We Tell You Again.

IF OUR CLOTHING IS NOT BETTER MADE AND SOLD FOR LESS MONEY THAN YOU CAN BUY THE SAME ELSEWHERE, COME BACK AND GET YOUR MONEY.

SHARRER BROS.

OUR GRAND

Spring Opening.

OUR FULL STOCK OF ELEGANT

Spring Clothing

Is now on our counters, and we invite you to inspect it.

We aim at being best in everything connected with our business.

Nothing wrong in being ambitious, is there?

We know that it involves much Hard Work, Close Study, A Quick Appreciation of Advantages to be seized, and so forth.

Under these conditions we have been gaining in reputation, increasing in sales and growing in the confidence of the people.

WE START OUT THIS SPRING WITH THE

Best-Made

CLOTHES

WE HAVE EVER HAD AT THE

Lowest Prices

EVER KNOWN.

Spring Overcoats!

Spring Suits!

Sack Suits!

Regent Cutaways,

All-Wool Trousers.

NO SUCH EXTENSIVE STOCK OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING

EVER SEEN BEFORE.

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT BUSY TURNING OUT

Handsome Suits

AND

Overcoats

TO ORDER FROM TWELVE DOLLARS UP AND TROUSERS FROM THREE DOLLARS UP.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.

Very Respectfully,

Sharrer Bros

Main Street, Near Depot,

WESTMINSTER. MD.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 15.

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale

OF A VALUABLE

LITTLE FARM,

Near Eldersburg, in Freedom district, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Jane B. Reynolds to Joshua Scrivnor, dated the 5th day of February, A. D. 1880, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber W. N. M. No. 29, folio 68, &c., and duly assigned to Caroline Scrivnor, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17th, 1895,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., all that valuable little farm, or tract of land, containing

55 ACRES, AND 1 ROOD OF LAND,

more or less, improved by a good Dwelling House, good small barn, and all other usual outbuildings, spring of water, good fruit, &c.

And also that tract or parcel of land adjoining the above tract containing

33 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 5 PERCHES

of land, more or less, situated near Eldersburg, Carroll county, Md., on the Baesman road, about 1½ miles from Eldersburg and 5 miles from Sykesville, on the L. & O. R. R. convenient to postoffice, school, churches, &c., and adjoins the farms of Elvira Scrivnor, William Baesman and others.

The two tracts or parcels of land contain in the aggregate 89 acres and 5 perches of land, more or less, and will be offered separately and jointly to suit purchasers. The land is in a good state of cultivation, with good fencing, &c. There is about 32 acres in wheat and a portion in good timber land. This is a very desirable property and well worthy the attention of any one wanting a beautiful home.

Terms of Sale.—Cash, upon the ratification thereof by the Court; easier terms can be had by application to the undersigned. A cash deposit of $250.00 will be required from the purchaser upon the day of sale.

CAROLINE SCRIVNOR,
Assignee of the Executrix and Executor of Joshua Scrivnor, mortgagee.
Geo. L. Stocksdale, Solicitor.
Jos. W. Berret, Auct. fe-23-4s

EXAMINATION OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS

Notice is hereby given that, by order of the Board of School Commissioners of Carroll county, the annual examination of Public School Teachers and other persons who desire certificates of qualification as such, and applicants for scholarships at the State Normal School, will be held at Central Hall Schoolhouse, in Westminster, on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 17th, 18th and 19th of APRIL, beginning promptly at 9.30 o'clock each day; and that all applicants for teachers' certificates and scholarships at the State Normal School, and all teachers whose certificates will expire within the next school year, unless excused, are required to attend said examination, which will be conducted according to the following schedule:

Wednesday, A. M., Arithmetic, Geography; P. M., History, Grammar.

Thursday, A. M., Geometry, Physiology; P. M., Constitutions of U. S. and Maryland, School Laws and By-Laws.

Friday, A. M., Algebra, Bookkeeping; P. M., Physics, Teaching.

GEORGE A. DAVIS,
mr-30-3t Examiner.

Notice.

The undersigned has removed to 228 East Main street. Confined to his house because of an accident. He requests those indebted to him to call and make settlement.

m-30-3t DR. C. S. HARSTONE, V. S.

Orndorffs'.

When you see a good thing push it along. We have got the best things you ever saw in Gentlemen's and Ladies'

Fine Shoes and Slippers.

