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, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899. VOL. 68--NO. 36.



GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

With the return of Autumn comes school days. This means much to anxious mothers who have little ones to be fitted out. New dresses, new shoes, books, slates and pencils must all be provided. We want to help you in this matter. There is not a want in this direction that this store cannot fill. We will help you to great price economies by guaranteeing every figure to be the very lowest consistent with quality, we will make choosing easy by showing you the largest and most complete lines of goods it has ever been our pleasure to assemble. Space permits a few suggestions only.

School Shoes.

For Boys, we have a strong stout Shoe, great wearer, a wide toe that gives the foot plenty of room and priced at $1.00 for sizes 11 to 2 and $1.15 for 2½ to 5.

For Girls, we show a neat dressy Shoe, well made, will give good service, at 85 cents, sizes 12 to 2.

Knee Pants

Made of good serviceable Cottonade, in very pretty patterns, at 25 cents the pair.

Dresses for Little Ones.

Pretty bright Plaids at 12½ cents.

Beautiful new Ginghams at 5 and 8 cents.

New Outings and Flannellettes at 5 and 8 cents.

School Supplies.

Brownie Lunch Boxes, 10 cents.
Tin Dinner Buckets, 5 cents.
Pencil Tablets, in great variety, 1 to 5 cents.
Ink Tablets, all kinds, 5 to 15 cents.
Lead Pencils, good ones with rubbers, 10 cents the doz.
Slate Pencils, 4 for 1 cent.
Slates at all kinds of prices.
New Pencil Boxes with lock and key, 5 cents.
Pens of all sorts.
Colored Crayons at 1 cent the box.
Book Satchels at 10 to 35 cents.
Large Box of Chalk Crayons, 8 cts.
Davids best jet black Ink, 3 cents.
Composition Books, limp or stiff backs, we guarantee our prices, 1 to 10 cents.
Note Books of every shape and size.
Neaf little Compasses, 5 cents.
Hard wood Rulers, 1 to 5 cents.
Pretty Lunch Baskets, 23 cents
Our "Westminster" brand Note Paper is worthy your attention if you do not already use it. We have all sizes, rough or smooth finish, ruled or plain, at 20 cents the pound.

News of Men's Wear.

Time now to think about fall goods. The new winter Shoes are here, as are also the new shapes in Men's Hats. You must see them. We can only give a hint here as to prices.



For Winter Wear.

The new styles are in and they are most sensible too. Made over the wide English last, scotch soles, of stout waterproof leather, hand sewed, in every way an up to date, first-class shoe. The price is $3.00 and they are worth every cent of it. Of course there are other grades at lower prices.



NEW HATS.

They are very dainty this year and much smaller in shape than last season. Either Derbys or Alpines, in all the popular shades of brown or black. Our famous 98 cent line of Hats still continues. It is ones of the boasts of this store. When 98c is exchanged for one of these hats it is a good trade.

The better grades too at $1.50 and $2.00, which have always been very popular, are here, if possible a little finer than ever. Let us show them to you.

We have about 50 large store boxes that we will sell very cheap to get them out of our way.

Until further notice our store will close at 7 o'clock every evening except Saturday.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
Department Store,
31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.
T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 27

TWO IMPORTANT REASONS WHY

SHARRER & GORSUCH

intend for the next two weeks to give to the people of Westminster and Carroll county, lower prices and bigger values on their remaining stock of fine Suits for men and boys, than was ever offered on this class of clothing. The first reason is we need the room for the immense stock we have bought for fall and winter, which will begin coming in about August 15.

The second reason, and by far the more important and pressing one, is that we must have the money to pay for these goods. We make it a rule to pay cash for all our clothing, thereby getting the lowest prices and best qualities, enabling us to give our customers many advantages.

THE $2.00 SUIT SALE.

These are boys' short pants Suits, all wool, nobby and elegant, sold for $3.00 and $3.50, sizes 9 to 16, No. 11.

THE $5.00 SUIT SALE.

These are youths' 15, 16, 17 year sizes, sold for $7 to $10, now $5. In the $5 suit sale we have some few men's $7, $8 and $9. Suits now given to you at $5.

THE $7.50 SUIT SALE.

Here is where we give you the greatest bargains ever seen. Elegant $10 and $12 suits, equal to finest custom suits, the latest styles, now for $7.50. No blacks in this lot.

$12.50 Suit to Order Sale.

