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

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 6, 1908. VOL. 77--NO. 10.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF ONE OF THE

Most Valuable Pieces of REAL ESTATE

In Westminster, Md.

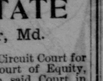
By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause pending in said Court in which Ruth M. Orndorff, infant, by her guardian &c., is complainant and Ruth M. Orndorff, infant, and E Byrde Winger, formerly E. Byrde Orndorff, are defendants, the undersigned, as trustee named in said decree, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on the northside of Main street, and a short distance west of the Western Maryland Railroad in the City of Westminster, Maryland, on

WEDNESDAY, THE 18th DAY OF MARCH, 1908, at 10 o'clock, A. M. that valuable lot of ground fronting

58 FEET AND 4 INCHES

on Main street and running back to Winter's alley.

And also the LOT in the rear of the first mentioned lot, fronting on the said Winter's alley, the tracks of the Western Maryland Railroad Company, and adjoining the land of Alfred Dell.



The lot fronting on Main street is improved by a Two-story Frame, Metal Roof WAREHOUSE, now occupied by the N. I. Gorsuch Son Company, and a small Frame Building used as an office. There is a railroad switch running from the tracks of the Railroad Company through the rear lot and nearly the entire length of the front one.

There is a 12 foot Alley between the front lot and the adjoining property, now occupied by the Westminster Hardware Company; a 16 foot alley between the front and rear lots, and the tracks of the Railroad Company run adjacent to one side of the rear lot.

This property is being offered for sale subject to the lease of the N. I. Gorsuch Son Company, which expires on April 12th, 1920. Under the terms of this lease the said Company has the right to remove all Buildings erected by it or N. I. Gorsuch & Son.

The N. I. Gorsuch Son Company pays an annual rent of $350.00 and the office building rents for $100.00 per annum.

This is one of the most valuable pieces of property offered for sale in Westminster in recent years and is well worth the notice of anyone desiring a good investment.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the court, the balance in two equal payments of 1 and 2 years; the deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

JOSEPH D. BROOKS, Trustee.

Jacob H. Hutting, Auctioneer.
Joseph D. Brooks, Solicitor. feb 21 4t

PUBLIC SALE

FRIDAY, March 13, 1908.

The undersigned, intending to quit farming will sell on the premises, at Trevanion, the following personal property, to-wit: 13 head of horses, Mules and Colts, as follows: 1 gray

Mare, 9 years; 1 gray Horse, 8 years old; 1 gray Horse, 10 years old; 1 gray Horse, 10 years old; 1 gray Mare, 12 years old, all extra heavy and fine draft horses, 1 roan Mare, 12 years old; 1 bay horse

Mule, 4 years old; 1 black horse Mule, 4 years old; 1 bay horse Colt, 3 years old; 1 bay horse colt, 2 years old; 1 roan mare Colt, 2 years old; 1 bay mare Colt, 2 years old; 1 roan horse Colt, 2 years old, all fine stock. 16 head of Milk Cows, some fresh by day of sale; 7 Brood

Sows, 50 Shoats and Pigs, 1 Boar Hog, 4 farm Wagons, 2 Western Wagons, 2 home-made, 1 spring Wagon, 2-horse Wagon, Truck Wagon, 1 Osborne and 1 Piano Binder, 2 mowers, 1 Champion and 1 Piano; 2 walking corn plows, riding corn plow, (Brown make); 4 single corn workers, 2 rollers, (Carbaugh make); weeder, Rickford & Huffman 10 hoe grain drill, Black Hawk corn planter, McCormick corn harvester, 2 lever springtooth harrows, 3 wood frame harrows, 60 tooth harrow, bob sled, heavy sled, 3 pairs hay carriages, 2 good as new; 1 horse power on truck, 1 machine jack, hay and fodder cutter, 2 horse rakes, one a self-dump; 2 wagon beds, good as new; 3 Syracuse plows, for 2 and 3 horses; winnowing mill, self-bagger; 2 sets breechbands, 4 sets lead harness, 9 sets of light lead harness, used as plow harness; 9 bridles, 9 pair of fly nets, wagon saddle 4-horse line and 6-horse line, 2 pair check lines, 1 set of 2-horse harness, 1 set of single harness, 1 blacksmith fan, set of team bells, 12 leather halters, single, double and triple trees, log, standard, fifth and cow chains, 2 stretchers, 2 grain cradles, clover seed sower, 3 hay forks, 3 hay ropes, 1 150 feet long; 2 dinner bells, 11 milk cans, milk buckets and strainer, wheelbarrow, and many other articles not mentioned.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock, a. m., sharp. Terms.—A credit of 9 months on sums of $5.00 and over, with interest.

