GROCERIES!

I AM OFFERING

Special Inducements

this season—the best I have ever offered. My stock consists of

PRUNES, APRICOTS,

PEACHES, RAISINS,

Figs, Citron, Currants,

Oranges, Nuts.

RAISINS, 5 lbs. for 25 Cents;

everything else in proportion.

GOODS of the BEST QUALITY,

bought in large quantities and at low figures will be given to the trade. Also I am getting in a large

Lot of Confectioneries,

which I will sell at Baltimore Prices.

Staple and Fancy Groceries

a specialty.

Fruits, Bacon, Flour,
Tinware, Tobacco and Cigars,
at surprisingly low prices.

Country Produce taken in exchange; the highest prices paid.

JOHN D. BOWERS,
47 and 49 East Main Street,
opposite Catholic Church, Westminster.
jan-12-93

WINTER OPENING

of 1894 at

J. T. ANDERS',

MERCHANT TAILOR,

34 W. MAIN ST., - WESTMINSTER.

The most complete line of

Suitings, Pantaloonings,

Vestings and Overcoatings, that has ever been shown to the public, and at prices that defy competition. If you want a Suit or Overcoat and will call before purchasing, I am sure I can save you money and make you happy. A fit always guaranteed, or no sale.

My line of Underwear

this fall is the finest I have ever shown to the trade, and very much cheaper than last winter. Special attention is called to my line of GLOVES, which surpasses anything in city or county and at bottom prices.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Latest Styles of Dress Shirts,

plain and fancy Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, and in fact everything pertaining to gents' outfit. Shirts made to order a specialty.

Mackintoshes, Gum Coats

in all qualities and prices. Made to order if desired. A splendid line of gents' Jewelry, Scarf Pins, Studs, Sleeve Buttons, Chains, Charms, &c., at bottom prices.

A call is solicited before purchasing your fall suit, overcoat, or underwear, gloves or anything in my line, as I am sure I can save you money and give you the benefit of a good line of goods to select from.

Respectfully,
oc-25 J. T. ANDERS.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

We desire to call you attention to our most beautiful

Wedding Presents.

Just the prettiest you ever saw, as you will say when you see them. Our line of

QUEENSWARE IS UNSURPASSED.

AND, THEN, THE

Grocery Department

CALLS FOR ATTENTION, WITH ITS

Foreign and Staple Goods

and just everything that is needed in that line. Call and see us. Think we will please you, as prices are very low.

Very respectfully,

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

NEW STOCK.

LOW PRICES FOR ALL.

COME AND SEE ME.

Having taken the old and well known Reifsnider Stand, W. Main street and Pa. avenue, Westminster, (formerly occupied by J. C. Hull,) have a clean and fresh stock of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

consisting of

Sugars, Coffees, Tees, Spices,

Syrups, Canned Goods, at rock bottom prices; Fruits, Nuts, Cakes, Candies, &c., Queens, Glass, Stone, Tin and Woodenware
Tobaccos and Cigars,

Flour, Butter, Eggs, Bacon, Lard.

Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods at the highest prices.

I make a specialty of Red C. and White C. Coal Oils.

All goods delivered free of charge and orders called for Tuesdays and Fridays. Thankful for past favor I solicit a continuance of the same. Respectfully yours,
ja-20-1y G. MORITZ ZEPP.

CROLIUS & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

47 Exchange Place, - New York.

REPRESENTED BY JOS. CASSELL GEIGER

STOCKS, BONDS AND GRAIN

Bought or sold on commission of 1-16, on margin of 3 to 5 per cent.

Stocks, 10 to 100 shares and upwards; Grain 1,000 to 10,000 bushels and upwards.

Direct private wires to New York and Chicago Exchanges.

Daily market review mailed free on application.

All communications will receive prompt attention.

Miscellaneous Securities. au-4-6m

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 4.

Orndorffs'.

A Great Tidal Wave of Reductions.

