Public Sale
OF VALUABLE

Real Estate

And Personal Property,

In Pleasant Valley, Carroll County, Md.

BY virtue of the last will and testament of Samuel Lawyer, late of Carroll county, deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, as acting Executor of said deceased, will sell at public sale, at the late residence of said deceased, in Pleasant Valley, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22d, 1888, at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following real estate, to-wit:

No. 1. That valuable property in Pleasant Valley, containing

103 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND, more or less. The improvements consist of a fine and comfortable weather-boarded dwelling house, finished in the best style and laid off into nine rooms, with fine basement and cellar, and a well and pump of pure water at the kitchen door; spring house, wash house, good stable with carriage and wagon shed attached, log house, corn crib, and all other necessary outbuildings. A property of this description is very seldom in market, and is worthy the attention of persons wanting a comfortable home, situated as it is in the beautiful village of Pleasant Valley, and on account of its healthy locality and close proximity to church, schools, mills, postoffice, &c. The property is now in the occupancy of John Stuller.

No. 2, containing

19 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 9 PERCHES of land, more or less. The improvements consist of a two-story DWELLING HOUSE, in good condition, with basement and cellar under the building and a spring of pure water convenient to the house; a good stable and other outhouses. There is a fine orchard and other fruit on this property and about 3 acres of prime TIMBER LAND. The cleared land is under good fencing and well improved, and fronts on the county road leading from Pleasant Valley to Stonersville, about three-fourths of a mile from Pleasant Valley, and adjoins the land of David D. Myers and others.

No. 3, containing

19 ACRES AND 24 PERCHES OF LAND, more or less. This lot lies on the stone road, about 1¾ miles from Pleasant Valley, and adjoins the land of John C. Wentz, Francis W. Burgoon and others. About 2 acres are prime TIMBER LAND. The balance is cleared and laid out in fields, is under good fencing, well cultivated, and would make a fine building lot. There is a spring of pure water on the premises.

No. 4 is a Wood Lot, containing

4¼ ACRES AND 12 SQUARE PERCHES of land, more or less, situated on Pine Hill, and adjoining the land of George S. Lippy and others. It is covered with prime chestnut, oak and hickory timber and has a good outlet.

Any persons desiring to see said properties before the day of sale will please call on the undersigned, acting executor, residing close to Pleasant Valley, who will take pleasure in giving all information respecting the same. All of the aforesaid real estate will be offered and sold at the late residence of said Samuel Lawyer, deceased, in Pleasant Valley, on the aforesaid day.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold the entire personal property of said deceased, consisting of 1 fine Family Mare, 1 falling-top buggy, 1 top spring wagon, 1 one-horse wagon, 1 open spring wagon, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 set of breechbands, 1 set of spring-wagon gears, 1 set of buggy harness, 1 fly net, saddle and bridle, greasing tools, cross-cut and hand saws, maul and wedges, pick, crowbar, scythe and snath, a lot of hay, straw and corn fodder, horse power, circular saw and frame, oats and rye by the bushel, a lot of corn by the barrel, interest of the deceased in 6½ acres of growing wheat and 1 acre of growing rye, about 100 chestnut rails, lot of posts, large ladder, shovels, forks, rakes, 3 good sifters, a lot of empty sacks, lot of lumber, 2 bedsteads and bedding, lot of coverlets and blankets, coal stove and pipe, desk, iron kettle, large rocking chair, one dozen new brooms, barrel and vinegar, meat hogshead, meat cutter, together with many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Personal Property: On all sums of $5.00 and upwards, a credit of six months will be given, on notes, with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale; all sums under $5.00 must be paid cash.

Terms of Sale of Real Estate: One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification of said sale by the Court; the balance in two equal payments, the one payable in six months and the other payable in twelve months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JOHN T. LAWYER,
Acting Executor.

Wm. Brown, Auctioneer.
J. Wm. Earhart, Clerk. no-24-ts

Mortgagee's Sale
OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

AND

TIMBER LAND,

Situated near the Washington road, about four miles from Westminster, Carroll county, Maryland.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from David Smith to John E. Smith, dated the 21st day of October, A. D. 1875, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber F. T. S., No. 9, folio 133, &c., the undersigned, attorney named in said mortgage, will offer at public sale, at the Court House door, in Westminster, Md., on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17TH, 1888, at 2 o'clock, P. M., first,

25 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS, situated between the Washington and Deer Park roads, within a half to three quarters of a mile of Deer Park Chapel and about four miles from Westminster, Md., and adjoining lands of Elias Shipley, Geo. W. Lamotte, John Baker and others. Also,

55 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS, lying contiguous to the above 25 acres of land and adjoining the lands of Geo. W. Lamotte, Augustus Webster, John Wagoner and others. The improvements on this parcel of land consist of a Log Dwelling House and other outbuildings.

