Chopping Mill
AT
SMITH, YINGLING & CO'S
FACTORY.

Corn Chop, Corn and Cob Crushed, Corn Meal and Graham Flour made and on sale, Corn, Rye and Oats ground together.
Hominy made and for sale.
Grain of all kinds bought.
Your custom solicited. dec-11-tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1898. VOL 67--NO 28.

Great Clearing Sale!

Great Bargains.

Big Reductions.

No careful buyer who wishes to save money can afford to pass this by. Read this and be benefitted financially. We can save you money if you will deal with us. As a starter we offer

DOMESTICS.

10-4 Bleached Sheetings 11c per yd. 10-40 Unbleached Sheetings 10c per yd. 4-4 Unbleached Muslin 4c per yd. 5 doz. Counterpanes, Marseillies patterns, 50c each.

CAPS. CAPS. CAPS.

Lace Caps that sold from 75c to $1.25, reduced to 25c.

Corsets. Corsets. Corsets.

Dr. Warner's Flexible Hip and Coraline Corsets, that always sell for $1.00, reduced to 50c. Madam Strong's Tricora, always sold for $1.00, now 50c. The celebrated Richard Stamping Pad cut to 25c.

Remnant Table. Remnant Table.

On our remnant table will be found ends of Calicoes, Ginghams, Shirtings, White and Worsted Goods, at prices that speak for themselves. Don't fail to visit this counter.

Oxfords. Oxfords. Oxfords.

We make the first cut in Oxfords. Oxfords that were $2.00, $2.25, $2.50 and $3.00, in black and tan, reduced to the small sum of $1.25. These are handmade goods. Oxfords in black, tan and patent leather, that sold for $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, reduced to 75c, a price that is within reach of all. Oxfords that sold for 35, 75 and 90c, reduced to 50c. A line of Oxfords reduced to 55c per pair. Big reductions in ladies' Bicycle shoes. The proper thing to wear to the races. Were $2.50, during this sale, $1.50. Gentlemen's Bicycle Shoes, Prize Winners, in black, tan and light lead color, with elk skin soles, were $2.50 and $3.50. During this sale we offer them for $1.50.

Shirts. Shirts. Shirts.

A line of Shirts that sold for 75c and $1.00, reduced to 50c. Line of 50c Shirts reduced to 39c.

Protect yourself from sun or rain. A lot of Parasols suitable for sun or rain, that sold for 75c, $1.25 and $1.50, will be placed on sale for 50c. Do not miss these.

Mattings. Mattings. Mattings.

Our Mattings are reduced to the lowest notch. Ask to see them. One thing bear in mind that we always have what we advertise. Come to see for yourself and we will gladly show you the above advertised goods. In every department we are prepared to show you the choicest selections and the very latest styles at lowest prices.

We close at 6 p. m., except Saturdays. We will be closed July 4th.

J. T. Orndorff's Sons,

20 AND 22 WEST MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER,
sep-8-96-1y [Western Md. Telephone No. 12]

The WHITE PALACE.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

I would like to call your attention to my old system of giving away one glass of my noted Soda Water, with every CASH PURCHASE OF ONE DOLLAR. I have special bargains

in Prunes, Peaches, Apricots;

Park's Coffee—15, 20, 25, 30 and 35 cents per pound. I have added a special large line of

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES, FRUITS, CANNED GOODS,
BOTTLE GOODS, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.,

which you would do well to call and price. My Staple Grocery Department is as large as ever and will give you the same inducements in many of the articles.

—o—

My SODA WATER is the same this year as ever, with a few improvements.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange; Highest Prices Paid.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST.,
Opp. Catholic Church. Westminster.
ap-23-98-1y-1

YOU ARE INVITED

to consider the inducements we offer you to purchase your

LUMBER FROM US.

Call in and find it out. We carry in stock a full and complete line of

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, CASINGS

and MOULDINGS, and will make you an estimate on any amount or class of MILL WORK.

We handle nothing but the best grades of

Steaming and Domestic Coal.

