CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y. oc-24-91-2v

ASSIGNEE OF ASSIGNEE
—OF—
Mortgagee's Sale
OF VALUABLE
STORE PROPERTY,
On the new Liberty Road, in Franklin district, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage from Isaac T. Downs and Julia A. Downs, his wife, to the undersigned, Wm. R. Curry, which said mortgage was duly assigned to a certain Jeremiah Baile, and which said mortgage was afterward, to-wit on the 30th day of December, A. D., 1892, duly reassigned to the undersigned, the undersigned, as assignee of Jeremiah Baile, will offer at public sale, on the premises, situated on both sides of the new Liberty road and bordering on the Boop road, adjoining the lands of Denton R. Shipley, Charles Lugenbeel, Thomas C. Porter and others, and about one mile west of Franklinville and about 2½ miles east of Unionville, on

WEDNESDAY, 1st day of FEBRUARY, A. D., 1893, at 10 o'clock, A. M., all that valuable Store Property, consisting of

17 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less,

all of which is arable and in a high state of productiveness. There is a thriving young orchard of choice fruit, in nearly full bearing, upon the property. The improvements consist of a large Dwelling House, nearly new, and well finished; a Store-House a few feet from said dwelling, also new; a fair sized Switzer Barn, also new and finely finished. All of said buildings are well painted and in first-class condition; a well of excellent water near the dwelling and store house. Also a corn house, carriage house and smoke house. The fencing is also in good condition. In fact this property is first-class in every respect, and well worth the notice of anyone desiring a business stand or a private residence.

9¾ Acres and 35 Square Perches of the above described property will be sold on the above named date, subject to a first mortgage for $750 with interest from March 23rd, 1892, from the said Julia A. Downs and Isaac T. Downs, her husband, to a certain James H. Steele, dated March 23rd, 1889, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S. No. 14, folio 291, &c., and which said mortgage was duly assigned to a certain Jeremiah Baile. Mr. Jeremiah Baile will leave his mortgage remain if the purchaser desires it. If not, he will accept the money for the same.

For further information call upon the undersigned, residing at Oak Orchard, Frederick county, Md., or upon Joseph D. Brooks, attorney at law, Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—Cash. But other terms may be made with the undersigned assignee.

WILLIAM R. CURRY, Assignee of Jeremiah Baile, Assignee of Mortgagee.
Joseph D. Brooks, Solicitor. ja-7-4s

PUBLIC SALE
OF A
HOUSE AND LOT,
Near Frizellburg, Carroll county, Md.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that parcel of land, containing

2 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

situate about one-fourth of a mile from Frizellburg, Carroll county, Md., on the road leading from Frizellburg to Uniontown, known as the "Hailey Property." The improvements consist of a two-story Frame Dwelling House, with basement and necessary outbuildings. This property is very convenient to Markets, Schools, Churches, &c.

The terms of sale will be easy, and will be announced on the day of sale.

E. E. REINDOLLAR.
Chas. E. Fink, Attorney. ja-14-4s

NO. 3047 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Sarah S. Painter, Plaintiff, vs. Sarah A. Painter, widow of Caleb Painter, deceased, and others, Defendants.

ORDERED, this 17th day of January, A. D., 1893, that the account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown, on or before the 6th day of February next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
ja-21-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

Dividend Notice.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 31, 1892.

THE President and Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of FIVE PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of this Bank, clear of all taxes, payable on and after January 10th, 1893.

ja-7-4t GEO. R. GEHR, Cashier.

Dividend Notice.

First National Bank of New Windsor, New Windsor, Md., Dec. 31, 1892.

THE President and Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of FIVE PER CENT. (5)

on the Capital Stock of this Bank, clear of U. S., State and county taxes, payable on demand. NATHAN H. BAILE,

ja-7-4t Cashier.

For Rent.

DWELLING No. 97 and 99 East Main street, Westminster. Brick House, eight rooms and kitchen, cellar, gas and water, large lot of ground and yard, with an abundance of fruit, and stabling for two horses; in good condition, and in one of the most pleasant parts of the city.

jan-14-3t* WM. B. THOMAS.

Notice of Election.

AN election will be held in the Taneytown Savings Bank, February 7th, 1893, between 1 o'clock and 2 o'clock, P. M., to elect Directors to manage the affairs of said Bank for the ensuing year, beginning March 1st, 1893.

