EXECUTORS' SALE
OF VERY VALUABLE
Real Estate
AND
Personal Property,
In Manchester district, Carroll Co., Md.

BY virtue of the authority contained in the last will and testament of Samuel Snyder, deceased, and an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

Tuesday, 24th of September, 1889,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., sharp, all that valuable farm of the late Samuel Snyder, containing 167 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS, situated on the road leading from Westminster to Manchester past Fridinger's mill, about 7 miles from Westminster and 3 from Manchester, improved with a large frame weatherboarded house, 2½ stories high, with backbuilding, good as new, with basement and cellar, and is what is known as an L house; large bank barn, 66 by 45 feet, good as new; large spring and wash house, and all other outbuildings, in good repair; a never-failing spring of water near the house and water in most of the fields. There is also an abundance of apple, peach, pear and other fruit trees on the premises. About 30 Acres are in good Timber.

This farm is convenient to schools, churches, postoffice, &c., and adjoins the land of P. H. L. Myers and others and is in a good state of cultivation. Possession of the buildings will be given April 1st, 1890. The present tenant will put out about 35 acres in wheat and rye. All the straw and fodder not fed during the winter will be left on the place. Wheat and rye will be equally divided between the purchaser and J. Wesley Snyder.

Also, at the same time, the undersigned will offer about 25 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, adjoining the home place, of which about 8 Acres is in good Timber.

A survey of the land will be made before the day of sale, and a plat of the same will be exhibited on day of sale, showing the exact quantity of land in each tract.

For further information call upon or address J. Wesley Snyder, living on the premises, or upon Elisha A. Snyder, at Snydersburg, Carroll county, Md.

And also, at the same time and place, the following Personal Property: Threshing machine and power, one sleigh and bells, sausage grinder and stuffer, 2 cross-cut saws, saddle and bridle, grain cradle, side saddle, lot of harness, lot of axes, maul and wedges, copper kettle, lot of forks, fifth chain, lot of apple butter, iron kettle, work bench and vice, lot of carpenter and blacksmith tools, dinner bell, lot of mattocks, shovels, hoes, grindstone, lot of tubs, lot of chairs, sideboard, clock, looking-glass, sink, writing desk, shot gun, lard cans, 2 bedsteads and bedding, chest, spinning wheel, wool wheel, and a number of other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale of the Personal Property.—On all sums under $5, cash: on all sums of $5 and upwards a credit of six months will be given, the purchasers to give their notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JOHN WESLEY SNYDER,
ELISHA A. SNYDER,
Executors.

George L. Stockdale, Solicitor.
Alpha M. Rinby, Auctioneer. au-31-ts

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, State of Maryland, at the suit of David H. Hoffacker against the lands and tenements of Daniel L. Dubbs, terre-tenant of Edward W. Fuhrman, hereinafter mentioned, and to me directed, I have seized the following property, viz:

All those two pieces or parcels of land, being part of a tract of land called "Dey's Adventure," situate, lying and being in said county, adjoining the town of Manchester, containing seven Acres, three Roods and ten Square Perches, more or less, being the same land that was conveyed to Daniel L. Dubbs by said Edward W. Fuhrman and wife by deed dated April 23d, 1886, and recorded among the Land Records of said county in Liber W. N. M., No. 64, folio 254, &c.; also all that part of a tract of land called "Everything Needful Corrected," situate, lying and being in said county, containing two Acres, two Roods and fourteen Perches of Land, more or less, being the same that said Daniel L. Dubbs obtained from said Edward W. Fuhrman and wife by deed dated April 23d, 1886, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. N. M., No. 64, folio 256, &c.

And I hereby give notice that I will sell the above lands and premises, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door, in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

Monday, September 23d, 1889,

at 1 o'clock, p. m.

GEORGE N. FRINGER,
au-24-ts Sheriff.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF A
HOUSE AND LOT
In Manchester, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from William J. Shaffer to the undersigned, dated December 6th, 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county in Liber W. N. M., No. 24, folio 396, &c., the undersigned, Mortgagee therein, will offer at public sale, on the premises, in Manchester, Carroll county, Md., on

Saturday, September 21st, 1889,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all those two parcels of land distinguished on the plat of the town of Manchester as the Southern Moiety, or one-half of lots Nos. 90 and 117, fronting on Main street 41½ feet and extending back 132 feet to a public alley; and the second lot is of the same dimensions and is immediately in rear of the first mentioned parcel and is also a part of the southern half of said Lots Nos. 90 and 117. This is leasehold property and is subject to the payment of a small annual ground rent. The improvements thereon consist of a two-story Weatherboarded House, with a back building; frame stable, summer kitchen, hog-pen and wood house.

Terms—Cash. Credit terms can be obtained by consulting the Mortgagee.