All our $15, $16 and $18 summer suit patterns, during August, $12.50.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, opposite Catholic Church,
sep 12-98-1y-11 Westminster, Md.

BRING IN YOUR HOUSE AND BARN BIDS FOR US TO FIGURE ON.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of

Lumber, Sash, Doors Blinds and Mill Work

ever before offered in this city. If you want a square deal figure with us.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.
Selling Agents for ECLIPSE WALL PLASTER and RUBEROID ROOFING.

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

THE GREAT

Model Emporium.

Our Store Closes at 6 P M., Except Saturday.

SPECIAL SALE.

LACE CURTAINS AND PORTIERES AT REDUCED PRICES.

About a hundred pairs of Handsome Lace Curtains, also Tapestry and Chenille Portieres will be sold this week at a discount of 25 per cent, or in other words one quarter less than their actual value and marked prices.

Remember this week only.

$1.50 Curtains at $1.12. $3.00 Curtains at $2.25.
$2.00 Curtains at $1.50. $4.00 Curtains at $3.00.
$2.50 Curtains at $1.88. $5.00 Curtains at $3.75.

Sofa and Porch Cushions Reduced.

50c Cretone Covered Cushions at 25c.

$1.50 Silk Covered Cushions at $1.00.

LIGHT WEIGHT COMFORTS AND COTTON BLANKETS.

New stock just opened, for early fall use, at very special prices.

Blankets 50c to $1.50 pr.
Comforts $1.00 to $2.50 ea.

REMNANTS OF FINE DRESS GOODS HALF PRICE.

A tablefull of elegant Dress Goods, in desirable lengths, from 2 to 7 yards, at just half their regular prices.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

Wm. F. Derr

Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

THE WHITE PALACE.

John D. Bowers.

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES



Materials and products the tempting things for a sluggish appetite in Summer at tempting prices for a sluggish pocketbook.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONERY.

Summer dainties. Palate pleasing good things for those who want the best make only. You forget the heat by making you think only of their goodness.

I am giving a glass of Soda Water with every cash purchase of $1.00. I also have the punch card with which when you buy $3.00 worth of goods you can get one dozen Photoes for 85 cents, worth $1.50, at Krichton's Art Studio.

Space will not permit me to tell you of the advantages by coming to

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST.,
Opp. Catholic Church. Westminster.
TELEPHONE 11-3. ap-23-99-1y-6

SAME OLD RELIABLE PLACE.

Copper distilled Whiskey, distilled in Maryland, where the best Whiskey are distilled. I have the following brands in barrels:

SHERWOOD, MONTICELLO, MELROSE, MT. VERNON, ORIENT, CABINET, RETUKN, PRIDE OF MARYLAND, SOUTH MOUNTAIN, CEDAR VALLEY,

White Wheat, White Corn, Altamont, Chesapeake. All of the best brands in bottles.

Best Wines $1.00 per gallon. Brehm's, the best Beer, on draught and in bottles. Best Cigars in the State. Largest stock of Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

LEFFERT'S DOUBLE STORES,
ap-10 tf 5 and 7 E. Main St., opp. Depot, Westminster.

CIDER MAKING.

I will open my Cider Mill on Liberty and Green streets, Westminster, on the 17th inst., making every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday during the season. Apples bought and sold. Cider and barrels for sale at Pleasant Valley every day except Friday and Saturday. Apple butter boiled at Pleasant Valley only.
au-12-3t* JOS. P. YINGLING.

SPECIAL SALE.

I will sell all my stock of

Buggies, Surries, &c.,

left over from this date, at cost. Give me a call if you want a bargain.
GEORGE W. BABYLON,
jy-2 4t* Medford, Md.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The undersigned, executors of John H. Miller, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, at his late residence in Bachman's Valley, about 2 miles from Bachman's Mill, on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1899,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., all the personal property of said deceased, consisting of 1 Mare, 2 Hogs, 1 mower, 1 sleigh, road cart, 2 phaetons, corn sheller, harness, tools, hay, &c. Also a lot of furniture, such as bedsteads, cupboard, safe, sinks, tables, chairs, bureau, stand, clocks, dishes, stoves, kettles and a lot of bed clothing, &c. For full particulars see hand bills.

GEORGE R. GEHR,
JONAS BACHMAN,
au-26-2t Executors.

GREEN GROCERIES.