By order of the Directors.

HENRY GALT, Treasurer.
jan-21-2t

Store Room For Rent.

The store room, No. 15 West Main street, 60x21½ feet, adjoining Babylon & Gilbert's Hardware Store, within 50 yards of Railroad Station, in the center and business part of the city of Westminster. Rent reasonable. Apply to, or address,

BABYLON & GILBERT,
ja-7-3t Westminster, Md.

For Sale.

I will sell any piece separate, or the entire outfit for a first-class Creamery and Cheese Factory, at one-third the manufacturer's price of the same. It is all new, never been used, and of the latest designs. Write for the price of anything you want, from the engine or boiler to a wooden butter paddle. Address

j-14-3t L. M. BOYLES, Grafton, W. Va.

JOB Printing of all kinds such, as Posters, Sale Bills, Cards, &c., done at this office.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 4. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 28, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

A FIELD WALL.

Along the quiet, dusty way,
Beneath the drowsy apple trees,
It winds among the roses gay
That lure the booming bees.

The Indian carrots round it nod
Among the tiger lillies tall,
And seas of dreaming goldenrod
About it rise and fall.

In harmonies of gray and blue
It climbs the sumac dotted hill
Beneath the berry vines unto
A woodland cool and still.

Where friskily a squirrel gray,
Through shadows softly o'er it thrown,
Goes loping on his merry way
From mossy stone to stone.

—R. K. Munkittrick.

Select Story.

DORIS AND I.

BY JOHN E. STAFFORD.

From Chambers Journal.

CHAPTER I.

There was evil in front of us and much aching of hearts and suffering. But the throstle sang in the sycamore tree, and the swallows curved and twittered all about us, and in the rich amber light we could see all was fair and good. Then our eyes would meet and we thought not of evil, Doris and I. We spoke little, our hearts being very full and words mere idleness. Doris looked out again to the west, leaning her head against me and taking my hand as it twined over her shoulder.

We were in the orchard by the old green wicket, where a month ago, before the blossoms had burst their bulbs, she had allowed me to tell her an old tale and had said one word of her own to give it finish. And as the throstle sang his love song and the sun sank to his bed behind the hills I thought of then and now, and my head lowered and I kissed her forehead gently. Then Doris sighed as if a spell was broken, for I had come to tell of my windfall—that I was no longer a poor man—that, instead of waiting for years, we might begin our married life on my return from Canada in three months or so, and the sudden happiness of the thing had wrapped us around and silenced us both.

Now that the first flush of it was over we remembered the fleeting minutes and fell to talking. What we said is of no account here, but so little did we dream of harm or accident of nature to cross our happiness that not once did we mention him, though we knew he was coming next day to stay perhaps for some weeks, as sick people do?

Then we said goodby, and I opened the wicket gate to pass through, but seeing the wet in her eyes lingered awhile longer until she was smiling again, when I let her go. But I looked back again every dozen yards or so, and when I got across the second meadow and stood by the stile before vaulting into the highroad I could see the straight white figure among the green and the waving handkerchief. So I asked God to keep her and went my way with the rose she had given me. Walking home in the pink twilight, the heaviness at leaving her wore off as I looked into the future and saw what was there, or rather what I pictured in it, for when love is the warp and fortune the woof what will not the shuttle of fancy do?

Yesterday things had been so different. Of all my airy castles there seemed hardly one left, and I had built a good few. Before I knew Doris such imaginings had never troubled me, but when I had met her at Winchcomb flower show love had touched me with its wand, and all of a sudden the dead wall of my life, like that in Chaucer's "Romaunt"—for I had to read a thing or two in the long winter nights before the old place had been hammered into other hands—seemed all alive with pictures. Everything was lit up, the world seemed a new place, and life had sweeter meanings after I had looked into Doris' eyes and she into mine. And when after many months I plucked up courage to ask her heart how it was, and she told me, the future widened out in such a fashion that the sight of it nearly made me light headed.

Had I known how things were I should have held my tongue through shame and helplessness. But my father never gave a sign that ruin was near upon him; that my comfortable heritage, as I deemed it, was mortgaged to the last rood. The crash came, and then the sale, and then life in a little cottage with a broken down father and changed lookout, which perhaps made me overmoody, for sometimes I despaired of ever possessing Doris or of being able under many years to support her in a way fitting to her up bringing. Everything would be broken off, and it would all be a dead wall again.