The above parcels of land are heavily timbered and well worthy the attention of purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; but purchasers can have more liberal terms, if desired, and which will be announced on the day of sale. WM. A. McKELLIP,
Attorney named in mortgage.

Jno. M. Yingling, Auctioneer. no-24-ts

Public Sale
OF VALUABLE

RealEstate

BY order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., the undersigned, as Executor of Joseph E. Dunson, deceased, will sell at public sale, on the premises, near the Priestland School-house, on the road leading from Linwood Station to McKinstry's Mill, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15th, 1888, at 2 o'clock, P. M., that valuable House and Lot of which Joseph E. Dunson, late of Carroll county, deceased, died seized and possessed, containing

1 ACRE OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements consist of a two-story Log House weather-boarded, with back building; stable and blacksmith shop, and a never-failing well of water and choice fruit. This property is worthy the attention of any good blacksmith, as it has always been a first-class stand.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the Court.—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof; and the residue in two equal payments of six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from day of sale, to be secured to the satisfaction of the Executor.

JOHN E. SENSENEY,
no-24-ts Executor.

PUBLIC SALE OF A Farm, Horses, Cows, Implements, &c.

ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1888, at 12 o'clock, M., on the Washington road, about 3 miles from Westminster, a farm containing 78¾ acres, improved with necessary outbuildings, such as house, barn, &c. Fruit, water and timber on the place. The Personal Property consists of 3 horses, colt, cow, heifers, bull, sow with pig, wagons, buggy, plows, &c., corn, oats, hay, fodder, potatoes, turnips, 8 acres of growing wheat and 5 acres of growing rye. For particulars see hand bills.

no-24-ts WM. T. KIMMEY.

JOB Printing such as Sale Bills, Posters, Books, &c., printed at short notice at the SENTINEL Job Office. Orders solicited.

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Select Poetry.

BEHIND THE MASK.

Behind the mask—the smiling face
Is often full of woe,
And sorrow treads a restless pace
Where wealth and beauty go.

Behind the mask—who knows the care
That grim and silent rests,
And all the burdens each may bear
Within their secret breast?

Behind the mask—who knows the tears
That from the heart arise,
And in the weary flight of years
How many pass with sighs?

Behind the mask—who knows the strain
That each life may endure,
And all the grief and countless pain
That wealth can never cure?

Behind the mask—we never know
How many troubles hide,
And with the world and fashion's show
Some specter walks beside.

Select Story.

MY NOSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

Far away down in the days of early childhood I remember being gazed upon in a curious manner, and hearing the remark in a suppressed tone, "Poor child! she has a nose!" Whether it was expected of me to have been born without this appendage I couldn't exactly understand; especially as, in looking around upon the circle of my friends and acquaintances, I saw that they were all well provided in this respect.

Vague hints, and mysterious remarks upon this unfortunate feature threw a sort of shade over my early years; and the first mortification that I ever experienced arose from the same cause.

I was then at the sensitive age of eleven years; and at a child's party, a little boy, whom I had distinguished by calling him up to extricate me from "the well," imprinted a kiss upon one end of my nose amid the tittering of his companions. A quick, angry flush shot through me; and from that time forth the unpleasant consciousness that I had indeed "a nose" never left me.

Why a machine for the compression of extensive noses should not be put into practical operation I was at a loss to conceive; and that it should, one of these days, be attempted, I was fully determined. When, therefore, I read Miss Bremer's "Home," it was the disappointing overthrow of a long-cherished plan. I perused the history of Petrea Frank, read the failure of her admirably arranged plan for reducing the size of her nose, and went off and cried myself to sleep in a paroxysm of despair.

My nose was a never-ending source of amusement to a family of cousins who gave me no peace of my life. There were five of them; all girls, all handsome, and full of life and spirits. I was very fond of them, and I believe they were of me; but they never would restrain their jokes at my expense. Poor things? they were motherless, and if they sometimes lacked the refinement and sensitiveness of those more favored, I was not disposed to be unforgiving.

