEST MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.,

WHERE YOU CAN SEE:

The cheapest Watches that ever were sold,
Made of pure metal, both Silver and Gold;
Gold Necklaces, Chains and beautiful Charms,
And handsome Bracelets to wear on the arms.
Rings made of Silver and of pure Gold,
So cheap and beautiful for all to behold;
To see these fine goods 'tis really a treat,
And in quality and price they cannot be beat.
Now Clocks, my dear friends, I sell them so low,
A 10-dollar bill will buy a whole row;
Now facts are facts, come see for yourselves
The beautiful goods in case and on shelves.
Spectacles and Eye-glasses for young and old,
Made of good metal, both Nickle and Gold;
We will test your eyes gladly, without any fee,
So you will always be happy, because you can see.
If your glasses get broken, disabled or bent,
We'll examine them freely, without costing a cent;
If, of new frames or lenses you stand in need
We can furnish them for you, Yes, Indeed.
If any Repairing you wish to have done,
We'll do it as cheap as the work can be done;
All work done by us we warrant the best;
Come, give us a trial, for that is the test.

1847 ROGERS SILVERWARE ALWAYS ON HAND.

Repairing of fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry a Specialty. ALSO ENGRAVING.

NOTICE.—All persons having Watches, Clocks, Jewelry or any other articles for repair, and who have left the same for six months, are hereby notified to come and redeem the same on or before the 1st of January, 1904, or they will be sold for the cost of repairs. No article left for repair will be kept over six months. After that time it will be sold for repairs.

All sales and repairing are strictly CASH.

Yours, Respectfully, GEO. M. HYDER.

dec 18 tf

Hering's Department Store.

A SALE OF FURNITURE Without an Equal.

We present this sale to demonstrate our ability to set new records in providing for the Furniture wants of the people of this county. A look at our Furniture produces a saving that can be found nowhere in this town. We are safe in saying SUCH BARGAINS NEVER PREVAILED BEFORE AND MAY NEVER OCCUR AGAIN.

Mattings. Mattings.

A BIG BARGAIN IN JAPANESE MATTING.

50 rolls Japanese Cotton Wrap Matting, new carpet designs, and very heavy, regular price 25c.

Special at 19c.

Carpets. Carpets.

Our Carpet Department is filled with the Choicest Patterns for the season. In any grade of Carpet whether it be a Rag or Axminster we can supply your wants AND AT PRICES LOWER THAN ANY OTHER STORE.

Did you ever think what a LOOK might produce? We will promise that you will not be urged to buy unless you are pleased.

☞ All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

MILLINERY FOR EASTER.

Nothing but admiration, nothing but praise is heard of the Hats we are showing. And then, the exquisite creations of our own workroom, in style and quality, are equal to anything that exclusive milliners would charge twice as much for. If you have not yet visited our Millinery Parlors, on the second floor, there is a great surprise in store for you. We never made a more complete and beautiful showing.

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

Watch Our Prices.

We know cotton goods have advanced but examine our goods and you will find with a few exceptions that we are still selling at last year's prices. Our Premiums are in Cash as our

REDUCTION PRICES

will show and where you match our Prices we guarantee you better quality.

Bleached and Unbleached Muslin 5, 6, 7, 8, 10 and 12½c a yard.
Calicoes 5, 6 and 6½c a yard.
Apron Ginghams 5, 6½ and 8c a yard.
Dress Ginghams 6, 8, 10 and 12½c a yard.
Mercerized Chambrays, for Waists and Dresses, 18c a yard.
White Goods for Waists and Dresses, in Mercerized, Oxford, Madras and Pongee, at 12½, 19, 25 and 29c a yard.
Nainsook, Long Cloth, India Linen, Persian Lawn, Pique, etc.
An elaborate line of Embroideries, Insertions, Beadings, and Laces.
Table Damask, Napkins, Toweling, Cottonade and Heavy Shirting at last year's prices.
Ladies' Percale Wrappers at 99c and $1.25.
We are ready for the Spring and Summer Shoe Trade.
Prices and quality are the inducements.
Men's and Women's "Every Day" Shoes, that sell everywhere at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, and we say 95c, $1.20 and $1.45.
Our entire line of Shoes, from 39c to $4.00 per pair is priced on a 5 per cent. reduction and every pair from $1 50 up, we warrant to give satisfaction. We ask a trial.
Nobby Hats at popular prices.
Everything you need in Underwear, Neckwear and Hosiery.
Shippensburg Cottonade Pants at old prices.
Notions, Umbrellas, Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Gum Boots and Shoes.
Ladies' and Gents' Dress and Driving Gloves.
Window Shades, Collars and Cuffs, etc.
Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton 4c a Spool.

