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

A. H. WENTZ,

Jeweler and Optician,

IS NOW PREPARED TO EXAMINE THE EYES AND PRESCRIBE THE PROPER GLASSES. PERSONS HAVING HEADACHE CAUSED BY EYE STRAIN, OR WHOSE EYES ARE CONSTANTLY ACHING, HAVE NO IDEA WHAT RELIEF PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES WILL GIVE THEM.

EYES EXAMINED FREE OF CHARGE.

fe-1-tf

To Housekeepers!

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

The undersigned, having taken the old stand at the junction of West Main street and Pennsylvania avenue, at the West End of Westminster, formerly conducted by Mr. Ezra Zepp, offer to the community a full line of pure fresh Groceries, consisting of

Sugars, Syrups, Spices, Teas,

COFFEES, FLOUR, FISH, BACON, LARD, Salt, &c. Also a large line of

Queens, Glass, China, Woodenand Tinware.

CANNED GOODS AND DRIED FRUITS OF ALL KINDS;

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

We also carry a large line of

French and American Confectionery,

which we sell at bottom prices, and to which we invite the attention of purchasers, as we feel sure we can save you money. A full line of

Raisins, Nuts, Fruits, Cakes, Crackers, &c.

Give us a call. No trouble to show goods and quote prices.

Yours Respectfully,

F. S. GRUMBINE & BRO.,

WEST END, - - WESTMINSTER, MD. no 19-1y

ICE CREAM!

The Pleasant Valley Cream Co.,

Having a large supply of Good Ice and being just far enough away from railroad to get all good Plain Cream, is prepared to furnish Celebrations, Fairs, Festivals, Weddings, or Private Families with a fine article of Cream at a very low figure and on short notice.

We will run a wagon to Westminster, Sunday and every day, to deliver to families in quantities to suit.

Cream can be had by the plate or any quantity at J. P. Wohlgemuth's Bakery, No. 241 East Main street, and at his branch store, No. 87, East Main street, who will also fill all orders at short notice and receive orders for cream for Sunday, and deliver the same. Sunday orders received at J. D. Bowers', or Fred. H. Myers', at the market at Zeiber building, on Saturday afternoons.

We also invite our customers to see our factory at Pleasant Valley, where they will be waited on by Mr. E. W. Devilbiss. Address all orders:

PLEASANT VALLEY CREAM CO., Pleasant Valley, Md.

They will receive prompt attention. Sunday orders received until 5 o'clock, Saturday afternoons. ju-3-3m

INSURANCE AGENCY

—OF—

HENRY I. WILSON,

(SUCCESSOR TO JAMES SHRIVER,)

17 W. Main St., Adjoining Babylon & Gilbert,

Represents the following well known Companies:

ROYAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LIVERPOOL,

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

EMPLOYERS' ACCIDENT LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED, OF LONDON.

NO NOTES. NO ASSESSMENTS.

Refer by permission to

GEO. R. GEHR, Cashier First National Bank, JOHN L. REIFSNIDER, B. F. SHRIVER & CO., M. SCHAEFFER & CO., BABYLON & GILBERT. jy-1-1y

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 62 NO. 36. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Columbus Discovered

America in 1492,

but the farmers of Carroll county have

Only Recently Discovered

that the place to get best value for their money in

FERTILIZERS

—IS AT—

H. S. ROBERTS & CO'S.,

WESTMINSTER, MD.,

and at the same time patronize a

HOME INSTITUTION.

They not only have about a dozen brands of their own, made from careful study and experience, but also have all the material to make any formula suggested by any of their customers, or can duplicate any formula made by any manufacturer and will

Guarantee under a heavy forfeiture to make it for less money.

The Vine and Vegetable,

THE CELEBRATED

Potato and Trucking Manure

has been tried side by side with the celebrated

Maple Potato Manure

and has given as good and better results in every instance. Also whenever it was used it not only more than paid for itself in the increased yield but the quality was very much superior than when stable manure or cheaper fertilizer was used. They have another special brand for potatoes, cheaper than the above, also special brands for PEAS, CORN, OATS, PEACH TREES, AND GENERAL TRUCKING; also for FLOWERS and SHRUBBERY. Remember they always

Guarantee under the penalty of the Forfeiture

of the goods to give as good or better results, in the chemical analysis or in a crop contest, as any other goods in the market for the same price. Farmers, give them a trial and be convinced: Call or send for one of their Farmer's Manuals to

H. S. ROBERTS & CO., an-2-tf Westminster Md.

GRAND

DISPLAY OF GOODS.