PERCY H. SHRIVER.

Geo. E. Koutz and Edward Snader, Clerks.
J. N. O. Smith, Anct. feb 28 2t*

PUBLIC SALE OF A

Desirable Little Home,

on New Windsor road, 1 mile West of Westminster, Md.

The undersigned, William B Thomas, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, herein described, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 12th, 1908, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that parcel of land, CONTAINING A HALF ACRE, more or less, improved with a two-story Log and

Frame Dwelling House, being the same property recently conveyed by Charles Cross to said William B Thomas and known as the Charles Cross property, situate on the New Windsor road opposite the farm known as the Fenby farm, now owned by B. F. Shriver Co., and adjoins the land of Elmer Cross and John Kesner. There are many good fruit trees on this property.

Terms of Sale.—Terms to suit purchaser can be had by applying to the undersigned

WILLIAM B. THOMAS.

Elias N. Davis, auct. feb 28 2t

Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at his residence on the Harvey Petry farm on the road leading from Meadow Branch Turnpike to Pleasant Valley, on

THURSDAY, 12th OF MARCH, 1908, at 11 o'clock, A. M., the following Personal Property, to-wit: 1 Dark Mare, heavy with foal, 5 years old, work anywhere hitched and a safe family mare, good single driver; 1 pair of good Mules, 16 years old and the other 4 years old; 1 Bay Colt, 2 years old and well broke, in Harness; 2 Cows, 8 Heifers, 11 Stock Bulls, 4 Brood Sows, 3 will have pigs by the first of March; 28 fine Shoats, 1 Thoroughbred Poland China Boar, 2 new Western Wagons, 1 Acme, 1 Columbia, good as new used but 4 years; 1 good Stone Bed, 2 Hay Carriages, 1 Oliver Chilled Plow, good as new; Sulky Corn Plow, Springtooth Harrow, 22 tooth; Smoothing Harrow, 75 tooth; Triple and Single Trees, 2 sets of Breechbands, set of Lead Gears, Bridles, Milk Cans, 40 barrels of Corn, 10 bushels of Potatoes and other articles not named. Also 73 Acres of growing Grain, and 3 Acres of growing Rye.

For terms see bills.

CALVIN R. STARNER.

J. Thos. Roop, auct. Theo. Yeiser, Clerk. feb 21 3t

PUBLIC SALE.

I will offer at Public Sale, to the highest bidder the valuable little property on which I reside situated on the road leading from Sams Creek to the Ridge road and about one half a mile from J. M. Pickett's store, adjoining the lands of C S. Hammond and Levi T. Harris, in Freedom district, Carroll county, on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11th, 1908, at 1 o'clock, P. M., containing 4 Acres of land, more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a good Weatherboarded

Dwelling House, Stable, Smoke House, Hennery and Dairy. At the same time and place I will offer for sale a large lot of Farm Utensils and Household Furniture.

For terms and further particulars see bills.

MARY E. STREAKER.

F. A. Crawford, auct feb 28 2t*

Public Sale.

The undersigned, intending to remove to a small farm, will sell at Public Sale, on the Ira Young Farm, on the road leading from the Meadow Branch Turnpike to Pleasant Valley,

ON FRIDAY, THE 13th OF MARCH, at 12 o'clock, M., the following Personal Property, to-wit: 1 Roan PERCHERON MARE, with foal, 4 years old; 7 MILK COWS, Durham and Alderney, some will be fresh by day of sale; 25 FINE SHOATS, the shoats will be delivered to any person living in Westminster, who shall buy them and pay cash therefor; 5 Brood Sows and Pigs, 1 Chester White Boar, 1 Wagon, good as new.

For terms see bills.