The nobbiest shapes that are made in Men's footwear in Russets, Patent Leathers and Blacks. The prettiest and neatest line of Ladies' Shoes and Oxfords and Slippers ever opened for your inspection. No young man who is strictly in it can afford to pass by our line of Furnishings.

Spring Neckwear,

in beautiful effects. Correct styles in Hats. Always the latest in Collars and Shirts.

COMING

and soon will be gone—

OUR CARPETS and MATTINGS

ARE ON THE GO.

LAST CALL. DON'T MISS IT.

This is the opportunity of a life time. Embrace it. Get one of our Seamless Mattings, 12½ cent grade, for 10 cts. We guarantee to sell you as heavy a Matting at 12½ cts. as you can buy at other stores for 16 cents.

GIGANTIC REDUCTIONS IN OUR CARPETS.

The biggest come down of the season. We are closing out our line of Carpets. They are going fast. Come early if you want to get the pick.

Ingrain Carpets

AS LOW AS 15 CTS.

Half Wool Carpets

30, 35, 37½ CTS.

The prettiest line of Ingrain Carpets in town.

BRUSSELS CARPETS

AS LOW AS 45 CTS.

Brussels Carpets reduced from 65, 70 and 75 cts., to 50 and 60 cts.; 80 and 85 cts. reduced to 65 and 70 cts. Others in proportion.

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

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

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND.
sep-8-1y

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.

jan 27 94 2y

NO. 3299 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Mary F. Franklin, Assignee of Mortgagee, vs. Ann Derr and John T. Derr, her husband.

Ordered, this 5th day of April, 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 22nd day of April 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:
ap-6-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 3321 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Eliza J. Smith, Mortgagee, vs. John T. Haines and Mary J. Haines, Mortgagors.

ORDERED, this 4th day of April, 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 22nd day of April, 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:
ap-6-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

Orndorffs'.

'Tis said "distance lends enchantment." Not so with our

Dress Goods.

They will bear the closest inspection. You will find correct styles. Why will you doubting stand when others are plucking the golden fruit before your eyes? Get in the push; be with the people. Come and see

Our Summer Fabrics.

Everything in Linings—Silesias, Percalines, Canvass, Wigzan, Leno, Grass Cloth, Cotton and Linen, Hair Cloth, Fibre, Chamois and Skirt Extenders.

Specialists in Dress-Makers' Supplies.

SILK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

A PRETTY WASH SILK FOR WAISTS,

50 cent quality, 33 cents.

Shirt Waists,

to fit all forms, 25 cents to $2.00.

We carry in stock from $2,500 to $3,000

Standard Patterns,

acknowledged by all to be the best in existence.

We sell all the Standard Publications. Every month we present you fashion sheets free. If you will kindly examine them, we feel sure you will decide that they are ahead of any of the old fashioned patterns now on the market.

On Saturdays, April 6th and 13th,

we will have special sales in

Carpets and Cottonades.

These are bona fide reductions; No fakes.

If you are contemplating the purchase of anything in Dry Goods don't you think it would be business before buying to come and see what we have and hear our prices? We can save you money.

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,

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

NEAR R. R. DEPOT,

WESTMINSTER. - MARYLAND

Select Poetry.

EASTER HOPE.

When Winter's minions have withdrawn
Their spectral tents from hill and plain,
And down, by vermeil-mantled dawn
Comes spring to claim her own again.

The wind-flower in its sunless sleep
Within its prison chamber chill
Feels sudden through its being leap
A vernal and ecstatic thrill.

Hope bids thee look, O drooping heart,
Beyond Death's dark environing,
When, like the flower, thou too shalt start,
Renewed as with the touch of spring.

—Clinton Scollard, in Harper's Bazar.

Select Story.

Grandma's Easter.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

From Harper's Bazar.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

One day in early winter, however, there came to him another letter in the same mail with his mother's—a letter from Mirandy, running thus:

"FEEDING HILLS, November Tenth.

"DEAR PHILLY,—I rite to say we are all in Health accepting Your ma, she is quite Poorly. i want her to hev the Horse tackeled up and Go to see a Doctor, but She doant Want to, sez its Rumatiz, but it aint; it Ketches her dreadful quick in the Brest by spells, so as she cant Breath. i feel Consarned about her, so does Iuke. we wisht You wood come Back. I think she hankers for you Quite a little. do Hurry up. says in the Reeder

'this is my Own my Native land,'

and ain't it yourn, forrin Parts had ought to be considerible well Viewed by this time. Respects to your wife and Children. yours to Command

"she dono that i have writ ye; don't speak out."

