AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 8, 1902. VOL. 71--NO. 43.

PRIVATE SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE,
In Carroll County, Maryland.

The undersigned, as attorney for Harriet Bollinger, offers at Private Sale, the following property:

1st. All that Store Stand and private residence in Taneytown, Md., (now occupied by Mr. Fogle,) improved by a two-and-half story frame and brick building. Has a frontage of about 20 feet with a depth of about 82 feet. The lot has a frontage of about 20 feet with a depth of about 320 feet. Situate on the northwest corner of the square in said town, and well worthy the attention of purshasers.

2nd. All that valuable little Farm, situate at Uniontown, (occupied by Mr. Wolf,) containing 37 Acres, 1 Rood and 21 Square Perches of Land, more or less, improved by a two-story Frame and Weatherboarded House, with two-story Back Building, good Switzer Barn, and all usual outbuildings. Well of water at the house. Land in good state of cultivation.

3rd. All that tract of land, situate near Westminster, Md., (known as the Manahan property,) containing 19 Acres, 2 Roods and 18 Square Perches of Land, more or less. Has some buildings thereon,land in fair state of cultivation, good water, fruit, &c.

For further information call upon, or address, GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
Attorney at Law, Westminster, Md.
oct 18 4t

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Property,
IN MANCHESTER, CARROLL CO., MD.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from Charles A. Warner to Conrad Frankforter, dated April 1st, 1895, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 37, folio 179 etc., and after default, the undersigned mortgagee will sell at Public Sale, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR, IN WESTMINSTER, Carroll county, Md., on

SATURDAY, 15th OF NOVEMBER, 1902,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that lot or parcel of land described in said mortgage, situated on Main street, in Manchester, Carroll county, Md., and containing

ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE OF LAND,

and improved by a two-story frame Dwelling House, with a CIGAR FACTORY attached, 40x18 feet.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, in equity; and the residue in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months each; or all cash at the option of the purchaser; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security.

CONRAD FRANKFORTER.
Bond & Parke, Solicitors. Mortgagee.
F. A. Gorsuch, auct. oct 25 4t

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE MORTGAGED Real Property,
In New Windsor District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from Jacob Kiler and wife to David Baile of D., bearing date April 9, 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber G. A. M. No. 23, folio 456 etc., and by mesne assignments, of record, duly assigned to the undersigned, and after default, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, in Carroll county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1902,

at one o'clock, P. M., all that Valuable Farm situated in New Windsor district, Carroll county, Maryland, containing

72 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

lately occupied by Jacob Kiler, now deceased. This farm is on the public road from Dennings to Warfieldsburg, about one-fourth of a mile from Baile's P. O., and four miles from New Windsor and is improved by a two and one-half story Dwelling, Bank Barn, Dairy and all the other usual outbuildings. There is a never failling spring at the house and water at the barn, and an apple orchard on the place. About

30 ACRES IS IN GOOD TIMBER,

and the rest is under excellent cultivation. The farm is well fenced and offers a most attractive investment for those desiring a good property.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in equity, and the residue in two equal instalments of 6 and 12 months each, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security.

F. NEAL PARKE,
Assignee of Assignee of Mortgagee.
Bond & Parke, Solicitors.
F. A. Crawford, Auct. oct 18 4t

Fall Opening AT OAK HALL,
NEW WINDSOR, Md.

We have an attractive line of Dress Goods to show you. Prices from 12½c. to $1.25. Camel's Hair Ziboline Cloths, Whip Cords, Serges, Henriettas, Broadcloths, Silk Mixtures, Illuminated Cheviots, a beautiful line of

FANCY SILKS AND FLANNELS,

for waists, Velvets in variety, a saving of 20 per cent. in above goods by calling early. Flannels and Outings from 5c up. A beautiful line of Shoes for ladies and children. Ask to see our 98 cent grade in ladies'. For style take a peep at our custom made Shoes.

THE SOROSIS FINISH THE LATEST.