The Cheapest House in Town,

already lower than its competitors, will come down a few pegs more just to give you a sample of what they will do in 1895

You have been expecting those big drops after the holidays; well, you won't be disappointed;

We've Made Them.

A great many of our

SPRING GOODS

have been bought and are commencing to arrive.

We Must Have Room.

If you want a reserve seat, come early in order to avoid the jam.

Our buyer goes to New York in a few days to complete our spring line, just to fill up the cracks.

Oh, what an outlay of Goods we are going to have.

If you want a Coat

at our price, your price, or any price at all, take a dewdrop in and we will fill the bill.

We remain Your Friends,

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND.
sep-8-1y

CHAS. E. FINK, - SLLICITOR.

Trustee's Sale

OF DESIRABLE

HOUSES AND LOTS,

In Union Bridge, Carroll county, Md.

The undersigned Trustee, by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in Equity, passed on the 2nd day of January, A. D. 1895, in a cause wherein Mary H. Moore is complainant and Helen J. Moore et al. are defendants, will offer at Public Sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JAN. 26th, A. D. 1895,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following three parcels of land with the improvements thereon, all situate in the town of Union Bridge, in Carroll county, Md.

1. All that lot of land containing

6930 SQUARE FEET,

more or less, situate on the west side of Whyte street, in said town, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Mary T. Clary and Mrs. Eliza J. Smith, and is improved with a large brick house finished in modern style. This property has the right to use of water in the well upon said Mrs. Eliza J. Smith's land.

2. All that lot of land containing

15,463 SQUARE FEET,

more or less, situate on the west side of South Main street, in said town, improved with a Large Double House, Frame Weatherboarded, built for two families.

3. All that lot of land containing

9306 SQUARE FEET,

more or less, situate on the west side of South Main street, and improved with a medium sized Double House, Frame Weatherboarded, built for two families. This lot and the preceding one are in close proximity to each other with an ARTESIAN WELL OF WATER near the door. This land adjoins the property of Mrs. Caroline E. Waldron.

All the above mentioned properties are part of the estate of Joseph Moore, late of said county, deceased, and all are under good roofing and in good repair.

All taxes due up to day of sale will be paid by the undersigned.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the decree: One-third cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from day of sale, with interest, to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers with security to be approved of by the Trustee.

CHARLES E. FINK,
ja-5-ts Trustee.

Dividend Notice.

First National Bank of New Windsor, New Windsor, Md., Dec. 31, 1894.

The President and Directors have declared a dividend of

THREE (3) PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, for the the six months ending this day, clear of U. S., State and County Taxes, and payable on demand.

NATHAN H. BAILE,
ja-5-4t Cashier.

Dividend No. 73.

Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 31st, 1894.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Dividend of

2½ PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, out of the earnings of the past six months, payable to the stockholders of this date, on and after January 10, 1895, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes.

JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM,
ja-5-4t Cashier.

SALE BILLS, and all kinds of Job Printing done at this office, on reasonable terms.

Orndorffs'.

You have heard how we

CUT PRICES.

Well, we have got some

DRESS GOODS

we don't want. If you see the goods and have the price whispered to you we feel sure you will want them.

Will you come and look at them?

WE JUST MENTION

Fruit of the Loom,

7 cts. per Yard.

A few Horse Blankets and a couple of Red Blankets left if you want them.

Are you going to do any quilting?

We want to cut down our Calico Stock.

A lot of 7 cent prints have been thrown on our 5 cent counter.

The year 1894, which has passed, marks another milestone for the old stand, which has stood the blasts of 22 winters and has basked beneath the smiles of as many summers in your midst.

As we commence the 23rd year of its career, feelings of gatitude go out to our friends and customers for your valued patronage in the past, and we feel that if we continue to treat you in the future, as we have done heretofore, (fair and square) we will always remain

Your Friends,

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND

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.