My storeroom having been enlarged, thereby giving me better facilities for displaying goods, and having selected a beautiful line of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

I invite you to call and be convinced that I have the largest and best stock in town. You can be supplied with anything you want in our line at very lowest prices.

Our stock of Goods surpass any we have ever shown. Such beautiful

China, Vases, Ornaments, Lamps, &c.

Lamps of all kinds and styles.

The Grocery Department

is stocked with the finest

Fancy and Staple Groceries.

All kinds of

FRUITS AND CANNED GOODS,

NUTS AND CANDIES:

JUST EVERYTHING YOU WANT.

Very respectfully, G. W. MORNINGSTAR, 38 West Main St., Westminster. Md. no-28-90

THEO. DERR & SON.

Early Fall Weight

COATS AND CAPES,

in newest and correct styles. We are offering a nice assortment at about

ONE HALF ORIGINAL VALUE.

Now is the time to buy for these cool evenings.

We are now showing our entire line of

New Blankets and Comfortables,

at specially low prices.

SEE OUR

WINDOW DISPLAY.

We are making preparations for our

GRAND DISPLAY

—OF—

FALL NOVELTIES,

which will be on exhibition before long. THEO. DERR & SON, a-5-92 Westminster, Md.

NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE, FOR BOTH SEXES.

Classical, Scientific, Literary and Business Courses complete. Preparatory and Primary Schools for Girls and Boys. Address,

REV. A. M. JELLY, D. D., au-12-1m President, New Windsor, Md.

HALF RATES to the World's Fair by Pennsylvania R. R.

Yielding to the popular demand and to afford an additional opportunity to the public to visit

THE WORLD'S FAIR, THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CO has arranged to run a Second Series of Special excursions from Washington and Baltimore to Chicago, at the rate of

$17.00 FOR THE ROUND TRIP,

for tickets good within Ten Days for return. The dates decided on for this series of popular excursions are

SUNDAY, SEPT. 10TH,
MONDAY, SEPT. 18TH,
MONDAY, SEPT. 25TH.

The special train will leave Baltimore (Union Station) on each of the above dates at 11.10 A. M. and tickets will be accepted for passage returning on trains leaving Chicago at 3.15 and at 11.30 P. M. The special train will be composed of the Company's latest production in passenger coaches, arranged with all modern conveniences.

Excursion tickets at the rate of $26.00—FOR THE ROUND TRIP, are also being sold, good on all trains except the Limited, and valid for return passage until November 15th, conveying stop over privileges at

CRESSON SPRINGS, NIAGARA FALLS, AND WATKINS GLEN.

Choice of routes given going or returning. The Pennsylvania Railroad presents a service between Baltimore and Chicago unequalled for safety, comfort and speed.

Public Sale

OF A VERY

DESIRABLE FARM.

The subscriber, for himself, and as agent for the other heirs of the late John Weist, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, 2½ miles from Piney Creek Station, F. & Pa. Line R. R., on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1893,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the Farm of the said deceased, being part of Weist's Mill Property, containing

157 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less.



The improvements consist of a large Brick Dwelling House, with back kitchen, large bank barn, corn crib, wagon shed, hog stable, &c. Buildings are all in good repair; water piped to the barn and well of good water at the house. The land is in a high state of cultivation with running water in nearly all the fields. Six acres are Woodland and twelve acres Meadow. This property adjoins land of David Stonesifer and others, and is convenient to churches, schools, mills, stores and postoffice, and is a very desirable farm.

Terms will be made known at sale.

JACOB WEIST. an-12-ts Agent, &c.

Road Notice.

NOTICE is is hereby given that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Carroll county, at their first meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the date hereof, to locate and open a public road through the lands of Joseph Sheets, Jacob J. Study, John Leister, and the heirs of the late Emanuel Myers, deceased, making a distance of about 1½ miles, for the benefit of the public and the citizens in general; starting on the Stone Road, at Joseph Sheets' Buggy-House, and then on down to Jacob J. Study's culvert, back of the barn, and then bearing to the right along the post-fence down between two sheds, 30 feet apart, on the farm known as the Emanuel Myers property, and then past the barn down across the branch, and then turn to the left down to the edge of the bottom land owned by John Leister, and then turn to the right and go on the bank out to the county road leading from Pleasant Valley to Silver Run.