I have purchased the Green Grocery business of C. Lewis Brock, next door to Wm. T. Wilson's store, West Main St., where I will continue to keep on hand a full and fresh supply of

VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS,
FRUITS, MELONS, ETC.,

and won't be undersold. Will sell wholesale to parties wishing to peddle in the country. OYSTERS a specialty. Give me a call.

J. HOWELL TAYLOR,
au-19-4t* Westminster, Md.

TRUSTEE'S PEREMPTORY SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

In the City of Westminster, Md.

BY virtue of a deed of trust for the benefit of creditors from Francis H. Orendorff, dated December 22nd, 1898, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on

MONDAY, 11TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER,

1899, on the premises, at 10 o'clock, A. M., all that lot of land situate on the southwest side of Main street, in the City of Westminster, in Carroll county, Maryland, fronting 72 feet on said street and extending back 198 feet to an alley, improved with a Large Two-story Brick House, one of the finest residences in Westminster; it has also a good Stable in rear of lot; being the same land that was conveyed to Francis H. Orendorff by J. W. Hering, by deed dated June 23, 1891, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in Liber B. F. C. No. 73, folio 155, &c., and was the residence of said Francis H. Orendorff.



This property will be sold clear of the wife's right of dower.

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

CHARLES E. FINK,
E. N. Davis, Auct. Trustee.
au-26-ts

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

in New Windsor District, Carroll county.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the subscribers, as executor of the last will and testament of Wesley Myers, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, 1 mile west of New Windsor, on the road leading from that place to McKinstry's Mills, on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1899,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., that Valuable Property, known as the Home Farm of said deceased, containing

193 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 32 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND, more or less.



The improvements thereon are a two and a half story Brick and Frame Dwelling House, containing 7 rooms, with cellar; water in the house; Bank Barn, 2 Horse Barns, Wagon-shed, Carriage House, Hog Pens, Granaries, two nearly new Barracks, Chicken House, Spring, Smoke and Wash Houses and all other buildings necessary on a large farm. Water from a well is pumped to the barn by a wind pump. About 30 Acres of the farm is superior Woodland, with fine Hickory, Oak, Walnut and Poplar Timber; about 20 Acres is very fine Meadow Land and excellent for producing hay or for grazing. There is a young Orchard of choice Fruit Trees on the place and the farm is under good fencing. The arable land is in a high state of cultivation.

Also, on the same day, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, one-fourth of a mile southwest of New Windsor, on the New Windsor and Liberty turnpike, opposite the tollgate, as executors as aforesaid, we will sell the property on which the said deceased resided at the time of his death containin

1 ACRE, 22 PERCHES OF LAND,



more or less, improved with a two-story Frame Dwelling House, with back Building; well of good water, with pump on the porch; Wash House, Smoke House, nearly new Stable with Carriage House attached, Hog Pen, Chicken House, Bee House, Wood House and other necessary outbuildings. The land is in a high state of cultivation, there is an Orchard of choice Fruit on the premises, fine Garden, &c.

Both the above properties are among the most desirable in the neighborhood, being in excellent condition and convenient to Post-office, Churches, Schools, Mills, Railroad Station, &c.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money cash, on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the court, one-third in six months, and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, and bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

HOWARD E. MYERS,
CHAS. T. REPP,
F. A. Crawford, Auct. Executors.
ap-5-5t

Select Poetry.

THE DINNER HORN.

I love all the sounds listened to by the farmer,
All speak with an eloquent voice
Of rural contentment; but one is a charmer,
Oh, it is the sound of my choice!
I mean the ntensil that hangs in the kitchen
And swings by a string to and fro,
That peals out its summons, men's lives to enrichen,
Three times ev'ry day as they go.

I love the cock-crow at the coming of morning,
Lambs bleating gives pleasure to me;
I hear with delight the crow's "caw!" when adjourning
To where he roosts snug in a tree.
There's music for me in a big wagon's rattle;
The clack of a mowing machine
Will set me to dreaming, while bawling of cattle,
Or whinny of colts on the green,

Is sure not to jar on my peace and contentment,
And even a cackling old hen,
Or loud squealing porker calls up no resentment,
And I'm prone to listen; but when
There floats on the air from the tree embowered dwelling,
That summons so loud and so sweet,
O'er hill, dale and woodland it echoes so swelling,
So far-reaching, piercing and fleet.

