THE

Largest Stock

—OF—

Ready-Made

CLOTHING

IN CARROLL COUNTY

To Select From.

The Lowest

PRICES.

Merchant

Tailoring

AND

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

AT PRICES TO

SUIT THE TIMES.

Very Respectfully,

Sharrer Bros

WESTMINSTER, MD.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 6.

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

REMOVAL.

G. E. BAUGHMAN, D. D. S.,

SUCCESSOR TO DR. CHARLES BILLINGSLEA,

DENTIST.

Office 114 East Main Street, Opposite Union National Bank, Westminster, Md.

Will visit the following places:

UNION BRIDGE—1st Wednesday of each month.

NEW WINDSOR—2d Wednesday of each month.

Painless extraction of teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas. fe-23

Stoner's Nurseries,

WESTMINSTER, MD.



ATTENTION FARMERS AND FRUIT GROWERS.

I have a fine assortment of all kinds of Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Dewberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Gooseberries, and Currants; Flowers of all kinds; Shade and Ornamental trees, all of my own growing. Come and examine my stock, get low prices and see that stock is true to name and first-class.

My trees will be ready to dig about the 25th day of October. Thanking my customers for their past patronage, I beg to say that if any sold has died it will be replaced, with satisfaction to both parties.

E. STONER.

Office corner Main and Union streets, sc-15-6mo. Westminster, Md.

IRON FENCE!

ALL IRON (POST, RAILS AND PICKETS NOT WIRE.

From 15 cents to 50 cents a foot. according to variety and weight.

Send for circulars, giving full description, or call on the undersigned in person. AGENTS WANTED.

D. F. SHIPLEY, un-7-1y Westminster, Md.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters Testamentary on the estate of

HENRY CARTER,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of August, 1895, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 15th day of January, 1895.

WILLIAM R. CURRY, jan-19-4t Executor.

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 gratitude 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

Public Sale

OF VERY VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned will sell, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 1895,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp, the Beautiful Residence of the late Hiram Englar, adjoining the town of New Windsor, Carroll county, Md., on W. M. R. R., within five minutes walk from Station, consisting of

44 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

of the best quality of limestone land. More land can be had adjoining this, if desired. Buildings consist of a fine large 8-room Brick Dwelling, of modern style, with an artesian well near the door; good barn and hog house, 2 chicken houses, wood shed, coal house, and all other necessary outbuildings, all of which have been put up new within 7 years and are all in first-class condition.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash; balance to suit purchaser.

MRS. HIRAM ENGLAR.

J. Thomas Roop, Auct. ja-12-ts

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

DANIEL FORNEY,

late of Adams county, in the State of Pennsylvania, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 14th day of August, 1895; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 14th day of January, 1895.

HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
THOMAS A. FORNEY,
Maryland Administrators of Daniel Forney.
jan-19-4t

NO. 3298 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

William H. Starr, Assignee and Mortgagee, vs. Charles Cantwell and others, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 1st day of February, A. D. 1895, 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 18th day of February, 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:
fe-2-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

IF YOU NEED BONDSMEN,

—AS—

TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIAN OR FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSES,

Do not annoy your neighbors and friends by asking them to go upon your bond, but apply to the Fidelity and Deposit Co., of Maryland. This Company has half a million Capital and $200,000 surplus, and will go on your bond for any purpose, at a cost of from $10 up, or for a small percentage of your commissions. It costs you nothing to make an application.

Apply to CHAS. E. FINK, Resident Director, Court street, ja-27-1f Westminster, Md.

Wanted to Buy

A SMALL FARM—10 acres more or less, with fruit. House of 7 or 8 rooms. Address, PERKINS, ja-12-4t 1835 N. Chester St., Baltimore.