JACOB J. STUDY, JOSEPH SHEETS, JESSE M. LEISTER, E. JEROME MYERS, AND 57 OTHERS. an-12-5t

Ratification Notice.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.

AUGUST TERM, 1893.

Estate of David D. Bonsack, deceased.

On application, it is ordered this 21st day of August, 1893, that the sale of the Real Estate of David D. Bonsack, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Catharine Bonsack, executrix of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executrix, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 25th day, of September next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 18th day, of September next.

The report states the amount of sale to be four thousand, one hundred and seventy-six dollars and fifty-six cents. ($4,176.56.)

DAVID H. HOFFACKER, LEWIS CASH, ALBERT SCHAEFFER, } Judges.

True Copy—Test: GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills. an-22-3t

NO. 3168 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Harry M. Clabaugh, Assignee of Mortgagee, &c, vs. Peter Baile, and Mary J. Baile, his wife.

ORDERED, this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1893, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Harry M. Clabaugh, assignee of mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of September next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of September next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $3,290.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test: an-26-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

NO. 2430 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Charles T. Reifsnider, Trustee, vs. Joshua Sellman and Jane Sellman, his wife.

Ordered, this 1st day of September, A. D., 1893, that the second 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 18th day of September inst.; 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: se-2-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

Ice Cream, Water Ice

—AND—

Pure Spring-Water Ice!

THE attention of the citizens of Westminster and vicinity is called to my well known Ice Cream and Water Ice of the best quality. Private families furnished by the gallon or half-gallon. Special attention given to furnishing Festivals or Picnics. Orders delivered in the city or at the railroad station free of charge.

I have a large supply of Ice from Pure Spring Water and free from all washings from the turnpikes or county roads.

☞Send orders to Postoffice Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

I have cleared up the grove of Col. Longwell, adjoining my factory, and fitted up swings and a dancing floor, which parties and picnics can have the use of.

J. D. CROWL, ju-10-3m Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

THE HARVEST MOON.

—:o:—

Over fields that are ripe with the sweetness
That hides in the full-tasseled corn,
Over vineyards slow reaching completeness,
Dim purpling at dusk and at morn,
Shine down in thine affluent splendor,
O moon of the year in her prime;
Beam soft, mother-hearted, and tender:
Earth hath not a holier time.

For the seed that slept long in the furrow
Hath wakened to life and to death;
From the grave that was cerement and burrow
Hath risen to passionate breath.
It hath laughed in the sunlight and starlight,
Hath thrilled to the breeze and the dew,
And fallen, to stir in some far night,
And all the old gladness renew.

O moon of the harvest's rich glory,
Thy banners outflame in the sky,
And under thee men write the story
That cries to the heavens for reply—
The story of work and endeavor,
Of burden and weakness and strength,
The story that goes on forever,
Through centuries dragging its length.

And thou, ever stately and golden,
Thou moon of the latest year's prime,
What sight though thine eye hath beholden,
No grief to thy pathway may climb,
As over the fields that are reapen,
At evening, and level and shorn,
Thou pourest thy splendors that deepen
The rose and the silver of morn.

Select Story.

THE LAST OF THE PEPLOWS.

Miss Maria Peplow stood on the stone doorstep in order mournfully to watch the carpenter's assistant unscrew the brass plate which had braved the storms of some five-and-twenty winters, and replace it by a new one bearing a slightly-modified legend. Peplow House was still what the humorous local gravedigger, when under the influence of beer, was facetiously accustomed to describe as "a cemetery for young ladies;" but beneath that ghoulish statement the words "The Misses Peplow" no longer appeared. Miss Jane Peplow, the elder sister, had basely deserted the flowery paths of scholastic tuition, and would be shortly known as Mrs. Barton, the spouse of a benevolent provision merchant in the town. Miss Maria grieved that the ancient family of Peplow should be disgraced by what, in her prim, old-fashioned "French of Stratteforde at Bowe," she was wont to term a "missalliance." Miss Jane had indeed made a false step, and, what was worse, had not even evinced a proper shame in doing it.