Uncle Althorpe was a distinguished lawyer, and his pretty daughters, when they arrived at young ladyhood, were in a fair way of being spoiled with adulation. They were beautiful, those girls: Celestine, the eldest, was a perfect type of Southern beauty. Slender, symmetrical, with glorious dark eyes, and a moonlight face—a picture to be studied. Then came Anna, who always played "Rowena" in all the tableaux; a tall, graceful blonde, with an air and manner so distinguished that on entering a room, at any assembly, there was always a murmur of, "Who is she?" Emma was a piquant little thing, with the look of a ripe peach; her cheeks were so downy, with the rich color glowing through the olive tint.

Matilda was my especial favorite; and I, who have always been an ardent admirer of beauty, would gaze upon her in a sort of a wistful rapture. Bright, laughing and lovely, she was seldom ever still for two consecutive moments. I have watched her dip her head in a basin of water, and the rich, dark hair, with a tinge of auburn, would emerge one dripping mass of curls, which she tossed about with the quiet contempt of conscious beauty. Those large, laughing brown eyes were always sparkling with merriment, her mouth was the nearest approach to a ripe cherry that I have ever yet seen, and her nose was just sufficiently *retrousse* to give an expression of archness to the face. Add to this the exquisitely fair complexion that accompanies auburn hair—pale, except when emotion called the color to her face, or a kiss pressed on her cheek gave it the appearance of a fresh rose-leaf—and you have a lengthy, but truthful description of my cousin Matilda. I never saw any one half so beautiful.

Last of all, there was Hilly; who, having been handed over to an ancient aunt of her father's for a name, was christened by that lady "Hildegarde." Hilly was the baby, a perfect imp of mischief, but with such a way of throwing herself on one's protection that she always came off as an injured party. Very deep violet eyes, with the reddest of red lips, and the brightest of complexions, and very brown hair, had my little cousin Hildegarde.

Any one of those girls had sufficient attractions for half-a-dozen ordinary belles; and what was poor I, with my unfortunate nose, to do among five of them? Precisely what I did: feel like the beast to which they all played the part of beauty, and wonder what was ever to be done with my nose.

Uncle Althorpe lived at some distance from us; and one day, after I had left school, and considered myself a young lady, I received the following characteristic letter from Matilda:

"For goodness' sake, Becky, (I had the name of Rebecca added to my nose) do come right out here! I suppose you haven't the least idea where we have gone for the summer? but you can't think how delightful and romantic it is; I should scarcely be more surprised if Noah's Ark had been discovered and fitted up for us; but that wouldn't be half so charming as to be in a house where Washington has slept. Think of it, Becky; and cannon-balls in the roof! It is said to be haunted, too—aren't we in luck? A queer old woman, Miss Eleanor Pyott, who had outlived all her family, owned this place, and died lately. A nephew used to live with her, and people supposed that the place would be his; but they couldn't find any will, and all the connections went to law about it. Of course, none of them could live in it until it was settled to whom it belonged, so papa has taken it for the summer, and here we all are. It's the queerest place you ever saw, do come at once. There is a portrait of Miss Eleanor here, and it looks just like you—she has the funniest nose."

This is but an extract from my pretty cousin's rather incoherent letter, and by the time I had finished the epistle, I was pretty well mystified. But uncle Althorpe soon made his appearance on purpose, he said, to escort me to Pinehurst; and Hilly sent me a saucy message to "pack up my nose without delay."

I was not long in making preparations; and with much curiosity to behold the old Revolutionary mansion, I set forth with uncle Althorpe.

"I suppose," said my uncle, when we were comfortably settled in the cars, "that the girls have been frightening you with all sorts of stories about the place?"

"No, sir," I replied, "I am not easily frightened."

"No?" said my uncle, looking at me with additional respect, "I have always heard that a long nose indicated a clear head.

My poor nose again! Why couldn't he let it alone?

"The girls are half beside themselves with fear," he continued. "There is a story that the house is haunted—walled up room—British officer, during the Revolution, shut up his daughter there for loving an American officer—walks about at night and all that. Have I frightened you?"

"Not in the least, sir; I don't believe in ghosts."

"That's a sensible girl?" emphatically; and my uncle seemed to be considering this, for he said very little more during the journey.

I kept an eager look-out for a glimpse of the house; but it was nearly night when we arrived at the station, and then my uncle's carriage conveyed us to Pinehurst, a distance of two or three miles.

The carriage stopped at an ancient gateway; and the first sight of the place filled me with ecstacy. The house was entirely out of sight, hidden by the trees; and as we approached it, through a noble avenue of elms, I gloried in the dense retirement around us. Once in the avenue, we seemed shut in from the world; and the broad walks, the sloping lawn, and the aristocratic silence were all exactly to my taste. I had a passion for mystery, and my uncle's summer residence was exceedingly mysterious.