Trustees' Sale

OF A

Desirable Farm

AND OTHER VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

and Personal Property,

At Patapsco, Carroll county, Maryland.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 3296 Equity, wherein Daniel E. Bush and others are complainants, and Josephine Bush, widow, &c., and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees appointed in said cause, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, 16th of February, 1895,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the real estate of which the late Jabez A. Bush died seized and possessed, situate at and immediately adjacent to the village of Patapsco, in Carroll county, Maryland, on the W. Md. R. R., about 7 miles from Westminster and 27 miles from the city of Baltimore. The said trustees will, in the first place, offer for sale the "Home Farm," consisting of

89 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less,

but reserve to themselves the right to offer said farm afterwards in two parcels, according to a survey and plat thereof, to be exhibited on the day of sale.

The improvements on this farm are a Large and Comfortable 2½ Story Frame Weatherboarded Dwelling House, good barn, stone dairy and other necessary outbuildings. Well of good water at the dwelling. The land is in a good state of cultivation. There is a large orchard of peach and other fruit trees on the premises.



Second. A lot in Patapsco, adjoining the R. R. Station, the quantity of land to be ascertained by survey before the day of sale.

This lot is improved by a Good Frame Weatherboarded Dwelling House, stable and other outbuildings.



Third. An unimproved Meadow Lot adjoining the second described, and lying and bounding on the W. Md. R. R., the quantity of land to be ascertained by said survey and plat.

Fourth. A parcel of land, containing

ONE ACRE, MORE OR LESS,

adjoining said third lot, improved by a Comfortable Two-Story Dwelling House and other buildings.



Fifth. A lot adjoining said fourth described lot, consisting of ONE ACRE of land, more or less. It is also improved by a TWO-STORY DWELLING HOUSE and other buildings.

Sixth. A Wood Lot, near or adjoining the said fifth lot, consisting of 3 Acres, 3 Roods and 31 Square Perches of land, more or less.

An accurate survey will be made for the trustees before the day of sale of all the above mentioned land and lots, and the quantity accurately ascertained, and the same will be sold according to the quantity so ascertained by said survey and plat, to be exhibited as aforesaid on the day of sale.

Terms of Sale: One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the Court; one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JAS. A. C. BOND,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
JNO. MILTON REIFSNIDER,
Trustees.

R. C. MATTHEWS, Auctioneer.

Also at the same time and place will be sold by the widow and heirs at law of said Jabez A. Bush, the following Personal Property, to-wit:

40 Barrels of Corn, 10 tons of Clover and Timothy Hay, a lot of Potatoes.

Terms of sale.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on all sums above $10.00 a credit of six months will be given, on note with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

jan-19-ts

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale

OF A VERY

DESIRABLE PROPERTY,

Situated in Westminster District, near the City of Westminster, in Carroll County, Maryland.

BY virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Catharine Morelock and Augustus Morelock, her husband, to Jacob Young, bearing date on the 29th day of December, 1890, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 30, folio 177, &c., and by him assigned to William B. Thomas, on the 10th day of January, 1895, the undersigned assignee of mortgage, will sell at Public Sale, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1895,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., all the Real Estate described in said mortgage, containing

12 ACRES AND 24 SQUARE

Perches of Land, more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a Two-story Frame Dwelling House, Frame Stable and other out-buildings. There is a good supply of Water convenient to house.



This property is under good cultivation and is a very desirable property for anyone seeking a small farm. It is located about three-fourths of a mile from Westminster near the road leading from Westminster to Spring Mills Station, on the Western Maryland Railroad, and about one-third of a mile from said station. This property adjoins lands of Geo. Rausch, Albert A. Mitten and others, and is convenient to schools, churches and the markets.