JACOB SHAFFER (of John),
Mortgagee.
Charles E. Fink, Solicitor. aug-17-ts

Mortgagee's Sale of
A Pair of Valuable Young Mules,
In Frizellburg, Carroll County, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from John J. Shaffer to the undersigned, bearing date the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1888, and recorded among the Chattel and Bond Records of Carroll county in Liber W. N. M., No. 15, folio 279, &c., as mortgagee named therein I will offer at public sale, at C. Hall Brown's Hotel, in the town of Frizellburg, on

Monday, September 23d, 1889,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., a pair of valuable young Mules, five years old, well broken and perfectly sound.

Terms of sale, cash; or, if desired, a credit of three months will be given, purchaser giving note, with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale.

FRANK HOLLENBERRY,
Mortgagee.
Wm. Brown, Auctioneer.
McKellip & Clabaugh, Solicitors. se-14-ts

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

AMOS LITTLE,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 9th day of April, 1890; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 9th day of September, 1889.

JOHN E. LITTLE,
GEORGE G. LITTLE,
se-14-4t Executors.

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned hereby offers at private sale a small farm, containing 28 Acres, 2 Perches of land, more or less, lying three-fourths of a mile west of Union Bridge, on the county road leading from said place to Ladiesburg. There is a fountain of good water near the door and a well in the cellar. There is water in every field. The improvements consist of a large frame dwelling, a good barn and all other necessary outbuildings, all in good order.

au-31-4t WESLEY FORREST.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 57, NO. 38. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889. ESTABLISHED 1833.

POOR HOUSE NAN.

Respectfully inscribed to the Division of Sons of Temperance, New Windsor, Md.

[FLEMINGSBURG, KY., September 10th, 1889.—*Mr. Editor:*—In reading the account of a very pleasant reunion of the Sons of Temperance of New Windsor in last week's SENTINEL, I was particularly impressed with the concluding lines, which explained the manner of their labors to reclaim the fallen. I wish to express my sympathy and co-operation by inscribing the following lines. It is not my own production, but it so fully covers the life and sorrows of a poor sufferer from the effects of intemperance, that few can read it without shedding a sympathizing tear. I have read it several times before large audiences, and at the conclusion every eye in the house was in tears. It is a waif that I culled from an obscure western paper, several years ago. I don't remember now that the author's name was attached. I never saw it in print before nor since, so think it worth republishing, as the oftener it is read the more fully appreciated. O. T. B.]

Did you say you wished to see me, sir? Step in, 'tis a cheerless place,
But you are heartily welcome, all the same; to be poor is no disgrace.
Have I been here long? Oh, yes, sir! 'Tis thirty winters gone,
Since poor Jim took to crooked ways, and left me all alone.
Jim was my son, and a likelier lad you'd never wish to see;
Till evil counsels won his heart and led him away from me.

'Tis the old, sad, pitiful story, sir, of the devil's winding stair,
And men going down—and down—and down—to blackness and despair,
Tossing about like wrecks at sea, with helm and anchor lost,
On and on, through the surging waves, nor caring to count the cost.
I doubt, sometimes, if the Saviour sees—he seems so far away—
How the souls he loved and died for, are drifting—drifting astray!

Indeed 'tis little wonder, sir, if woman shrinks and cries,
When the life blood on Rum's altar spilled is calling to the skies!
Small wonder if her own heart feels each sacrificial blow,
For isn't each life a part of hers? each pain her hurt and woe?
Read all the records of crime and shame; 'tis bitterly, sadly true,
Where manliness and honor die, there some woman's heart dies too.

Often I think when I hear folks talk, so prettily and so fine,
Of "*Alcohol* as a needful food," of "the moderate use of wine,"
How "the world couldn't do without it, there was clearly no other way.
But for man to drink, or let it alone, as his own strong will might say;
That, to me it, but not abuse it was the proper thing to do,"
How I wish they'd let old Poor House Nan preach her little sermon too!

I would give them scenes in a woman's life that would make their pulses stir!
For I was a drunkard's child, and wife, *aye,* a drunkard's mother, sir.
I would tell of childish terrors, of childish tears and pain,
Of cruel blows from a father's hand, when Rum had crazed his brain.
He always said he could drink his fill, or let it alone as well,
Perhaps he might; he was killed one night in a brawl in a grog shop hell.
I would tell of years of loveless toil, the drunkard's child had passed,
With just *one gleam* of sunshine too beautiful to last.
When I married Tom I thought for sure I had nothing more to fear,
That life would come all right at last, the world seemed full of cheer,
But he took to *moderate drinking,* he allowed 'twas a harmless thing,
So the arrow sped and my bird of hope came down with a broken wing.