JOHN J. GARNER.

J. Thos. Roop, Auct. feb 21 3t

"The Daylight Stores"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

AFTER INVENTORY SALE

Continues with unabated interest. A few of the special bargains here mentioned will demand attention and create an interest.

75c Bleached Damask 59c

100 yards 72 inches wide Bleached Table Linen at 59c.

$1.25 Bed Blankets 98c

The last call on Bed Blankets; a very special value at 98c

American Printing Company's Dress Fabrics

A complete line of Fancy and Staple Prints, including Reds, Blues and Grays, at 6¼c.

15c Percales 12½c

A timely purchase enables us to offer a large variety of neat pattern percales at 12½c.

100 Sweaters 69c

Children's all-wool Sweaters, in variety of colors and sizes, at 69c.

Ladies' Suits and Coats

Remember only a few more of those rare bargains in tailor-made suits.

The $16.00 for $7.50.

12½c Dress Goods 6½c

500 yds. of fancy plaid Dress Goods, waisted effect, while they last, 6¼c.

Main street Opposite Liberty **BABYLON & LIPPY CO.** Westminster Maryland

A GREAT OFFER

HORSES CATTLE SHEEP SWINE POULTRY

are owned by three-fourths of our readers, and every man who owns stock or poultry of any kind would be greatly interested and benefited by reading every week the articles on the care and treatment of stock by Dr. C. D. Smead the famous veterinary writer of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER. Dr. Smead's articles appeal to practical men, and no livestock writer in the country gives more information of every day actual value, prolonging the usefulness and saving the lives of valuable animals. These articles, with the other departments—Poultry, Horticulture, Dairy, Little Men and Women, for the Women Folks, Science and Mechanics, Short Stories, instructive and interesting illustrations, keep THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER at the head of the AGRICULTURAL PRESS.

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We no not hesitate to recommend it without qualification. It is not a cheap paper made up of fake advertisements. It is what it claims to be, the best paper of its kind for the farmer and for his wife and children. The subscription price is $1.00 a year.

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We will send you the AMERICAN SENTINEL and THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, both weeklies, for $1.50

Our old subscribers who pay arrears and $1.50 additional will receive both papers.

If you wish to see a copy of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, write and ask us for it and a sample copy will be mailed to you.

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THE AMERICAN SENTINEL COMPANY, WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

BUY YOUR SHOES

where you can get the CORRECT STYLES as well as the RIGHT PRICES. Our Shoes fit the foot, also the pocketbook. We have taken the agency for

BUSTER BROWN BLUE RIBBON SHOES

for Girls and Boys. Come in and see them if you are looking for something good.

Dorothy Dodd Shoes for Ladies $3.00 and $3.50.

Walk Over Shoes for Men $3.50 and $4.00.

RUBBERS of Every Description at Rock Bottom Prices. Give us a Call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster

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JOHN D. BOWERS,

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Cereals and Canned Goods.

A full line of California Peaches, Prunes and Apricots.

The noted PRIDE OF WESTMINTER COFFEE, 18c per lb.; PRIDE OF CARROLL COFFEE, 16c per lb. These Coffees are worth as much as any 24c or 20c Coffee in the market.

Whitman's Confections.

The best sold this side of Philadelphia, Pa.

We give one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of One Dollar, except Sugar.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster. Both Phones.

feb 10 06 11

Somehow Good.

By Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That no one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying in the light:
And with no language but a cry.

A Boyish Victory.

BY MARY GILBERT.

Kolya Izlovski sat up very straight in his little bed, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound. There could no longer be any doubt about it—stealthy footsteps sounded in his uncle's study, and further investigation showed that a dim light was burning there.

What ought he do about it? Kolya's uncle—with whom he had made his home since the death of his parents two years ago, when he was a boy of six—had gone away that evening, saying that he might not return for several days. No one was left in the apartment but Kolya himself and Masha, the deaf old housekeeper. Were burglars taking advantage of his uncle's absence to break in and steal the few treasures that were so dear to him?

Before he could decide what to do the footsteps moved toward the hallway, and the dim light disappeared. Without an instant's hesitation Kolya followed softly after the intruder, determined to recover what had been stolen from his uncle, should there be any possibility of doing so.