Terms of Sale: CASH, on ratification of sale by the Court, or, if desired by the purchaser, one-third cash on the day of sale, one-third in 6 months and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest, from the day of sale.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Clabaugh & Roberts, Solicitors.
ja-26-ts

Assignee's (of Mortgagee) Sale

OF SEVERAL

Lots of Land,

In Woolery's District, Carroll Co., Md.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Hardinia V. Gibson and Tazewell J. Gibson, her husband, dated 7th August, 1889, to Tomassa Parker, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber E. T. S. No. 15, folio 178, and by virtue of the assignment thereof to James A. C. Bond, of Carroll county, dated 4th January, 1888, duly recorded, by the mortgagee, the undersigned, assignee, will offer at public sale the said mortgaged land and premises, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR, on

SATURDAY, 23rd OF FFBRUARY, 1895, at 1 o'clock, P. M., as follows:

Lot No. 1, containing

15 ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

situate in the Fourth Election District of Carroll county, Md., on the public road leading from the Nicodemus road to Freedom, about 900 yards from said Nicodemus road, and about 1 mile from Gamber P. O., and adjoining the lands of Frank Gorsuch, Obadiah Buckingham and William H. Lindsay. It is improved by a Hen House and Hog Pen. There is an Orchard upon it, with Well of Water.

Lot No. 2 contains

6 ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

and lies about two hundred yards from lot No. 1, and adjoining Charles Arnold, David Huff and others. About 40 Apple trees are planted on the place.

Terms of Sale are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; the balance in six and twelve months, to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

JAS. A. C. BOND,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auct. ja-26-ts

ASK for Applewood Whiskey at STRASBURGERS S.

Select Story.

THE BETTER REASON.

To be an engineer, skilled in the construction of railways, is one thing, and a very good thing, too, when one has a young wife and a little baby and a pretty home resulting and depending thereon; but when this ability exacts that one shall be exiled into the barbaric East for three dreary years, then the penalty lessens and embitters the reward. But the firm wouldn't hear to a refusal—that is, and continue Charles Shuler in its employ. Young Augustus Adams strained his eloquence from the pathetic to the indignant over the idea of any hesitancy. If their protege, whom they had advanced from errands to estimates, and from wages to salary, should now fail them, when their greatest contract called for their best endeavors, very well, then, he might go—straight home; they would wash their hands of him, and perhaps the profession wouldn't be in any hurry to employ one so in loyalty.

Charles Shuler walked home slowly that night, for resolution clogged his footsteps. He must go—in wife and child and home, in present indebtedness and future unprovided for, he had given too many hostages to fortune to be free of choice—but what would Clara do and what would Clara say, soft, sweet clinging Clara, so winsome, so timid, so replete in all womanly charms? How well he remembered the first day she had come to the offices; he had been as proud as a king when her dainty feet had hesitated on the threshold, and her voice almost imploringly rang out his name.

"By Jove, Shuler, there's a duced pretty girl asking for you," Mr. Augustus had said.

"My wife, sir," he had exaultantantly explained.

"Your wife, eh? Well, it is better to be born lucky than rich!"

Even Clara, who never did notice men, had remarked the admiring glance of the junior partner, and had called it bold, with a downcast, blushing face. So indeed it must have seemed to the sensitive little soul; but, bless you, Mr. Augustus meant no harm. He had a wife of his own, a grand, stately lady; just as he dwelt in a mansion and reckoned in millions. He had merely been pleased over the felicity of the subordinate whom he had always favored.

But what would Clara do and what would Clara say? Clara Would cling around his neck and weep and beseech and then submit. Poor child, when had she ever asserted her will? Even the baby, with its tiny doubled hands, could master her. She would submit and wait, as happy as might be, in the cottage in the suburbs, which he had bought but not yet paid for—ah! what a hostage was that same mortgage, even though it had been advantageously placed through the kindness of the firm! And Clara's mother, old Mrs. Winters, must stay with her. Here Charles Shuler whistled shrilly as if to pipe away the thought which would arise, that he was glad he was going since she was coming. For he disliked and distrusted his mother-in-law, not from tradition, but through experience, a silly old woman how repugnant does this second adjective render the first! No w one who is silly and young often gains therefrom that attractive quality which ordinary people not overrefined in etymology call "cunning."