"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.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Dividend Notice.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., Dec. 31, 1894.

The President and Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of

FOUR PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock of this Bank, clear of all taxes, payable on and after January 10, 1895.

GEORGE R. GEHR,
ja-5-4t Cashier.

ROLLER MILL FLOUR.

The subscriber has had his Mill, at Shiloh, refitted with Patent Roller Machinery, and is now prepared to manufacture FLOUR by the ROLLER PROCESS, of the finest quality and at lowest prices. Custom work still done on usual terms.

ja-5-4t NEWTON F. BOWERS.

$7,000 to Loan

ON FIRST MORTGAGE or other first-class security. Apply to

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER, JR.,
Attorney-at-Law,
de-1-tf Westminster, Md.

ASK for Applewood Whiskey at STRASBURGER'S.

Select Poetry.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE INCOME TAX.

What is the size of you income? Give us the figures, pray:
And don't you be modest about it, for shyness won't do to-day.
All you who've been ostentatious, and living beyond your means,
Go down to the tax-assesor and invite him behind the scenes.

Where is your cash invested? Open your coffers wide.
The Bogie man of the Treasury is standing at your side.
He's noted your yacht and your horses; he's noticed the way you sup;
And he's going to be mighty careful how you foot your columns up.

He's been on the "roof" at the opera, and has envied you down in your box.
And he's always wanted a chance like this to whack at the man with stocks.
He's stood by the cafe window and watched you lunching within,
And he has a pretty good notion of the size of your pile of tin.

He's thought you were going it lively, were travelling much on your shape,
But now he is going to prove it, backed up by square miles of red tape;
And you who've been ostentatious must tell the whole truth to-day.
You've got to admit you're a fraud, sir, or you've to step up and pay.

So tell us the size of your income; account for each little red cent.
This terrible cad, the collector, knows pretty well what you have spent;
And if you think to escape him by making it small you will fail,
And end, if you try to deceive him, in a small private box at the jail.

Select Story.

ARTY.

The sun had gone down and the beach was deserted. Not that the straggling settlement was much of a resort, nor the season far advanced, but the simple inhabitants were rejoicing in the fair spring weather after an unusually severe winter.

They came from their overcrowded houses to breathe the pure air and bask in the warm rays that fell upon the sand and danced on the shimmering sea. The more enterprising among them were busy preparing for the approaching summer, mending their fishing-nets and tackle, baling out their boats and painting them anew, for they would carry many a fair cargo during the coming months.

The women and girls made baskets. Their deft fingers fashioned them of every conceivable shape and style, and these were to be filled with dainties which the sea served up,—shells, sea-weed, curious bits of coral, and queer driftings that the waves washed ashore.

Sandy Point was midway between two watering places. It would have remained unnoticed but for its race of hardy fishermen, whose boats and services were eagerly sought by the pleasure-loving crowds; whose strong frames and iron sinews were languidly admired by the young men who wore immaculate bosting flannels.

And thus, year by year, the hamlet rose above obscurity, the battered houses began to show signs of renovation—even of ornament. The maids gave coquettish touches to their simple attire; the matrons took more pride in their homely duties; the men, young and old, awoke from their lethargy, influenced no doubt by the gay world which surrounded them, until gradually Sandy Point assumed a rugged beauty which rendered it a most attractive haven in the social turmoil.

The evening sun had vanished with unusual splendor. The day had been exceptionally mild, and the sea was only stirred with a gentle heaving and a far-off sound of hushed breakers. The western sky was a crimson glow, touched with amber here and there, and the distant hills were crowned with glory. It was a scene of unspeakable beauty, and somehow, in a vague way, this was felt and appreciated by a lonely figure on the beech, a lithe, straight, youthful figure, standing quite still, close to the lapping, murmuring water, and listening absently to the evening cry of the sea-birds, the faint lowing of the cattle, and the distant tinkling of their bells.

