

## WESTERN MARYLAND TELEPHONE COMPANY'S DIRECTORY.

OFFICERS. President, Chas. E. Fink. Vice-President, Chas. H. Vandorf. Secretary & Treasurer, Jno. Milton Reifsnider. General Manager, R. B. Hazlett.

### LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

- WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE. ALBERT LITTLE, Manager.
- 31 Advocate Office.
  - 32 Geo. W. Wholesale Grocer.
  - 33 Store, Ring 2.
  - 34 Albright, George W., Residence, Ring 3.
  - 35 Arnold, Elias H., Hardware, &c.
  - 36 Bennett, P. J. & Co., Coal and Lumber, Office, Ring 2.
  - 37 Bennett, P. J., Residence, Ring 3.
  - 38 Hammington, J., Sporting Goods.
  - 39 Bragg, Dr. J. H.
  - 40 Butt, Dr. M. L.
  - 41 Boyle, Joseph B., Druggist.
  - 42 Bond, J. A. C., Attorney-at-Law.
  - 43 Gilbert & Roberts, Attorneys-at-Law, Court House.
  - 44 Crooke, B. F., Clerk of the Circuit Court.
  - 45 City Council Chamber.
  - 46 Haining, Rev. Father.
  - 47 Derr, Theo. & Son, Dry Goods, Notions.
  - 48 Eckert, John, Carriage Shops.
  - 49 Fink, Chas. E., Attorney-at-Law, Office, Ring 2.
  - 50 Fink, Chas. E., Residence, Ring 3.
  - 51 First National Bank.
  - 52 Farmers' Fertilizer Co.
  - 53 Grimes, E. O., Groceries, Grain, &c.
  - 54 Gorsch, N. I. & Son, Groceries, Grain, &c.
  - 55 Goodman, John & Son, Furniture, Undertakers.
  - 56 Grambine, George, Retail Grocer.
  - 57 Gilbert & Co., Hardware.
  - 58 Harbaugh, Harry, Livery and Sales Stable.
  - 59 Hotel Albion.
  - 60 Haining, Dr. Jas. T.
  - 61 Heber, A. H., Druggist.
  - 62 Hazlett, R. B., General Manager Telephone Company.
  - 63 Haining, Dr. N. A., Attorney-at-Law.
  - 64 Hoppe, Edw., Bottler.
  - 65 Huff, Ivan, Attorney-at-Law.
  - 66 Ice and Cold Storage Company.
  - 67 Jones, Pius, Expressman.
  - 68 Mathias, Dr. John S.
  - 69 Manning, Richard, Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Carroll County.
  - 70 Miller Bros., Dry Goods and Notions, Ring 2.
  - 71 Miller Bros., Residence, Ring 3.
  - 72 Murray, Oliver, Hardware.
  - 73 Orndorff's Store, Dry Goods and Notions.
  - 74 Roberts, H. S. & Co., President Manufacturers.
  - 75 Reifsnider, John L., President of Westminster Gas Light Co.
  - 76 Reifsnider, John Milton, Attorney-at-Law, Office, Ring 2.
  - 77 Reifsnider, John Milton, Residence, Ring 3.
  - 78 Roop, H. S., Florist.
  - 79 Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Attorneys-at-Law.
  - 80 School Commissioners.
  - 81 Sentinel Office.
  - 82 Sheaffer, Milton, Hardware.
  - 83 Smith, James E., Residence, Ring 3.
  - 84 Smith, James E., Insurance, Office, Ring 2.
  - 85 Sharrer Bros., Clothing and Furnishings.
  - 86 Skelton, W. L. W., Mounton House.
  - 87 Stables, George, Attorney-at-Law.
  - 88 Smith, Joseph W., Coal and Lumber, Office, Ring 2.
  - 89 Smith, Joseph, Residence, Ring 3.
  - 90 Smith, J. C., Insurance.
  - 91 Shipley, J. Q., Agricultural Implements.
  - 92 Sharrer, Frank, Undertaker.
  - 93 Thomas, Wm. B., Banker and Broker.
  - 94 Thompson, Jacob, Livery and Sales Stable.
  - 95 Thonson, William H., Attorney-at-Law.
  - 96 Union National Bank.
  - 97 Western Maryland College.
  - 98 Westminster Savings Institution.
  - 99 Wilson & Goodwin, Insurance Agents.
  - 100 Westminster Steam Laundry.
  - 101 Walsh, Michael E., Attorney-at-Law.
  - 102 Zantz, V. Cigars and Tobaccos.
  - 103 Wepp's Drug Store.