When the new doorplate was screwed on—every twist of the screws hurt Miss Maria—she entered the passage, went up to Jane's bedroom, and sternly opened the door. Jane, a fair-haired, handsome woman of forty-eight—Miss Maria was dark, three years younger, and more aristocratic in appearance, with a not altogether unpleasing suggestion of lavender-like primness—had just emerged from the hands of her bridesmaid and was radiant in black silk and orange blossoms. "Enter Maria," she said, pleasantly. "I trust you have reconsidered your decision, and will honor my nuptials with your presence." But she quailed visibly.

Miss Maria sat down. She spoke with an effort. "If dear papa were alive," she said frostily, "as an officer and a gentleman he could not have approved of such a match—such an incongruous mingling with the plebeian throng: it would have broken his heart. We have never before descended to—to combine with butter. Correct me if I err in this statement, Jane."

Jane dared not. She had often heard the same remark before, but affected to treat it as wholly novel.

"You must be aware that by such a marriage you forfeit a claim to social recognition. Already, the hateful effect of such a descent has made itself felt. Two of the parlor boarders are about to leave. The—the ostensible pretext was Australian tinned meat supplied by Mr. Barton. In reality, it was the fact of your entering into a matrimonial alliance with butter, perhaps oleomargarine. Under the circumstances, you cannot expect me to—to extend the hand of cordiality to that—that doubtless worthy person. The Peplows were always wholesale, for the few brief years they dabbled in commerce."

"You are very proud, Maria," said Jane sadly. "Sometimes, I think that there are finer things to do in this world than to devote one's life to the exaction of deference based upon mere family considerations."

Miss Maria declined to discuss the question. "Has the hymeneal chariot arrived?" she asked.

Miss Jane hastened to a window and peered out. The old flyman from the Red Lion over the way had just affixed a white ribbon to his whip, and was rheumatically climbing up on the box. Then he flicked his Roman-nosed roan as it lumbered over to Peplow House. The flyman had put on his best coat for the ceremony, and had hidden his crooked, unliveried legs in a chastely striped rug, as a tacit concession to the sentiment proper to such an abnormally solemn occasion.

"The—the chariot waits, sister," she said. Miss Maria would have fainted had Miss Jane called the ancient vehicle a fly.

"Very well," said Miss Maria. "Do not think I reproach you, Jane. Better the intellectual refinement of a solitary crust and celibacy than the parvenue plenty of tinned tongue and a husband beneath one in the social scale. I am still left to watch over the family honor."

Miss Jane hesitated nervously. "Some day you may be glad of a husband's love," she said gently. "The struggle has been a hard one, Maria. John—"

"I am not socially conscious of the existence of any individual of that name," said Miss Maria, primly tying her bonnet strings. "Officially I am compelled to recognize Mr. Barton's existence as your husband, but as 'John,' never!"

"Mr. Barton," blushed Jane, "Mr. Barton wishes to know if you will honor him by living with us and giving up the sch—the academy?"

Miss Maria was touched, but called up the family pride to maintain her faltering resolution. "Jane," she said in the tones of a female Casabianca—"Jane, do not add to your other indiscretions by seeking to lure me from the path of duty. I do not blame you, Jane. Your confiding nature was no match for the wiles of one versed in the sophistries of the retail provision trade, the questionable morality which covers with an eleemosynary candlestick the doubtful quality of his dubious foreign wines; your innocence of plebian usages is the best excuse for what you are about to do; but, Jane, much as it pains me to tell you so, Mrs. Barton cannot be received within the walls of this academy. You—you understand?"

"I understand," faltered Jane. "Of course, Maria, with your stern sense of family duty, it could not be otherwise."

"No," said Miss Maria, with Spartan fortitude, "it could not be otherwise, Jane." But she crossed over to Jane and kissed her.

"But the—the bills?" timidly suggested Jane.

"When your name was removed from the prospectus and the doorplate of this academy," said Miss Maria, "you naturally ceased to have any connection with the business details of such an establishment. The chariot waits. I believe it is customary for the bride to lead the way. As my elder sister, you are doubly entitled to precedence."