Try us with an order and find out such is the case. Special Agents for Ruberoid Felt Roofing. Universal Building Paper. Eclipse Prepared Wall Plaster. Long Distance and Western Md. Telephones.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER.

25 cts. AT DRUGGISTS **DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP**



is preferred by mothers because it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate infant. Not an atom of injurious drugs in a gallon of it. It takes baby through the entire period of teething in comparative comfort. Cures colic in ten minutes; relieves indigestion; cures sour stomach, and is widely recommended for cholera infantum. **Trial bottle will be sent free if you mention this paper.** Address DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md.

New York Bargain House,

Westminster.

TRADE WINNERS.

We think these will prove trade winners for us. We are quite sure they will prove money savers for you. This hot weather makes you think of getting away to the seashore, or the mountains, or some other place where you can get the benefit of the cool breezes. Well, thinking may need something in which to carry your necessary wearing apparel we have just a word to say about our

TRUNKS AND SATCHELS.



We have a most complete line of Trunks. Prices ranging from $2.00 to $5.50. They are all well made too, will stand the rough usage. No fear of their bursting open, as many trunks do, at the most unexpected time.



Our line of Satchels is also worth your consideration. Prices range from 70c to $1.90. Every one so strongly made that they look as though they would last a lifetime. All have lock and key and brass or nickel trimmings.

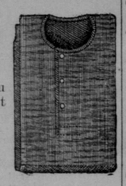


SUSPENDERS.

We always have some good things in Snspenders, but this week we have such an exceptionally good bargain that we don't want any of you to miss it. Good heavy web wire buckle suspenders, the 15c kind, only

8 CENTS.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR.



These days the lightest, coolest, airiest thing you can get is what you want. Men's light summer weight shirts and drawers 25c., all sizes. Better grades at

39 CENTS.



NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.

If you haven't tried them you've no idea how comfortable they are, and they are so cheap. No, there is no excuse for any one not having a good supply. Beautiful styles, made up with or without collars or cuffs, or with both, any one

48 CENTS.

Our Store closes at 6 P. M., except Saturday.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,

Department Store,

31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.

T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 27

HORNER'S ABSOLUTELY Pure Animal Bone FOR All Crops and PERMANENT GRASSES.

WARRANTED IN THE FULL PRICE OF THE GOODS.

Higher in Essential Qualities than any other Goods on the Market. We will sell either by Analysis, or Weight, preferably the former way. Also Concentrated FERTILIZERS for Quick Crops and Vegetables.

Send for Circular. JOSHUA HORNER, JR., & CO.,
ju-4-3-m 26 South Calvert Street, Baltimore.

New Stock!

Low Prices!!

At the stand formerly occupied by G. W. Morningstar, corner W. Main and John streets, Westminster.

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that we have opened a full line of

FRESH GROCERIES

of all kinds.

CHINA, GLASS AND Queensware,

of all kinds, at prices that defy competition. Wooden and Tinware of every description.

Flour, Syrups, Teas, Coffees, Extracts, Cakes and Crackers, Candies, &c., Patent Medicines.

We take country produce in exchange, or for cash.

We ask a call and inspection of our stock, believing we can save you money.

Orders solicited and goods delivered promptly.

STEPHAN BROTHERS.
no-13-1y

Protect Yourselves from Loss

BY WIND-STORMS.

Wind-Storm Insurance Policies Issued very low and losses promptly adjusted. No charges for Policy to persons who have their Fire Insurance in this Agency. Drop a postal card to or call on

JAMES E. SMITH,
General Insurance Agent,
No. 7 Court Street,
ap-28-tf Westminster, Md.

Use Dr. Miles' Nerve Plasters for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell 'em for 25c.

IT

SEEMS A SMALL MATTER

whether you economize on the purchase of to-day, but if you persistently give the expensive places the "go-by" the final issue may be to make you rich. Take, for instance, the purchase of

SHOES AND HATS.

There are so many needed that it is really a matter of great importance to know where the best and most can be had

FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

Quality as well as price must be considered. Remember goods well bought are half sold.