I welcome its message with kindly rejoicing;
To all it means surcease of toil;
"Refreshment and rest" is the burden it's voicing
To labor-worn tillers of soil,
So, here's to the trumpet that hangs in the kitchen;
It summons men home from the corn,
From hayfield and fallow, life's hour to enrichen
The battered old tin dinner horn.

Select Story.

DUCK.

BY CLARINDA PENDLETON LAMAR.

His name was originally Doctor, which had been shorted to "Doc," and thence d-scended—in unconscious deference to his compact, stumpy, little figure, and slow, waddling gait—into "Duck."

He was a little waif. A promising undergraduate in the curriculum of the street, with a traditional dread of policemen, a fine gift of silence, and a fondness for what he called "anibals."

He lived in a wooden shanty, on a fashionable street in a Southern city, where such shanties sometimes intrude themselves, impertinently, into the company of their betters. His mother and grandmother called him "Oly"—it was short for "Oceola" they told Lawrence Telfair, when that young gentleman paid his first visit to their home.

This visit was a source of embarrassment rather than pleasure, for Lawrence was dressed in a stylish suit of clothes—somewhat carelessly worn, it is true—and lived in a large brick house on the other side of the street. Duck had had certain skirmishes with the pompous old coachman who sat, in solomn grandeur, on the box of a carriage in front of the house every pleasant morning. He wondered if he was to be called to account for it now.

But Lawrence politely accepted the chair which Mrs. O'Dowd dusted for him with her apron, and began to display the most cordial interest in all their affairs. He knew by a Heaven-born instinct—this little patrician—just how to get on with "all sorts and conditions of men"; and it was as as natural for him to call on the O'Dowd's, when they moved into the neighborhood, as it was for his mother to visit the DeLaigles when their new house on the Square was ready for occupancy.

His friendship with Duck ripened rapidly. If their is anything in the attraction of opposites it was an intimacy easily explained, for they were alike in nothing, except that each, habitually, kept his hands in his pockets; and even here a contrast presented itself, for while Lawrence's capacious pockets were filled with all manner of entertaining things for his fingers to handle, poor Duck's digits were practicing a fraud upon the public, for his carelessly constructed garments resembled the famous top of the head of poor Uncle Ned, in that often there was no pocket in the side of his trousers in "the place where the pocket ought to be."

This sad deficiency struck Lawrence so keenly, when he first discovered it, that he went to his mother, and at his suggestion, she designed and made a pair of stout bags which Mrs. O'Dowd oblingly sewed into Duck's trowers, and from that time Lawrence constituted himself general supervisor of Duck's affairs.

They were an odd little couple as they walked and played together; the one well dressed and handsome, fair, curley-haired and slender, with a perennial flow of conversation; the other shabby and stunted, dark-skinned, with uncompromising black locks, and a certain taciturnity that seemed more in accord with his Indian name than with his Irish patronymic.

When Christmas approached, Larry began a fluent, if somewhat one-sided correspondense with Santa Claus, by means of the dining-room chimney. One evening he handed his mother a greasy slip of paper,

[redacted]

affectionate patronage.

Mrs. Telfair gasped. "Does he expect Santa Claus to bring him all those things?"

"Yes," said Larry, in troubled surprise, "Don't you think he will?"

"My dear boy,' said his mother, "Santa Claus doesn't own a circus or live in Africa; where is he to find elephants and camels?"

Larry laughed with good-natured tolerance. "Oh, he doesn't 'spect 'em to be 'live,'" he said. "He want's 'em made out o' tin."

"Oh," said his mother.

"Lawrence," she went on, after a pause, "I think you had better be Duck's Santa Claus."

"Me!" exclaimed the boy.

"Yes. I'm afraid Mrs. O'Dowd's chimney is so small that Santa Claus won't see it among all these big, tall chimneys on Habersham Street."

"Won't he?" asked Lawrence, his first doubt of a trusted friend speaking in a little droop of his underlip.

"Oh, I suppose he would find it after a while," his mother hastened to add. "But it would save him so much trouble if you got the things yourself and gave them to Mrs. O'Dowd to put in Duck's stocking after he went to sleep."

"That would be lots of fun!" exclaimed the boy, excitedly. "I think I've got money enough in my bank, I'll go and see;" and he darted out of the room.