To his astonishment, the man entered a room in the basement of the apartment house, and as he passed through the doorway, Kolya recognized him as one of the janitor's lodgers. What had he been doing in his uncle's room?

Low-toned voices sounded within, and creeping noiselessly to the door, the boy listened with bated breath.

'Cozy little place he has up there,' said the first speaker. 'I shouldn't wonder if he much prefers it to the quarters we have just given him.'

'He would have no complaint to make against his present quarters if he knew how narrowly he had escaped going to permanent ones,' replied a voice that made Kolya shudder, although he did not quite understand the words. 'That was a good idea, all right, to make the fellow believe that the Baron needed him on secret service for several days.'

'The papers that I have just left in his desk will supply all the proof that is needed against him,' the first speaker rejoined, 'and now we must lose no time in completing our plans.'

Kolya was now more bewildered than ever, wondering what all this talk meant. Of one thing, however, he was sure—these men were not burglars, but enemies of his uncle, who, having taken him prisoner, were plotting to throw the blame for some evil deed of their own upon him. What could it be that they were planning? The next words went far toward enlightening him.

'The girl ought to be worth twenty thousand to us, once we get hold of her, and it now looks as though we had a clear path. With Izlovski gone, the blame will fall on him. While the police are hunting for him, we can be spending the money we get for returning the child.'

'And planning another such easy move,' agreed the first speaker. 'Who knows but we may land young Alexis himself before ever ending our game?'

At this careless mention of the Emperor's only son, a brief silence fell on the conspirators. Then they fell to laying plans for the kidnapping they now had in mind, little dreaming that an ernest listener stood just outside the door.

Never had Kolya been wider awake, never had his brain been more active, than as he stood there taking in every word of the plot. Little Marie Atlassoff, daughter of the baron whom Kolya's uncle served as private secretary, was to be stolen from her governess when driving in the park next day, and held for a ransom of 20,000 roubles.

After much discussion, all the details of the plan were agreed upon. Before the three men left the room, Kolya stole back to his little bed. There he lay, staring at the darkness with wide-open eyes, thinking harder, perhaps, than he ever had before in all his life.

When morning dawned, dim and gray, as it so often does in St. Petersburg, Kolya had decided on his course. He waited anxiously for the hands of the clock to point toward ten, the hour when his uncle reported for his daily duties.

Great was the surprise of Baron Atlassoff when, instead of the tall, slender figure of his secretary, a plump little boy of eight presented himself at the appointed time. Eagerly the boy told his story, which at first the Baron could hardly believe. Kolya's earnestness, however, together with the absense of Izlovski himself, soon convinced him that he was telling the truth.

For a few moments after the end of Kolya's recital, the Baron sat lost in thought. Plan after plan was turned over in his mind, but he found flaws in one after another.

Suppose he kept Marie at home today. What might not happen tomorrow? Even though he sent her to some other part of the country for a time, what assurance had he that they would not follow her there, or attack her on her return?

With a sudden inspiration, he turned and glanced keenly at the sturdy little figure before him. The boy was evidently of about the same age as Marie, certainly of about the same height.

'Are you a boy who is easily frightened?' he asked abruptly.

Kolya drew himself up proudly.

'I am not afraid of any boy of my size,' he declared, 'nor of some who are bigger than I am. Why, even when I thought that those men were burglars, I was not so awfully scared.'

The Baron smiled at this boyish reply.

'Would you be willing to go to the park this afternoon, dressed in Marie's clothes, and with a veil over your face?'

'Wear dresses?'

Kolya's tone expressed all of a boy's disgust at the thought of donning girls' clothing.

'It is just this way,' the Baron explained eagerly, 'we must catch those men today, if there is any possibility of our doing so, for my daughter will not be safe anywhere while they are at liberty. If you, disguised in her garments, went to drive with her governess this afternoon, they would feel sure of their captive, and follow you to a deserted part of the park. There I could have policemen in ambush, ready to arrest the kidnappers the moment that they attacked you. I dare not expose my daughter to the fright and danger, but you are a brave boy'—

'And a boy ought not to be afraid,' Kolya agreed. 'Well, I'm not—that is, not very much,' he added honestly. 'Anyway, I'll go.'

