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We are Headquarters for Howard County Buyers in SECOND HAND WHEELS. We sell GOOD WHEELS in GOOD CONDITION from \$10 UPWARD!

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LUMBER! LUMBER! OF ALL KINDS! FRAMING TIMBER, FENCING and POSTS, SCANTLING, BRIDGE RAIL and SHEATHING.

WOOD! WOOD IN PLENTY! SAWED STOVE LENGTHS CUT and SPLIT. Delivered in LARGE or SMALL QUANTITIES.

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THE BEST WAGON ON EARTH.

THE GALE CALLED PLOW!

These are but two of the many articles in stock which we claim, take the lead. Call and see our stock. Most varied in Baltimore.

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LIVERY AND UNDERTAKING.

The Livery and Undertaking business late Clinton Easton will be continued by the undersigned. Calls to take charge of funerals in Howard and adjoining counties attended to with the promptness and at any distance on the most reasonable terms.

WERNER BROS., DEALERS IN LUMBER, HARDWARE, GITE, LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, BRICK, BUILDING PAPER, GENERAL BUILDING MATERIAL and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS. YARD—Baltimore County Side Ipsco. STORE—Town Hall, Opposite B. R. Depot.

The Times and "Farm Newer" "Womankind" one dollar one year.

MADE ON THE FOURTH.

"You fight two crackers that," she said. "That's yours, and I'll take this. And now, if you should go off first, Why, you can claim a kiss."

A FRESH AIR FOURTH.

BY TOM P. MORRIS.

It was during the hottest hour of the hottest day of the year that the sun-stricken boy on the brink of the little creek looked up at the man who presented himself at the office of the Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund Society.

boy returned. He hopped in and laid the card on the desk. "Here is the ticket back again, sir," he said.

"I'm not going to the country to-morrow," the lad persisted. "Lemme go! I'm busy!"

"Sit down there!" commanded Mr. Joplin.

"Now, when Knucks had received the precious ticket entitling him to the country week he had down home-

ward as fast as his crutch would carry him. Little Jimmy Patton, the sun-stricken lad, lay on the brink of the little creek, looking up at the man who presented himself at the office of the Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund Society.

"The sick boy's face lighted up and he took the card and looked at it. "You'll get well now, old man!"

"I ain't goin', Knucks," he said. "I ain't the one that got the ticket; you are to take care of it."

"Well, why don't you?" said Mr. Joplin.

"Me?" The boy's tone was defiant, but he looked worried and troubled more than he would tell.

"I'd take care of him while I'm here," he said. "Keep your ticket," he jerked.

In the coolest, shadiest spot in the grove a long, long table was set, and about it were seated under its load of delicious eatables.

"The first thing," said Mr. Joplin's big voice, "is to eat. Some of us didn't have as much breakfast as we wanted, an' mobby some of us didn't have any at all. So, eat now, fellers, an' all later on."

All these urechins fell upon that long table almost like as many ravenous wolves. And then in a moment Jimmy whispered something to Knucks, and Knucks hopped over to where Mr. Joplin was and whispered to him:

"Mobby we oughtn't to eat too much, sir. It costs lots of money an' perishes Mr. Joplin."

"Mr. Joplin is the owner of a great cattle ranch out in Colorado," answered Mr. Joplin.

"We didn't know," said Knucks. "His pepper an' salt ain't looks kinder well, wad he didn't know?"

And, when Mr. Joplin told the man from Colorado that Knucks had said, Mr. Joplin laughed a big, hearty "Haw-haw!" and then he looked himself over, and then he colored, and then he laughed again.

When they had all eaten and were full in a country, though there is almost as much difference between the kitchens of the ocean palaces and the rough sailing craft as there is between the kitchens of the very rich and the hopelessly poor, they are alike in one thing, that is their economy of space.

"I asked Mr. Hallett to make you a speech, but he says I've got to do it. I haven't much to say. This is the month of the Declaration of Independence, and we're going to have here in this grove the only Declaration of Independence we're going to have here in this grove.