It was very peaceful—and yet the young fisherman, as he stood there, a picture of health and strength, felt strangely at variance with all about him. There was a surging in his heart—a wild longing that threatened to burst its bonds; and with an impatient movement he shifted the oars which he carried across his sturdy shoulder.

He was a handsome fellow, this child of the hamlet,—a combination of physical vitality and sensitive nature which placed an invisible barrier between him and his coarser comrades. Not that he held aloof, but rather that he was foremost in all their sports and industries, obtaining among them a sort of prestige which they readily yielded.

No fisherman along the coast could make such a day's work as Arty Green when the humor seized him; and none knew better how to guide a boat into the surest places. It was Arty who found the choice bits of grass or reed for basket-makers, and whose quick eye discovered the rarest ocean-treasures. It was Arty who lent spirit to the occasional dances in which the young men and women indulged, when the moonlight shed its rays of silver along the beach, and some stray fiddler drew measured tunes from his cracked instrument in their behalf.

It was Arty whose deep, powerful voice would rise in sweetness above the roar of the restless sea. There was none around about to equal it, as its wildly harmonious cadence swelled to a wonderful volume or died away in emotion. It was when he sang that one felt the singular fervor—that spirit apart from the hamlet—which had entered his soul and refined it above that of his fellow-fishermen.

But now as he stood in reflection in the afterglow of the evening, no music would come to his lips. Instead, a sigh forced its passage between them,—a sigh which was borne on the waters, which came from his heart and which fell like lead on the heart of another.

A touch upon his arm aroused him, and he turned with a start to face a girl whose form looked shadowy in the fading light.

"What's keepin' you, Arty? It ain't surely fish you're thinkin' of this time o' day. Truth, but I'd know you better, my lad! It's not dreamin' you'd be, but balin' your boat and gettin' all ready, wouldn't you now?"

"Yes, Elsbeth."

"'Yes—Elsbeth!' an' many's the time ye'd be sayin' 'No—Elsbeth!' if only for the sake of a quarrel! It would be a kiss an' make up after, so I cared naught. But now you're sparin' o' your kisses, Arty, an' I'm lonesome these long, busy days. Will ye be comin' home, now—or—"

There was an odd tremor in the girl's voice, the blithe voice which he used to love so well. It stirred within him a sudden pang, as he bent down and kissed the pouting lips.

"Don't fret, Beth. It's all right, an' I'm comin'."

He turned slowly and glanced wistfully toward the hills which loomed in the distance. Then, as he drew the girl close to his side, he noticed the rebound of her elastic spirits, and blamed himself that she should be the plaything of his moods, which ill-suited such a merry winsome lass.

"Oh, I know what you're thinkin'," she said, as they paced slowly along the beach. "Yes, I know, Arty, well, an' it's like ye for all the world—but don't worrit. Now that Miss Barbara's come, you'll be fillin' your pockets, and belike we'll get married in the fall. She's been good to us, Arty."

"Yes."

"Ah! you couldn't gainsay that! An' she so young, an' rich, an' beautiful! It was the singin' that took her notice, for you've a voice fit to lift the heart out of one's body, if I do say it!" and Elsbeth's eyes lingered lovingly on the stalwart figure by her side.

Her glance was both fearless and modest, and surely to her and none other belonged the right without question to look at him; but somehow a mist rose between them, and Arty seemed far away from her as he fastened his gaze on the pebbles which he crunched beneath every footstep. Over the girl's laughing features came a look of pain and wonder. This mood was new and perplexing to her. It was not Arty's way to be silent, and she sought in her mind for the reason; for though his arm was about her, she felt little warmth in the pressure. It gave her no sense of protection.

Elsbeth could not understand it,—this feeling that moved her so strangely. Her nature was simple and trusting; her life was open as daylight; but her quick woman's instinct had warned her of something amiss with her lover. And Arty—his thoughts were ascending those far distant hills over yonder, and out of the gathering darkness a face came distinctly before him. It was Barbara's face and not Elsbeth's—a lily, instead of the wild rose. And innocent Elsbeth scarce dared to glance toward the height of this vision, adored from afar, the fair creature who came every year to the hamlet.