This queer letter filled Philip Burr with anxiety. His mother was over seventy. At her age she could not bear much. For the first time he began to see that he ought not to have left her. At first his passion for his art had so filled his thoughts that his mother had small place in them; and the old saying that "love runs down, not up," has in it a certain truth. He had outgrown utterly his early life, and its routine and detail had seemed terribly irksome and dull to him on his few brief visits to his home. He had not then been old enough to appreciate the idyllic simplicity and purity of his mother's nature, and thirty years of separation, a new life, ties far stronger than filial, had superseded whatever tender memories lingered in his heart. He had sometimes, since he had children of his own, thought regretfully of his mother; but he had made for himself a home in Italy, and, mother-like, she had never urged him to return. Could he know—would any man be likely to know or imagine the deep longing to see her only boy that underlay such quiet words as these. "I hope you are well, dear Philip. I know you cannot come home to see me, but I think a great deal about you and your folks, and pray for you all every day. Feeding Hills is about as you left it, but I expect I should not know my boy if ever I see him again."

Could he hear in these simple phrases, that seemed to accept the situation that parted them so calmly, the cry of "Rachel mourning for her children?" Ah! who can tell in week mortal speech the miraculous patience, the utter selflessness, the depth and height, of mother-love! Has not God Himself set it as the highest measure of His own? Is it not the interpretation of Divine love, in its devotion, its unexacting endurance, its lavish giving, its exhaustless forgiveness? What other human passion does not pale before it as a taper in the broad effulgent light of dawn?

It had come about that before Mirandy's letter reached Philip Burr he had heard of the death of his wife's uncle in New York. Mr. Vandyke was a bachelor, and very wealthy, and Euphemia had been his favorite niece always; now, from the death of her sister and brother, she was his only near relative, and his great fortune fell to her. In the coming spring Philip expected to go back to America and take possession of all this; for Mrs. Burr did not like to take her family to so cold a climate in the winter. Now, however, she urged Philip to take them all home; their uncle's house was ready to receive them, as his old house-keeper remained in charge still; and it seemed to Euphemia Burr a necessity that for a few years at least they should stay in America and look after the property; so they packed all their goods—not a brief or easy thing after all those years of accumulation—and in January arrived in New York, and found themselves at home, and, after some weeks of work, thoroughly settled in Mr. Vandyne's house. Philip's reputation had gone before him, and he was tendered dinners, receptions, and all sorts of hospitality at once; but as soon as his wife and children were made comfortable he hurried to Feeding Hills. He had taken the precaution to write his mother before they left Europe, and twice since they arrived in America, the last time to announce his coming to her, but still he was startled to see the ghostly pallor of her cheek as she rose to welcome him, pressing one hand on her breast and gasping for breath. Mirandy, who had come out at the sound of wheels, put one sturdy arm about her.

"Now don't ye, dear—don't. 'Tis Phil, and ye knew he was comin'. Here, smell to the camphire. There! there! set back in the rocker, an' I'll fan ye."

"I'm better," she said, faintly, forcing a pale smile. But it was many minutes before she could do more than look at Philip or speak further. As for him, a sudden rush of the old love filled his heart and eyes as he looked at the tiny old figure, with its thick waves of silver-white hair crowning the gentle deep-lined face, and seeming to darken by contrast the large placid eyes that had faded from their azure and grown dim with time, but were still tender and serene. How could he have left this frail little mother of his to the tendance of servants so long? Remorse b gan to stir in his soul; he could not but recognize in her attack the agony of some mortal disease. His mind was made up at once; he would take her home with him. Her last days should be as happy and as comfortable as skill and affection could make them.

His reverie was disturbed by a pressure of the cold hand he still held. His mother was herself again.

"Dear Phil!" she said, "it is you, isn't it? It seemed so strange to see my boy an old man like you."

Philip laughed tremulously. "Mother dear, isn't it time I grew gray? I'm more than fifty by two years clear. Had you forgotten?"

"No; but it's so long since you were here, I've always thought of you like when you went away. And are your folks well, Philly?"

"Ah, mother, you would not wonder at my gray hairs if you could see Ned and Charley, two big boys—young men, they would say—twenty-five and twenty-three; Effie, eighteen; and even the baby is twelve years old now—my second Hannah."