Tom was only a moderate drinker; ah, sir, do you bear in mind,
How the plodding tortoise in the race left the leaping hare behind?
'Twas because he held right on, steady and true if slow,
And that's the way I'm thinking that the moderate drinkers go.
Step over step—day after day—with sleepless tireless pace,
While the toper sometimes looks behind, and tarries in the race.

Ah, heavily in the well worn path poor Tom walked day by day,
For my *heart strings clung about his feet* and tangled up the way;
The days were dark, and friends were gone, and life dragged on full slow,
And children came, like reapers sad, to a harvest of want and woe.
Two of them died, and I was glad when they lay before me dead;
I had grown *so* weary of their cries—their pitiful cries for bread.

There came a time when my heart was stone I could neither hope nor pray!
Poor Tom lay out in the potter's field and my *boy* had gone astray!
My boy who had been my idol; while like hounds athirst for blood,
Between my breaking heart and him, the liquor seller stood
And lured him on with his poisoned words, his pleasures and his wine;
Ah, God, have pity on other hearts, as bruised and hurt as mine.

There were whispers of evil doing, of dishonor and of shame,
That I cannot bear to think of now, and would not dare to name!
There was hiding away from the light of day, there was creeping about at night,
A hurried word at parting—then a criminal's stealthy flight!
His lips were white with remorse and fright when he gave me a good-bye kiss,
And I have never seen my *poor lost boy,* from that black day to this.

Ah, none but a mother can tell you, sir, how a mother's heart will ache,
With the sorrow that comes of a sinning child, with grief for a lost one's sake,
When she knows the feet she trained to walk have gone so far astray,
And the lips grow bold with curses that she taught to sing and pray!
A child may fear—a wife may weep; but of all sad things none other
Seems half so sorrowful to me as being a drunkard's mother!

They tell me that down in the vilest dens of the city's crime and murk,
There are men with the hearts of angels doing the angels' work;
That they with back the lost and straying, that they help the weak to stand,
By the wonderful power of loving words and the help of God's right hand!
And often and over the dear Lord knows I've knelt and prayed to Him
That *somewhere—somehow* 'twould happen they'd find and save my Jim!

You'll say 'tis a poor old woman's whim, but when I prayed last night,
Right *over you Eastern window* there shone a wonderful light,
(Leastways it looked that way to me), and out of the light there fell
The softest voice I had ever heard, it rung like a silver bell;
And *these* were the words: The prodigal turns, so tired by want and sin,
He seeks his father's open door; he weeps—and enters in.

Why, sir, you are crying as hard as I; what, is it *really* done?
Have the loving voice and the helping hand brought back my wandering son?
Did you *kiss* me and call me MOTHER—and hold me to your breast:
Or is it one of the taunting dreams that come to mock my rest?
No—no! thank God, 'tis a dream come true! I can die for he's saved my boy!
And the poor old heart that had lived on grief was broken at last by joy!

PATIENCE.

I.

She was the plainest—one might almost say ugliest—of the entire cargo; and there were seventeen of them. Poor Patience Owen! The cargo consisted of real live English women, sent out to become the wives of the bachelor missionaries of Shikarore. The Trincomalee had brought them out from Liverpool, and they were now coming into the harbor at Khansal, chaperoned by the wife of a leading minister who was coming out to rejoin her husband, and all agog to espy the first aspirants to their hands. The principle upon which the brotherhood acted on these occasions was that of "first come, first served," and, lest some ill-favored maiden should be palmed off upon them through the carelessness of a proxy, a good number of the missionaries had managed to get away from the scene of their labors so as to personally select upon their arrival at Khansal, the future partners of their joys and sorrows. If once a young woman had been told off to an absentee, and a suitable escort found for her to the gentleman's neighborhood, objections were useless, and the very next day she would be married to him from her escort's house.

Speculations, conjectures, even dreams, had formed the staple of the young ladies' conversation on the voyage out; needless to say whither they tended. Were not the seventeen coming out to be married? What harm then to give the reins to imagination and tongue on the subject of their future? The prettiest aimed high, for of course on so sketchy an acquaintance the charms of the outer woman would principally attract the suitors, and the most engaging in appearance would be the first chosen; though indeed the passing triumph thus obtained might well be neutralized by the possible undesirability of the "first come." If a hard-featured and elderly person be ever so capable a housewife, and a noted teacher of Sunday Schools be afflicted with a cast in her eye and a bad complexion, men (and missionaries are also men) will fail in properly appreciating their good qualities; weakly preferring some better favored sister, ignorant, perchance, of the best recipe for strawberry jam—not after all of overwhelming importance in the East—or the names of the kings of Israel and Judah. But Patience! She was small and a little bit lame. Her poor little face had a pinched and half-starved look; her little gray linen dress was skimpily made; her hair was turning gray, although she was only twenty-five; and, from having always been the butt and fetish of her [redacted] help from clumsy Patience. But she could sew neatly, and would no doubt darn her husband's socks to perfection; her voice had a pleasant tone whenever she dared to use it; and she was the most unselfish creature upon earth, with a heart like an artichoke, and the courage of a mouse. She had been shipped off to the East because she was no longer welcome at home. Her mother was dead, and her brother, now the head of the family, and his young wife despised her and looked upon her as an encumbrance. She was not very strong-minded; and, when the minister under whom they sat suggested a means of providing for poor little Patience, her relations showed such eagerness to seize the opportunity that it was impossible to withstand them, even had she had any reasonable objection to offer, which she had not. So here she was, standing, one of seventeen, on the deck of the Trincomalee.