## AN AWFUL SLAUGHTER SALE

OF DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S COATS, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

## SCHNEEBERGER'S TRADE PALACE,

COMMENCING ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1st.

Set every wheel in motion and come to this sale, which will be a lasting benefit to every woman, man and child of this county.

### Dress Goods and Silks.

Prices right in line with the grand and unreserved price sweep down. All our 50c, 75c and \$1.00 Novelty Dress Goods cut down to 39c. 45 inch all wool Storm Serges, in black and navy, usual price 50c, price for this sale 33c. A lot of fancy Silks, in fashionable effects, former price 50c, cut down to 29c.

### Cloaks.

Another cut down. In fact there is no price too small but Schneeburger will take it. It practically comes to that in this new chapter of price-sacrificing. Balance of all our rough or plain Cloth Jackets, tailor made, large sleeves, comprises our \$9.00, \$10.00 and \$13.00 garments, offered to close at \$4.98. Balance of all our \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00 Jackets sacrificed at \$3.98.

### Hosiery.

No mistake about it. When we want goods out they go. Cost or value cut no figure with us. 100 dozen of children's fast black ribbed hose, actual value 8c and 10c, Schneeburger now gives you for 5c. 25 dozen ladies' warranted fast black hose, full seamless, in all sizes, sold for 15c, cut down to 9c. Men's extra heavy cotton Half-Hose, 12c hosiery, closing out at 8c.

### Men's Furnishings.

A clear sailing of one-half. That's enough for most men. Only prices have suffered—qualities remain way up in goodness. Men's heavy Canton Flannel Drawers, custom made, sold for 50c, swept to 29c. Men's extra heavy White Merino Underwear, sold for 39c, swept to 23c. Men's unadorned White Shirts, with pique bosoms, made of the best muslin, felled seams, in sizes from 14 to 17 1/2, regular price 75c, Schneeburger's slaughtered price 50c.

### Blankets and Comforts.

It's a chance you must accept, or waste your money elsewhere. There's no "dodging" these prices. They strike like sledge hammers the minds of bargain seekers. All our 60c, 69c, 75c and \$1.00 Blankets and Comforts at 53c. \$4.00 11-4 white wool Blankets, about 10 pairs left, with blue and red borders, now cut at \$2.48. 75c white crocheted Spreads, in new Marseilles designs, cut for this sale to 48c.

### Special.

About 25 dozen Honeycomb Towels, special for this sale at 4c. 25 dozen extra large size Cotton Towels, regular price 12c or 25c a pair, special for this slaughter sale at 9c, or 2 for 18c.

Remember, with every coat sale of \$5.00 and over we give away "FREE" a Ladies' Jacket or Child's Coat.

## M. SCHNEEBERGER'S TRADE PALACE,

Opposite Catholic Church, 33 East Main Street, WESTMINSTER, MD.