"I'd like to know why it ain't?" answered Mr. Joplin. "A potlatch that ain't a free pitch-ain't no potlatch at all. Well, then, I'll make this condition: No boy shall take advantage of any smaller boy—if he does."

"So will we," yelled the boys. "I think I ought to add something to what Mr. Joplin has said," spoke Mr. Hallett.

"In the first place, I presume you are puzzled to know what a potlatch really is. I was myself at the home of a lawyer out West, among certain tribes of Indians, when a savage aspires to stand high among his fellows he saves up blankets and all sorts of desirable articles till he has as great a store of them as possible. Then he invites his friends to a feast and gives away all this accumulation. It may last a week for a long time, but he has won the esteem of his tribe as long as he lives. Mr. Joplin has given you a potlatch of happiness, and I think he has won more than the giver of any Indian potlatch ever won."

"Herald! Yes, sir-ee!" whooped the boys. "The day was one long day of unalloyed happiness. They ate, shot fire-crackers and swung and raced and chased, and the band played every time it was requested."

During the afternoon Mr. Joplin arranged with various families in the village to take care of such boys as needed more than a day of the country air as long as they might require it; and the next week Knucks and Jimmy found that it was all settled that they should live in the country for a year at Mr. Joplin's expense.

At night, after the fireworks had been shot off and it was time to begin the march for the train, the boys cheered for Mr. Joplin till they could have been heard nearly a mile, and when they stopped Mr. Joplin said:

"Thank ye, fellers!"—New York Press.

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The pastry was excellent, not so much from over-shortening as from good baking. Many of the cakes are really nothing but pie crusts with combinations. A three-cornered pastry has a filling of made cream, which is nothing more than a thick, soft custard; this is sometimes plain, sometimes it has an addition of cherries or cherries, or finely minced citron. The top has a glaze—it is too thin to be called frosting—of white of eggs and sugar with whole cherries. Sometimes the pastry is covered with a meringue, in which the candied fruits are used as a studding. They are filled after the manner of strawberry shortcake, and there is usually a thin upper crust, but the cakes are small and in every manner of shape. The cream with cherries is delicious, not any more so than that with apricots.

Another article of food with which I made acquaintance on ship-board, though I had heard of it before, was bread with earwax seeds. One who likes this cannot understand the distaste of others for it. The Germans esteem it, but it does not look real good. It is made by using one-third egg with the wheat-flour, and picking earwax seed with a liberal hand. It is said to be hygienic, and, as it is especially palatable, it probably is.

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A SHIP'S KITCHEN.

THE SYSTEM OF ARRANGEMENT AND METHOD OF WORK.

Economy of Space the Chief Requirement—Amazing Compactness With Which Supplies Are Stored—Enormous Refrigerators.

THOUGH there be many who go down to the sea in ships, and who continue thereon for days, there are few who can see or really know the kitchen side of a vessel. Though there is almost as much difference between the kitchens of the ocean palaces and the rough sailing craft as there is between the kitchens of the very rich and the hopelessly poor, they are alike in one thing, that is their economy of space.

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just what one ought to eat. What do you suppose makes all the delicious food unhealthful, and such things as one wants to eat just what they need to make them "healthy, wealthy and wise?"

There is something all housekeepers could learn from the ship's methods for their own advantage, and that is the saving in time, strength and labor in the kitchen. The ship's methods, and also the gain in drawing the supplies from the storeroom at one time for one day. Women taken thousand needless steps a day and pay for them with weariness and backache. The tables and stoves where men work stand high enough to make continual bending unnecessary. If women would have their working tables and stoves higher they would be less tired. Many steps and much bending over will wear out the healthiest woman. Instead of a large kitchen, let her have a small one with as much of all the conveniences, and all at one level, right height and sized near at hand. Then has she learned a lesson which will help the domestic kitchen to be a source of household comfort, and a little source of annoyance as the kitchen on an island ship.—New England Kitchen Magazine.