Mrs. Telfair checked an impulse to call him back. She had not intended to further deplete the impoverished treasury of an institution that was constantly staggering on the verge of insolvency from the frequent runs upon it, by its chief depositor, for just such purposes as this.

"The bank will have to get an accommodation from Santa Claus," she said, smiling to herself. It's not surprising, considering how tight money is on the Street."

The horse and wagon, the goats and the camel were bought and paid for. They ran smoothly on wheels, and the woolly sheep emitted a fearful cry when you pressed him upon a tender spot in his body; but the elephant was not to be found. Larry tramped all over the town, and returned, late in the evening, so foot-sore and dispirited that he could only shake his head when his mother met him at the door; if he had spoken a word he would have cried.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't get it," said Mrs. Telfair. "I can make a splendid elephant, myself, and he will be enjoying a vigerous old age when all these other animals are in the asylum for cripples and incurables."

The elephant was cut out and sewed up that evening, and the next day, when he was stuffed with cotton, supplied with two shoe buttons for eyes, and two pieces of crochet needles for tusks, he was an elephant that would have done credit to Barnum's circus.

On Christmas morning Duck presented himself at the Telfair's back door with the entire menagerie tethered, by strings, to one arm, while the other, with difficulty, embraced the big gray elephant. He wore an air of absolute satisfaction as he exhibited his treasures; but not once did a word or a smile vary the prevailing expression of complete content that irradiated his stolid countenance.

The surprise which Lawrence exhibited, tho somewhat overdone, awakened no suspicion in Duck's confiding breast, tho it sent Mrs. Telfair precipitately into the house to give vent to her amusement.

"You ought to hear the little rascal," she said. "'You don't mean to say he brought the elephant!" mimicking Larry's slow drawl; "'I didn't think there was one in town. I reckon Mrs. Claus must have made it'."

"Duck's mother looks like an Indian, and I know he must have Indian blood in his veins," Mrs. Telfair remarked to her husband that night over their bedroom fire.

"You know Larry insisted on taking him to the Sunday-school Christmas tree. The child appeared in the most remarkable costume you ever beheld. He's a stunted little creature, and he reminded one of Rob the Grinder in his charity suit—you remember Jemima's apology for the way the trousers fit?—'His legs is short, especially behind.' His coat left off just below the armpits, and his face had been scoured until it looked as if one more rub would remove the skin altogether; I know it must have hurt in that frosty air.

"Larry had a present for him—one of his own toys decorated with a huge label, on which he had laboriously printed 'Doctor Oceola O'Dowd'; but, sad to relate, while he went in at the side door to confide his gift to the superintendent, Duck got separated from me and lost in the crowd. We were very unhappy about it, but the room was packed; and Larry, standing on a bench, could see nothing of him.

"Presently Mr. Shackelford began calling the names, and one well-dressed child after another went forward to receive a gift. After a while he called, 'Doctor Oceola O'Dowd.' Nearly everybody laughed, and Larry, his face very red, was just squeezing his way out to the aisle to go for it, when, who should appear but Duck, his short legs looking shorter, and his long trousers looking longer than ever. The absurd little figure walked imperturbably up the aisle, amid the breathless attention of the whole school, and held out his hand.

"'Are you "Doctor Oceola O'Dowd?"' said the superintendent.

"Duck nodded—you know he never speaks—Mr. Shackelford gave him the toy, and he turned and stalked back, amid the titters of the children, with all the solemn unconcern of the Lord High Chancellor of England.

"Larry seized him as he passed and drew him in by us; but he exhibited about as much emotion at finding us as the face of that clock. I believe he would stand in the middle of a ring of savages and let them short arrows at him all day without winking an evelash."

The spring came early that year, and the first bright day saw Larry and Duck, with fishhooks and "bait." on their way to the river. The water was muddy and swift, there had been frequent rains, and the banks of red clay looked treacherous enough. But the boys, with unimpaired serenity, slipped the wriggling "bait" over their hooks as camly as a lady draws her glove over her finger, and left one squirming end to writhe and twist and delude the credulous fish by its contortions.

This done, they threw their lines over their shoulders, preparatory to whipping them violently down on the water; and Larry began, as was his habit, apropos of nothing at all; "Duck, what would you do if you was wrecked on a desert island an' it was real cold?"

"Dunno," said Duck, his eyes intent on his line.

"I know what I'd do. I'd strike some rocks together an' make a light, an' wait till a coal cart came along an' spilled some coal, an' I'd pick it up an' make me a fire."