'We shall not be slow in showing our gratitude, as you will see before the day is over,' said the Baron earnestly, touching a bell as he spoke.

When a footman appeared, he filled him with astonishment by ordering that the clothing which Marie was to wear on her drive that afternoon be brought to him at once.

The little garments fitted Kolya as well as could be expected, and when the hour came for Marie's daily drive, the disguised boy took her place in the sleigh.

Everything happened just as the Baron had expected. Hardly had the sleigh containing his supposed daughter reached a secluded part of the park, when it was overtaken by another containing three men. Instantly the child was seized by the newcomers, who then drove away at the top of their horses' speed.

But, before they had gone a dozen paces, they were surrounded by a group of determined-looking policemen, and, taken quite by surprise, were obliged to obey the order, 'Hands up!'

As the handcuffs were slipped over their wrists, a voice which Kolya recognized at once as the one which had so filled him with terror the night before muttered, 'Izlovski shall pay us for this!'

At the mention of his uncle, Kolya sprang eagerly forward.

'Where is he?' he demanded breathlessly, 'where have you hidden him?'

The boy had torn off the now useless veil, and boldly faced the prisoners.

For a moment the men stood quite still, staring at the queer little figure before them; then the face of the leader broke into a grim smile.

'I thought that I might be beaten some day,' he said slowly, 'but not by a youngster like you.'

Kolya hardly noticed his words.

'Where is my uncle?' he repeated insistently.

'I like your nerve,' the leader replied, 'and since you like your uncle so well, why you may have him, and welcome. He is locked up in our den by the river.'

Izlovski was soon set at liberty, and he and the Baron vied with each other in expressing their gratitude to Kolya, who, by his courage and daring, saved not only Marie, but all the other children who might have fallen victims to the kidnappers, had they remained at liberty.

The one redeeming feature of a pawn shop is the ticket.

Most women regard bachelors as good husbands gone to waste.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

He tossed a collar box with surprising accuracy from the chest of drawers into the capacious gladstone that lay on the bed and whistled 'Why Do They Call Me a Gibson Girl?'

The collar box was followed by various other useful articles, and the Gibson Girl shaded off almost imperceptibly into the National Anthem.

Mr. Seamore frowned. 'I'm sick of frock coats and top hats,' he said; 'I'm sick of London drawing rooms and pretending to be a tremendous swell on £200 a year; I'm sick of artificiality and humbug; I want to live and'—

'And what's the name of the girl?' interrupted his friend. Mr. Seamore put his foot thoughtfully upon a pile of shirts in order to press them down. 'Isn't it rather a pity to talk rot?' he said.

It was the same afternoon. Honorable Charles Duguid had left his chum to finish packing, and arrayed in all the panoply suitable for an afternoon call was taking tea at the residence of Sir Philip Farebrother, the most celebrated of the present engineers.

Lady Farebrother was out and he was being entertained by Phyllis.

Phyllis was seated at the piano playing odds and ends of things as they came into her head.

Charles Duguid called to mind that Robert Seamore had been whistling tunes out of a popular piece all the morning, and the notion set him thinking.

'Strange thing that Seamore should suddenly take it into his head to cut off to India, isn't it?' he said, carelessly.

'What did you say?' asked the girl, stopping the music and swinging around on the music stool. There was surprise in her voice and something more than surprise.

'He's going to turn tea-planter.'

'So many people go to India, don't they?'

'Heaps of people.'

'I do hope he'll be successful.'

'So do I.'

'Let me see, do you take sugar?' she asked, balancing a lump aloft in the silver tongs, with a charming smile.

'No thanks.'

She put the lump in his cup and then another, and he bore it uncomplainingly.

'Is your tea quite as you like it?' she asked.

* * * *

'You here?' said the man.

'Yes, I'm—I'm here,' said the girl tremulously.

The place was Victoria Station, the hour was ten minutes short of eight o'clock in the morning, and the boat train was almost ready to start.

'You came to see me off?' he asked.

She nodded. 'It was unkind of you not to'—

He looked at her wistfully, eagerly, as if he was trying to read her innermost thoughts.