Like a spirit, she flitted among the rude people there; her soft hand soothed many an aching head, her sweet voice hushed many a demon; and the rough fisher-folk, when she passed them, bowed low, as they might to an angel.

And Barbara Gayle, loved and petted, had singled out this pair of sweethearts, on whom to shower her kindness. She brought her gay friends in the summer, and always took Arty as her pilot, for his boats were the largest and stanchest, and he knew every turn in the coast-line; and no one could dream, as he sat there, guiding the small craft and singing as the sun died away on the waters, that all of his simple, passionate heart had been transferred to Barbara's keeping. He knew that he was bold,—that this secret must always be locked up within him; and his proud spirit rose in rebellion against his station, and the social bond which goaded and pressed him. Poor little Elsbeth's caresses were the last bitter drops in his cup.

Elsbeth could bear the silence no longer. Again her touch roused him, and she said timidly:

"Now that Miss Barbara's come, Arty, she'll be hirin' your boats for the season. Have you rigged them up, lad?"

"All but the Pelican. She ain't good for much. But maybe, after all, Miss Barbara may want somebody else to sail about with her fine folks. Who knows?"

He spoke with a repressed bitterness which could not escape his companion.

"Why, Arty!" she exclaimed. "How you talk! As if Miss Barbara 'd have anybody else! Who can sing for her like you, I'd have you tell me?"

She could not see the quick flush that mounted to his face as he answered slowly:

"My singin ain't for sale, Beth, leastways to you and—and—Miss Barbara."

"But think of her friends, Arty," persisted the girl, "and the silver pieces that clinked in your pocket, and all because of your voice! I haven't heard you sing in a long time. Why don't you try? It would sound so nice just now when everything is still!"

They had paused in their walk, having reached a sheltered nook where they sat together on pleasant evenings. Elsbeth perched upon her favorite seat, but Arty remained standing beside her, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder, and his dark eyes gazing out on the broad expanse of sea and sky.

"Well, what shall I sing?" he asked.

"One of the old songs, Arty."

Then he freed his voice. It was only a fishing-ballad, but the words were lost in the weird, plaintive notes. As pure and unfettered as the air about them, his voice gathered volume and sweetness in its flight. The poetical nature of the singer escaped the coarse bonds that confined it, and Arty forgot for the moment the prose of his moral existence.

Elsbeth was painfully conscious, as she heard him, that hers was a sphere far beneath him, and for the first time his singing brought sadness instead of pleasure. She rose suddenly as the last echoes died away.

"It's growin' late, an' I'm cold," she said with a shiver. "It's time I was at home, Arty." And they walked on in silence the rest of the way.

"Will you come in?" she asked, pushing open the little gate in front of her house.

"No, not this evening. I'm busy. Good-night, Elsbeth," and, kissing her gently, he strode away, leaving her to wonder sadly, and watch his vanishing figure through her tears.

The summer came on, and the two watering-places on either side of Sandy Point had become so over-crowded that a few hastily constructed cottages had invaded the quiet hamlet, looking very strange among the primitive dwellings, but adding considerably to the dawning prosperity of the place. Visitors were no rare sight now, and gradually the lonely beach began to assume a festive appearance, while the simple fishermen looked on in wonder at the doings of the newcomers.

Arty's hands were full, for Miss Barbara Gayle came often with her friends. She was, as she said, determined to raise Sandy Point from its obscurity, and had already become queen of the little circle which had gathered there.