HOWARD D. ENSOR, Successor to Stouffer & Ensor, ONE PRICE CASH STORE, NEW WINDSOR, Md.

oct 09 03 1y7

CLOSING OUT

TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING GOODS. WE ARE OFFERING SOME RARE BARGAINS IN

SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, HATS, SHOES and RUBBER FOOT-WEAR.

GET PRICES BEFORE BUYING. YOURS FOR BARGAINS,

THOMAS H. EASLEY, 46 W. Main St.,

mar 4 04 Next Door to Shaw Drug Co., corner Main and John Sts., Westminster, Md.

FOR SALE.

One 8-horse power Portable Frick ENGINE, in good running order; One 6-horse Fleetwood SEPARATOR, with both belt and rod attachment, good as new, run only 2 years. CHEAP, if sold at once.

THE W. H. DAVIS CO., Corner W. Main and John Sts. Westminster, Md.

CLOVER SEED AT MARKET PRICE.

It has never been our aim to see how "CHEAP" we could produce our Photographs, but how "GOOD." The only Gallery in Westminster, that makes GENUINE PLATINUM PRINTS. S. S. WILSON,

C. and P. Phone 813. Artist in Photography, next door to Postoffice.

DR. HALLIDAY'S RED CHERRY COUGH CURE.

A GREAT REMEDY FOR EVERY SORT of Cough and Cold.

It relieves Throat irritations, stops night Coughing. The healing and soothing properties of

Pine and Wild Cherry

are carried to the seat of trouble.

It Touches the Tickle.

Its best recommendation is that people who try it once use it afterward whenever a

Cough Remedy

is required and recommend it to their friends.

GOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Price 25 Cents.

FOR SALE BY

SHAW DRUG Co., Westminster, Md.

feb 5 tf

I THINK WE HAD BETTER GO TO Mitchell's Art Gallery AND GET THE LATEST IN PHOTOGRAPHY,

OVER BOWERS' STORE, WESTMINSTER, MD.

oct 25 03 1y

BARK WANTED AT Schlosser Tannery.

WE WILL PAY SEVEN DOLLARS ($7.00) PER TON OF 2,000 POUNDS FOR 2,000 TONS OF

PRIME CHESTNUT OAK BARK,

of this year's peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the SCHLOSSER TANNERY, BEFORE THE 1st DAY OF AUGUST, 1904.

THE SCHLOSSER OAK TANNING CO. OF CARROLL COUNTY.

mar 11 3m

JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at reasonable prices. Call for estimates.

IN THE SPRING.

The children are crying and groaning,
And I don't much wonder they wail,
When told that their systems need toning,
Because they look sallow and pale.
They know that means sarsaparilla,
Or some still more nauseous thing,
With which a fond mother will fill a
Poor child at the first sign of spring.

As soon as the earliest grasses
Show green through the carpet of brown,
The brimstone that's mixed with molasses
Must be forced unwillingly down.
Oh, why to that horrible notion
Should parents persistently cling
And cause such infernal commotion
Because there are symptoms of spring?

They buy patent compounds by grosses
And morning and night and at noon
They pour out unlimited doses
In teacup and wineglass and spoon.
The trouble's malignant and chronic,
At least with that shuddering ring:
What ails them is simply the tonic
They swallow because it is spring.

The Man Who Opened His Eyes: A Story of the Resurrection.

From the Ladies' Home Journal.

Tor was hungry. But for this he cared not a whit. As far back in his short life as the boy could remember he had been hungry with but brief intervals of respite. He merely drew his rags a little tighter about his middle when the gnawing grew insistent. It occurred to him as he did so that one swift of foot and keen of vision might at this twilight hour snatch a meal from the provision stalls hard by the Temple gate. The boy shook himself with a savage little growl that was yet a half-sob, then dropped his head thatched with sunburnt curls to his small lean knees, and was silent for a long hour.

Meanwhile a white moon climbed slowly from behind the squat tower of Antonia and looked down on Jerusalem. Tor was telling himself what had happened since last the round moon had peered at him from behind Antonia. Before this he had lived his wild life in the streets of Jerusalem with the unthinking gayety of the sparrows, eating and drinking or fasting, as the case might be. It was new and difficult—this thinking; the boy's brown fingers buried themselves in his ragged curls with the effort to let no detail in that strange circle of days slip from him.