## PUBLIC SALE OF A DESIRABLE FARM,

Adjoining the Corporate Limits of the City of Westminster.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Francis A. Wampler and Frances Anna Wampler, his wife, to the Westminster Savings Institution, dated January 30th, A. D., 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Records of Carroll county, in Liber G. A. M., No. 28, folio 196, &c., the undersigned, the attorney or agent named therein, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, A. D., 1896, at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that Real Estate conveyed by and described in said mortgage, to-wit: A Farm containing 118 ACRES and 36 PERCHES OF LAND, more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a comfortable 2-story Log and Weatherboard Dwelling House, newly built bank barn, wagon shed, dairy and other necessary outbuildings; water convenient to the buildings. The growing crops will be sold with the farm. The proximity of this property to Westminster, location, &c., make it worthy the attention of purchasers. The farm is on the Manchester road, leading from Westminster, in a short distance from the corporate limits of said city of Westminster, in Carroll county, Md., lies between two county roads, adjoining the land of Lewis P. Manning, George W. Blough and others, and is now in the occupancy of the said Francis A. Wampler.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, one-third in nine and the other one-third in eighteen months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER, Attorney or Agent named in the Mortgage. Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct.

Will also at the same time and place sell a large variety of Personal Property, to-wit: Milk Cows, Farming Utensils, Wagons, Gears, &c. For particulars see hand bill.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER, Attorney or Agent. jan 25 ts

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphan's Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the Personal Estate of BERTHA ANN MIKESSELL, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of August, 1896; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 13th day of January, 1896.

AMANDA L. KEPHART, Executor. jan 18 4t

### COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office, in Westminster, on the first Monday and Tuesday and the third Monday in February, 1896, for the transaction of business. By order, ALFRED T. BUCKINGHAM, Clerk. jan 25

### GUY W. STEBLE, Attorney-at-Law, Westminster, Md.

Office, Court Street, in Albright Building, oct 19 '94 t

## Poetry.

### GOD PITY THE POOR.

God pity the poor who are wearily sitting by desolate hearthstones, cold, cheerless and bare. From which the last ember's pale flicker has faded, Like hope dying out in the midst of despair; Who look on the wide world and see it a desert Where rattle no waters, no green branches wave; Who see in a future so dark as the present No rest but the deathbed, no home but the grave.

God pity the poor, for the wealthy are often As hard as the winter and cold as its snow. While fortune makes sunshine and summer around them, Their tears are not for others nor think of their woe; Or if from their plenty a trifle be given, So thoughtfully, grudgingly often, 'tis doled That to the receiver their "charity" seemeth More painful than hunger, more bitter than cold.

God pity the poor, for though all men are brethren, Though all say, "Our Father," not mine, when they pray, The proud ones of earth turn aside from the lowly As if they were fashioned of different clay. They see not in those who in meekness and patience Toil—poverty, pain, without murmur endure— The image of him whose first couch was a manger. Who close for our sakes to be homeless and poor.

God pity the poor! Give them courage and patience Their trials, temptations and troubles to brave. And pity the wealthy whose idle is fortune, For gold cannot gladness the gloom of the grave, And as this brief life, whether painful or pleasant, To one that is endless but opens the door. The heart sighs while thinking on palace and home— God pity the wealthy as well as the poor!

## Select Story.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

From the London Tit Bits.

In 18— I was first mate of the Monoco, one of the Red Ring line and then one of the best going boats in the Atlantic service. I had run across while the ship was in dock from Liverpool to my home near Doncaster to see my sister Patty before her marriage. She was engaged to a young lieutenant named Rupert Rowling, the nephew and heir of old Jonathan Rowling, a wealthy, eccentric country squire in Yorkshire, and it was not only a good match for her, but Rupert, whom I had known from childhood—we were at school together—was one of the heartiest and most genuine fellows you'd find in a day's walk.

When I arrived at Doncaster, I was surprised to find things all in an uproar. Old Rowling had, it seemed, taken some offense at an innocent but misunderstood remark of Rupert's and had flown into a terrible passion, swearing he would disinherit him. Rupert, who was a high spirited young chap, gave the old man a bit of his mind, and they had a violent quarrel, which ended in Mr. Rowling turning his nephew out of the house and forbidding him ever to show his face there again. That was on a Thursday, a fortnight before my visit.