Did he not well know what they meant though the dictionaries disdained such a definition? But old and silly? No, Charles Shuler couldn't stand that. He saw Mrs. Winters, despite all pretenses, and more than suspected that her falsity was more than a matter of hair and deeper than her parchmenty skin. He believed that the paste diamonds she so mincingly wore represented the desperate hopes of vanity and avarice; that her chronic langor was chronic laziness; and that when she held her head to one side and plainly murmured, "I have spells," she should say, "I sulk and coddle myself." But what then? She had brought up Clara, the maiden, surely she might be a companion to Clara, the wife.

So Charles Shuler pondered, as he plodded home, reluctant and heavy with resolve, and so events achieved. Clara did weep and cling and beseech, and finally did submit; not poutingly, as Charles had pictured, but with white, set lips, resting her cheek close to the baby on her breast, as one holds fast to an amulet. And old Mrs. Winters did come with gauds and smiles and graces intensified in nervous discomfort by the frequent recurrence of "spells." How unsatisfactory are all leave-takings! The necessary things have been so often said that the last hour drags through very inanity. Then, when the time does come, gulp, down goes the medicine, with a wry face. Very few arrangements had Charles Shuler to reiterate. His salary would be paid to his wife; either she or Mrs. Winters could call every Saturday at the office for it. There would be plenty to keep them in comfort, and to pay those debts and charges which were so potent in driving him hence. And so, God bless you, dear, until the home coming.

Each day of the three dreary years is an advance, and its sobs and sighs, the sweat of loyal endeavor. Hurry then and confusion; and when at length Charles Shuler tried to remember as he sat under the moonlit night, swayed by the vast surges of the Pacific, naught could he clearly see but Clara, with white-set lips and cheek pressed close to the baby on her breast, as one fixes one's faith on an amulet.

Charles Shuler was a worker. The firm had made no mistake in forcing him to his task—firms so prosperous don't make such mistakes. He plunged heart and soul into the completion of the contract, for he realized that at the end of the line stood his dear wife, with arms extended and dewy eyes alight with joy. A hard, dangerous life, he endured in the wilderness, surrounded by hostile barbarians and contending against stupidity and prejudice. Months would elapse before he would receive one of Clara's tremuously-directed letters, and then a whole bundle of them would come; and Charles would read the one of the latest date, and then backwards in their order, thanking God that whatever evil he might encounter, he knew that his wife and child were well. And, indeed, these missives, however full of apprehension when closed, revealed no misfortunes. The little household was leading an uneventful, peaceful existence. Old Mrs. Winters had quite recovered her spelle, and was really active in well-doing; and oh, young Mr. Augustus was so kind and considerate!

Why shouldn't Charles strain every muscle and nerve, and never cease from study and experiment, when the firm rewarded his devoirs with such interest. And so, like drops of water falling on rock, the months wore away. As one year, and then another marked their progress, from hoping, Charles came to believe that all would be well, and that before he appreciated it he would be home with his wife and child, the same as if he had never gone away, save that the little cottage would be all their own, and that men agreed in calling him famous. And he blessed each tie and each rail as they were sturdily fixed in place, wishing that to them might be given the strength of his perfect union with Clara.

One evening when Shuler could reasonably predict that he was but four months' distant from the terminus, an extraordinary incident occurred. Two young man came spinning on bicycles over the plateau to the camp, as composed and matter-of-fact as if fulfilling the park ordinance as to riders. Two young Americans they were, and from his native town, Bangs and Bayne, fresh from college and fresh from the law as soon as their modest little trip around the world was over. And oh! how they were overjoyed to meet him. Intimacy is born a giant when loneliness and homesickness are in attendance. Before the long, balmy evening is half over, Charles was added as a good comrade to the tired friendship of the two, as an initiation had laid manifest his simple life before them. The stars twinkled in sympathy, and perhaps reflected back truth upon Clara. Ah! how the young men glorified his wife's photograph and praised the baby's curl, and even found commendation for Mrs. Winters. "I shall marry little Agnes," (for that was the baby's name,) asserted Bangs.