See our stock of

SHOES and HATS.

Cash bought it. Low prices will sell it.

Never have better

Men's and Boys' Shoes

been shown than Rice & Hutchens' for the prices, from $1.25 to $3.50.

The Womens' Carlisle Shoes in style and prices you cannot resist.

Hats! Hats! Hats!

The latest styles, the finest in quality, the utmost in variety, ranging in prices from 25 cents up to $3.00 for a fine Stiff Hat. Soft Hats from 25 cents and up.

Our Store is a place all economical buyers should visit.

A full line of

STRAW GOODS

for the summer.

U. L. REAVER,
Wantz Building, opp. Catholic Church,
fe-2-1y Westminster Md.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider,

Attorneys-at-Law,

and Solicitors in Chancery,

232 East Main St., Westminster, Md.

We have this day formed a co-partnership for the practice of Law, under the firm name of Reifsnider & Reifsnider. All legal business will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Jr.
June 1894.

Wm. F. Derr. | Wm. F. Derr.

THE GREAT

MODEL EMPORIUM.

We close at 6 P. M., [Except Saturdays.]

Second Week

OF OUR

Occasion Extraordinary Sale!

The attractions this week are if possible even greater than those of the opening week. The generous response from the people speak volumns for our GREAT BARGAIN day offerings. People came from far and near by scores and hundreds to participate in our wonderful bargain giving; will you be with the crowds this week?

SPECIAL OFFERINGS ON SALE 9 A. M. EACH DAY.

SATURDAY, JULY 9TH. 5,000 yards lovely pure Silk Ribbons, in every desirable color and black, 3 to 4 inches wide, including Moire, Taffetta, Satins, Gros Grain, etc., this day at 15c yd.

MONDAY, JULY 11TH. 3,000 yards best standard Apron Ginghams, all styles, checks and plaids, light and dark colors, usual price 6c, this day at 3c yard.

TUESDAY, JULY 12TH. 250 extra heavy XXXX Muslin Sheets, large double bed size, all hemmed ready for use, the regular 65c sheet, for this day only 37c each.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13TH. A mammoth sale of fine Wash Fabrics, in all about 8,000 yards, from our finest 12½c, 15c and 18c grades, including Lawns, Organdies, Ducks, Madras, etc., to-day your pick at 5c yard.

THURSDAY, JULY 14TH. 100 dozen Ladies' fine Swiss Ribbed Vests, low neck, no sleeves, silk ribbon trimmings, many with pink and light blue, the regular price 15c and 19c, many as you wish today 8c each.

FRIDAY, JULY 15TH. Two cases or to be exact about 3,000 yards Fruit of the Loom and Androscoggin, yard wide, fine bleached Muslin, regular 8c and 10c goods, yours this day for only 5c yard.

But not over 20 yards to a customer.

SATURDAY, JULY 16TH. The great day of our special sales 500 dozen Ladies' and Misses' regular made Hose, in fast blacks, tans and all desirable fancies, goods sold regular for 18c to 25c, we give you them this days at only 10c PAIR.

Goods on sale 9 a. m. day of the sale.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,
WM. F. DERR,
Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

Special $7.00 SUIT SALE AT SHARRER & GORSUCH'S.

We have selected from our stock and placed on center tables in store

50 FINE SUITS,

including fancy Cheviots and Cassimeres, black Cheviots and some splendid Serges. not all sizes of a kind, but some splendid values in all sizes. These are not old suits from last season, but new, well made, perfect fitting and at $7 the best Clothing bargains ever offered.

Some Other Clothing Bargains.

$15 and $18 imported Worsted and Serge Suits at $12.50. Some extraordinary values in $10 Suits. What we have left in Bicycle Suits and Pants marked way down.

SUMMER CLOTHING.