It was in some such humor that the notary's letter found me that morning. I had seldom heard of Uncle Ben and had never seen him. He had in early manhood deeply wronged my father in some way, and his name was rarely mentioned. I handed the letter to father, and he was dumb like myself, his face working strangely between anger and something softer. Then he put it down and said: "Conscience money, lad, every penny on it; but its saved yer from my folly, so tek it, and thank God for teaching Ben repentance and me forgiveness—no easy lesson when a brother— Well, well, let it lie. Poor Ben!"

No wonder, then, that I saw visions as I walked home in the light of the aftermath. It was nearly dusk when I arrived at the cottage, and as I turned for a last look at the burnished hills a bat came between me and the light and fluttered mockingly before me. But I kissed my rose and laughed at the flittermouse.

I had lived some twenty-five years in the world without knowing much more of it than what our valley and its neighborhood had to show, so that I saw on my lone journey to my uncle's Canadian farm made me wonder and marvel, as young people do when they go for the first time beyond the mountains and see what is there. But there was no need to dwell upon that, and, moreover, it doesn't concern the drift of what I am telling you.

Nor need I say much about the farm and personal estate which had come to me by my uncle's will. I found that the latter came to some eighty thousand dollars, chiefly invested in Northern Pacific and other stock, and the former a large tract of prairie land, with house, farm buildings and every appointment of a first class property. There was a new railway creeping up, which would double its value in a few years' time, and it was for me to say, after I had seen the place, whether I should let it or wait or sell it right out. I wrote the lawyer, saying that for the present I would take it in hand till the corn was safely harvested.

So one thing leads on to another, and we prepare our own destiny without knowing it. But I had looked at things in a practical way and according to my lights, and the notary commended me, and Doris sent a letter along saying, "Yes, Jack, but don't tarry the thrashing too," which was only sweetheartlike.

The weeks passed on, and I found plenty to occupy and interest me, as was natural. I let Boss Wilson keep much of his authority—he had been in charge of the farm since the death, and his loquacious company was not disagreeable after I had learned to know him. One day in the town near by I happened upon a Worcester man—one Henshaw—and his clannish good feeling made the place still less lonely. Then every week Doris wrote down her little heart for me to read it, and I sent her an account of mine; and all the while the same sun warmed us and the same moon set us thinking one of the other when the day was over and our souls skipped out for a gaine at dreams. She was there, and I was here, and soon there would be no there and here, but only one place and we in it.

Thinking to this tune I jumped into the saddle one August morning and rode to the postoffice for the usual weekly letter. I always rode over, because the postboy who passed us on his way to the next settlement waited for the second mail at noon. I met Mr. Henshaw at the door of the office, with two letters and a newspaper in his hand.

"Mornin, Mr. Sedley," said he; "lot o' letters this mail. Let me hold the cob till you come out."

That was the beginning of it—there was no letter. I rejoined Henshaw and walked down with him to his store, heavy with disappointment.

"Like to see the paper?" said he as I was leaving after ordering some supplies of this man. "'Tain't often I get one, but my brother's hayricks 'a' bin blazin, and he's sent the account of it. Art new hay, too, an on'y part insured. Ain't it a pity?"

I said it was, and looked moodily through the columns for news that might interest me. I only learned that there had been a regatta at Evesham, and that our old doctor at Ranston had sold his practice to a Dr. Robson—that was all. But as I rode home I kept muttering that doctor's name, wondering where I had heard it before, till suddenly it came to me, bringing a lot of something else with it.

Why had Doris never mentioned him beyond the postscript in her first letter weeks ago? I had clean forgotten she had a cousin Stephen, so little did I heed him, but he was still at Ranston, still perhaps an inmate of her home. Why—Here I dropped the reins and drew out her last letter to steady me. I read it through, and the dear words brought kinliness back, and I kissed her name at the end, saying some one was a fool.

But the doubt had found entrance and grew, as cancers do, without our knowing it, for the days went on, and no letter came, no sign, till I grew half wild at the cruelty of it. I wrote, reproaching her, and another week went and another. At last the letter came. The postman handed it to me as I stood at the gate—I dare say he wondered why I was always there—and I ripped it open, while my heart pumped fit to break itself. Then the paper dropped from my hands, and I held on to the gate with a singing in my ears and a sudden weakness in seeing which darkened the sun and all beneath it. * * *

Doris unfaithful—it wasn t natural. Our souls had grafted and we were one; we were two streams that had met to turn the same mill wheel together; our hearts were bound with ligaments of their own growing; there was no undoing what nature had so willed. Yet there was her handwriting, her own words in good black ink telling white it was a liar.