"And I shall proffer my hand inclosing one sample of heart to the respected mother-in-law," maintained Bayne, gravely, for of course they would call at the cottage directly they arrived, and tell Mrs. Shuler all sorts of tales out of school about her recreant husband. Well, well, such a pleasant time, the happier for being so unexpected: no wonder they were merry in that gentle merriment which gains a tinge of tenderness from its proximity to tears.

But once and again Bangs would look up with a puzzled air. "Shuler?" he would muse, "where have I seen that name? You haven't had anything happen to you, have you, old man?"

"Nonsense!" Bayne retorted at length, seeing that his persistence troubled their host. "If Bangs meet Beelzebub, he would claim him as an old acquaintance."

"Out of appreciation for you, my friend," responded the frolicsome Bangs.

A pair of fine fellows, truly! Their talk, their laugh, their hearty hand-shakes transported Shuler to the very threshold of home. So they might be jesting on the streets of his native town, while he hurried by bound for the cottage and for Clara. Alas! had memory the power as the will, then distance were but the separation of kissing lips and the circumference of the world an arm's fervid embrace.

The next morning the guests made an early start. There were pledges of meeting at a famous dinner to be shared by the three just six months hence, the constituents of which had been gravely discussed the evening before. There were reiterated messages from Shuler and repeated promises from Bangs and Bayne, of how they would encourage Clara and the baby and Mrs. Winters. "Oh! yes; the old girl especially; that be my task," cried Bayne. The one gave Charles an old pipe as a keepsake, and the other, a bit of tobacco wrapped in a newspaper; both valuables as rare as beads on a savage island. And then, ho! they were off, cutting the ancient plain with civilization's latest track.

After luncheon, Shuler naturally turned to these gifts. He was tired from toil; how soothing a smoke while resting in the shade! As he was thus puffing away in contentment, his hand involuntrily smoothed out on his knee, the scrap of paper inclosing the tobacco. His eye caught his name printed thereon, and there in the fragment of a newspaper issued months before in an English settlement on the coast, he read the announcement of his death. This, then, it was which had puzzled Bangs to ask so often whether anything had happened to him. This—

Accustomed action came to Shuler's aid. He would not think. At least before going mad, he would do. Fifteen minutes for the writing of letters and cablegrams and then on the fleetest horse he was spurring after the bicyclists. With them lay his only salvation; he could not leave his duty; the success of the entire enterprise depended on the skillful work of the ensuing weeks. Even did he desert, he could not travel with their speed. They would rectify this cruel mistake for him. Thank God that hope showed this unerring line from out the labyrinth of despair. Of course he caught up with them, their future and life didn't depend on a frantic rush; of course he caught up with them, for men don't make haste when they must laugh, and jest, and smoke. And ah! how kind and considerate they were, brushing away the awful trouble as if cobwebs. A ridiculous mistake, annoying and all that, but then a line in an obscure colonial paper—what did it signify? Indeed, they would send the cablegram and mail the letters at the earliest possible moment. Clara should know that he was right before she had heard the slightest hint of misfortune. Go back to your work, old man, and make yourself famous with a tranquil heart.

But after Shuler had turned back for camp with an expression of relief blended with bewilderment, then no more did jokes and laughter and smoking rhythmically accompany the tourists.

"A queer start, that," said Bangs. "Poor little woman!" reflected Bayne, and the slender wheels sped as if weaving a torn web of life.

Relieved, yet bewildered, Shuler returned. He had rectified, but whence had come the necessity? Was that false report the wantonness of fate or the malice of man; and yet whom had he ever injured and who had cause to injur him? Perhaps all would be well, but, oh! the tantalizing activity of that perhaps. It clung to his shoulder by day, to his pillow by night, whispering, depicting, suggesting—there was no remedy except in patience, no alleviation save toil. If Clara stood anywhere awaiting, with lovelit eyes and extended arms, it was at the end of the line. Then flash pick and delve shovel, grind and break away, O dredge! Dogged and desperate, Shuler advanced, like one that raises successive breastworks in the night against the enemy of unknown force.