Crash Suits, Alpaca and Light Coats, handsome new Suitings to order at a great reduction. A lot of fine $7, $8 and $9 Suits in 14, 15 and 16 year sizes, to go at $5. Some of the 4, 5 and 6 year Children's Suits left; your choice half price. Big reductions on Children's Suits of all sizes. Sweet Orr's Pants, best in the world, guaranteed, $1.00. Try a pair of our 50 or 75c Working Pants. Quality and make all right. Working Shirts, the best you ever saw for 25c. Dress Shirts 45c. Fine Madras Shirts and Ties. New styles in Collars and Neckwear.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, opposite Catholic Church.
se-8-12-97-1-y

Do You Buy Medicines As Cheap As Your Neighbor?
HE DEALS HERE AND SAVES 33 TO 50 PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR PRICES.

25c bottles Winslow's Soothing Syrup	20c	25c bottles Stonebrake's Liniment	20c
25c package Lane's Family Tea	20c	25c " Foute's Liniment	20c
25c " Hamburg Breast Tea	20c	25c package " Horse and Cattle Powders	20c
25c " Garfield Tea	20c	$1.00 bottles Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription	75c
$1.00 bottles McArthur's Syrup Hypophosphites	85c	" " Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery	75c
50c " California Fig Syrup	40c	$1.00 " Paine's Celery Compound	85c
$1.10 " " "	75c	75c " Celery Compound	50c
$1.50 " Fellow's Syrup Hypophosphites	$1.25	$1.00 " Sarsaparilla Blood Purifier	65c
75c " Boschee's German Syrup	55c	$1.00 " Kilmer's Swamp Root	75c
$2.00 " M'Dade's Saccus Alleraus	$1.75	$1.60 " Munyon's Cures	80c
$1.00 " Swift's Sure Specific	75c	25c " "	20c
50c box Sage's Catarrah Cure	40c	$1.00 " Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound	75c
$1.00 bottles Simmon's Liver Regulator	75c	75c " Green's August Flower	50c

After July 1st an advance over these prices will be made to cover amount of Revenue Tax.

Call and get our complete Price List and save Money on Drugs.

SHAW DRUG COMPANY, Cor. Main and John Sts., Westminster, Md.

NO. 3631 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

John W. Angel, mortgagee, vs. David G. Ogle, mortgagor.

Ordered, this 30th day of June, A. D., 1898, 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 July, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True Copy.—Test:
JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
jy-2-2t

NO. 3635 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

William B. Thomas, mortgagee, vs. Samuel Cover, mortgagor.

ORDERED, this 24th day of June, A. D. 1898, 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 11th day of July next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
ju 25-2t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Select Poetry.

THE WAY OF THE RAIN.

I heard an old farmer talk one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wide, new country, far away,
The rainfall follows the plow.

"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and free,
And the tillage is begun.

"The earth grows mellow, and more and more
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before,
When the face was hard and dry.

"And so wherever the plowshares run,
The clouds run overhead;
And the soil that works and lets in the sun,
With water is always fed."

I wonder if that old farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message that heavenly true
Within it was hidden and heard.

It fell on my ear by chance that day,
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way,
That the rainfall follows the plow.

—Onward.

Select Story.

AN ABIDING LOVE.

BY MISS ANNA NICHOLAS.

From the Independent.

The woman who was a critical reader of magazines met her friend, the writer of stories, in the little railroad station at Murdock, in southern Indiana. The writer had just arrived from Indianapolis; the other was waiting the north-bound train.

"What have you come to this dull, lonely, forlorn place for? Not for literary material, surely? My grandmother lives here, and I have known the town all my life. Nothing romantic ever happened to any one here; there are no incidents, no tragedies, no characters worth studying; the people simply vegetate."

"I never hunt for 'material' anywhere," replied the woman who wrote. "It comes to me—crowds itself on me. I have been sent for by an invalid cousin, and expect not to think of literary matters; but if I were searching for themes I have no doubt I could find them, even here."

"I am sure you could not. What, for instance—here the speaker's voice was lowered—what could you make out of that spiritless, meek, faded-out creature there? She is a resident here. I have seen her often; but she is so colorless I never had the curiosity to ask even her name. I am sure she never had a vivid emotion, never really lived in all her life."

"Perhaps not," laughed the writer; "but I believe she has a story. I will find it out and tell it to you."