"Oh, sister I'm so nervous," faltered Miss Jane, with tears in her china-blue eyes. "I ought to be so happy, and yet I'm thoroughly miserable."

Miss Maria shook her iron-gray locks with grim determination, and led the way; but Jane drew back. "This—this is the first quarrel we have ever had, sister," she faltered. "Sister, dear sister, bless me before I go to my new home;" and she flung her arms around Miss Maria's neck and burst into tears.

Miss Maria lost her stony composure for a moment, and blessed the somewhat mature bride. "I—er—hope you may be happy, Jane. I shall miss you, although you never could maintain discipline in the dormitories. Now, let us descend. The populace awaits us."

The vicar was waiting to receive the party at the church, but even at such an eventful moment his first thoughts were for Miss Maria. Miss Maria motioned him aside with, "I commit Miss Peplow to your care, Mr. Kesterton;" and Mr. Kesterton received Miss Jane and led her up to the altar, Miss Maria following behind, and turning off at her own pew, sternly unconscious of the fourteen pupils, who giggled and wept alternately, or dropped surreptitious bags of rice all over the seats.

Mr. Barton, a middle-aged, gentlemanly man, hastened to meet the bride. He was supported by a tall, grave individual named Farmer Stubbins, a mighty producer of mangolds and manures. Miss Maria had played with him in the fields and sung with him in the choir until she learned from her father that Stebbins was beneath her socially. How could she possibly be on terms of intimacy with a man who supplied milk for her young ladies! Miss Maria recognized him frigidly and bowed her head in uncompromising prayer. Ordinarily, she patronized Farmer Stebbins with a stately dignity, occasionally so far unbending as to drive out to the farm and pay his accounts. On those occasions Farmer Stebbins had exhibited a quiet pleasure that so majestic a little lady should honor his poor house by her presence. But he had never before met Miss Maria on terms of social, though temporary, equality like the present.

After the completion of the ceremony, Miss Maria went into the Vestry, signed certain documents, and drove home alone under the vigilant protection of her red-nosed charioteer. Nothing but a stern sense of duty enabled her to bear up under Jane's departure. That night, for the first time in her life, she was unable to sleep. Jane had shared the same couch with her for thirty years, and Maria had always slept with one hand thrown protectingly over Jane's head. Presently, she bethought her of a soft hairbrush, with the bristles upward, and paced it on Jane's pillow, but carefully removed it every morning lest Dorcas, the housemaid, should discover her weakness.

Jane and her husband waxed happier every day, although the school grew smaller and smaller, until even the romantic yet elderly assistant governess was dismissed and Maria reigned alone—reigned alone, with a haggard, careworn look which nearly moved Jane to tears as she sat opposite her sister in church every Sunday. And then one day the crash came. Perkins, the butcher, obtained judgment by default, put a greasy-looking Sheriff's officer "in possession," and Miss Maria gave up the struggle as she sat, with folded hands and slightly twitching lips, watching her household gods—her dearest relics—being labled and ticketed and catalogued, and announced for public sale "without reserve."

* * * * *

Miss Maria sternly refused all assistance from "trade," and sat waiting among the ruins of her home. A few small worldly possessions still remained to her, but they were of little value. On the last afternoon which remained to the last of the Peplows in her old home, she wandered about the desolate house, and took a final farewell of all the precious possessions which were henceforth to be scattered among the inhabitants of High Drayton. Then she came back to her own sitting room, and was rather startled when some one knocked at the door and the vicar entered.

Miss Maria, with a stately courtesy, motioned to him to be seated.

The vicar seated himself on a cane-bottomed chair as if it had been a throne, and proceeded to acquit himself of a somewhat delicate mission. "You will pardon me for intruding upon you at such a time, Miss Peplow," he said deferentially, "but the fact is I have come to ask of you a favor."

Miss Maria smiled. It was the one ray of sunshine in the crash which had scattered her fortunes. She bowed to the vicar and motioned to him to proceed.

"The truth is," said the vicar, "we are in a difficulty, Miss Maria. The matron in charge of Hollibone's Trust has somewhat suddenly gone away and there is no one to fill her place. It has been pointed out to me that you are accustomed to command, and I have lost not a moment, as I was unaware of your plans, in hastening to place the post at your disposal."