There was the house; and on the broad steps stood the five Graces waiting to receive us. Oh, that grand old hall! It did my heart good to see it. Everything was lofty and spacious; and as the old-fashioned furniture had been left undisturbed, the room presented a perfect picture of a century ago; and claw feet, lions' heads, and all sorts of queer designs stared upon me from all directions.

But my five cousins would not allow me much time for a quiet survey.

"Why, Becky!" exclaimed Matilda, after regarding me in considerable astonishment, "you've really grown pretty!"

"So you have!" chimed in Hilly, "I declare, your nose hardly shows at all."

This was not meant to imply that the organ in question was too small to be seen, but only that the monstrosity of it was not quite so prominent as it had hitherto been.

"I love to look at your mouth, Becky," said Celestine, graciously.

I had rather a decent mouth.

"What have you been doing to make your eyes so bright?" asked by way of adding her contri-

"Well," exclaimed Emma, "you've left me nothing to say, but I prophesy that Becky will cut us all out yet."

I was beginning to feel extremely foolish, when uncle Althorpe turned me gravely around, and surveying me from head to foot, remarked,

"Stature, average height; figure, good, neither fat nor lean; hair, very passable; eyes, fine, a straightforward, honest look in them; nose, but that is a prohibited subject; mouth, just what a mouth should be; chin, very pretty, I love to see a pretty chin; complexion, delicate, yet healthy; expression, modest but sensible. You'll do."

"Do what?" I inquired.

"That remains to be seen," and uncle Althorpe vanished to his paper, and was heard no more that evening.

We girls sat and talked until twelve: and by that time I had become pretty well posted up in the history of Pinehurst.

It had belonged to the Pyott family from time immemorial, and a proud and aristocratic family they were. Staunch old federalists, they had enjoyed the friendship of Washington, and had always been considered the very cream of republican society. But the family had all died out, with the exception of an elderly maiden lady, who lived there alone in her grandeur until she adopted a nephew, the only child of a sister who had made what the world calls a *mesalliance*.

This Miss Eleanor Pyott was the talk of all the country around; and every one had something to say about her stately bearing, which people, who had never been out of republican America, pronounced exactly that of an old dowager duchess. Every fibre of her heart seemed twined about the old place; and she refused to have the slightest alteration or improvement made in it. The Pyotts, for generations, had dined in that dining-room—slept in those chambers—and held courtly receptions in those drawing-rooms; and as one generation of Pyotts went out, and another generation came in, they followed tenaciously in all the ways of their ancestors.

I was speedily shown the portrait of Miss Eleanor; a very grand old lady indeed, with a long, sharp nose, delicate complexion, and hair done up in old-fashioned puffs. I was rather struck, myself, with the likeness which I bore to the portrait; but I would not acknowledge this to my cousins.

Miss Pyott never walked when she went beyond the precincts of her ancestral mansion; she rolled aristocratically along in an old-fashioned carriage, driven by an ancient coachman, who considered a quick pace decidedly plebeian. The old lady always looked like a portrait of one of her ancestors descended from its frame; rich, coffee colored lace ornamented the heavy brocades in which she attired herself, and she sported a muff that would have extinguished any ordinary woman.

But the story of Pyott Denmore, her nephew, interested me most. From childhood he had played in those broad avenues, roamed through the wooded paths, and made those empty chambers resound with gleeful notes; he had listened with deferential attention to Miss Eleanor's long stories of this and that ancestor, and faithfully promised her to keep up the old mansion in its original style when she should be gathered to her fathers; and now in his matured manhood, when he could fully appreciate the value of the bequest, he was turned away as one who had no right there, merely because she, whose heart was set upon installing him as master of the old house had neglected to commit her wishes to writing. It was very hard, I thought; and in spite of uncle Althorpe's learned arguments, I persisted in denouncing the injustice of law.

Fortunately, however, for her nephew, Miss Eleanor had the good sense to give him an education calculated to make him depend upon his own resources; and when that was completed she sent him to England, to introduce himself to some wonderful relatives, who were graciously pleased with the young American representative of their ancient name.

"You can't think what a charming person he is," said Anna, confidentially. "We have never seen him, but he has lovely dark eyes, and such a sweet smile—just the style I like; and if he succeeds in getting his property, we are all going to set our caps for him."