Then all at once, through the rush and swirl of it, came the thought of the new doctor, and a queer coldness went through me as if I had been turned to clay before my time. The life seemed to go out from me, and I could scarcely move my feet as, half staggering, I went indoors and dropped into a chair. Again I read the note, though every cursed word was burned in my brain forever:

I cannot marry you, dear—it is impossible. I like you—I am fond of you, as I told you in the orchard that evening, but I cannot be your wife—I cannot indeed. Oh, I wish I had told you earlier how things were; it was cruel of me to let you go on loving me without telling you the truth. I was afraid to at last, but now you are away it seems less difficult to say. Forgive me. Look elsewhere for a more fitting mate—some one who can fully share your new life with you and help you as a wife should—with head, heart and hand—some one who can love you better than DORIS.

An hour went by, maybe two, while the hardening went on, while the love died away, and the light and the joy of life dimmed and flickered out, leaving me in darkness with hate and revenge. Then I rose up and looked around at the difference of things, for all seemed altered and not the same. I moved to my desk, and unlocking a drawer took out all her letters, and they, too, had altered and were merely so many pieces of paper, not sacred things to be touched with reverence, like bits of the holy rood. But the breath of lavender from them got at some soft corner in me, making my eyes hot and tightening my throat. For a second or two I paused, looking at the vision that grew out of them, till anger puffed and blew it all away, leaving me with only the bundle of papers. This I wrapped up, along with a dead rose and a lock of yellow hair, and directed to Miss Hanlow, Ranston-in-the-Vale, Worcester, England.

"Here," said I, as Nita, my uncle's old housekeeper, hobbled in to lay the cloth for tea; "let one of the lads take this to the station before dark. No matter; I'll take it myself. Where's Boss?"

"Goin away?" said Boss Wilson as I pulled up half an hour later at the gate he was mending—"just as the corn's yellowin for the machines? Summat wrong? You look kinder hit—hope tain't serious." He wiped his face, looking hard at mine, which I turned away, feeling it was a telltale.

"You won't be alone long," I went on. "My father is on his way, and will take possession of the farm and see to things in my absence. I have asked him to keep you on, Boss, and think you'll find him a good sort. Goodby. See you again some day when I've—when I've found what I want." I glanced down at his furrowed face and saw kindness in it.

"Lost summat, gaffer?" said he, and I could feel the search of his look. He was a shrewd man twice my age, and may have noticed many things since we had been together.

"Aye, I've lost something," I answered, "but it's not that I'm after, Boss. No use hunting for broken bubbles, I take it."

"No, tain't," drawled Boss; "but whatever you're after 'ill tek some findin, I guess, an you may scour the world up an down an find it in yourself when all's done. Have a good knock round, gaffer, an when it's all burned out come back again and mek friends wi' things."

I could see his outstretched hand, and mine went to it involuntarily.

"S'long, gaffer," was all I heard as the horse leaped away with me down the rough track.

"So long," I said to the hot silence and the western solitude, where I had dreamed my dreams awhile, tolerant of the summer loneliness as long as I could people it with a fancy and see Doris and good company behind it. But to remain there with my dead hopes all about me, grinning like marionettes which love had made caper, deluded by its own magic; to live on through the long monotonous heat with no opposite shore for the bridge of thought to touch, with no future but a fog bank where had been a fair country—no, I could not.

CHAPTER II.

I need not dwell on that period. It lies in my memory more like a hideous dream than so many weeks and months of actual life, and, like a dream, there are only portions of it which stand out from the shadows—adventures, incidents, scraps of scenery, seen in clearer moments. It is enough to say that I came round gradually and began to see things as they should be seen. But the hate was all gone, and love alone was left, though badly nourished, having no hopes with which to diet it, and I got accustomed to think of Doris as one who was dead and yet living, and very lovable withal, even as Beatrice was to Dante.