It was a month ahead of the estimated time when Charles Shuler, haggard and worn, reported completion to the agent of the firm in the seaport town.

"We were so glad to learn there was no truth in that rumor," said the man civilly.

"How did it arise? And did you report it?" asked Charles, breathlessly.

"Oh! naturally enough as to the first," replied the man. "One is hardly expected to survive such an undertaking, you know. As to the second, of course, I reported it promptly as I did the denial."

"It is strange there are no letters for me," replied poor Shuler.

What did it all mean? This was the ceaselessly recurring question which the long, sweeping surges left behind him, which the moonbeams inscribed on the waters, which the very stars in their cold, ironic way winked to one another. Oh! cruel, cruel, was all nature intent on driving him mad?

"There's a man in bad shape," remarked a passenger to the captain.

"A touch of the fever, I guess," was the reply, "and no wonder, when one has been plowing through swamps for years."

A whirl across the Continent—ah! that was something like! In the noisy rush Shuler found, not peace, indeed, but a certain apathy. The end was so near that, whatever it was, one need not worry about it. One now could wait idly, with dull, staring eyes that saw not; with heavy brain that would not think; with hand and limbs forgetful of their office—the end, it was so near.

It was night when the train reached the city—the great station seemed black and desolate in its chilling light. And yet, there were Bangs and Bayne by the entrance, faithful new friends, faithful, perhaps, because new. How cheery was their welcome, its heartiness so comforting, so sustaining, if anything could comfort, could sustain!

"What is it?" gasped Shuler, glancing from one to the other.

"Not here!" cried Bangs.

"No talking with a thirsty half-starved man!" protested Bayne, and they forced him along to a quiet room across the street where refreshment was in readiness. "Here's to pluck!" shouted Bangs. Here's to a loyal, trusting heart!" toasted Bayne. "And now, old man, brace yourself for the worst, as that is the first step toward the best. Your wife and baby have disappeared. Neither Mrs. Winters nor the firm knows—"

Crash went Shuler's glass to the floor, as, ghastly, and swaying, he clung to the table. "Curse her!" he muttered in his throat, "I believe she's false to me!" and he rolled prone and senseless.

* * * * *

"Well!" said Bangs, as they passed out from the hospital, "Shuler is as good as dead, and yet safe from death for the next ten days, if the physicians know what they are talking about."

"And a good thing, too," added Bayne. "He's more sensible in his delirium than he was out of it. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile the twin Hawkshaws will pursue the villain and rescue helpess innocence, eh?"

"We can do our best. Do you know, I suspect—"

"Not that poor little woman!,

"No; that old harridan, her mother. She is the Winter of my discontent. Did you notice that the jewels she flashed on us this afternoon when we called were genuine and valuable ones, however false they may have been before poor Shuler went away."

"And I noticed," continued Bayne, "that Mr. Augustus Adams did not show the interest in the revival of a trusted subordinate that the case merited, and more, he seemed to regard the disappearance of Mrs. Shuler more in the light of a personal slight than of an appalling mystery."

"The man is piqued and enraged," agreed Bangs. "I believe he is responsible for the printing of that notice. I believe that old she wolf is in his pay and would have sold her daughter's honor; I believe that poor little thing fled out of apprehension and fidelity; for, mark you, they gave themselves away when they admitted the day of her disappearance. It was prior to the announcement of Shuler's death."

"By Jove, you're right!" exclaimed Bayne. "She may never have heard of it. She may be patiently awaiting his return, unable to communicate with him, fearing to make a sign, yet patiently awaiting."

"Then I swear, Charles Shuler is a lucky man," cried Bangs, emphatically, stopping short in his energy. The friends stood for a moment on the corner of two streets, one a thoroughfare conspicuous with electric lights, the other narrow, obscure, and darksome. Even as Bangs spoke, out from this latter's obscurity a modest little figure in black, bearing a great bundle had hurried. At the sound of the name, the wan face had flushingly up-raised, the mournful, dark eyes had flashed with surprise and wonder, and then on and on had tripped the tiny feet.