Wonderful Gold-Leaf. The process by which gold is made into thin leaves is called gold-beating. As yet, the use of machinery for this purpose is very limited, nearly all gold-leaf being made by hand.

First the gold is cast into oblong ingots about three-fourths of an inch in width, and weighing two ounces each. These ingots are passed between polished steel rollers and flattened out into ribbons of about 1-300 of an inch in thickness. These ribbons are softened by heat and cut into pieces one inch square.

One hundred and fifty of these pieces are placed between vellum leaves, one piece above another, and the entire pile is enclosed in a double parchment case and beaten with a sixteen-pound hammer until the inch squares are cut into four-inch squares. They are then taken from the case and each square is cut into four pieces; the pieces thus obtained are placed between gold-beaters' skin or a delicate membrane prepared from the large intestine of the ox—made into piles, enclosed in a parchment case and again beaten with a hammer of lighter weight.

Still the leaves are not thin enough, and once more each leaf is cut into four pieces and again beaten. This last quartering and beating produces 2400 leaves, and the thickness of each is about 1-200 of an inch. Gold is so malleable that it is possible to obtain a still greater degree of thinness, but not profitably.

These thin leaves are taken up with wood pincers, placed on a cushion, blown out flat, and carefully cut into squares of the proper size. The squares are placed between the leaves of paper, which have previously been rubbed with red chalk to prevent abrasions of the gold, each paper book containing twenty-five squares or leaves of gold; and in this form the gold is sold, not by weight, but by superficial measure.—Philadelphia Times.

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The Hood Was Reinforced.

An interesting surgical operation, one which is new to Springfield, was performed about two weeks ago by Dr. W. A. Smith, one of the new members of the fraternity in this city. The operation was the infusion into an exhausted system of a saline solution to increase the supply of blood. For years there have been occasional operations of transfusion of blood from the veins of one person to those of another to meet the same purpose, but the operation is so dangerous that it is rarely attempted, except in cases of the most urgent necessity. The danger comes in the likelihood of bubbles of air getting into the blood which is transfused, and these bubbles usually mean death. When they have run their course through the veins and reach the heart, the heart needs to be kept full and the slight resistance of the air is insufficient to keep the valves working. It was for this reason that the old method went out. But out of it grew the method of infusing a solution of salt and water into the veins. The blood is saline and the solution is transformed into blood rapidly and produces an effect which is not only stimulating but also tonic. It was first attempted in Germany a year or two ago and has often been done in Europe, but perhaps never before in this city.

The patient in this case has been suffering for a long time with a tumor in the abdomen, which had spread over his vitality till her system could not stand the cutting which was necessary. It was found advisable to take this method of strengthening the system, and the operation was performed at the Bascom Hospital, on Matson street.

The patient was put under the influence of anæsthetics and the injection was made between the breast and the muscles of the chest. About a pint of the solution was injected, a fountain syringe being used. The breast absorbs the fluid quickly into the veins, and in this case within twelve hours all the solution had been taken up by the system. It has been quite successful, and the patient is so much stronger that it is hoped that the removal of the tumor can be attempted before a great while.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Pacing King.

Robert J. is a neat, compactly built boy, standing fifteen hands high and weighing 850 pounds. He has an exceedingly intelligent head, very broad between the eyes, and his eyes are the perfection of gentleness. John Banister, his groom, says that he is a favorite with the boys, and is interpreted to mean a valet and water combined, is completely in love with him, and the horse is as fond of him as he is of the horse. He has his little cot in the stall and for the last three years has slept in it every night. Robert J. is an exceedingly hearty feeder. He is also an early riser, and is as fastidious as to the regularity of his toilet and his breakfast as the biggest swell of clubdom. If, in the early morning, the groom does not awake Robert J., he begins to "nose around" in a very good manner. If no notice is taken he becomes more marked in his movements, and finally, if the groom persists in sleeping, he gently but firmly seizes the covers of the cot with his teeth and pulls them off. Resistance is useless then, and he goes to the groom's room and attends to the duties of his office.