This is the story she told a month later:

Martin Davis did not look much like a man with aesthetic sentiment in his soul as he left his plow in the furrow that afternoon in early April and drove his tired horses up the lane. His face was weatherbeaten, his hands rough and hard, his clothing cheap and coarse, his high boots, into which his jean trousers were tucked, caked with mud. But he was young and vigorous; his eyes were bright and eager, and he felt himself a man to be envied; for had he not a wife waiting for him at the house—a bride of a few weeks? In the band of his rusty felt hat he had slipped a bunch of yellow violets.

"I knew ye liked posies, Lizzie," he said, as he handed them to her at the kitchen door; "and these are the first I've seen this season, 'thout it's the little white windflowers that wilt while ye're pickin' 'em. These yellow things are 'way ahead of time. I've never found 'em before earlier than May; they're not common hereabouts anyhow; but I know of a spot down in the holler where they always flourish."

When she put them in a teacup and set them on the supper table he wondered vaguely why he had never known before that flowers made a room look so cheerful—almost as if the sun were shining, tho that luminary had sunk behind the western hill. He did not know that the brightness was not of the flowers but was the light of love reflected from his heart and hers.

It was but a brief time that his happiness lasted. That was the spring of '61, and the country was even then calling upon her loyal sons. Martin Davis turned his horse into the pasture, left his crops for others to harvest, and went unhesitatingly to answer the call. Oh, the heroism of the myriads who thus went out from home, and peace, and love, to the battlefield in those dreadful years! What if they did not know that the ninety days would lengthen until no man could name the end, and that the slain would be like the leaves of the forest for numbers? What if they did go simply from a matter-of-fact sense of duty, and with little feeling of risk and danger, or because the riotous spirit of youth yearned for adventure? The fact remains—the tremendous, immutable fact—that they went by hundreds, by thousands, by tens and hundreds of thousands, and that they offered their lives. Greater love than this hath no man; and yet, we, in this frivolous later day, which knows no war—we dare sometimes speak lightly of those men and their sacrifices.

It was a monotonous and a hard life for the most part, that of a private soldier in the war for the Union. Its story has been told in fragments at home firesides and by campfires, but never in literature as a whole for the world to know. Perhaps it never will be.

The veterans tell of battles and of victories and of stirring events; but they do not, as a class, care to dwell upon their hardships and sufferings. The experience cut deep, and the scars are even yet too near the surface to touch upon.

Martin Davis's life was not different from the rest. There was the drill and the camp life, the picket duty, the marching, the digging of trenches and building of breastworks, the skirmishing, the expectation of encounters with the enemy—all this for slow and weary months, and at last a great battle.

Lizzie, the young wife at home, waited from week to week and month to month, as women did in those days, with what show of patience and composure they could muster—a proof of courage and patriotism not less than that of going to war. The soldiers' story may some time be told; but where is the historian who shall describe the agony of the women's waiting hearts, the suffering of uncertainty and suspense? Who shall comprehend the anguish of their tears? Who understand that the strain of constant dread of evil news from husband and brother and lover was greater than that felt by the soldier before the enemy's guns—that it left unhealed scars which aged them before their time?

Lizzie Martin fared like the other women—hoping and praying, living upon the letters that came at irregular intervals, going about her tasks by day, with heavy heart, and enduring long nights with their visions of war and wo. In the little town from which the flower of the young men had already gone, existence was not gay at the best of times, and was now more monotonous than ever to the women, whose part was to wait. There were few things to distract their minds from their own anxieties; they were not the "new" women, with many and diverse activities, and so they sat at home and thought of what might be. Mrs. Davis did not love her husband more than the other lonely women cared for theirs, perhaps; but without him she was quite alone in the world, and it was natural that no event of the war was important in which he had no place. That brawny private, that long-limbed, awkward farmer boy, was all the world to her. No future opened to her vision which he did not share. She was a commonplace little creature, narrow in thought and limited in capacity, but other and greater women have found it all of life to love one man.