She still took a great interest in Arty and his sweetheart, and saw with concern that all was not going well with her favorites. There was no quarrel, for they were constantly together; but a perpetual gloom had chased away the radiant vivacity from Arty's face,—and was it imagination, or in truth were Elsbeth's checks less ruddy than of yore? Barbara was quick to note these changes, because a new happiness had made her own life fairer, and she was troubled at the vauge shadow, which she saw dimly, but could not grasp.

Arty seldom sang now. On the rare occasions when she asked him, Barbara found that he did not like to sing, so she ceased to urge him, though she never failed to press him into service whenever she could, often wondering, as she watched his graceful movements and his strange gravity, what earthquake had unsettled his little world.

This question was perplexing her as she made her way over the sands one afternoon, to the spot where Arty was at work repairing his boats. She looked like a picture in her white flannels and with her pretty golden hair tucked up under her white sailor hat. Arty did not hear her light tread until she stood beside him. Then he looked up with a start, and his bronzed face flushed as he hastily took off his cap.

Miss Barbara laughed softly.

"I did not mean to startle you, Arty, by coming like a ghost,—but I want to speak to you if you can find me a seat somewhere. Don't let me interrupt you. You can listen while you work."

"The Pelican's clean and dry if you'll step up a bit, Miss Barbara."

He gave his hand to help her over the little embankment. The young lady settled herself comfortably, while Arty laid by his heavier labor and took a quantity of fishing-cord to disentangle.

"Now, Arty," began Miss Barbara, "I am going to tell you a great secret, and you are the first one here to know it."

She paused in embarrassment, and looked at the young fisherman, whose face became suddenly pale, and whose hands trembled over his work.

"Well, Arty, can't you guess? You are usually quick at guessing," she said at last, impatiently.

"Yes," he said slowly and without lifting his eyes. "You—you—want to tell me that you're going to be married."

Barbara's face was all aglow. She clapped her hands delightedly.

"Bravo!" she cried, "and the lucky man, Arty, can you guess who he is? Ah! I'm sure you can."

Arty shook his head.

"Then I'll tell you. It is Mr. Eric Hartwell. You remember he came here last summer and was so pleased with your voice? Arty, you never sing now. Why is it?"

"I'm too busy," he replied.

"But you were just as busy last year, it seems to me. Well, never mind. When Eric comes, he will see about it. He wrote me he would be here soon. His mother is not strong, and needs the sea-air, so they have engaged rooms in the last new cottage. And, Arty, you'll be very nice to them both, for my sake, won't you?"

The poor fellow made no answer. A lump had risen in his throat. A mist blurred his sight, but he fixed his eyes on his work. Barbara looked puzzled at his silence, which she thought she understood, for she said after awhile:

"I wish I could see you happy, too, Arty. When shall you and Elsbeth be able to marry?"

"I don't know!"

He sprang up with sudden vehemence and faced her, speaking wildly,—yet trying in his clumsy way not to frighten his already startled companion.

"I've been thinking it all out, Miss Barbara, and—and I'm not half good enough for Elsbeth. That's the truth of it. I ain't humble enough to try and deserve her. My temper's soured somehow, and I might break her heart,—poor girl!—with my gruff ways."

Barbara looked at him in wonder. "I can't understand it all," she said sadly.

"Don't try, Miss Barbara, please. I can't tell you. It'll all come right some time, I reckon, but ——" he raised his haggard eyes beseechingly —"don't tell Elsbeth. I'm rumpled up in my mind. She don't suspect."

"Ah, but she does," said Barbara reproachfully. "She's not the same, either. Oh, Arty, what have you done?" and forgetful of her own bright future, her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't, don't!" cried Arty piteously. "Indeed, Miss Barbara, I'll do my best by Elsbeth."

"I trust so," she answered gravely as she rose. Arty helped her from the boat. It was useless to prolong this scene, and the daylight was beginning to fade.

"Things may be brighter after a while," she added cheerfully, and then she left him alone with his despair.

And now began the sharp struggle which lasted all through the long summer with a dreadful persistence. A sickening sense of repression sunk Arty's every good impulse in torpor.