So a year passed on and left me minus some thousands of dollars. I had found my way into Colorado and was a miner at one of the great joint stock claims which have taken the place of the old fashioned diggings. The rough work suited my humor, and there was life and go in the town and much distraction in the game of faro, of which more in its place. For nine months I had not heard from Canada and had ceased to think of the place. My father had taken kindly to his new life, which was all I needed to know. I wished to be and was a solitary in the world, though I mixed much with men, finding more isolation in a crowd than in lonely places. But I was beginning to be restless again and to wish for another change, when something happened which I had not looked for, but which makes me always thankful that I played faro that night at Midas'.

It was nothing more than a quarrel and whipping out of revolvers, and then a sudden lane of rough figures looking on while the two fired from either end. I heard the low thud of the bullet as it struck Black Jake, and I caught him in my arms as he fell backward with sudden limpness and whitening face. I had only seen him once before, and he had roused a vague recollection which made me look again at him, wondering what it was about him that was so familiar. He had been at one of the far tables, or perhaps his speech would have given me the cue. Now as he opened his eyes and stared up into mine he turned his lips from the flask and said, "God forgive us—it's Master Sedley!"

"That's so. Take a pull at this and tell me who you are," said I, surprised at my own name.

The liquor was of little use, for his heart was slowing every moment, but it brought a flicker to his face and a word or two more to his lips. "Gi'e me yer ear—closer," he whispered. "Bob Hilton—Ranston potsman—aye, yo' know me now. They want me—want me for robbin the bags. Tell 'em death has got me, and tell young doctor chap as I hopes to— He l'arned me the beginning—he—Your letters—Miss Doris'—I stopped 'em— His money. Hope no harm done, sir—I—Christ save"— His eyes glazed, a tremble went through him and he slipped off without another word, leaving me staring at the dyed whiskers and dissipated features with ringing ears and a thousand thoughts and feelings all set loose together to the overwhelming of my wits, which seemed quite undone.

Long after they had carried him away and the noise and confusion was spent I stood leaning on the bar counter staring vacantly through the smoke of the saloon, seeing and hearing nothing, but conscious of a growing fiend within me and a tightening of my teeth as I reckoned things up and saw in all its clearness the perfidy that had come between us. The letter—was not that a part of it? Could Doris from her heart's heart have written such a letter at all? It was a forgery, a trick, and I had been a fool to be duped by it—nay, a villain in very truth, for I had doubted Doris and given her pain and misery perhaps a thousand times worse than my own.

Yet the letter was clear enough, said the ghost of Doubt; it was in her own characteristic handwriting, said Memory, and there was no forging that, put in Doubt again.

Then a resolution came to me, and I walked out into the open air and breathed it in with a long inhalation, as men do at sudden relief or when stirred with new purposes.

There were evil things in my heart, but there was one little corner where hope stirred, as if after a long sleep. I could feel it as I looked up to the heavens, where the stars were twinkling down at me as if they knew a thing or two, having seen Doris only a few hours agone.

Next morning I started for New York, and in four more days was on the Atlantic gazing at the last point of Sandy Hook as it sank lower and lower, till the horizon was an unbroken line and America nowhere.

I had been away eighteen months, and what might a man do in that time with an impressionable young girl who had the best evidence that her lover was unfaithful? They were cousins and had been together in earlier years. He was a highly educated, and contrasted with me a brilliant, perhaps a fascinating man. He had secured his diploma, but the arduous study had broken him down, and to recruit himself he had left his London home to pass some weeks among the breezy hills of Worcestershire, the guest of his father's sister, the daily companion no doubt of Doris. He had seen her beauty, her young susceptibility to the influences about her, and he had wormed his way into her heart and cankered it as grubs do roses. So hatred brought it all up and made me feel as murderers do. God forgive me! It is all passed now, and it was love's doing with all three of us.

It was past midnight when I arrived after ten days at Worcester. The old city was slumbering, and the great cathedral was watching over it and telling out the hours of its deaf ears as the fly rumbled noisily to the hotel, where I had perforce to stay till daylight enabled me to continue my journey by the early train.

As I lay like a log in bed and the hours went on, till all in the city but myself could hear the cathedral clock ring them out, some part of my brain woke up, and finding reason still a sluggard started straightway a-dreaming. I saw that I stood in a crowded churchyard in all the soft sheen of a summer's morning. I rubbed my eyes as the people moved about, some toward the wooden porch, some taking places on the path, till there was an avenue of smiling faces and one slim figure, followed by her maids, wending slowly through all.