"Why, you called her for me!" And the accent of surprise and joy brought tears into Philip Burr's eyes.

"Yes, I didn't quite forget you, mother. But, Mirandy, shouldn't she lie down?"

"She had ought to, that's a fact."

"But, Phil?" The pleading voice asked a question he understood without words.

"I'm going to stay a long time, mammy." And the sweet old face brightened with a smile as she went to her room with Mirandy, and tried to rest after the anguish of her spasm.

Mirandy beckoned Mr. Burr into the kitchen when she came back, and once there, gave him such a hand-shaking as only Mirandy could give.

"Well, if I ain't glad you're to hum again, I ain't nothin'. I've ben on tenter-hooks sence I wrote to ye for fear I done what I hadn't ought to noways. But I got skeered enough about her."

"You had reason to be, Mirandy. I ought to have come home long ago."

"Well, let that slide; you done accordin' to your lights, an' nobody can't do no more. The p'int now is, here you be, an' what can ye do for her?"

"I must take her to New York with me, Mirandy, and see a good doctor about her."

"Well, mabbe. She won't go easy though; an old tree gener'ly dies movin'. I'm 'most afraid to hev ye."

"But isn't it best? The doctor here does not seem to have helped her."

"Land! she hain't had him, an' I haven't insisted on't, for I haven't got no great of faith in doctorin' anyhow; its pretty near all guess work, an' a fat, shakin', sputterin' old cretur like Dr. Martin ain't no more capable of a likely guess than I be. I've give her skull-cap tea some, an' kep' up her strength with broth, an' egg-cider, an' sech, an she's sech a calm kind of a creatur anyway that she's held her own so fur. I expect it's neurology, but p'raps a York doctor might know suthin to help that."

"I can but try," said Philip, sadly. "But where is Luke? an' how will it be with you, Mirandy, if I take mother away?"

"Oh, he's out to the barn a-putterin' round, I guess; he'll come in soon as I blow the dinner-horn. The' won't nothin' 'arthly keep him from vittles an' drink. What'll I do? Well, I expect you don't mean to fetch her back here?"

"No; I never mean to have my mother away from me again."

"Well, thirty odd years is 'bout enough in a lifetime. Thank the Lord! I wa'nt never pestered with childern. You train 'em up, an' away they go, as Scriptur' says, an' where be ye? Jest as lonesome as though you was a old maid an' done with't. Wuss, fortino, for them that hain't had to lose, hain't had to grieve. As to me, I've ben a-keepin' Luke on the anxious seat quite a spell. He didn't seem to set a mite by anybody else; no more did I; but I wasn't a-goin' to put the best feller that ever was created—an' he ain't that—not but what he's clever enough—before Mis' Burr. I growed up along of her, an' I think the sun rises an' sets in her face; but ef it's best for her to go to York, why, 'tis best, an' I sha'n't peep nor mutter. But I guess I'll hitch up with Luke. An' ef you're a mind to let us rent the farm, why, it's kinder providential that old Curtis, who has had it along back, had the shock-anum palsy last week, an' Mis' Curtis she's dreadful poorly with risin' of the lights, so's they spoke to Luke—leastways she did—about writin' to you to find somebody else to take it. An' there's consider'ble work in me yet, if I be sixty-five; an' Luke ain't but fifty-five. I guess we can run it for a spell."

"My dear old friend," said Philip, with the tears in i is eyes, "you shall have the farm rent free; don't say a word. You have been better than a child to my mother."

"Well, I never!" And Mirandy bolted into the shed with her apron thrown over her face. Luckily there was a hole in it, so she did not fling herself against the wood-pile.

In the mean time there was a little drama set on the New York stage for Philip Burr's consideration in due season. While her father was gone to Vermont, Miss Effie, under her mother's wing, was tasting the delights of society; she had been brought up in foreign fashion, and her simplicity, purity, and modest grace were as unique among the sparkle and dash, the fearless chatter and rapid manner of her new associates, as the aspects and ways of a ring-dove would be among a flock of blackbirds. She was not a belle; fast young men did not admire her; but there were not a few of the better class who contended for her shy smiles, and among them was John Schuyler, the young rector of St. Faith's Church. Indeed, Effie was lovely enough to have turned the head of an anchorite. She inherited her grandmother's beautiful red brown hair, "dark in the shadow," but glittering with bronze reflections in the sun, and she had her mother's lovely great hazel eyes, as innocent and serene as dew-drops in the heart of a pansy. A pale clear skin, a delicate sweet mouth, a chin cleft with the tiniest dimple, all made a face charming in itself—more than charming in its lovely, tender, childlike expression. John Schuyler watched her narrowly; once in his life he had found a beautiful face the mask of a false heart and trivial mind; he would not be so deluded again; he admired, but he hesitated. And Effie? She heard his deep rich voice once a week from desk and pulpit; she took into her simple and sincere heart his eloquent expositions of the Gospel; she thought him the best and greatest of clergymen; but she was not the sort of girl who considers every man a possible lover; she had that innate maiden modesty that does not feed on idle dreams, but has reserves with itself as sacred as an angel's.