"Cheer up, my dear," said her neighbor, a buxom damsel, unafflicted with nerves and notions. "One good thing, there'll be no mothers-in-law, at least none to speak of. For my own part, I would not object to marrying a foundling; I don't hold with taking on a pack of your husband's relations for your own."

"Ah," sighed Patience, "perhaps you are right. It isn't always too easy to live at peace with one's own family, let alone some one else's."

"True, my dear, for such as you, who couldn't hold your own with a daddy-longlegs. But we aren't all made alike, thank God."

With which pharisaical observation she turned away, leaving poor Patience to reflect upon her shortcomings. These reflections had not materially improved her case before the ship came to anchor, and her thoughts were diverted, not too agreeably, from their channel by the sight of swarms of scantily clad natives jabbering and scuffling in the shore-boats alongside. None of the candidates had come out to the steamer, but awaited the arrival of its fair freight at the shipping office. Thither the gallant seventeen were duly conveyed under Mrs. Abbott's maternal eye; and indeed no better guardian could have been chosen than this shrewd but kind-hearted woman, whose task had been no sinecure since she left Liverpool a month before. Each gentleman, in the order of his arrival at the office, had been presented with a numbered ticket, No. 1 having been secured by a small, pale, patient missionary, whose first wife had been similarly purveyed, and who knew exactly how to proceed on this, the second "auspicious occasion." He sat quietly on a packing-case, with his ticket tightly clasped in his hand, apparently unconscious of the envious glances cast upon him by Nos. 2 to 17. Seven of the number were ministers and the remainder proxies, who were distinguishable from their clerical brethren by the informality of their attire, whereas the missionaries were decently and suitably habited in black and wore chimneypot hats. Mrs. Abbott was the first to ascend the steps, and advanced with becoming solemnity along the quay toward the shipping office, where she shook hands with one or two of the brotherhood, the great majority of whom, it must be admitted, wore a sheepish air, as though the sanction which custom kindly extended to the present business were not quite sufficient to keep them in countenance. The young women, while endeavoring to appear unconcerned, shot many a curious glance at their future lords—in the mass, all chaotic and unclassified—and more than one, even in the brief space which preceded the ceremony of choosing, breathed a hope that the one really handsome man of the party might be inspired to choose her for his bride. But he was a proxy, and, sad to say, the proxies were a better-looking set than the missionaries. Let us hope that no embryo Lancelots lurked in their midst. With them, at any rate, we have nothing to do.

Drawing up in two long rows, with Mrs. Abbott and the shipping-agent between them, and with all the appearance of being arranged for some country dance or rustic game, the thirty-four contracting parties stood, and, at a word from Mrs. Abbott, the process of selection began. Five minutes were allowed to each gentleman in which to "suit himself," as servants say. No. 1, rejecting, [redacted] haps through bitter experience, a comelier of his vis-a-vis, announced, after only three minutes' deliberation, that his choice had fallen upon the third young lady from the top. They were accordingly presented to one another, and fell out to [redacted] like acquaintance, while the game proceeded as before. Sixteen selections had been made and now remained only the two who had no choice—Patience and the seventeenth missionary. We cannot here enter upon the discussion of a difficult and painful question, that of the suitability of certain persons to hold the office of spiritual pioneer to the heathen; but, if ever there was a bad specimen of a missionary, it was No. 17. That he was No. 17 was due to a partiality for cooling drinks at irregular intervals, and he had swallowed the last three on the way down to the shipping office, coming in hot, dusty and anathematical, five minutes later than No. 16.

"I say, Mrs. Abbott," he began in a loud, coarse voice. "I say, this isn't fair, you know. I'll complain to the authorities. It's a regular swindle. The girl's lame. I saw her limp coming up the steps. I won't have her at any price, not if I know it. You don't catch Adolphus Simkin making such a fool of himself. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning," and, taking off his hat with an ironical flourish (though he never lifted it to any one in the way of politeness), he took his departure, blundering as he went over the miscellaneous litter of the quay.