It was Doris, all white and beautiful in bridal vestments, but her golden head was bent and there was heaviness in her step. As if she were entering some prison house, never to know liberty again, she paused at the porch and looked long and wistfully back into the sunshine.

Now I never believe in dreams, but I sat down to breakfast uneasy and without appetite, looking in at that despairing white face with a glowing sense of its ominousness, and chafing mightily at the fact that there was no train to take me on for another two hours.

"Paper sir?" I heard the waiter say as I trifled with the toast. I dropped my eyes mechanically onto the folded sheet, but only looked vacantly at it, or rather a headline took my eyes, being definite, as the fire is in the darkness or a candle flame, which we gaze at without noting. There was the name of my own village staring me in the face, and for a full minute I never saw it—Ranston-in-the-Vale. It was all a flash, as was my eagerness as I snatched up the paper and read the local items, "Bellringer's Dinner—Fire at the Hall—The Approaching Marriage of Dr. Robson."

I remember the sense of paralysis, the rush of darkness to the eyes, and then the sudden return of light as I jumped to my feet and stood a moment irresolute with my watch in my hand. Quarter past ten—the ceremony was at eleven—three parts of an hour to do fifteen miles. A wave of helplessness swept over me and then a hot strength—nothing less than the strength of despair, and, thank God, it carried me through.

I shall never forget that ride. The horse was fresh—the pick of the best posting stables in Worcester—and I had much to do to keep it in while we breasted Redhill to the level of the London road. Then I gave it its head and a tip from the heels, and away we shot like two mad things. Seeing nothing but the yellow road before me, I counted every spring of the animal as he skimmed along, scarcely seeming to touch the ground with his light hoofs, and flying faster and faster as he warmed to it and heard my cries of encouragement.

For half an hour I let him go till we came to a stiff hill not three miles from Ranston. Here I pulled him up and made him walk before the final rush in. He was impatient to get on, so was I, for from the top of the hill I knew I could see the church, and maybe some of the gathering people; but I held him in and took out my watch. My heart sank—it was ten fifty-eight. I eased the reins with a shout, and in three bounds we were at the hilltop and away again. I could see the church now across the valley and the flag at its tower and the pigmy forms moving about the yard. But there was still hope, still a chance to snap Doris back from her peril—for such was my purpose, and my dream had made me desperate. I set my teeth and let the good horse go.

It was all over in ten minutes, and it was Doris' doings as much as mine. She could not help it, maybe, and it was rather sudden to jilt a man just as the vicar was asking whether she would have him or not. But so it was, and I had no sooner shown myself at the vestry doorway which I had entered than she saw me and with a "Oh, Jack, Jack!" stumbled toward me and fell limp in my arms and lay there like a cut lily and as speechless. I had carried her into the vestry and was bathing her temples with the parson's drinking water before the wedding party could realize what had come to them. He was the first to rush in, as was natural perhaps.

Now I would not have harmed him just then for all his wordy spleen if he had not laid rough hands on me as he tried to force me from my place. But when the shock of his touch went through me I laid Doris' head down for one moment while I sprang to my feet, and catching him by the collar and the small of the back pitched him out of the open door with such goodwill that he fell on the grass a dozen yards away and lay there, a huddled heap of blackness on the green.

When I turned round Doris was opening her eyes and looking up at her mother, asking where she was. I knelt and looked down at her. She stared while you might count three, and then her arms were around my neck, and I raised her in mine.

"He declared his love here at this wicket, as you had, dear, before him."

"But the letter?" I said.

"Oh, how could you believe it, Jack? The letter was my second refusal, sent a week after he had taken to his practice. He must have forwarded it to you in the cover of one of mine. How cruel and wicked of him! And you"— She looked up, and there was such reproach in her eyes that I turned mine away, not daring to meet them.

"Jealousy made a fool of me, Doris. How can I tell you? You see, the letter was so worded that, coming after your silence and on top of my knowledge that he was still at Ranston, I"——

"Who told you he was still here? I avoided the subject for your sake."

"Ill news travels fast, but don't let us speak of it. He allowed the parcel to reach you—what did you think when you opened it?"

"When I was able to write I wrote to you, asking what it meant," she said simply.

"And I never answered?"

"No."

I gazed at her nearly choking. What had my suffering been to hers?