'I thought it was best to go,' he said under his breath.

'And without saying a word of good-by!' she whispered in a voice that was so near choking that he clutched at the little gloved hand and pressed it.

Did she really care for him after all?

'There's Mr. Duguid,' she said. 'He's looking for you?'

'You must get in, sir,' said the guard.

'Right you are, guard,' said Bobbie Seamore almost cheerfully.

'So you came out to see me off at this unearthly hour,' he added, taking the girl's two hands.

'Yes, I wasn't in bed till 3 o'clock.'

It was amazingly easy to talk lightly now. Even separation is a small thing when one understands.

Officious porters were banging carriage doors.

'I have signed a contract for a year,' he said in a crisp, decided way, 'At the end of that time I shall come back to you. Will you wait?'

'Yes,' she said clearly, and without hesitation,—'I shall wait for you to come back.'

The train gave a jerk and he sprang in.

'You must stand away, now, miss,' said the guard kindly.

He had gone.

She stood on the platform waving a handkerchief until the train had turned the bend and she could no longer see him.

Then she turned away.

Charles Duguid was standing there with a look of quizzical amusement on his good-natured face.

But he didn't tease her. He had too much tact. And she understood that he had kept away from the platform designedly.

'Shall I see you home?' he asked.

'No, thank you. I should like to be quite alone,' she replied. And again he understood.

'May I congratulate you?'

She looked at him with glowing eyes. 'Yes, you may congratulate me, and I must thank you,' she said. 'Listen.'

A battalion of guards setting out on a route march was passing the station and the drums and fifes were playing 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.'

'Isn't it a lovely old tune?' she said, and her eyes filled with tears.

'It is the incidental music,' he replied with a smile.

Stay on The Farm.

That farm life is the independent life is only to be realized by a short season of transplanting to the city. The cramped conditions of the ordinary dweller in flats will soon convince a country-bred man or woman that the country is the place. To be obliged to have the ready cash for every egg or bit of greens becomes exasperating. And one trial of boarding house life is enough to send the country boy who has ambitions for the city back to his quiet and peaceful and innocent surroundings. As for a girl, it is impossible to think how one who has a home to stay at should ever dream of giving it up for a pitiful clerkship or office. Stay on the farm and make the life there ideals. In the state Illinois a movement is said to have been inaugurated with the view of making farm life more attractive to the boys. The idea seems to be to hold farmer boys' conventions and encampments; to have processions and prizes; to have addresses by prominent men and social clubs and lectures showing that the safest and surest way to a life of independence and competence lies in tilling the soil.

Anthing that tends to keep boys on the farm is a wise movement, and the suggestion is one which the fathers might do well to study. Make the farm interesting and worth while to the boy. There are so many things now which make farming more to be desired as a calling than ever before. Educate and organize the boys and keep them on the farm.

Health of Children.

The Maryland Medical Journal for March contains a very interesting article on "The Health of the Schoolchild," by Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs. It sets forth that every instinct of the child demands fresh air, sunshine and freedom, and that every means should be taken to provide such necessities. In commenting on this article the Journal says:

Each school should have ample play grounds or athletic field, and in the more congested section of the city, where the value of property makes space a consideration, the roofs of the school buildings should be converted into gardens where play and exercise may be indulged in. The opportunities for physical exercise at present are notoriously insufficient in nearly all the public schools of the cities. A small, high-fenced bricked yard is all the accommodation offered in the majority of the schools, in which the children are turned helterskelter for 15 minutes at each session, with scarcely elbow room to play or exercise.

Our American school boards must seriously consider this question and decide whether in justice to the children, as well as to the community as a whole, we should not devote more time to the demands of nature and the physical development of the pupils. Not that this aspect of education is totally neglected. In a number of places in this country the schoolchild is under the supervision of trained physical directors. These places are, however, oases, for the great majority of teachers, school trustees and parents are absolutely ignorant of the physical condition of their children.

Recipe for Whitewash for Outside Work.