So, that if he regained the old house, he would also come into possession of a lovely wife; for that any one of my beautiful cousins should not succeed in winning any man upon earth never entered my head. My unfortunate nose looked larger than ever as I gazed upon my reflection while undressing for the night.

Matilda and I occupied the same room; and she amused herself with relating to me all the various alarms they had experienced, with the benevolent intention of frightening me. But I remained perfectly unconcerned; while my cousin involuntarily trembled, and behaved like the veritable little coward she was.

Several times during the night was I compelled to rise from the couch and explore the apartment, in order to allay her tremors. Now, it was the huge fire-place, in which something was certainly moving—then the moon sent an unearthly light into the room—and next a mysterious tapping on the window-pane had to be explained. This somewhat puzzled me at first; but I soon discovered that the branches of the trees, which were very near the window, were continually driven by the wind against the glass, and produced the perplexing noise.

Again and again, as I laughed at poor Matilda, was I thankful for not being a coward; and in the midst of these alarms, I could have explored the whole house, alone, with perfect serenity.

I enjoyed life at Pinehurst, although the girls pronounced it dull; and so enraptured was I with the place, that in consequence of this, and my resemblance to the portrait, it became quite a standing joke with my cousins to call me Miss Eleanor Pyott. Now, this was not agreeable; I was very sensitive respecting my nose, and Miss Eleanor's certainly was a little larger than mine. When, therefore, they urged me to don some old bonnet that had been discovered at the top of the house, and arrange my hair in puffs, I declined affording them this gratification, for which they teased me daily.

The walled-up chamber, that was regarded with a mixture of horror and curiosity, was soon pointed out to

[redacted]

One day my cousins had been more than usually aggravating upon the subject of my resemblance to Miss Eleanor Pyott, and I retired to rest, at night, in no pleasant frame of mind. Matilda was soon asleep; but I lay awake thinking of the former occupants of the mansion, and wondering if Pyott Denmore would ever be restored to what I considered his rightful position.

I was restless; and finally, I rose from the bed, and lighting a candle, proceeded to view Miss Eleanor's portrait. The more I looked the more I became convinced that I did look like it; and the desire came over me to attire myself in that ancient dress, and then compare notes. Hilly had caught a glimpse of some old-fashioned things in the back part of a deep closet, and thither I accordingly repaired. A faded dress of stiff brocade, that had evidently seen long service, soon replaced my white wrapper; and having rolled my hair into puffs a la Miss Eleanor, I donned a green caleche, and almost gibbled at my reflection in the glass.

I looked at the portrait again to be sure that it was really I, and not the old lady stepped from her frame; and then unhesitatingly directing my steps towards the walled-up room, I determined to see if it were possible to effect an entrance there.

It was a ridiculous expedition; but I walked gravely on through the silent passage, until I came to a little entry that opened into a closet. Carefully guarding my candle, I peered around in search of some outlet, for I knew that this closet was at the end of the house near the mysterious chamber.

The narrowness of my quarters caused a rattling in the capacious pocket of my dress; and drawing forth a roll of paper, I grasped it tightly for future investigation. My candle was not brilliant enough, or I should before have discovered a sort of board window at the end of the closet. This was secured by hooks that were noiselessly unfastened; and then I found myself in a small room, from the further end of which seemed to proceed a light.

I was staggered, and my first impulse was to turn back; but resolving to inquire into the cause of this strange phenomenon, I proceeded tremblingly forward. I could not have told what I expected to see, but I certainly was not prepared for the sight that met my eyes.

The room into which I entered led to a larger one; and in this, seated by a table, was a gentleman, completely absorbed in the perusal of some old yellow letters. His face wore an expression of sadness, as he sat there; but I could see that he was very distinguished-looking, and quite young.

The situation in which I found myself was extremely embarrassing, alone there, at midnight; but instead of retracing my steps, I stood spell-bound, staring at the occupant of the mysterious room.

Presently, he turned and saw me. His face grew white, as he exclaimed in a husky voice:

"Am I dreaming? Merciful heaven! That nose!"

This unprovoked attack upon my much injured feature quite exasperated me; and without stopping to consider what I did, I threw the paper in my hand at the speaker, and glided back to my closet. I thought that I heard a heavy fall; but now thoroughly alarmed at my own imprudence, I hastened, breathless and panting, to my room.