It began with the lash of the Roman. Before that each day was as like to all other days as one worn paving-stone is to its fellow. On that day of the full moon a gilded chariot swept round the corner of the Prætorium into the square of the Herods. Tor, with a horde of other gamins, had been running in the wake of the chariot since it entered the Damascus gate. They hoped that the Roman who guided the foaming horses might toss them a denarius. This had happened more than once, and the boy who grappled with his mates, and arose bloody about the nose, it might be, and choking with dust, but with the coin in his grasp, was a conqueror of renown. On this occasion the charioteer permitted the mob of half-naked boys to gain his wheel, then with a skillful curl of his long whip scattered them in ignominious rout.

Now the cut of a Roman lash on one's bare shoulders was no new thing in Jerusalem; one might well risk as much on the mere chance of a denarius. But this time the lash was strongly plied, and its cruel tip fringed with sparkling bits of steel struck Tor full across the eyes. The boy screamed savagely once, then fell back like a wounded rat to hide himself in the cool darkness of the sewer's mouth.

Here one of his mates found him. "Art bad hurt, Tor?" he asked, jubilantly chinking the contents of his hard little palm. "Thou'lt forget the lash when thou seest what I have for thee!"

But Tor wanted only water to cool the burning agony in his wounded eyes. This Zach brought him when at length he had found a carrier.

The water carrier was a tall lad who had once been a gamin. He muttered the great curse on all Romans, alive or dead, as he peered in at the wretched little figure in the shadow of the sewer's mouth. "The lash will not burn thee after a while," he said by way of comfort, as he shouldered his goatskin with its tinkling fringe of brazen cups. "Thou may'st then set up for a blind beggar. 'Tis a good business, though somewhat overdone in Jerusalem."

"I will not be a blind beggar!" shrieked Tor, and beat his head against the stones.

That terrible day passed and another, and many others like it. The cruel pain ceased by degrees, but the once bright eyes were hopelessly darkened. Tor was blind. He crouched all day silent in an angle of the wall where the shadows were cool and dark, and here an occasional passer-by tossed him a coin or a crust. By-and-by he must perhaps learn the dolorous whine and shuffle of the practical mendicant, but the thought was hateful.

One lonely day he ventured out a little from his lair, stumbling timidly with outstretched fingers trailing the rough wall. He stopped uncertainly after a few steps and listened, a confused babel of mingled voices coming to him where he stood.

The thud of flying feet in the dust close at hand startled him. He turned and reached vainly for the friendly wall, but his hand was seized and held in a familiar grasp. "Well met, lad!" cried Zach's voice. "I was running with all my might to fetch thee. Dost hear the shouting? I was also was shouting with the loudest: 'Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!' 'Tis a good word—that Hosanna, though the rabbis like it not. Thou shouldst have seen the big turbans when we pulled branches from the figs and cut pomegranates and palms. 'Twas I that began it. The King was riding on His beast, and the women cast off their mantles in His path; then the men flung down their abbas. I had neither mantle nor abba, so I plucked me a great leaf from the nearest tree and threw it down before His beast. In a trice everybody was pulling palm leaves and branches. The rabbis—may their evil shadow vanish!—swarmed out of the gates and would have stopped our mouths, but they could do nothing with the crowd. On He swept to the Temple. He is there now, and every man, woman and child that hath a voice to raise is shouting 'Hosanna!'"

"'Tis some great Gentile Prince," said Tor, sighing enviously, when Zach had paused for lack of breath. "Did the man throw denarii among the crowd?"

"No," said Zach positively. "He carries no purse perchance, but He is a King and more. What think you He is doing in the Temple?"

"Sacrificing—fat oxen and the like; or staring at the golden vine on the Holy Place."

"Not He!" shouted Zach. "Hark you, the Son of David—for that is what they call Him—stands in the court of the Gentiles, and blind men and cripples and sick folk on litters are crowding in at the gates. He cures every one that comes. Thou shalt have thine eyes once more, lad; I have come to fetch thee to Him!"

There was a dense mass of people gathered about the Temple gate which a strong posse of Temple police were endeavoring to beat back with their staves. Zach and his blind charge ran recklessly into the midst of the crowd; twisting, dodging, creeping, avoiding angry outstretched hands and the flail-like blows of the pointed poles, they made their way triumphantly within.