Patience stood transfixed with shame and terror. She had just sense to see that anything would be better than life with such a brute; but where was she to go? what could she do? Her heart failed her; and, but for the welcome support of Mrs. Abbott's friendly arm, she would have fallen.

"Don't you mind, my child," the good woman whispered kindly; "it's the greatest piece of luck for me. For you'll come up to Pagiri with me, and help me about the house and the farm, for I'm not as young as I was, and it's more than I can manage singlehanded."

"Thank you," murmured poor Patience, "you're too kind; I'll only be a burden to you, but I don't know what else to do till I see my way."

II

It was a twenty-four hours' journey by rail to Pagiri, at that time a terminus. But a new line was in progress connecting it with Pamba, the capital of the district, and the little town was overflowing with coolies engaged upon the work, and its society augmented by the staff of Englishmen who directed their labors. The neighborhood had much deteriorated during the last six months. Crime and the death-rate had increased 50 per cent, owing to a very complete system of overcrowding combined with a generous consumption of raw spirits. Cholera and smallpox were no longer mere visitors but naturalized inhabitants, presented with the freedom of the city; and for one chicken that had formerly strayed from Mrs. Abbott's fowl-yard into the hut of a hungry coolie there were now seven, plainly showing that the more equal distribution of the good things of this world is the direct product of civilization. But for the prolongation of the line the simple natives of Pagiri would have been content with robbing Mrs. Abbott's henroost once a week. Now the minister and his wife revelled no more frequently in the consumption of fowls, roast, boiled or curried, than the deserving natives who surrounded them. Another result, and one which struck the Abbotts as being more distinctly advantageous, was that their social circle had gained by the arrival of the English engineers. Not one of them was of the missionary's way of thinking on religious matters, but he was a tolerant man, and permitted himself to enjoy a pleasant chat with a son of Belial now and then on topics purely worldly. Indeed, before long [redacted] gan at length to look her age. At two years old she might have been a hundred; at fifteen, thirty-five; and at twenty, fifty. Now she was twenty-five, and looked it. The pained, drawn expression had left her face; her smooth skin had taken a faint tinge of pink; her white dress was made with less regard for economy than the gray linen; and she had developed a latent genius for housekeeping and a handy, helpful way which made her friends regard her as a valuable acquisition to their household, and congratulate themselves upon her rejection as a missionary's wife.

"She is reserved for some other fate, my dear," Mr. Abbott had said to his wife with some solemnity as they sat together in the veranda one afternoon six months after Patience had become an inmate of the house. "Predestination is at the bottom of it, you may depend. Providence intervened on her behalf."

"It was time somebody did," answered his wife, rather irreverently. "Poor child, she has had a sad life, and I think she must have been half starved into the bargain, now that I see the difference being here has made in her. I shouldn't be surprised if she married and left us after all. She isn't so very lame, and she's a nice, sweet-tempered, handy little thing."

Patience who was laying the dinner-table, unintentionally overheard these remarks, and blushed and trembled, startled by the joyous leap her heart gave, and half afraid to contemplate the wonderful vista of possibilities which Mrs. Abbott's words had opened out before her timid eyes. For she had lost her heart, and without the slightest encouragement. Among the engineers was one who had lived for some years in the district. He had lost his wife when his little boy was born, and the child was now four years old, strong and hearty for one reared in the East, but, to an eye accustomed to English babies, only a poor little scrap. John Graham was grave beyond his years (which were thirty-five), but kindly and gentle with women and devoted to his little Jack. In his profession he was highly esteemed, and by all held to be an upright and honorable man, though more reserved than many of his associates quite understood or approved. His reserve had broken down before Mrs. Abbott's motherly concern for his child's welfare, and almost every evening, when the little fellow was in bed, he would come over from his unhomelike shanty and sit smoking, for the most part in silence, in the missionary's veranda. He never ommitted, however, to pay his respects to Mrs. Abbott and Patience, whom he treated with as much courtesy as if she were a queen, and often allowed himself to stay awhile when the others were gone, chatting on a variety of subjects with the two women—subjects on which with the world at large he kept his own counsel. It was a sort of worship which the girl gave to the tall, grave man. They were too wide apart for love—indeed, there was something almost ludicrous in the mere suggestion of such a thing and Patience's cheeks burned when she thought of it, and she rated herself soundly for giving way, even for a moment, to the wild flight her imagination had taken when she heard herself pronounced not unmarriageable.

Mrs. Abbott had carefully kept the secret of Patience's rejection from the gossips of Pagiri, but she could not close the mouths of all those young women—eye-witnesses of the incident—who were now scattered broadcast through the district as missionaries' wives. Graham rarely left Pagiri, where he was in charge of the works; but others went further afield, and one evening young Jameson came back from Pamba with a wonderful tale to tell, and brought it straight to the Engineers' Office, where they had just knocked off work.