Miss Maria almost wept, but she was not going to sacrifice the family pride so easily. "Of course you must consider my position," she said graciously. "As a Peplow I should lose cast by accepting such a post."

"I have thought of that," said the vicar, "but perhaps you will recall the fact that the matron before the last was Lady Castlemaine's niece."

"A precedent of that sort enables me to accept the post you are good enough to bring to my notice," said Miss Maria amiably, and feeling that she must break down if the vicar staid much longer. Here was a way out of her difficulties without relying on the loathsome succor of trade. She was not aware that trade in the person of Mr. Barton had bought out the matron and hastily disposed of her in order that Miss Maria might be spared the pain of becoming homeless. But then trade is seldom credited with refinement of this kind, and so Miss Maria never knew who it was that had stepped in to shelter her; which was just as well, or she would have gone out into the rain and have refused to be sheltered.

Trade had pointed out to the vicar that the post was vacant, whereupon that worthy gentleman had at once suggested Miss Maria, if she could be persuaded to stoop to such an appointment. Then trade had used plain language. "Its all her wicked pride," Mr. Barton said. "She's breaking Jane's heart, vicar. I think a little misfortune would do her good. but she's lived a blameless, honorable, hard-working life, and I don't see how she's to strike root elsewhere. If you'll coax her into it, Jane will come and thank you; but we daren't be seen with you, or she'd suspect something."

The late lamented Hollibone had erected six beautiful little Queen Ann red-brick cottages, and an arched dwelling in the centre with a spire on the top. The central dwelling was allotted to the Lady Matron, the six cottages to divers elderly widdows and spinsters of the town whom misfortune had overtaken. In return for a small weekly dole, they were expected to attend church twice on Sundays and once on saints' days, to pray for Hollibone as well as their own souls. When they had performed this duty, they were allowed to do as they pleased, but were required to be back in their cottages by 8 o'clock every night. The Lady Matron, of course, could stay out as long as she liked.

That particularly handy man, Farmer Stebbins, happened to be passing at the time in a very roomy vehicle, and was pleased to place it at Miss Maria's disposal. While Miss Maria's scanty goods and chattels were being removed to the Lady Matron's lodge, the vicar took her back to see his wife, and kept her there until it was dark.

Miss Maria, as the vicar handed her into a cozy brougham and told his coachman to drive to the lodge, felt that she wanted to cry. She had upheld the family honor under exceptionally trying circumstances. Providence had come to her assistance, or she would have had nowhere to lay her head. She drew the black fur carriage rug round her and shivered, for the autumn night was chill.

When the carriage stopped Miss Maria got out. "This way, if you please, Ma'am," said a well-known voice.

"Dorcas!" cried Miss Maria, in surprised tones, "You here?"

"Yes, if you please, Ma'am," said Dorcas. "You didn't think I was going to leave you all by yourself, now Miss Jane has gone."

"But, Dorcas," said Miss Maria gently, as she sank into a chair before the fire, and Dorcas brought out her fur slippers as usual, "you must be aware that I have met with pecuniary reverses, and am unable to keep a servant."

Miss Maria had once nursed Dorcas through an illness, and Dorcas—a very affectionate girl—was ill-bred enough to remember the fact. "I'm going to be married in a few months Ma'am to Farmer Stebbins's head man," she said; "and the vicar has offered me the lodgekeeper's post here."

"But where's the lodge!" demanded Miss Maria.

"Here, Ma'am," replied Dorcas. "My duty is to look after my mistress. But its time you had your negus."

She came back in a few moments with the negus and a slice of toast cut into strips. Miss Maria, her gown turned back, as was her custom, sat with her feet on the fender thoughtfully warming both hands at the cheerful fire. At 8.30 Dorcas brought in Miss Maria's Bible and respectfully sat down near the door.

Miss Maria looked round with somewhat blurred eyes, "Let us thank God for all His mercies," she said. "And Dorcas—"

"Yes, Ma'am," quietly returned Dorcas.

"Don't sit over there in the cold, but draw your chair up to the fire."

Dorcas had made her bed in the little dressingroom next to Miss Maria's chamber. She tucked up Miss Maria very tenderly, and then went back to her own room. Miss Maria was so tired that she fell asleep without thinking of the hairbrush. Then Dorcas stole quietly down stairs and admitted those shivering, half-frozen conspirators, Mr. and Mrs. Barton.