My cousin still slept; and divesting myself of my masquerading attire, I sat down and pondered over my singular adventure. As I had told my uncle, I did not believe in ghosts, and the gentleman whom I encountered had given full evidence of being a living man. I fully believed it to be Pyott Denmore; though how he came there, and for what reason, I could not tell. I had evidently impressed him with the conviction that he had been visited by his aunt Eleanor; and with a sort of mischievous glee, and a little inward trembling, I retired to bed wondering what would come of it.

I half feared to go to the breakfast-table; but nothing was said of the performance of the night before; uncle Althorpe looked perfectly unconscious of the scene that had been enacted, and I began to breathe freely.

My cousins teased me, during the day, for being so unusually silent; but my thoughts were wandering off to the melancholy-looking gentleman, and I wondered what had become of him. It would not do to trust the girls with my secret; for they would laugh at me, and declare that I had been dreaming, and that I was, after all, as great a coward as themselves.

I stole off to the thicket that was immediately under the boarded window; but all looked dark and deserted as before, and I almost asked myself if I had not imagined the whole affair.

Uncle Althorpe went to the city every morning, and returned at night; and always, on his appearance, he was beseiged with a host of questions respecting the case of Pyott Denmore. The usual reply was that it was standing still, as everything in law always is; but on the evening succeeding my promenade, he made his appearance with a countenance that was a perfect series of exclamation points.

"What is it, papa?" was demanded, in five different keys; but an unaccountable trembling seized me and I remained silent.

"The strangest story I ever listened to!" said my uncle, at length, in a solemn manner, "I cannot possibly account for it."

"Why?" exclaimed the volatile Emma, "has old Miss Pyott appeared to her nephew, and told him, in a sepulchral voice, where to find her will?"

"Something very like," was the reply, in a voice that drew five eager faces closely around him.

"Denmore's story," continued my uncle, "began with an apology. It seems that the walled up rooms is not walled up at all, but only boarded, and to one acquainted with the locality, it is very easy to effect an entrance, unperceived, from the outside. Knowing, he says, that it would not interfere with the arrangements of the family, he has been accustomed to spend hours in what is called the haunted room; and there he loved to sit, thinking of the past, and devising means to prove his lawful claim to the beloved house.

"Last night, he discovered, in an ancient secretary, some old letters written by his mother to his aunt before he was born; and losing all thoughts of the present, he had been reading them for at least an hour, when suddenly a rustling sound attracted his attention, and the figure of his aunt Eleanor stood in the doorway. She seemed to gaze upon him inquiringly, and her hand grasped a roll of paper. But at the sound of the exclamation which he could not suppress, she immediately started and throwing the paper toward him, vanished from his sight.

"He lost his consciousness for a time, and when he recovered, he found himself lying on the floor where he must have fallen. Although a man of great strength of mind, it is impossible to persuade him that he did not really see his aunt Eleanor; and the strangest part of it is, that, when he came to himself, the roll of paper was there before him, and what do you think it proved to be?"

"The will!" whispered several awe-stricken voices.

"Actually the will! Which says beyond all doubt, 'I give and bequeath to my nephew, Pyott Denmore, the old family mansion with all its belongings;' and after a few legacies to servants and dependants, the whole of her property, personal and real estate, goes to the said Pyott. So, you may prepare to change your quarters as soon as possible."

The girls looked anything but unwilling, and a sort of subdued horror pervaded the party.

"Now don't be such fools," said uncle Althorpe, "as to suppose that Miss Eleanor really appeared, in *propria persona*, to her dreaming nephew; if he believes it, that is no reason why I should; and it is my opinion that some old family servant has managed to discover the will, and invest it with this little air of mystery. I shall make diligent inquiries in the village, and I have no doubt that it will turn out just so—don't you agree with me, Becky?"

"No, sir?" I replied, abruptly, without a moment's reflection.

"What!" exclaimed my uncle, "have the girls then infected you with their ridiculous fears? Where is all your boasted courage?"

I pretended to be absorbed in a book; but I could see that my clear-headed uncle was observing me closely through his spectacles.

"Well, papa," said my cousin Celestine, "are we not to obtain a sight of this hero and ghost-seer before we vacate his establishment?"

"If nothing happens to prevent," replied my uncle, "we shall be favored with his company to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening!" Such a state of excitement! All the next day my five cousins were discussing the respective merits of various hued dresses; and one might have supposed, from their conversation, that, instead of spoiled beauties, they were unattractive girls who had never had a bean in their lives.

Hilly, who was but sixteen, was gravely advised by her elder sisters to be sweet simplicity in white muslin and a sash tied behind; to which that damsel retorted by declaring that I ought to present myself before Mr. Dunmore dressed as Miss Eleanor Pyott.