On the evening of the quarrel Rupert called on my sister and told her of what had taken place, and they agreed to postpone the wedding for the present. He then left, as he stated, for London, where he was due to join his regiment on the following Saturday.

The next morning (Friday) everybody was started at hearing that old Jonathan Rowling had been found dead in a plantation on his estate. He was lying face downward and had evidently been shot in the back by some one, the bullet having penetrated to the heart and killed him instantly, and on a medical examination it was ascertained that the murder, for such it doubtless was, must have been committed on the previous night, for death had taken place many hours before the body was found.

The fact of the quarrel between the deceased and his nephew was already public property, and suspicion at once pointed to Rupert as the probable culprit. The police soon ascertained Rupert's movements, which showed that he had called on Patty, as I have stated, and that he caught the next express to London, the time between his leaving Patty and the starting of the train giving him plenty of opportunity to commit the crime had been so minded, and moreover, his road from my sister's to the station took him alongside the plantation in which his uncle's body was found.

The London detectives were put to work, and they ascertained that Rupert had a revolver of the same caliber as the shot found in old Rowling's corpse, and the upshot was that he was arrested and brought before the magistrates at Doncaster.

The assizes were just approaching, and when I arrived on the scene Rupert stood committed for trial on the charge of murdering his uncle.

I could do nothing to help him, but I went to the assize town and saw him in prison. He denied all knowledge of the crime, swearing to me that he was absolutely innocent. I believed him, but the evidence was overwhelming. The station master at Doncaster spoke of Rupert's rushing into the station in a great flurry and looking very upset, and the revolver, which he admitted he had not used for some days, had one chamber empty. Many other things, trivial in themselves, but awfully black when put together, were brought out at the trial, and before I left I had heard him found guilty by the jury and sentenced to death by the judge. It all seemed like a ghastly dream.

I was due to return to my ship, the Monico, and I bade Rupert good-by. I don't mind telling that I sobbed like a child. I shouldn't have felt it so if I could have done anything even to try to help him, but I was perfectly powerless.

My sister of course was in a terrible way, and I hardly liked leaving her, but my whole future depended on keeping my position in the Red Ring line, so I wrenched myself away and was on board the Monico the next morning.

We sailed the following day, which was a Wednesday, and the last thing I heard of Cappermole signed this statement, and

before leaving Liverpool was that poor Rupert's execution had been fixed for Thursday in the next week.

We had a heavy cargo of goods and a lot of passengers, but I tell you my heart seemed heavier when we started on that voyage than the ship, cargo, passengers and all.

The Monico was considered a fast vessel at that time. She generally took just over seven days to do the passage, and we were due in New York on the Wednesday evening before Rupert's execution.

Everything went well till the Monday afternoon, when one of the steerage passengers, a man named Charles Cappermole, fell down a hatchway, breaking his back and receiving internal injuries from which the doctor said he was bound to die within four or five hours. It was very sad, of course, but couldn't be helped, and although anything of the sort puts a gloom over the ship I was too much engrossed in my own trouble to think much of it. But just after one bell (half past 6) the captain came to me.

"Sparton," he said, "you were telling me about the trouble your sister's fiancé had got into. It's a most extraordinary thing, but this man Cappermole has been telling the doctor a tale about his having shot his father's landlord in Yorkshire, and that he believes this accident is a judgment on him. I have seen him, and he says the name of the man he murdered was Rowling, which is the name you mentioned, I think, and if you will come with me to the hospital, where the poor wretch is lying, you can hear his yarn for yourself."

I was thunderstruck. I got the third officer to take my place for a short time and hurried off to the side of the injured man.