One evening Mr. Schuyler heard her say to a friend, "Yes, my father is coming back with my grandmother next week."

"You have never seen her?" asked Miss Sanford.

"No; we were all born in Italy, and grandmother has always lived on her farm in Vermont."

"It is our dance, Miss Burr," broke in a "gilded youth."

As she went away, Marian Sanford said to her cousin, who stood by them: "Just think! to bring an old Vermont farmeress into that superb Vandyne mansion! What a bore for Effie! I wonder how she will put up with such a nuisance as a country grandmother!"

Mr. Schuyler wondered too.

It had been the first cause of his disenchantment with beautiful Alida Schuyler, his far-away cousin, that she treated her mother with neglect and disrespect; for his own mother, a stately white-haired lady, whose only surviving child was this John, still lived with him in all love and reverence; he could never trust his future to a girl who would despise and be ungracious to an elderly woman.

The day that Philip brought his mother home was one of those mild days that sometimes come in February; so she bore the journey better than he feared, for it had indeed been hard to leave her old home, her faithful Mirandy, her quaint quiet life, even for the home of an only son; she feared and doubted a little about a new home among strangers. But Philip's wife was the only one to welcome her; indeed, the rest had been banished for the time, lest they should fatigue their guest.

It was this sweet-faced woman who took the tiny old figure in her arms with a soft, eager kiss, saying, "Mother, I am glad to have you!"

Grandma Burr could not help one little sob of relief.

But when she was rested in the morning, and ensconced in a great easy-chair by the bright dining-room fire, boys and girls were both passed in review, and the tender, faded eyes brightened with surprise at the two tall young men, pictures of father and grandfather, the lovely girl, and the fairy of a child, who said, "I'm Hannah too," in a voice that made grandma smile, though it dimmed her eyes, it was so like her "little" Philip's.

Now a new life dawned on the dear old lady; from the most primitive and quiet existence, she had suddenly dropped into an amount of luxuries and conveniences that almost frightened her, but which her reverent spirit referred to a First Cause, rather than to man. Gas, turned on with the touch of a finger to some electric connection, utterly astonished her.

'Oh, the wonderful works of God!" she exclaimed. "'Tis like as when He said, Let there be light, and there was light.' Is it dangercus, dear?"

"Oh no, grandma, ueless you blow it out; then it does choke people."

"I never'll touch it, then—never! I'll have a candle. Can I, Philly?"

"Yes, if you like, mother," laughed Philip.

She heard the chiming clock of St. Faith's tower. "'Tis beautiful to have the hours sing, ain't it?" she said to Effie. "Same as when Scripter says the morning stars sang together; When I wake up in the night and hear it, I ain't a bit lonesome. I feel as if the heavens was telling the glory."

Effie looked at her with a sort of awe.

Nobody could persuade her to touch the telephone in Philip's library after she had once experimented on it, and heard his voice ten miles away.

"It's awful!" she said; "awful! Makes me think of Job, saying, 'Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up * * there was silence, and I heard a voice.' Don't ask me to listen no more, Phema; seems as though 'twas taking up to be like God, to hear so fur off; though He sees too."

Philip's pictures were her delight. Day after day she crept about the superbly furnished and decorated rooms, never stopping to look at the bric-a-brac, the books, the picturesque mirrors, or the tasteful furniture. She was wrapped up now in an Alpine gorge with its foaming torrent; now in a stretch of placid sea, its peaceful waves curling gently on the sand, where fisher-children played in the sunset light of Italy; or the melancholy distances of the Roman Campagna, lonely and verdant under a sapphire sky, save for herds of broad-browed oxen grazing or snuffing the south wind with lifted heads.

"You like pictures, don't you, grandma?" said Effie one day, who had been watching the old lady's absorption.