"You know that girl up at old Abbott's," he said to his chum, while Graham, unnoticed, was turning over some papers at his desk. "Well, would you believe it, she was so wild to get married that she left her good home in Wales and come out here six months ago with a lot of others, in spite of her people's wishes, to be married to one of the bachelor missionaries—and not one of them would [redacted] ve her! I supposed they had been [redacted] arned of the flighty sort of young [redacted] oman she was. So she was in a [redacted] ce fix, and Mrs. Abbott had to ask [redacted] r to come and stay with her till [redacted] e could find something to do, for [redacted] e Missionary Society refused to [redacted] ve the girl her passage-money back [redacted] England."

"Well, she's a deep one, then; [redacted] e looks as if butter wouldn't melt [redacted] her mouth. Where did you hear [redacted] e story?"

"Oh, a fellow who had been up at [redacted] tali told me. The missionary has [redacted] th only bungalow in the place, so he was staying there, and Mrs. Missionary, who was one of the cargo herself, told him."

"Excellent authority, no doubt," interrupted Graham. "Perhaps you might hear something to the disadvantage of the lady at Katali if you asked Miss Owen. It would be a valuable addition to your collection of 'Queer Stories,' and make you a welcome guest at some houses where gossip is thoroughly appreciated." And Graham, who rarely spoke to his subordinates save on matters of business, gathered up his papers, and left the two young men uncertain whether to be more surprised or offended by his observations.

Graham himself was disgusted. He did not believe that what he had just heard was correct in all its details, but he feared that the main fact—that of Patience's having come out to Shikarore to be married—was likely to be true. It was a shock to him to find that the demure little woman with the sweet voice and quiet ways, whom he had got to like almost insensibly, was after all nothing but a vulgar husband-hunter, and he was pained and irritated by the idea. His horror of gossip forbade his broaching the subject to Mrs. Abbott so he put it away at the back of his mind, and, but for a slight shade of coldness in his manner to Patience, it produced no outward effect. But, keenly alive to all that concerned Graham's intercourse with herself, Patience immediately perceived the change, and, conscious of the weak place in her armor, concluded that the hated incident had been made known to him. Her face began once more to assume the careworn expression which her kind friends had believed banished forever, and she no longer sang as she went about her work. Graham came no less frequently to the house, and scarcely a day passed on which Patience did not see him. But this was now more a pain than a pleasure to her, and she was almost glad when he announced one evening that he had been summoned to attend a meeting of directors at Pamba, and that this, along with some other work at a distance, would keep him away for about a fortnight. He asked Mrs. Abbott to look in on the little boy now and then to see that all was well, although he had the greatest confidence in the child's ayah; and Patience ventured to join with Mrs. Abbott in assuring him that they would look after little Jack during his father's absence. But Graham's formal words of thanks sent a chill to her heart, and she wished she had not spoken.

III.

Graham had been away for ten days, and Patience had not passed one without making a pilgrimage to his house in the faithful fulfillment of her promise to look after his little lonely child. They had become fast friends, and Jack watched anxiously for "Pacie's" coming, skipping out on the veranda to meet her, and demanding the stories which he had discovered she was a very good hand at telling. But on the eleventh day "Baba Sahib he being very sick" were the words with which the ayah greeted her, and her heart sank as she followed the woman into the nursery. Little Jack was in a high fever, and Patience directed the ayah to go or send for the doctor without a moment's delay. Then she took off her hat, and sat down beside the child's cot, soothing him with gentle words and touches, and singing in a hushed voice one or two of the old psalm tunes which were her only songs. At last the doctor came, pronounced that the child "looked uncommonly like small-pox," and asked Patience if she intended to stay, as the ayah already showed signs of losing her head.

"Of course I will stay," answered Patience (adding to herself, "Nothing is likely to happen to me just because I could so well be spared). I shall be glad if you will tell Mrs. Abbott what keeps me here, and she will send over somebody with what things I shall want." So the doctor gave his orders, and, being in a hurry, as he always was nowadays, took his leave, and Patience's watch began. About an hour later the medicines and a small trunk containing her clothes arrived, with a kindly message from Mrs. Abbott, and then the stillness of night closed round the bungalow, broken only by the sick child's impatient moaning and tossing, which Patience was now powerless to still. All night she watched, and all the next day she would not let her strained and weary eyes close for one moment lest she should fall asleep at her post. When the doctor came in for the third time on that day, he looked so grave that her fears were thoroughly aroused, and she could not have sle t had she tried.

Against such raging fever the child's strength could not hold out much longer, and when the doctor looked in at 5 o'clock on the second morning he was scarcely surprised to see the poor little man lying pale and exhausted in his cot, with nothing but his faint breathing to show he lived.