His statement was somewhat rambling, but with the help of a clergyman who was a passenger we reduced it to writing in a tangible shape, and it was about something like this:

"I, Charles Cappermole, lately residing at Marten's Hole, near Doncaster, Yorkshire, but now a passenger on board the steamship Monico (Captain Marner) in mid-Atlantic, having met with an accident by falling down a hatchway, and being, as I do know, within a short time of death, I make this solemn statement and declare the same to be true, so help me God:

"I am a farm laborer and until recently was living with my father and mother at Marten's Hole, where my father rented a small farm under Mr. Jonathan Rowling. The same farm had been in the possession of my father all his life and of his father before him, and it was our whole living."

"Mr. Jonathan Rowling had a disagreement with my father last year but one just before Michaelmas about some hedges which he insisted my father should renew, but which had always been replanted before that time at the expense of the landlord. My father refused to replant them at his own expense, and Mr. Rowling gave him notice to quit, which expired at Michaelmas last, and he subsequently turned my parents and myself out of the farm in the middle of winter."

"My mother was in a very feeble and delicate state of health, and the eviction caused her death, and my father, being broken hearted and ruined, was compelled to go into the workhouse."

"I determined to emigrate to America and with the assistance of a benevolent society I obtained my passage money and outfit and enough cash in my pocket to prevent my being turned back as a pauper on landing in the United States. I booked my passage in the steamship Monico, but before starting on the voyage I saw my father in the workhouse. His misfortunes had so shattered him that he was dying, and exasperated and filled with indignation I determined to be revenged on Mr. Rowling, who had been the cause of my mother's and my father's deaths and my ruin and emigration."

"I had bought a revolver to take with me, and tramping to Doncaster I lay in wait for Mr. Rowling on the evening of Thursday, the 24th day of May last. I knew that it was his habit to walk through the plantation which adjoins a lane called Danks' lane every night between 8 and 9 o'clock, his purpose being to see if any rabbit snares had been laid by poachers, and I hid myself behind some bushes in this plantation close to the path. I presently heard footsteps, and directly after I saw Mr. Rowling walk along close beside where I was hiding. As soon as he had got past me I stood up, and aiming the revolver at him I shot him in the back. He lifted up his arms and with a great cry fell face forward, dead."

"It was nearly dark, and I crept out of the plantation into the lane without any one seeing me. I walked that night to Wakefield along byroads well known to me, and from thence on following days to Huddersfield, Ashton, Manchester, Newton and Liverpool, from which port I was to take passage to New York."

"In Liverpool I heard the murder spoken of for the first time, and to my surprise I found that Mr. Rupert Rowling, Mr. Rowling's nephew, was charged with it. I never thought for a moment that they could find him guilty of the murder he had not committed, and I took no steps to let the truth be known. When I afterward learned he was convicted of the murder and sentenced to death, I knew I ought to go back and own the deed and save him, but I could not bring myself to do so, and I went on board the Monico well knowing that I was leaving behind me an innocent man to be hanged for the murder I had committed. The revolver with which I shot Mr. Rowling is in my box. All which is true, as I declare."

Cappermole signed this statement, and

## A \$2,000,000 Country House.

Of all the beautiful country establishments of the wealthy along the Hudson, none can rival the magnificent colonial palace of Mrs. Eliot Shepard, at Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, which has just been finished and fully furnished.

The mansion, which contains in the neighborhood of 200 rooms, is built of light pressed Italian brick and terra cotta. It is situated on high ground, from which the scene is uninterupted on all sides for miles around. The view of the Hudson and Palisades is unsurpassed.

The entrance to the Shepard estate from the public highway are through two artistic gateways formed of carved stone and iron brought from France. On either side of the beautiful drives and embowered walks are fine lawns laid out with huge flower beds and shaded from the sun's glare by many choice American and foreign trees. Massive retaining granite walls encircle the estate, which without the beautiful residence would be an ideal park.