This took place at the breakfast-table.

"Why?" asked my uncle, sharply, "does Becky bear so close a resemblance to Miss Eleanor when dressed in her clothes?"

"So they choose to imagine," was my reply.

"Then they have had no means of proving their supposition?"

"Not the slightest," said I, as unconcernedly as possible.

Uncle Althorpe gave me another penetrating look, and then departed for the day.

In the evening came Mr. Denmore, and one glance satisfied me. I had seen that face before.

My beautiful cousins were presented to him in succession, and I brought up the rear. I saw his look of admiration, as his eyes turned from one lovely face to another; but when they fell upon me, he started visibly, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand.

Uncle Althorpe was watching us; and as he said, "My niece, Miss Entwick," Mr. Denmore bowed low, and his voice had a faltering tone of tenderness that I knew was called forth by thoughts of the departed. It was decidedly uncomfortable, this looking so much like somebody else; and as soon as I could politely do so I left Mr. Dunmore's neighborhood, and watched him from a distance.

He was a fine-looking man; not handsome enough to be distinguished for his beauty, as far as mere features were concerned, but he had a good look, and his face wore an expression of mingled resolution and sweetness which I had always admired and seldom seen. He interested me; and at the end of the evening, I was fully convinced that he deserved the term "gentleman" in its widest sense. A thoroughly polished gentleman, unobtrusive, yet attentive, one who had acquired an entire forgetfulness of self, was a character I had very rarely met with; I had rather a contempt for men in general, and I studied Mr. Dunmore as a pleasant discovery.

When he left us, his eyes again rested on me with that tender, yet melancholy expression; and rather piqued that I was made a sort of escape valve for thoughts that were busy with another, I hastened up stairs.

My little cousin Hilly was laughingly boasting of Mr. Denmore's attentions.

"Talk of words indeed!" exclaimed Emma, as I entered, "words are nothing—I believe in looks, and here comes the magnet of Mr. Denmore's eyes. I'll tell you what it is, Becky," she continued, "I don't like it at all—for when he bade me good night, he looked at you, and when he bade you good night, he looked at you. It is not fair."

"What a pity it is," I said rather bitterly, "that you don't all look like Miss Eleanor Pyott!"

At this outbreak, Hilly tenderly embraced me, and they all declared their unbounded affection; but I felt provoked with the world in general, and went moodily to bed.

Mr. Denmore kindly insisted that my uncle should occupy the mansion during the full time for which he had engaged it; and we were, therefore, just as comfortable as before, with the addition of a very agreeable visitor.

He had a habit of staring at me that was by no means pleasant, but as his conversation was most frequently addressed to my little cousin Hilly, I could not construe this into anything flattering. He often asked questions, too, that struck me afterward as being very peculiar. One night, after gazing at me for a time, he inquired if I ever walked in my sleep; and on my replying with an astonished negative, he looked disappointed. I began to think Mr. Denmore a little out of his mind, and avoided him as much as possible.

But one evening, just at sunset, as I stood beneath the boarded window, whither I had a habit of straying of late, Mr. Denmore suddenly appeared beside me.

"Have you ever visited the haunted room?" he asked, abruptly, fixing upon me what I imagined to be a most penetrating gaze.

"No," I replied, without thinking, "that is—yes," I stammered, "let me go, Mr. Denmore!" for he stood directly in my path.

"Where did you find the will?" he continued, without heeding my request.

"In the pocket," I replied, mechanically. I felt that I was behaving like a fool, and I made a strange effort to recover my dignity; but it failed, and I burst into tears.

Mr. Denmore took my hand with respectful tenderness, and led me to a rustic seat that stood near.

"I owe you more, Miss Entwick," said he, "than I can ever repay. I only desire to have this mystery explained. How could you contrive to make yourself so exact a personation of my aunt, all save the wrinkles? You did not mean to be cruel in thus exciting me?"

"Why, how could I know you were there?" I replied, with some spirit, for I was quite provoked at this absurdity.

"True," he replied, with a smile at his own unreasonableness, "but I am most anxious to hear the story."

I told him the whole foolish affair, from beginning to end; but interrupting me, as I dwelt upon my own folly, he declared that he fully believed me to have been heaven sent; and that but for "my folly," as I was pleased to call it, the will would, most probably, never have been discovered.

There was an embarrassing pause; and I rose to go to the house, but Mr. Denmore detained me.

"You have already done me an inestimable favor," he began, "but I have still another to ask."