Letters came to her from Tennessee now. Martin wrote that it looked as if some fighting would be done very soon that would scatter the rebels and end the war. Then came the fall of Fort Henry and Donelson, and he wrote, with still greater certainty, that the war was soon to close. Men better informed than he thought the same then. After that there was marching across country, transportation by boat up the Tennessee, more marching, with rain and mud and cold as features of the travel—all this described in fragmentary scrawls. One of them, dated April 5th, and written on a scrap of paper while he stood in the rain with his company awaiting orders, said there would be fighting soon, and added:

"Here's a yellow violet; just found it under a bank. Season's early down here. We're going to beat the rebs out of their boots. Good by."

This note, and then—silence. There had been a battle; it was Shiloh—bloody Shiloh. On its gory field when the seventh of April dawned, the dead lay by thousands—the blue and the gray. Oh, Shiloh! the waiting hearts that broke when your victory was won!

Private Davis, of Company D, was numbered among the dead. A comrade wrote to Lizzie, telling her that Martin had died like a hero. A part of his regiment had faced about and retreated, broken in a panic before the Confederates' furious onslaught; but he had remained, had seized the flag from the hand of the fleeing color bearer and gone on triumphantly to meet the coming foe. In the thick of the fight he was seen to fall, "and," said the writer, with no art at softening truth, "he was buried in a trench."

To the widow a realizing sense of the death did not come. It is often so when those absent from home are taken; to their families they seem still temporarily absent and likely to return at any hour. She accepted the situation dumbly, uncomplainingly. She had no longer a keen interest in life, and was without the strength of character to rise above her grief and force herself to accept new interests. She was simply an every-day woman, who had loved her husband and continued to love and to think of him day and night, tho he was dead. She sold her farm to a rich neighbor, who took advantage of her ignorance to pay her but half the value, and she was deprived of a large share of the proceeds by a sharper to whom she intrusted them for investment. Then she settled down in the little town and became a neighborhood drudge. She sewed, nursed the sick, took care of the new babies, and was at the beck and call of any housewife who needed her in domestic emergencies. The years went on with little variety. The war ended, and affairs settled into new grooves. A flood of prosperity swept over the country and affected even this quiet town, but made little difference in Mrs. Davis's plodding, uneventful existence. No one pitied her especially, for her lonely and hard-working life. She was spoken of as "the widow Davis;" but she was only one among many widows the war had created, and, as she made no ado over her woes, no one else thought to do it for her. They had their own troubles to think of. They did say, along at first, that she didn't take Mart's death very hard. She "didn't make no fuss," they said, and they "lowed" she was "ruther shaller." Afterward they virtually forgot, and assumed that she had done the same. But she never put off her simple mourning garb; her mouth fixed itself in a pathetic little droop; her brown hair faded early. And she would not marry again. Ten years after Shiloh, John Holt, a thrifty widower, attracted by her quiet industrious ways, sought her as a step-mother for his children.

"No, Mr. Holt," she said, "I can't be your wife. Martin Davis is dead and buried; but I can't make him seem dead, nohow; I never have, an' I don't reckon I ever can. I feel as if he was gone jest on a trip; an' I dream of him o' nights, an am always glad when night comes, because them dreams come, too. I'll go along by myself till the time comes for me to go and meet Martin—but it's long, long.

And then, her self-repression overcome by the sudden compassion in the man's eyes, she bowed her head upon the table and sobbed and wept in the utter abandonmrnt of a grief which knows no pretence.

John Holt went away thoughtful, and was afterward heard to say it was a "sing'lar dispensation o' Providence that took a man away from a wife like that an' let other men live whose wives wouldn't a-mourned for them over night if they'd drownded theirselves."

More years went, unfil, one day, Mrs. Davis heard of an excursion that filled her patient soul with longing. This was a trip by boat to Shiloh battle-ground. She had never been further from home than to Cincinnati, fifty miles away, where she had gone once when a girl; but she determined to make this journey. It was a great undertaking, and she got ready for it with an excitement such as had not stirred her for years. She never thought of the South but as the rebels' country; and, tho she knew there were no rebels now, there was

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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