"Did you see?" whispered Bayne, clutching his friend's arm. "I believe we've found her before we looked!"

"Come," responded Bangs, and down the long avenue they followed. A long avenue, truly, the lights of its perspecitve met and blended, and yet, out beyond them into the open, the brave little figure trudged.

"I wish I might carry that cursed bundle for her," growled Bayne.

"Yes, and scare the poor child to death," retorted Bangs.

"If it's she," continued the other, meditatively, "we musn't tell her of his arrival. Why? Because she would go to him and then might hear what even we didn't like to listen to—"

"You're right old man, we expect him in about ten days, that's the story. Meanwhile, he must recover both health and sense, or I hope he'll die."

A long, dreary trudge for one whom love would welcome, but ah! how long, how dreary, to thus return to apprehension, to endurance! But the trim, tiny figure flagged not until at length it turned into an enclosure and entered the portals of a small, retired house. The young men watched until in an upper room there shone a light, until on a drawn curtain there came the shadow of a graceful form tossing a baby in its arms, and then they approached and knocked. An old woman came to the door whose grave, kindly features were forbiding with suspicion.

"Mrs. Shuler," began Bangs, "we would like to see her;" and then, as the opening narrowed, he added: "We met her husband in Asia; we have a message from him."

"Yes, yes," maintained Bayne impetuously; "we are gentlemen; we are friends, believe me. See, here are our cards. We were born and bred in this city. Any one can vouch for our responsibility. We would do anything for them and for Agnes, the baby."

"Ah," rejoined the woman, softening, "she is such a sweet little child. Well, come in, and I'll see."

The young men waited in the stuffy parlor exchanging winks of mutual felicitation, but a light step brought them to their feet bowing profoundly. The little woman in black entered and stood pallid, yet composed, with hands tightly clasped.

"You know my husband—you have seen him?" she began. "Oh, can this be true?"

"Believe me, Madam," protested Bangs. "Believe my friend Bayne here. We know and have lately seen your good husband. He is well and will return within a fortnight. He sends the tenderest love—"

"Of course," interrupted Clara, almost impatiently. "But how did you know where to find me?"

"You passed us," explained the ingenuous Bayne, "and we recognized you from the photograph he showed us once."

"I remember," said Clara I heard you speak his name. And now since he sent you to me I give you my confidence. Circumstances that Charles will understand at once caused me to leave our home some months ago and come here. The owner of this house, the old lady that admitted you, is his mother's friend, and I've managed very well with plain sewing. I have been unable to write to him, and for the same reason to hear from him. Of course that has been hard, but then he will understand."

"But how then could you hope to know of his return?" blurted Bayne.

"I believe in the goodness of God."

"I beg your pardon," stammered the abashed young man, with a glance toward his friend asking a kick.

"We are to meet him," suggested Bangs eagerly. "Perhaps under the circumstances which I'm sure he will understand at once, it will be better for us to da so and bring him here, if you can wait—"

"I can wait," Clara softly repeated.

Then came cays of uncertainty and gloom for the young men. If Shuler should die, what would they do? I would never tell her," vowed Bayne. "Haii-kaii," muttered Bangs prophetically. Had they but possessed Clara's faith, they might have kept their soul's patience, for slowly yet surely the stricken man became convalescent. The physician in charge afterward said that the change had come when Bangs had whispered a few words for then the patient had smiled and fallen asleep. Shuler smiled and slept, and awakened to smile again. But when, on the day agreed, his two friends were starting to tell Clara of his illness and to bring her to him, the gladness faded from his lips as he looked imploringly on them. They read his unuttered prayer. "We will never tell," promised Bangs. "You were not yourself, you know," said Bayne soothingly.

Such a pale little woman when she heard the tidings, but oh, how bravely shone her eyes, revealing the tender care that her heart was preparing. Roll rapidly, then, oh wheels, for naught of deceit or disloyalty or shame increases thy burden.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2299-0027