The main entrance is recessed and enriched by a portico supported by Corinthian columns, extending in height two stories, surmounted by an entablature and an attic story, the recess forming a dark background, against which the Corinthian columns are beautifully shown. The great verandas, which nearly surround the house, and the beautiful terraces will recall the old Italian villas and gardens. The entrance hall is undoubtedly the chef d'oeuvre of the whole house. This hall and the stairway hall are of Italian marble and hung with rare Gobelin and Italian tapestries. Beautiful staircases, with easy landings, rise to the second floor. The balustrades on the stairways were brought from France.

All the principal rooms of the house, which are on the first floor, are so arranged that they can be opened into one mammoth room, which can be utilized for any purpose. The living and reception rooms are on the southwest side of the great hall. The latter room is both elegant and handsome. It is finished in Spanish cedar, and the walls are beautifully frescoed with Italian leather. The great fireplace and mantelpiece were imported from an Italian chateau. Golden wall coverings and silk tapestries of the same hue make a rich frame in the salon for the beautiful bric-a-brac, which Mrs. Shepard collected while in Venice and the Holy Land. In the salon there is a mantelpiece over 200 years old.

Mrs. Shepard's apartments are on the second floor, as well as all other sleeping apartments. Her rooms are models of beauty. The pale tints of the canoes which adorn the ceilings are in sharp contrast to the beautiful colors of the silk embroideries, which cover like tapestries nearly one-half of the room.

On the third floor the guests' chambers are situated. These are finished in white and gold, with private dressing-rooms and baths. Here also are situated the billiard-room, woodwork of a dark, rich color; the floor and the ceilings are of mosaic. The mansion is lighted by electricity, there being 1,250 lights in the house. The total cost of the house and laying-out of the garden is said to have been \$2,000,000.

## She Saved Her Husband.

There is a woman in New York who brought up to luxury and ease, having fallen upon unexpected evil days, has carried out for herself rather a new path in woman's work. Her previous condition in life, coupled with an innate good taste, had developed a remarkable capacity for harmonious blending of color, especially in the matter of room decoration. So, when her husband failed in business, she asked herself what she could do to bolster up his drooping fortunes.

It seemed very little to her—only an eye for color and a taste for house decoration that had been exercised in beautifying her own home. But with this small capital she has accomplished wonders. Her husband had been in the house-painting business on a large scale. Armed with letters of introduction to some of his business friends, she made arrangements with many of these to supply her with such paper as she needed at wholesale prices, and to give her a commission on large sales. Beginning in a small way, on commission, that woman is now getting rich at this new, self-chosen occupation. Lately she has decorated and furnished from top to bottom a house for a New York millionaire, having been given carte blanche to exercise her own judgment in all directions. Her husband has again, in a measure, regained his footing in the business world, but it is his brave wife who has enabled him to do this. It is she who has bought a new home with the proceeds of her business, and it is she who is providing against the possibility of a second rainy day. Her name may not be in the encyclopedias, but it is ineffaceably carved upon an active and progressive present.

## Lateness of Mind.

From the Churchman.

There is a laziness of the mind as well as of the body. People loaf mentally as well as physically. One is to be despised quite as much as the other. The man or boy who sits about on street corners and in stores telling idle tales is no more a social nuisance than is he who dawdles over his studies, or dreams away the hours a wool-gathering, which should be employed in planning and thinking about the serious problems of life. The mind should be held quite as rigidly to discipline as the body; for an aimless, wandering, unapplicable mind will destroy one's usefulness quite as much as a slothful, flabby, unskilled body.

## The Making of Sauerkraut an Enormous Industry in America.

Sauerkraut seems to be increasing in popularity, and its consumption is growing in this country every year. This is due not alone to the fact that the Germans of America are getting far more numerous, but because in many quarters other nationalities are taking it up and finding keen enjoyment of the palate in this pungent, highly flavored Tentician dish.