"How does she take it?" sobbed Jane.

"Like a lamb, Ma'am," replied Dorcas. "Would you care to have just a peep at her?"

"She would think it a great liberty," said Jane; but she followed Dorcas softly upstairs, and knelt by Miss Maria's bed.

Miss Maria's hand wandering unconsciously about in search of the hairbrush, touched Jane's soft hair. She gave a little cry and awoke.

"Jane! Jane!" she cried. "Dear, dear Jane, where are you?"

"Did you call, Miss?" asked Dorcas, quietly presenting herself with a light after Jane had crept away.

Miss Maria sat up in bed wildly. "Yes, I—I—I must have been dreaming, Dorcas. I thought Jane was here, and that she cried over me."

"Its the strange room, Ma'am," replied Dorcas tucking her up again, and again Miss Maria slept.

As the days went by every one of any importance made a point of calling on Miss Maria. People respected her gallant struggle against overwhelming odds; they wanted to show their respect, and so they called at all hours, from old Lady Castlemaine down to Farmer Stebbins, who had snng in the choir with Miss Maria when they were children. In those days Miss Maria had patronized Stebbins with a gracious condescension which somewhat overwhelmed him, never forgetting to let him feel that they were separated by an immeasurable gulf. And Stebbins had sighed and gone about the accumulation of filthy lucre in the shape of manure as the one object of his life. Many a maid had longed for him and sighed in vain; many a matron had lured him into afternoon tea on Sunday and thrown out mysterious hints that so warm a man ought to marry and settle down. Farmer Stebbins had never married. And now that his idol had seemed to fall from her high estate, he developed a more chivalrous courtesy than before. It is needless to say that he had not worried Miss Maria with bills. Every morning he came personally with a tin can of his best cream for her use; every week he brought eggs and butter to Dorcas; and when Miss Maria gently checked him one morning, he replied that he was sorry to displease her, but that he must obey orders. Miss Maria, thinking that he alluded to the trustees, made no more objections, but, from bowing with gracious condescension, actually invited him into the parlor once a month for five minutes' conversation.

Stebbins was true to her; he had always recognized her social position, and the disparity in their family was so great that Miss Maria felt that she could safely meet him on the neutral ground of their childish experiences without losing caste. Jane had never cared for caste, and was happy; Miss Maria had cared for caste all her life, and was unhappy. She fell into the habit of inquiring about Jane from Stebbins. Jane also asked about Miss Maria from the worthy farmer. Thus an indirect method of communication between the sisters was established. Miss Maria also relied upon Stebbins to help in the onerous duties of her post. To her surprise, she found herself gradually glad to leave most of them in his hands. Her long struggle with the world had tired her mentally and physically. The ruddy-cheeked Stebbins, with his enormous muscular strength and gentle, clumsy ways, exercised a soothing effect upon her nerves. She even discovered from the County Guide that his family had once been the De Stevens, then Destevins, then plain Stebbins. He came of more honorable and ancient stock than the Peplows themselves, although his father had never served Her Most Gracious Majesty. Hence, when Stebbins, with many blushes, asked her to take tea at the farm in order to meet Mrs. Barton on neutral territory, Miss Maria, after a faint show of resistance, actually consented to do so. For some three or four months—it was now January—she had lived her solitary life, haunted by the fear that Dorcas would marry and leave her.

"You must not waste your life on me, Dorcas," she said, as she dressed in her best lavender for the tea party. "I have been selfish in accepting your devotion. When do you intend to be married?"

"Not before you, Ma'am," said Dorcas quietly, and went away.

Miss Maria started. Poor Dorcas! Then a faint flush dyed her cheek. "Dorcas, what did you mean by that remark?" she asked, when Dorcas returned with her best cap.

"What I said, Ma'am," answered Dorcas, carefully putting the cap in the box. "Shall I bring a lantern to light us on the way back?"

It was a clear, frosty afternoon. A robin twittered faint, make-believe music on a bare branch outside the window. Miss Maria listened to the bird for a moment, and then drew on her gloves. When she went down stairs another surprise awaited her in the shape of the Red Lion chariot. "What do you want?" she inquired, somewhat sharply of the Red-nosed Jehu.