"I see him!" muttered Zach excitedly. "Thou'lt see Him too—if I can but set thee in the line. Here, get thee betwixt these two cripples; fasten thou onto this man's tunic. Afterward look for me at the third pillar from the gate; I shall be watching for thee."

As to what happened after that Tor had but a confused remembrance. He stumbled on behind his crippled guide, his heart beating so loud in his ears that he could scarce hear what the Voice said to him. But the thrilling touch on his sightless eyes sank to the depths of his starved soul. He saw—Jesus. And the vision filled his life from henceforth. He resolved to attach himself to this Man, who was sometimes called the Son of David and sometimes merely the Nazarene. It mattered nothing to Tor what He was called; He was the Man who opened eyes.

It is easy for a boy like Tor, with two good eyes and a stomach which makes no exorbitant demands, to see what he will in a city like Jerusalem. Tor saw what passed in the next six days. He merged himself in every gaping crowd that surrounded the Nazarene. He slept unpercieved in the garden at Bethany. He drank in every word that fell from the lips of the Man when He spoke to the hostile Jews in the Temple. He waited with unwavering patience before the houses where He slept and ate. Zach came upon his old comrade on the sixth night as he lay curled up on the stones before a silent house in the poorer quarter of the city. "What art doing here?" he demanded.

"Waiting for Him to come out," responded Tor briefly. "He is in there, and the twelve men are with Him. I am afraid of the fellow with the the twisted neck. It is twisted because he looks always behind him like a sacred beast. Hist! There he goes now—alone."

The stooped figure of a man had run violently out of the silent house, flinging the door to behind him. He paused an instant, staring up at the house he had left as if irresolute, then plunged into the black shadows of the street and disappeared.

Tor could not think clearly from this point in the story. It was all too near and too terrible. But he had followed the Man and seen all: the betrayal in the garden; the shameful trial; the vast crowds that surged about the Roman judgment seat shouting, "Away with Him! Crucify Him!" even as they had shouted "Hosanna!" only six days before. Then—*The Cross.* Tor groaned aloud and beat upon his childish breast as he remembered that terrible sight. The eyes that had once looked into his with love and pity closed and sightless; the hand that had touched him with healing power nailed to the encrimsoned wood. The child wailed aloud in his anguish: "I will go to Him! I must go to Him!"

No one saw the lad as he stole through the blossoming trees and shrubs of the garden where they had laid Him. Tor preceived by the light of flaming torches the motionless figures of the Roman guard stationed to watch the sealed tomb. He crept as near as he dared and threw himself down on the warm earth; then, being quite exhausted with grief and fasting, he slept.

When the child awoke he lay for a full minute staring into the branches of the olive tree above his head. The gray-green leaves were all alive with a tremulous motion in the fresh morning breeze; a newly-awakened bird trilled softly somewhere in the depths of the garden; the aromatic breath of serried lilies swept his cheek like a caress. It was happiness to have slept—to be once more awake. Then he remembered.

The Roman guard had disappeared; this much Tor perceived at a single glance. A second searching stare told him much more: the door of the tomb gaped wide; beside it stood a young man clad in white garments.

Tor approached this radiant figure unafraid. "Where is the man who opens eyes?" he asked quite simply, for the empty tomb appeared nothing strange to the child newly emerged from his healing dreams.

"He is not here," the young man made answer with grave sweetness. "He is risen, as he said. Behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; there shalt thou see Him."

Tor opened wide eyes of rapture on the angel. "The Man is alive!" he whispered to himself. "I shall see Him!"

He turned as if in a dream, his naked feet making no sound as he brushed, light as the dawn, past the ranks of lilies. There was a woman yonder. She was weeping with a smothered sound of long-drawn sobs. Tor laughed softly in his joy. "He is alive!" he repeated under his breath. Then he saw with wonder that the woman was no longer alone. She was speaking to the Risen One, her voice wrenched with sobbing: "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

The child's Christ-touched eyes knew Him though the woman did not. He sank to his knees, his face shining with the dazzling light of the new day.

That light shines yet on this far-distant Easter morning. If our eyes be but Christ-opened we, too, may see Him in His beauty.

He Was A Great Lawyer.

A notoriously absent-minded lawyer darted into a shop on a day which contributed more than its share toward the eleven inches of rain that fell upon the just and the unjust during that year, and bought an umbrella, for which he paid. The salesman had presence of mind enough not to offer to wrap the purchase up, and the lawyer carried the umbrella as far as the door. There he stopped to note something in a memorandum book, leaning his new umbrella against the wall. His note finished, he started out, forgetting what he had bought.