The big manufacturers cut up their cabbages in special slicing machines, which are capable of dealing with hundreds of heads in a few minutes. These concerns buy the cabbages for from \$5 to \$10 a ton, one ton making 125 gallons of sauerkraut, or 500 quarts. Each barrel of kraut contains from 45 to 50 gallons, or nearly 200 quarts, and the manufacturers sell them at from \$6 to \$7 a barrel. The retailers get on the average about ten cents a quart, or nearly \$20 a barrel.

It would be interesting to give the full details and figures of the consumption of sauerkraut in this country, but, unfortunately, these have never been collected, and there is no one that has even the most remote idea how many quarts are eaten per capita per annum. Ohio, particularly the northern section, is one of the cabbage strongholds, and one county alone is reported to have raised last fall 7,500 tons. One small town is said to have sent out nearly 250 carloads of the vegetable. Two sauerkraut factories in another town made over 2,000 tons of the kraut.

Hardly second to Ohio as a cabbage and sauerkraut state is Illinois. Pennsylvania is even more productive along these lines. Jersey contributes not a little to the demand for cabbages and their product. Whatever is not consumed locally in these states is sent, as a rule, into the far West. It is reserved for New York state, however, to be the great sauerkraut district of America. New England is not a cabbage section, the sole exception in this territory being Connecticut, which contributes really very little, and the South and the far West do not produce at all. New York is the main stay for the Germans of these regions.

The German sauerkraut, especially imported, is fairly cheap, but since its manufacture has been learned to a T here, the crop actually from old Germany is not cared for nearly as much as it was. The American sauerkraut will beat it in open market at any time.

## Holes in the Canvas.

From the Philadelphia Record.

An Italian sea captain, Gio Batta Vassallo of Genoa, has made a very interesting innovation in the use of sails of ordinary sailing vessels. He claims that the force of wind cannot fully take effect in a sail, since the air in front of it cannot properly circulate in the inflated part and remains stationary immediately in front of that part of the sail proper. He avoids this stagnation of air, as he calls it, by the application of a number of small holes in that part of the sail where the depression is deepest when it is filled. These holes are re-enforced like a buttonhole, so that they will not tear out.

Trials made in various weather have resulted as follows: With a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made 4 knots, while the new sail increased the speed to 5 1/2 knots. In a fresh breeze the respective speeds were 7 and 8 1/2 knots, and in a strong wind they were 8 and 10 knots an hour. It stands to reason that the doing away with a layer of air which cannot escape past the sides of a sail must increase the efficiency of the sailboat. Where the wind formerly struck a cushion of air which acted like a spring mattress, decreasing the actual pressure of the wind against the canvas, this current of air now strikes the sail direct and of course has a greater efficiency. Vassallo has received much encouragement from practical sailors as well as theoretical scientists.

## Water-Repellent Walls.

To be able to make walls that will entirely resist moisture is of great importance in localities where the earth is damp and sodden. Experiments have been made with brick and sandstone, saturated with oils of various kinds. It is proven that raw and boiled linseed oil are the best substances with which to treat such wall materials. If bricks are heated as hot as they can be handled with bare hands, then dropped into oil and allowed to remain there until cold, then placed where they will drain and laid in a wall with good Portland cement mortar, they are practically impervious to water. Of course, a great deal of expense attends this work, but there are places where nothing else seems to answer for it. For ordinary cellars and walls, where such extreme nicety of handling is not required, a thick coating of Portland cement mortar laid on very smoothly and washed over with several very thin coats of almost all Portland will secure the utmost dryness and cleanliness. The qualities of Portland cement are not fully appreciated by the average householder.

Magistrate (to witness)—"I understand that you overheard the quarrel between the defendant and his wife?" Witness—"Yes, sir." Magistrate—"Tell the court if you can, what he seemed to be doing." Witness—"He seemed to be doing the listening."

Our vices are like our finger nails, we cut them from time to time, but they grow out again.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the simplest tongue.

Mind unemployed is mind unemployed.

The greater misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

A poet must needs be before his own age to be even with posterity.

The greater misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.