"I fear he cannot last through the day," said the young man, "even if he were to take all the nourishment I ordered for him. The fever has burnt the life out of him, poor little chap; and no one knows where his father is. None of my telegrams have been answered." And the doctor was off once more.

Patience's eyes filled with the tears that would not be kept back when she thought of Graham's despair. "O God," she murmured, "take me, and let little Jack live. Take me, and let me be at rest, for I have no place here, O Lord." Little Jack opened his eyes, and when she looked at him she knew her prayer was vain.

When the doctor had paid his evening visit, and was on his way back to the town, he met Graham, hurrying with a gray, set face toward his bungalow.

"Is he—alive?" he asked hoarsely.

"My dear fellow, he is conscious," said the doctor, and sped on, knowing he could say no more.

Graham stopped on the threshold to take off his boots, and then softly entered the nursery. Patience was seated beside her charge, with a tiny hand clasped in one of hers, while with the other she screened her face from the child, lest he should see her tears. But he was lying quite still, with closed eyes, and it was only when Graham whispered, "Jack, my little man, Daddy is here," that he showed signs of consciousness. Then he tried to raise himself from his pillow, but fell back on his father's shoulder with a sigh and a piteous murmur of "Jack so tired, Daddy," that went through poor Graham's heart like a knife. He took the child in his arms, and Patience, relinquishing the little hand, tried to steal away unobserved. But Jack's "Not go 'way, Pacie," brought her back to her post, and kept her there until the end came.

From time to time the child would swallow a few spoonfuls of food, uttering a few words of plaintive remonstrance—either "Jack so tired," or "Let Jack alone." Once he asked "Pacie" to sing "Fox," and, steadying her voice with an effort, she gently crooned "When shepherds watched their flocks by night." He was too weak to say the customary "adenn" when she had finished, and lay quite motionless till just before his death. Then he looked up into his father's face and said, "Kiss Jack, Daddy; Jack goin' bye. Pacie, Kiss Jack top."

Five minutes later Patience knew that her vigil was at an end, and she crept noiselessly from the room.

IV.

Next day Patience had sickened with small-pox, and Mrs. Abbott hastily migrated to Graham's bungalow to nurse her. It was a sharp attack, but the little woman weathered it bravely, thanks to her naturally wiry constitution and her friend's careful nursing. When she was allowed to sit up in bed she asked for a looking-glass, trembling exceedingly lest one more trial might be in store for her in the disfigurement of her poor little face, at no time of more than passable comeliness. Was it wrong of her to thank God for having spared her this further affliction? It meant so much to one of her shrinking disposition, whose path through life would have become even harder had she believed herself to be a repulsive object as well as stupid, dull, awkward, and unwelcome. And she had dreaded—for was she not a woman?—the painful impression which her countenance, blurred and altered, would have produced upon her hero's mind, kindly as he would have striven to conceal the fact.

When she was considered out of quarantine Graham came to see her, and her shyness in receiving him was much tempered with gentle sympathy, for she had shared his sorrow with him, and no longer felt herself on a different platform. He did not allude to his loss, but kept the conversation on everyday subjects, never permitting it to flag, and drawing out his companion's ideas with so much tact that she forgot to be nervous, and delighted him with her quaint sayings and simple unworldly wisdom. Now Graham had just heard the true story of Patience Owen from Mrs. Abbott, and pitied her sincerely, though he could not rid his mind of the notion that a girl who allowed herself, without a word of protest, to be put in the undignified position of a candidate for marriage with a total stranger would hardly have the strength of character to steer a straight course through life—speaking the truth and shaming the devil—and so he proposed to himself to put her to the test, with the idea that if she came through it triumphantly he would consider the advisability of asking her to be his wife. Therefore, when at length a pause occurred in their conversation, Graham, instead of rising to go, suddenly resumed his serious manner, and remarked, "We are friends, Miss Owen, are we not?"

"Yes," faltered Patience, all at once grown shy.

"And friends will not fall out for a trifle?"

"No, indeed," she answered. "I have so few that I could not afford that."

"Then will you tell me what brought you out to Pagiri?"

Poor Patience blushed painfully, twisted her fingers in her pocket-handkerchief, and showed every sign of distress. "I left home because they didn't want me," she said hurriedly and with downcast eyes, "and came out to marry one of the missionaries. No one would have me, so Mrs. Abbott took me to live with her."

What it cost her to make such a confession Graham dimly guessed. He hated himself for his cruelty, and a great wave of compassion for the poor forlorn girl swept through his heart—compassion mingled with admiration for her courage. "Forgive me," she said. "Poor child, there is a great deal of happiness owing to you. Do you think I could make your life brighter? Patience, will you let me try?" But before she could answer him Mrs. Abbott had bustled into the room.