Duck moved uneasily on his muddy seat. It always disturbed him to have to talk. Presently, without raising his eyes, he said "There ain't no coal carts on desert islnnds."

"That's so," said Larry, brightly; "I never thought of that."

They fished for a while in silence, until Duck's line tightened in his grasp, and the end of his pole dipped suddenly toward the water.

"Look out!" cried Larry, jumping up, excitedly; "you got a bite!"

He started forward; but the treacherous clay slipped under his feet, and with a sudden cry he fell headlong into the river. The shock and the intense cold of the water stunned him, and he sank without a struggle; but Duck was instantly at the river's edge, gazing, with horrified eyes, at the spot where he had disappeared. Presently he rose, and the boy, grasping a willow which grew on the bank, flung himself forward on his face and caught the drowning child by the collar of his coat.

He tried with all his might, to pull him to the shore; but his position was a strained one, the unconscious child was very heavy, and his utmost efforts only availed to draw his head out of water and hold it there.

All this had been done in silence, no cry had escaped him when Larry fell; but now he opened his mouth and screamed for help until the air rang again. But no one came.

They had wandered across the bridge and along the bank to a spot where the river's bend shut them in from sight or sound of the city. Where he lay, with his face over the water's edge, he could see but a short expanse of the river, and no ripple of boat's keel or splash of oar broke its steadily flowing current. A great horror came over the child! Suppose no one ever came! He strained his ears to listen. Only the twitter of a sparrow, somewhere in the willows, or the swish of the water against the bank. He redoubled his screams, and listened again. He had frightened away the sparrow, that was all. If he could only catch Larry with both hands he could surely pull him in. But the bank was wet and slippery, and shelved rapidly toward the water; he dared not let go of the willow. Larry's pallid, upturned face frightened him with its dead-like calm.

"Wake up, Larry!" he cried. "You ain't dead. Wake up!"

But Larry did not answer. The river, running swiftly by, swayed his body against the bank, until Duck's fingers stiff and numb from the water's chill, could hardly keep their hold upon him. His screams rang louder and louder. Would no one hear? If only a policeman would come along! He had never expected to see the day when he would welcome the appearance of that arm of the law; but now he would be glad to know that the "Black Maria" was coming after him.

The moments wore themselves away. His voice began to grow hoarse from screaming, his arms and back ached from the terrible strain, and the willow twigs cut his roughened little hands. He believed he would lie there until he died.

He thought of his mother and grandmother, and wondered how long it would be before they missed him. With a sob he remembered the woolly sheep and the big gray elephant, and wondered who would get them when he was dead.

If Larry would only wake up and speak to him! He began to call his name, louder and faster, until he was forced to stop for breath. Not once did he think of letting go his hold upon the little coat. The stoical endurance which his one drop of Indion blood may have held in reserve for this hour did not desert him. But he was so tired—so tired!

Had God gone away? Could not Santa Claus hear? They might not come for him, but if they only knew it was Larry who was drowning they would surely come, Larry knew them so well. It was only by holding up his head that he kept it out of the water, and the pain in his neck grew unendurable. Oh, for one moment's rest! To draw his arms together, once, and open his stiffened fingers! If they were both going to die he wished they might die soon, he could not stand it much longer. His eyelids began to droop, his head swayed, unsteadily.

"Larry," he sobbed, "I'm 'fraid my fingers won't hold —any"—

A voice rang over the water; "Hold on, little 'un, I'm a-comin'."

With a sob, the tired head dropped, limp and heavy, into the river; and when the fisherman reached over the side of the boat to lift the drowning boy, Duck's clutching fingers detained him, and Larry was, with difficulty, released from his unconscious hold.

"He's a game little 'un," muttered the fisherman; "a leetle more'n he'd 'a' drownt hisself."

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

Keep your temper.
Eight hours' sleep.
Sleep on your right side.
Exercise before breakfast.
Live in the country if you can.
Daily exercise in the open air.
Take frequent and short holidays.
Keep yeor bedroom window open all night.
Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
Eat plenty of fruit to feed the cells which destroy disease germs. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.

The celebrated preacher had just finished his sermon, when the reporter rose from his seat at the back and started down the aisle. "Ah, brother," spoke the minister in a voice that trembled with emotion, "have you come to be saved?" "No, sir; I've come for a copy of your sermon."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2300-0349