The days passed like phantoms to him; he scarcely knew one from the other. Sunday alone he distinguished by the far-off sound of the church bells.

The change in him was pitiful. One could not help noticing the total absence of his old buoyancy. Elsbeth's heart ached, but she could do nothing. There were no confidences between them now. A few months back, she would have questioned him; but then there was not this something between them.

It was well that she had her simple duties to engross her; gradually she withdrew from her former companionships, becoming absorbed in her work, taking little account of the ready sale her baskets brought her. Arty went on long fishing expeditions and Elsbeth, sitting alone on the beach, would watch his boat disappear beyond the horizon-line, and then would turn with a sad interest and envy to the happy lovers who sauntered daily on the sands.

September came. Eric Hartwell and his mother lingered far beyond the season at Sandy Point, and Barbara never found the sea so beautiful as now, when the breeze became stiffer and the waters rushed to the shorein huge breakers, while foam and spray dashed everywhere. Perhaps it was love that made everything attractive in her eyes; but there was a fascination in the roar of the ocean and the leaden sky, even after the Hartwells were gone. She felt an irresistible desire to linger in the dear haunts, and often she and Elsbeth would take long walks tggether on the desolate beach.

Barbara saw little of Arty. His wild words had frightened her, and she tried to avoid him until his morbid mood should have left him; but one day she chanced to meet him as he was stepping into his boat, and she was startled at the drawn look on his handsome face. His eyes were bright and feverish, but his manner was quiet and respectful as usual, and reassured her.

"I envy you your sail, Arty, on this fresh day," she said. "Couldn't you take me aboard and land me a few piers below? I need some salt air."

Arty flushed, and then grew pale as suddenly.

"It—it's cloudy," he managed to say. "There's a storm comin'."

"Not soon," declared Barbara, "and I am a good sailor. However, if you don't want me,"—she added slowly, "I can go along the beech just as well. I thought a sail would be pleasanter."

"I'll take you," answered Arty quietly, but he set his teeth hard as he helped her into the boat, and breathed quickly, as if in pain.

For some time not a word was spoken. Barbara sat enjoying the fresh gusts of wind which seemed to fill her with new vigor. She had her thoughts to occupy her, and did not notice that, instead of keeping near the shore, they were drifting further out to sea.

A drop of rain upon her cheek startled her, and she looked around anxiously. Only the green turbid water stretched away on every hand. The coast line had entirely disappeared, and the little boat was rocking violently.

"Oh, Arty!" she cried in dismay, more frightened now by the look on his face than by all the menacing dangers which had loomed up so suddenly.

He laughed,—a reckless sound that had no mirth in it.

"We're just sailin', Miss Barbara. You said you liked a sail, didn't you? The Pelican won't last long out here—but it didn't much matter. We'll just go down in one of those big waves." He spoke rapidly and all his restraint gave way. 'I was goin' alone," he went on, "but you came and begged me to take you. I told Elsbeth last night,—ah! I don't know—never mind! I'll let the boat drift now. We can't hold out much longer, and I won't mind dyin' much—with you." He leaned forward unsteadily, and the hand he laid on Barbara's was burning.

She shrank away, and though half dazed, she tried to think calmly, face to face with this sudden and awful danger, and learning for the first time the secret of this young, untutored heart.

Her life, she knew, and Arty's, hung upon the slenderest of threads. The storm was muttering in the distance. The boat was tossing like a helpless thing, and Arty himself was speaking incoherently in the wildness of fever. Her only hope lay now in the thought that Elsbeth's faithful, loving heart might have divined something from the poor fellow when they last met.

This was a faint hope at best, but she caught at it and hushed the despair which assailed her. Closing her eyes for a moment, she murmured a prayer in the silence. Then she laid a cool hand on his hot one, and tried to speak calmly and clearly

"You were wrong, Arty, to come so far out to sea," said she. "They will be frightened at home."