"And, oh, I was so wretched, Jack," she went on in her naive way, "and when he came a third time, full of sympathy, and offering to relieve poor mother of the debts which had nearly brought the old home to the brink of breaking, I—I said yes, feeling that I had no will—that it was a duty thrust upon me. But it is all past now, isn't it?"

Gladness made her sigh, and I could feel her sweet breath as she looked up at me.

"Do you forgive him, then?" said I, looking away and thinking of his abject figure as he writhed under my whip an hour ago.

"Yes, yes, Jack, and you must too. You have punished him enough, and he has promised to go away. Let us forget him—let us look upon it as a bad dream. Oh, Jack, my heart nearly runs over with its gladness; surely yours has naught else in it now."

"God bless you!" said I.

"And you, Jack!" said she.

And then we joined hands and turned to the house, becoming one in love and charity, Doris and I.

Love is the sun of life, says a German philosopher. This accounts for the deep shadow in the life of a lover. The brighter the sunlight the darker the shadow.

One advantage in hatching the guineas under a common hen is that they will not likely be so wild.

The man who runs from trouble will never find time to stop and rest.

The Old Clock.

BY L. S.

And so Ellen Wilford has consented to leave her home with Stephen Lenard. No bright moon shines upon him, as he stands in the garden waiting for her. The "eyes of night" have hidden themselves, and a dull, drizzling rain patters down amongst the dry dead leaves under the old beech tree.

Oh! Stephen Lenard, Stephen Lenard: do you know that to-morrow's sun will rise upon aching hearts and bitter tears? Have you thought of the happy home and kind loving father, from which you are luring that gentle one? Cannot those dark eyes of yours peer into the mirror of futurity, and look upon a lonely wife, pining in some gloomy barrack-chamber, hearing nothing but the coarse jests and ribald talk of the soldiery? Look again. Is that slight frame fitted to bear the wearying night marches and the horrors of a battle plain? Ay, the arm you are waving is strong and muscular, Stephen, and you think not of the time when it shall be weak and powerless as an infant's, when the lips upon which you are gazing shall call upon you in vain, when the head you are holding so near your own shall rest indeed on your bosom, and the hands you are clasping be thrown wildly round you, but the embrace shall not be returned.

And Ellen stands at the door. As she passed it, the old clock on the stairs struck twelve; the echo has died away, but its pendulum is swinging backwards and forwards with its dull, monotonous tick, tick, seeming every moment to grow louder and more solemn.

Ellen shudders; she is thinking how, since her hand has been large enough, her mother has never suffered any other to wind that clock, and how often she has gazed on its curious old face with wonder. Who will wind it to-night? and, in a tone of bitter anguish, she exclaims, "Oh! mother, mother!" But the door is open, and Stephen is there. They little think how often in the dead of night, in trial, sorrow, and even privation, will that cry go up from her heart, though it passeth not her lips. "Oh, mother, mother!" and the clock ticks on—on, through the solemn hours of night; on, through the dull sorrowful days that succeed; on, in mournful monotony through hours, and days, and years; on, and on, and on!

* * * * *

"Ellen, my own dearest wife, do not leave me! I know you now—have known you many days, only I feared to say so. But see! I am quite calm now; do not go away from me!"

"Hush! dearest. Remember you are not to talk, not to excite yourself. You look better, dear husband, better than you have looked since the ball was extracted; you will soon be well, but—"

"Ellen, my love, my wife, come hither; put your hand in mine, and let me hold it while I tell you they are deceiving you. I shall never leave this bed alive. Nay, dearest, for my sake bear up against this. Listen to me, for my time is short, and I am weak, so very weak. I have injured you, my Ellen, but not willingly. When I think of all I have made you suffer, of the home and the loving hearts from which I took you, oh! Ellen, I could curse my own selfishness! Nay, let me speak—it was selfish and dishonorable; and now, now I am leaving you alone and unprotected, in a strange place; but I have written to your father, and oh! surely he will be merciful now—Ellen! Ellen! I am dying; forgive me—put your face down to mine once more. I cannot see you; has a cloud passed over the moon? It is very dark."

* * * * *

Again the old clock on the stairs strikes the hour of midnight; and again its solemn echoes reveberate through the old hall. A carriage drives up—there are subdued sounds of welcome, and compassion, and love; but above all are heard, distinct in their low choking tone, the words, "Oh! mother, mother!" And they lay her where she can hear the ticking of the old clock.