Within a minute he rushed into the other door of the same store, demanding an umbrella.

"I thought I had one with me when I left home," he said apologetically; but I must have forgotten to take it."

A second salesman sold him another umbrella, which he carried with him. As he was about to leave the shop, the first man stopped him. The second man had "got busy" with another customer.

"You left your umbrella, sir," he said, holding up the orginal purchase.

"Bless my soul, so I did!" cried the unfortunate lawyer. "And I suppose I've gone on with some one else's." So he pushed the second purchase into the hand of the surprised man, seized the first he had bought, and dashed into the storm again, with his purchase under his arm.

"Yet that man is a great lawyer," remarked the shopman, who knew him by sight.

A physician in the *American Magazine*, illustrating the evil custom of talking to an individual about his pains, says that once he requested a mother to make a stroke upon a paper each time she asked a sick daughter how she was. The next day, to her astonishment, she made 109 strokes. A three months visit away from home was prescribed.

They had been discussing the baby's eyes and nose. "And I think it's got its father's hair," said the joyful young mother. "Oh, is that who's got it? I noticed it was missing." And as the tall girl with the sauve manner said this the mother looked dubiously at her.

Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties.

AT REST.

"How I long to be at rest," wrote an aged Christian lady to a Scottish relative. "I'm weary, faint, and worn; life's a dreary burden; all my early friends have left me; I'm standing almost upon the threshold of eternity; and if it were not for the fear I might at last prove a castaway, my prayer would be, *O! Father, bid me rest!*"

The letter was duly received, and read to Dr. Guthrie, who was on a visit to the family at that time. The next morning he gave them the following lines, which he said the letter had suggested to his mind during the night. They were sent to America to the old lady, and highly prized by her during her life. The prayer was soon afterwards answered, and her weary body is resting, "life's duty done," in the Presbyterian churchyard of Wicomico, Md.; and Dr. Guthrie, with the tears of a nation following him, hath entered the golden portals, and though strangers on earth, they have now met in their eternal home, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

LINES BY DR. GUTHRIE.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.
A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er—
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.
Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand
Lingering in the sunshine of that far-off sinless land!
O! would that I were with them, amidst the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!
The friends that started with me have entered long ago—
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done.
With them the blessed angels, that know no grief nor sin—
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in!
O! Lord, I wait thy pleasure—Thy time and way are best—
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary, O! Father, bid me rest!

Hints on Dietetics.

Unripe fruits should never be partaken of.

Oatmeal is heating, hence a desirable cereal in winter months.

Well cooked rice, arrowroot and boiled milk heal intestinal irritations.

Pickles, except when eaten with meat and oily foods, are positively unwholesome.

Strong coffee, taken without cream, is refreshing to the nerves and stimulating to the brain.

Sweet things and rare meat conduce to make gouty acid in the blood of those predisposed to rheumatism.

Toast and tea form an invalid diet which is far from ideal. There is tannic acid in the tea and but little nutriment in the toast.

Food values differ according to individual constitutions. According to the old saw, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison."

Gastronomic experiments should be made with extreme caution. Nothing is of greater importance than to partake of those foods which best equip the body for life's work.

Queen Bees.

A marvelous phase of bee life is the power which they possess to raise queens, or mother bees, from eggs or very young brood that would in the ordinary course produce workers, which are neuters, or undeveloped females.

If by any chance a queen is killed or lost the whole colony would perish were it not for this wonderful provision of nature. Much perturbed at first at their loss, the bees after some hours settle down and deliberately build a pear shaped structure known as a queen cell. This is much larger than an ordinary cell, rough, irregular and strong.

In this the selected eggs, or larvæ, are lavishly supplied with "royal jelly," which is highly stimulative and in which the baby queen literally floats during her period of growth. The result is that certain organs and ovaries which remain dormant in a worker bee are perfected, and the new queen hatches out in about fifteen days, or six days sooner than the workers.

"No," said the lumber dealer, "we don't sell all woods here—only the parts cut directly from the trunk."

"And what," asked the customer, "do you do with the limbs?"

"Oh" replied the cheerful dealer, "we send them all to the branch office."

"I'm at a loss to know what to make of my only son," said the trust magnate. "He seems to have no brains for business."

"Permit me to hand you a suggestion," rejoined the merchant prince. "Make a society leader of him."

The man who becomes his own doctor has a fool for a patient as truly as the man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client.

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