"Yes, yes. Mr. Eric will be frightened, too, but it won't matter. Yo will be with me—safe with me."

"Yes, safe, I hope," answered Barbara with a blanching face. "You would not hurt me, Arty."

"No—no. They say it don't hurt much. I was goin' alone—but I have you. Shall I sing now?" and without waiting for a reply, he broke forth into exquisite melody. Song after song floated out on the troubled sea. Heedless of the rain and of the lurching of the boat, he sang on, while Barbara strained her eyes for some sign of help.

The sound of Arty's music rose above the storm. Barbara was chilled and dripping. She clasped her hands in silent agony. Was she fated to die, thus foresaken in the pride of her youth and her beauty, with life smiling on her so brightly?

Where was Elsbeth? Surely, that wild singing must reach her ears. Barbara felt it throbbing in her heart in her very brain. Was there no help?

Suddenly a sound came to her,—faint indeed,—but to her ears it seemed like a trumpet-blast.

Arty was beyond noticing anything now, but Barbara heard it again and again. She could not answer, but Arty's voice would guide, for it rang out with wonderful power whenever the wind subsided. Her strength was nearly given way, but she held up bravely, until out of the mist struggled help at last! Among the sturdy crew she caught a glimpse of Elsbeth's anxious face, and then she knew no more.

At length a faint sigh and a motion told Elsbeth that life was returning, the blue eyes were opened, and slowly the girl understood what had happened.

"Arty!" she whispered. "Where is he?"

Elsbeth's voice trembled. "Saved like yourself, Miss Barbara, but the poor lad's ravin' in fever. I'm grieved, but I'm glad to know a fever's all that ailed him. I'll nurse him back to life, please God, and—and there won't be any more trouble. Poor Arty!"

Barbara lay still through the rough passage home. She was thankful Elsbeth saw no further. It would all come right, she was sure. A few days later she went home.

And it did "come right," as Arty slowly recovered. Elsbeth noticed one day that his arm held her closely, and his dark eyes seemed asking a pardon. His dear face grew tender and pleading,—a smile flitted over his features and she was cohtent. His wandering heart, which never meant to be aught but true, had come back again to its own.

Queen Christina of Spain recently presented to our Lady of Almudeada a valuable opal ring that belonged to her late husband, Alfonso XII. Alfonso gave the ring to his first wife, Queen Mercedes, just herbefore death. It then went to the King's grandmother, old Queen Christian, the mother of Isabella II. She died two months after receiving the ring, and left it to Mercedes' sister, Maria del Pilar, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, who also died after a few months, as did also her sister Christina, who inherited the ring from her. Alfonso then determined that no one else should wear the fatal opal, and took it himself. Within two months he was buried. This story is believed in Spain, so to prevent further harm the Queen has given the stone to the Virgin.

Too many men still fear to battle for the truth. They palliate their cowardice by naming it "prudence," "conservatism," "discretion." Discretion may at times be the better part of valor, but the world's greatest benefactors have oftenest found valor to be the best part of discretion. The poet says that faint heart never won fair lady; the historian proves that faint spirit never won truth's victories. The golden age of which all the world is dreaming is realizable, but not through dreaming, but through doing—not through wishing, but daring.

Some people when they experience a loss are despondent; others go to work all the harder and make a gain that more than covers the loss. There is a good moral in the following. At the battle of Shiloh an officer rushed up to Grant and said: "Sheneral Sewartz's battery is took." "Well, sir," said Grant, "you spiked the guns before they were taken?" "Vat! Schpike dem new guns? No, Sheneral, it would schpoil 'em." "Well, then, what did you do?" "Do? Vy, we vent right in and we took 'em back again."

A mean man cannot be happy.

When we worry we do not trust.

Good thoughts are heard in heaven.

Guilt is the biggest coward on earth.

Hope is the half brother to happiness.

Cheek is often mistaken for cour age.

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