Jehu was a man of few words. "You, Mum," he stolidly answered.

"What for?" inquired Miss Maria.

"Stebbinses," said Jehu woodenly.

"But, my good man, I didn't order you to come," said Miss Maria.

Jehu flicked an imaginary fly from the venerable ruin in the shafts, but made no answer.

"Go home," said Miss Maria. "I shall walk."

She went down the path, followed by Dorcas and the chariot. When she looked round Jehu still followed at a snail's pace.

"Didn't you hear me?" asked Miss Maria. "Where are you going?"

"Stebbinses," said Jehu.

"I think we'd better get in, Ma'am," suggested Dorcas. "He'll go there all the same."

Miss Maria got in, mentally deciding that she had yielded only to force majeure.

Jehu touched his hat when she got out of the chariot. "Nine o'clock, Mum?" he asked.

"Yes," said Miss Maria, taken by surprise; and the chariot rumbled away, each wheel looking as if it wanted to go to a different point of the compass.

Stebbins was at the hall door to receive them. Miss Maria thought that he never had shown to such advantage. All his natural timidity had vanished. He was the quiet, courteous host, of homely cordiality and good feeling. His housekeeper took Miss Maria up stairs to remove her bonnet. There was a cozy fire in the best bed-room. Suddenly Miss Maria—the housekeeper had gone down—fell on her knees by the side of the bed and began to cry softly, utterly regardless of the fact that she was crushing her best cap beyond redemption. She moved from one familiar piece of furniture to another—furniture she had thought never to see again. There it all was—the old familiar mahogany bedstead, the little bookcase by its side, the ancient bureau, the vast clothespress, the faded carpet, the painting of her father on the wall, the needlework sampler which had bidden contemptuous defiance to all well-known laws of ornithology and botany for so many years; nay, even the paper was the same pattern, although fresher and newer. And the room had been partitioned off to exactly the same size as her old apartment at Peplow House. There was even an old-fashioned pincushion on the dressing table—no one knew how sorely she missed that pincushion—just as it had stood for years at the Peplow House.

Before she had recovered from her surprise, the housekeeper again gave a knock at the door. Miss Maria hastily busied herself with her cap. "Does any one occupy this room?" she asked.

"No, Ma'ma."

"Has any one ever used it?"

"No, Mc'am."

Then she went down stairs and was not surprised to find herself back at the Peplow House drawing room again.

Stebbins came forward to meet Miss Maria with quiet deference, and led her to a chair—her chair—by the fire. She could not speak.

Stebbins gave her time to recover herself. "How can I thank you?" asked Miss Maria.

"If it gives you pleasure," he said, in his simple, honest way—"if it gives you pleasure, Miss Maria, it is the only excuse I have for doing it. I didn't like to think of your missing the things."

"But don't you see," she said, "you—you make it harder for me to go back."

"Don't go back. I'll go away if you care to stay here."

"What, John?" His name slipped from her lips unconsciously. She had not called him "John" for five and twenty years. "Give up your home for me!"

"Yes," he said simply. "Why not?"

Miss Maria's feeple edifice of family pride tottered and crumbled away like a house of cards. "John," she said softly, "I have spent my whole life in pursuit of shadows. You shame me, John."

He led her back to her chair, whence she had risen under the influence of strong emotion. "I only want to see you happy," he said. "I could think of no other way than to preserve the things you love. They—they comforted me."

"Comforted you?"

"Yes."

"Have you—have you any sorrow?" hesitatingly inquired Miss Maria.

"Yes," said John; "ever since I can remember anything, it has been with me."

Then a light flashed upon Miss Maria. This man had loved her all his life. She had made a barrier between them which was insurmountable. He had watched over her, cherished her, loved her, only to be repaid by condescending impertinence and patronage. Even now, he was too noble to be revenged, too magnanimous to crush her as she deserved. His sole thought had been for her happiness, for her well-being.

For a moment they stood looking into each other's eyes. The woman's fell. She moved blindly toward the door. Most men would have taken advantage of her helplessness. This man would not speak even now. Suddenly, she came back and held out her hand.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked. "I have treated you very cruelly, very unworthily. I only see my own meanness through my tears. Had I found this out years ago, when I was younger and unbroken by the world, I—I should have acted dif-

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