"Like 'em? Yes, dear, I guess I do. I never used to see the trees wavin' up and down on Saltash Mountain, or Black Like a-shinin' like our old peacock's breast when 'twas sundown, but that I thought how the Lord must have liked to make such beautiful things; and this is next best. I should think Philly would be as happy as a king makin' such pictures."

Before long Mr. Schuyler called, in his pastoral rounds, for the Burrs were his parishioners; it was evident enough to his keen eyes that grandma was neither a nuisance nor a bore to her lovely granddaughter; in fact, the dear old lady had taken the house by storm; the handsome, stalwart young men treated her with charming affection and reverence; she seemed to come from another world than theirs, and with true delicacy Mrs. Philip had not tried to amend her dress to modern city fashions; the black silk gown, folded across a spotless kerchief, the clear muslin cap with a white ribbon bound about it and tied in a bow above, the bit of sheer cambric ruffle in her sleeves at the wrist, were, to be sure, her best dress; but then nothing could be too good for "Philips's folks," and Effie looked at her with tender eyes.

"Isn't she like an old picture?" the girl asked Mr. Schuyler.

"Yes, ineed," he answered; but he looked at Effie instead of grandma. Meantime Philip had called in the most skilful of the city doctors; but his mother seemed well; the change had been like a fresh draught to a dying fire; her life brightened and flickered up; she had no more spasms. Philip hoped for years to come he might have her with him and atone for the past. Dr. Horton found no more than the weakness of age to prescribe for, and yet he left a sting in Philip's heart.

"Keep her well nourished and gently stimulated," he said. "The trouble was probably angina pectoris; if so, it may return at any time; it certainly will some time. You can only keep up her strength; she is evidently feeble; keep her quiet."

But how grandma enjoyed herself! Philip followed up the doctor's advice thoroughly. Grandma Burr never was so cherished and comforted in her life; so lapped in affection and luxury.

"'Tis like a kind of fortaste of heaven," she wrote to Mirandy; "but I hope 'twon't make me set my affections on things below, for I am a-living on borrowed time, Mirandy, and I know it. I've had my three-score and ten, and I had not ought to hanker for more; 'tis real pleasant, though, to be with Philly and his folks, but I hope I'm ready and willing when the Lord says to come up higher."

As the end of Lent drew near, John Schuyler came in oftener to consult with Effie about the Easter music. Philip had brought home with him some rare Italian music, and among it was an exquisite Easter anthem, and Effie was to sing the solo.

Grandmother Burr heard much that was new to her, but said nothing, till one day she turned to Effie and asked, "What is Easter, dear?"

"Oh, grandma! Why, I thought everybody knew Easter. It's the day Christ rose from the dead."

"How do you know 'tis?" asked grandma, simply.

"Why—why—well, the Prayer-book says so," Effie answered, inadequately enough.

"How does that know?" asked grandma, who had been almost as much astonished by the services of the Episcopal Church as by the telephone, and had no more reverence for the Prayer-book than for an almanac.

Philip came to the rescue. "Mother dear, it is not a real certainty; it is tradition; as is Christmas Day."

"I have heard of Christmas," put in grandma, to deprecate her ignorance.

"But if knowledge is uncertain, is it not a good thing to celebrate the Lord's birth and death and resurrection on some days rather than forget them?"

"'This do in remembrance of Me,'" quoted grandma, vaguely.

"And, oh, grandma, it is so beautiful, Easter!" eagerly added Effie. "The church is all dressed with flowers, and we have such music! How you will like it!"

Grandma smiled. The beautiful Church of St. Faith's, with its robed priest, its Gothic gloom; its colored windows, its chanting choir, had been as new an experience to her as an opera would have been; but her honest soul discerned her Lord in every place of worship, amid all this pomp and glory as well as in the barn-like meeting-house of Feeding Hills, with its faded moreen cushions, and the tuning-fork of its choir leader, its sheetiron stoves, and high sounding-board above the lofty pulpit.

"I always like to hear about the Lord, child," she said, meekly. "And 'tis mabbe a good thing to keep a day for His risin'. It's a comfort, because 'tis a promise. I like to think about the resurrection mornin'; it will be good to come up beside Stephen and father. I've missed them consider'ble all these years. 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' That's the good word for a graveyard, and I had it put onto Stephen's stone. I guess I shall like real well to go to your meetin' that day."