I called myself conceited, and tried to remember my nose; but I could not help imagining what he meant from his manner.

"Rebecca!" he whispered, "will you promise to brighten, with your presence, the old mansion you have been the means of restoring?"

"I thought," I replied, in confusion, "that Hilly——"

"Miss Hildegarde is a very pretty child," said he, "and I have had most delightful conversations with her, of which you were the subject."

"I!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, you," he replied, pressing the hand of which he had somehow contrived to possess himself, "I loved you," he contined, "the first time I saw you, for your resemblance to one who has been to me more than a mother; and I have become better acquainted with you than you imagine through your little cousin. All that she told me confirmed my first impression; and the discovery of your 'masquerading folly,' to use your own words, has filled me with the deepest gratitude. But you have not answered my question?"

What followed is of no consequence to any one but myself; suffice it to say that, in proper time, my uncle and cousins were duly informed; but they perversely refused to be astonished. They all declared that they had had a presentment of this from the beginning; and uncle Althorpe mischievously asked if he had not prophesied that I would "do?"

When Mr. Denmore followed me home to be inspected by those more near and dear to me, he passed the ordeal with credit; and no very long time elapsed ere I was installed mistress of the old mansion.

Strange to relate, none of my five beautiful cousins have ever married; while I have gained a prize which I believe any one of them would willingly have appropriated. I do not regret my masquerade; and I have become reconciled to my nose, for I believe that, had it been at all different, I should never have found my husband.

MRS. ROBER'S RECEIPT FOR "SCRAPPLE."

FROM THE GROCERY WORLD.

Scrape and clean thoroughly a hog's head; split in two; take out the eyes and brain. Clean the ears, scald them with the head, then scrape them well. Any rough pieces of pork that cannot be used in sausage may be reserved for scrapple. After the head is thoroughly scraped and cleaned put it on to boil in plenty of cold water, and simmer gently for four hours, or until the bones will slip easily from the meat; when done lift the head carefully, remove the bones and chop the meat fine. Skim all the grease from the liquor in which it is boiled, and return to the chopped meat. Season highly with salt and pepper, and if you like it a tablespoonful of powdered sage. Now, with a wooden paddle, stir constantly, adding slowly sufficient cornmeal to make the scrappel the consistency of soft mush. Cook slowly one hour, carefully, as it scorches quickly. When done pour into pans and put in a cold place to cool. This is the recipe that most farmers use, and is very nice, although if you can procure it, wheat middlings, in the place of cornmeal, make the scrapple decidedly more delicate.

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.

A writer who is a good observer, and has had considerable experience, thus defines the difference between the old and young. There is, he says, a wide gulf between youth and ripe old age, hence the proverb, "You can't put an old head on young shoulders." This proverb was written by an old man; youth had nothing to do with it. Youth don't believe the old man knows anything, and the old man expects continually that the young man will be along saying, "I didn't know it was loaded." The wise young man will seek the counsel of those ripe in years and experience and avoid the mistakes in life. But Young America will continue to figure in the divorce courts, and compound his debts at ten cents on the dollar. He don't want to be told that it is loaded; he prefers to find out himself. He gets there, and pays the piper generally.

Local antiquarians and zoologists are enchanted at present with a live toad found in the course of railway excavations at Greenock, Scotland. The toad is from 20,000 to 30,000 years old, as the stratum of clay in which it was found certainly dates from the glacial period. Its mouth is sealed up. It breathes slightly through the nostrils, and though the eyes are quite expressive, it does not seem to see.

A machine by which the interest on any sum, from ten thousand dollars to one dollar, from ten years to one day, at any rate per cent., may be determined in thirty seconds, by simply turning a knob, has been patented recently.

The chief industry of Brazil is cattle raising. About 1,000,000 head are slaughtered annually, the meat dried, consumed locally and exported. All the hides are exported except about 100,000.

The Agricultural Department estimates the present crop of wheat at 411,000,000 bushels in round numbers. The *Farmers' Review* places the total at 419,000,000. The actual product in 1887 was 456,000,000.

The phonograph shows that a man's voice has not the same sound to himself that it has to others, thus finally explaining why some people persist in singing.

Many a girl thinks she shall Miss it if she isn't married, and many a wife Mrs. it by not being single.

The estimated consumption of wheat in Great Britian is five and a half bushels per head.

Some people can defend themselves with the horn of a bull, others have but snails' horns.

The truth is not to be spoken at all times. It is safer to write it sometimes.

The agriculture and trade of the Bahama Islands are both declining.

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