She is so weak that she suffers the tears to trickle down her emaciated cheeks without an effort to wipe them away. And the clock ticks on, and the hours pass; it is night again, her pale face looks paler still in the clear cold rays of the full moon. Suddenly a cloud obscures the light, a shudder basses over her, and, turning to the loving watcher by her bedside she exclaims in that same low, choking tone, "Oh, mother, mother!"

There is silence in the sick chamber, for Ellen sleeps. Suddenly her eyes open, the look of anguish has left her features, and she whispers, "I have seen him—I am going to him."

* * * * *

Again the moon breaks forth from the clouds, and looks upon the lonely watcher in that silent room. The mother's head rises, and she gazes on the face of the sleeper; it is very pale—it is even ghastly in that solemn light, and she lays her hand upon the heart—a sharp, shrill cry of agony—a heavy fall—and the ticking of the old clock alone breaks the sombre stillness in the house of death on through the dark hours of night—on, on, in ceaseless monotony. Those hands which had so often given it the power of continuing its vibrations, which were so strong, so full of life, were cold and stiff, and powerless; the heart that had beat as regularly as its heavy pendulum was still and nerveless, yet the hands of the old clock moved round and round! The measured, pulse-ticking ceased not; its strength and power are still unabated; but the little fingers that once were strong enough to wind its heavy chain now lie withering and mouldering in the village churchyard.

RUNNING A RACE.

A little tear and a little smile
Set out to run a race;
We watched them closely all the while
Their course was baby's face.

The little tear he got the start;
We really feared he'd win;
He ran so fast and made a dart
Straight for her dimpled chin.

But somehow—it was very queer;
We watched them all the while—
The little shining, fretful tear
Got beaten by the smile.

A Squirrel Story.

I've got a true squirrel story to tell you, said a member of the club the other evening. A friend of mine having a cottage on the shore of Oneida Lake left a cornstarch box or package in the pantry. There was a little cornstarch remaining in it, and to secure it against mice the box was placed inside of a tall pitcher having a very smooth surface. My friend was at the cottage again a few days after and bethought himself of the cornstarch. Upon examining it to see if the mice had got at it, the box was found standing on end in the pitcher as left, but it was filled to the brim with sweet acorn meats all shelled and as nicely laid away as any person could have done it, and not one was found in the pitcher outside the box. Those squirrels must have expended a good deal of labor and worked faithfully to have accomplished the job in so short a time. Of course the acorns were not disturbed, but left for the squirrels' winter subsistence.

A Spider's Thread.

The ingenious astronomer captures a common garden spider and places him on the end of a twig. Then he startles the spider, which, immediately drops toward the ground, throwing out a thread as he goes. The astronomer, when the spider has got a little way down, produces a double wire, on which he begins to twist the thread. The spider continues spinning and the astronomer goes on twisting the thread till he has enough thread for his purpose. Nothing remains for him but to break the thread, and when he requires it unwind it from the wire as he would cotton twist. British astronomers, it may be added, envy their confreres in Australia, for there is a spider which spins a thread of three cords; the British spider's thread contains five cords and is appreciably thicker.

Surprised Pig.

Litte Pete never intends to misstate things, but his very figurative imagination sometimes gets the better of his facts. He starts out to tell something which is perfectly true, but before he is done he has generally drifted off into some picturesque exaggeration. The other day he exclaimed to a companion:

"Just think, Billy! Out in Chicago they aren't going to be cruel to the pigs any more when they kill them. They're going to chloroform them."

"How do they do it?" asked Billy.

"Why, they just put a sponge in front of the pig's nose and he goes right to sleep, and when he comes to himself he says: 'Why, my ham's gone!' And by and by he says, 'Goodness! Somebody's sawed my leg off!' and then he finds out that he's all cut up!"

The Germans are trying to count the languages that are spoken in their new colonial possessions. In east Africa they have found fifty languages; in southwest Africa, twelve; in Cameroons, twenty; in Tioga, five or six. These figures do not include a large number of dialects which are almost equivalent in some cases to another language. The Germans have no idea yet how many languages are spoken in their South sea possessions, but they have thus far counted fifty. Their missionaries and agents are at work reducing the languages which are most used to writing and making dictionaries of them.

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