Oftener and oftener John Schuyler came to Philip Burr's house; it seemed to him almost a gate of heaven, with that gentle, trustful, simple old woman waiting for her call to go home in such meek faith; and also it seemed to him the portal of his earthly life, with a lovely creature waiting to unclose it.

"He called her angel, but I called her wife." Grandma Burr saw the situation, and smiled on it.

"He's a good young man, that Mr. Schuyler," she said to Effie. "And he'd ought to have a good lovin' wife. I shall tell the Lord about it when I get there."

Effie remembered the words and repeated them long after. She thought grandma had done what she said then. At last Easter Sunday dawned,

"so cool and calm and bright,"

for Easter was late that year; and grandma, in her quilted satin bonnet and warm fur-lined cloak, crept up the aisle on Philip's arm, Euphemia and her Hannah following; the boys and Effie were all in the choir. Grandma closed her eyes in a brief prayer, and then looked about her with a child's delight. Snow-white roses heaped the marble font, garlands of white carnations festooned the dark velvet of the pulpit drapery, great pots of stainless callas rising from their fresh green leaves were set about the chancel, and vases of fragrant milk-white Easter lilies adorned the altar—a lavish purity that contrasted well with the rich dresses and flower-like coloring of that part of the audience who think a new bonnet is the real Easter offering. Grandma's eyes shone as she looked at the abundant flowers; but when the organ began a triumphant symphony she seemed to tremble; the music thrilled soul and body; and when, after the brief sermon, Effie's pure fresh young voice rose on the still and perfumed air, in

"The Lord is arisen!
Hail the glad day!"

verily it seemed to Grandma Burr that she heard harpers harping with their harps, and the voices of the archangel ringing in the symphony. A terrible pang shot through her breast; she pulled at Euphemia's sleeve, and one look at that ghastly face told the story; she had been too happy. Philip lifted her in his arms and took her to the carriage. It was but a little way, but it seemed to him miles before he could put her on her bed and send for the doctor.

Effie came in soon, and with her John Schuyler; but neither medical aid or ghostly counsel could avail here; the pressure on her kind old heart grew more stringent; she opened her eyes once and looked at the minister and Effie with a smile, for in the anxiety and distress of the moment John Schuyler had instinctively taken Effie's hand and drawn her close to him; then grandma's lips moved; Philip bent down closer: "Because I live—" was the faint whisper. Grandma finished the sentence out of human hearing; she too had risen on Easter Sunday.

Easter Hams.

From Harper's Bazar.

Probably nowhere except in Saint Marys County, Maryland, is a "stuffed Easter ham" known and appreciated. There it is always to be found in the best houses at the end of the Lenten season. When the hams are cured in the early winter, a very large one is carefully selected from the rest and special attention paid to the bagging. This is then marked and set aside. When desired to grace the Easter table, this prize ham is cut out of the bag, washed carefully, put into cold water, and allowed to gently simmer until it is about half done. It is well to set the ham-boiler on the back of the kitchen stove, and there is no better rule than the old one of seeing that the "kettle only smiles on one side of its mouth."

When taken out, the ham is set aside until it is cool, and then skinned. The stuffing is prepared by taking a "good parcel" of cabbage sprouts, a handful of parsley, a small piece of stale bread, and chopping them all together with plenty of black pepper. Deep gashes are then made in thr ham with a sharp knife, about an inch apart, from the hock down the whole length of the ham, and these gashes are tightly stuffed to the very bone with the greens. A wooden skewer is the best aid here. After that the ham is baked until done—an hour or so will probably be enough. In preparing for baking it is well to sprinkle the ham with a layer of sugar and a layer of corn meal, and it is wise also to put about a half-pint of water into the dipp-pan, which should be set in a close oven. There should be no basting, as the rising steam makes tenderness enough. When brought upon the table, all decorated with parsley and round splotches of black pepper, and the hospitable host—the host is always hospitable in Saint Marys—passes his sharp knife into the ham, and its thin pink slices fall on the dish all veined with green hues, it is as pretty as a picture.

Prof. Ruge states that the purchasing power of money was much greater in 1492 than at present. He says the first expedition of Columbus cost only $7,300, including the equipment of the three caravels. The salary of Columbus as admiral was $320 a year. His captain received $16 a month and the seamen $2 to $2.50 per month.

When the weather forecaster predicts a cold wave that doesn't come, it may be referred to as a signal failure.

A pair of opera glasses—Two drinks between the acts.

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