V.

The directors at Pamba telegraphed for Graham once more on the day following his visit to Patience, and she made up her mind that on his return a week later he should not find her at Pagiri. "He shall not marry me out of pity," she said to herself. "He cannot possibly love me, and without his love I could not be his wife. It would break my heart." So with a good deal of difficulty she persuaded Mrs. Abbott that she had centred all her hopes on becoming a hospital nurse, begging her to use her influence with the matron of the great hospital at Khansal, so that she might be taken on at once as a probationer. The day before Graham returned to Pagiri Patience had left, and as she was being deposited twenty-four hours later with her modest luggage at the gates of the hospital, tired out and heartsick now that the excitement of her flight was past, Graham was crossing the bit of waste land which lay between his own bungalow and the Abbotts's, turning over in his mind as he walked what he should say to Patience if only Mrs. Abbott would give him a chance of seeing her alone.

His surprise was great when he heard of her departure, and that night he smoked in stony silence—"for all the world like a deaf-mute," Mrs. Abbott complained when he had gone. Next day, after making arrangements so that his work should not suffer during his absence, he gave himself forty-eight hours' leave, and took the train for Khansal.

Patience had been given a day's rest after her journey, but on the second day she had begun her training, and in the old gray linen gown, large white apron, and mob-cap she had been all day long receiving instruction in her future duties. The sights which she saw made her seriously doubt her suitability for the profession she had chosen, and from standing about for so many hours she was ready to faint with fatigue. She could not eat, and felt weary and lonely to the very last degree. At 7 o'clock she was free, and on her way to her own little cubicle, where she hoped to lie down for an hour before supper, but she was stopped by a message from the matron to the effect that there was a visitor for Miss Owen—not yet metamorphosed into Sister Patience—and would she "step down" into the dining-hall? Wonderingly she obeyed the summons, thinking as she went down the long flights of stairs how fatiguing it would be to "step up" again.

The long, cool dining-room was very dark, and she was not at first quite sure that it was John Graham who stood before her. But when he held out his hand, saying, "Patience, why did you run away from Pagiri when you knew I had something to say to you?" she felt all that his presence at Khansal meant. She tried to speak so as to answer his question, or at least to ask him how he did, but no words would come. And when he saw the tired, white face, and felt how her hand trembled, he did not press for a reply, but led her to a sofa and sat down beside her. "I have come to fetch you home, dear," he said, "You are not strong enough for the work here, and I want you very much."

Cure for Rheumatism.

The following treatment of rheumatism is so singularly original that, even if it should be altogether inefficacious, it still merits to be described. It comes to us directly from Vienna, and it belongs to Dr. Terc.

It is necessary at first to suppose that you have at your own disposition a hive with many bees. Now, the discoverer wishes to observe that the sting of a bee generally leaves after it a tumefaction more or less considerable; but after a certain number of stings this tumefaction is no longer produced, because the body has acquired a certain immunity. With rheumatic persons this tumefaction comes with difficulty, and only after a certain number of stings. By continuing the stinging process the swelling ceases completely. Then the patient is cured of his rheumatism, and remains for some time out of danger of relapses. To produce a complete cure it is necessary to saturate the entire body with bee venom, and keep on multiplying the stings. M. Terc has applied this method in 173 cases, and administered 39,000 stings. He affirms that he owes to this method evident cures in obstinate cases, and especially in chronic cases, where the patients attacked by rheumatic cachexy were in a hopeless condition. Sometimes a patient has received hundreds of stings. It is true that they are less painful to rheumatic persons than to persons in sound health. Is not this bee stinging treatment truly delightful? The cure of rheumatism with the stings of bees! One would go to Vienna just to try it.

Nutmegs.

The nutmeg is the innermost kernel of the fruit of a small tree that grows about thirty feet high. It is a native of the East Indies, but it is cultivated in other tropical lands. It has a small, yellow flower. The fruit is small and peach-like, but with a smooth surface and turns yellow when ripe. The exterior, a thick, fleshy husk, dries up and cracks, disclosing the nut. The outer covering of this nut is what we know as mace. It is red at first, but turns to a light brown when dried. Next comes a hard, shining shell and inside that is the nutmeg.

The tree bears about the eighth or ninth year from the seed. The mace is taken off and dried in the sun for one day, and for eight days in the shade, then dampened with sea water and pressed in bags. The remainder of the nut is very thoroughly dried, when the shell is broken and the nutmegs are assorted, the best ones being exported. They are first pickled in lime water, then left to sweat, and finally packed for shipment. The Penang nutmegs, the best, are about an inch long, pale brown, corrugated on the surface, with red streaks in the gray interior.

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