Take fresh Rosendale cement, three parts, and of clean, fine sand, one part; mix with fresh water thoroughly. This gives a gray or granite color. If a very white color is desired, use lime with the cement and sand. Mix well together. First wet the wall with clean, fresh water; then follow immediately with cement wash. This prevents the bricks from absorbing the water from the wash and gives time for the cement to set. The wash must be well stirred during the application. Make the mixture as thick as can be conveniently applied with a whitewash brush.

To the Point.

In a Tennessee court an old colored woman was put on the witness stand to tell what she knew about the annihilation of a hog by a railway train.

Being sworn, she was asked if she had seen the train kill the hog in question.

"Yes, sah, I seed it".

"Then," said counsel, "tell the court in as few words as possible just how it occurred."

"Yo' honor," responded the old lady, "I shore kin tell yo' in a few words. It jes' tooted an' tuck him."—Cleveland Leader.

The man who has some scheme to enrich his fellow man nearly always has patches on the south section of his trousers.

Truth is stranger than fiction because there is less of it in the market.

Business Revival May Be Sudden.

Railway men who have been here before the Inter-State Commerce Commission discussing the nine-hour law are of the opinion the business depression will not be lasting. The managers think that the return of prosperity will be almost as sudden as was the coming of adversity, and in their arguments as to the enforcement of the nine-hour law they pointed out that such a return of prosperity might seriously embarrass them in complying with the law, because it will render it difficult to command the services of competent operators in sufficient numbers to meet prosperous conditions. With four or five exceptions, no important railroads in the country have indicated an intention to reduce the wages of their employees. As Chairman Knapp of the Commerce Commission expressed it, "so far as I am informed there is no concerted action on the part of the American railways companies to reduce wages." The Chairman of the Commerce Commission and the commissioner of Labor expect to be able under the Erdman arbitration act to adjust such differences as may be presented to them without serious difficulty. In carrying out the nine-hour law the companies expect to employ several thousand additional operators. It is estimated that at present there are 300,000 idle freight cars.—From a Washington Dispatch.

Caught.

A member of the Pittsburg Conference tells an interesting little story on one of his own boys. The incident happened when the lad was quite young, but after he had learned to pray. He had some trouble one day with his older brother. They came to their father with the matter as he sat at work in his study. The merits of the case were examined into by the father, and when he was through it was clear that the younger boy was entirely in the fault. The youngster also keenly realized that fact. After giving the boy a kindly admonition, the father turned again to his book. Presently he heard the little fellow over in the corner of the room praying. Among the petitions which reached the father's ear was this one: "O Good Man, do help me, for I'm caught."

It's the old story of the child being father to the man." There is a supposition current that there are some praying folks in the world who really don't work much at the business except when they get about where the preacher's boy was. His case had this merit in it, that he frankly confessed his unpleasant position; acknowledged that he was "caught." The full-grown man who pleads for help on the same ground usually shuns a confession of his motive as long as possible.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Ball Dress of Stamps.

At a ball in Bermuda a wonderful dress was worn, and in the making of it over 30,000 stamps were used. Years were spent in collecting the stamps and three weeks in making of the dress, which was of the finest muslin.

The woman called upon her friends to help her, and the dress was covered with the stamps of all nations. They were not put on anyhow, but in an elaborate design.

On the front of the bodice was an eagle made entirely of brown Columbian stamps. Suspended from the bird's talons was a globe made of very old blue revenue stamps. On each side of the globe was an American flag, having stripes of red and blue stamps.

On the back of the bodice was a collection of foreign stamps in the form of a shield, in the center of which was a portrait cut from old revenue stamps.

A picture hat covered with red and blue stamps was worn with the dress.—From the London Daily Mail.

Added Years.

Young Wife—Tomorrow will be my birthday, dear.

Young Husband—You'll be 21?

Young Wife—No; 25.

Young Husband—Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were only 20.

Young Wife—Yes; but I have aged rapidly since our marriage.—Chicago News.

One on Him.

Wandering over an old cemetery recently a young man came across a large stone inscribed:—

"Turn me over."

After much difficult he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the under side of the stone the words:—

"Now turn me back again so that I can catch some other idiot."

Jack rabbits which for many years have been the pest of farmers in central and eastern Oregon, are said to be dying off by thousands by some germ disease, which government experts are now investigating. A number of the dead rabbits have been sent to Australia to infect the rabbits there.

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