Every pair guaranteed. Our gent's Shoe at $1.25 to $1.50 can't be duplicated. We have the greatest job in Boots ever offered, 250 pairs to go at a guaranteed saving of 25 to 39 per cent. Also some attractive

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150 gents Suits from $3.50 to $12.00, 250 children's and youths' from 3 to 14 years. If you want a nice Hat come and see us. Our

CARPETS, RUGS, BLANKETS, &c.,

are full to overflowing. We still give out Coupons, a return of 5 per cent. Our terms are strictly cash. Come and see us. Thanks for your trade. We will appreciate a call.

ja 18 92 1y 4 GEO. C. ANDERS.

J. W. SHUNK,
THE LEADING
Harness and Turf Goods House.

JUST RECEIVED DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

of Robes, Blankets,

&c., for Fall and Winter Trade, of best quality and at lowest possible price, consisting of

GALLOWAY, FOX, BEAR AND GOAT ROBES, GOLF SHAWLS, PLUSH AND WOOL ROBES.

5A HORSE BLANKETS from the cheapest to the best grades. Also a full line of HARNESS AND SADDLERY, TRUNKS, DRESS SUIT CASES

and everything belonging to a first-class harness establishment. Soliciting a share of your patronage, I am yours to serve.

J. WALTER SHUNK,
41 East Main St., Westminster, Md.
jan 11 02 1y

NO. 3970 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

In the matter of the Trust Estate of John Himler, Henry Himler, trustee.

Ordered, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1902, 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 17th day of November, 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:
nov-1-2t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of administration on the estate of

L. ELIZABETH KOONS,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of May, 1903, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 27th day of October, 1902.

CHARLES F. KOONS,
nov 1 4t Administrator.

GEORGE O. BRILHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
Office with Chas. E. Fink, Esq., Court St.
Residence New Windsor. oct 18

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORES.

GREAT AND TIMELY VALUES EXPRESSLY OFFERED TO MEET YOUR EVERY WANT FOR WINTER.

Men's Fleece Lined Underwear.

50 dozen Undershirts and Drawers, all sizes from 32 to 44, go on sale at

39c each.

Men's Laundered Shirts.

A small lot of colored bosom Shirts, best quality materials, all sizes, slightly soiled, regular price $1.00, to close at

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A Special Sale of Blankets.

11-4 all wool Blankets, various styles of colored borders and Plaids, actual $5.00 ones, priced for this sale

$4.50.

10-4 all wool Blankets, in white, gray, scarlet and plaids, worth $3.50, for this week

$3.15.

50 pairs extra heavy white cotton Blankets, large size, at

50c.

A Very Special Bargain in Writing Paper and Envelopes.

250 lbs. White Linen Paper, crepe finish, made expressly for this store, to be sold at

19c per lb.

5,000 Envelopes to match, put up in packages of 25, to be sold at

5c a pack.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

John D. Bowers.

WE HAVE ARRANGED FOR OUR

FALL OPENING.

We are in position to give you many advantages in our different departments. A special drive on

Staple Groceries.

Fancy Groceries not to be excelled in completeness in stock, Quality and Prices. Our Fruits of all kinds have arrived. Prunes, Peaches, Apricots, &c., new and cheap. Good Salmon 10c a can. 5c Sand Soap at 3c a cake. 10c Box of Salt at 5 cents. 1c Box of Matches two for 1c. 1 dozen large Pickles for 12c. New Hominy, Buckwheat, Malaga Grapes and Cranberries cheap. We have also completed our Cereal Department—15 different kinds. The largest line of Fancy Cakes and Box Crackers this side of the city.

Whitman's Confections

do not need any further praise, as everybody knows by trying them what it is. We carry 40 different kinds of Chocolates. Whitman's is the watchword.

Our Pride of Carroll and Westminster Coffee, at 14c and 17c per pound, are still in the lead and sales are increasing rapidly. Country Produce taken in exchange.

JOHN D. BOWERS, OPPOSITE CATHOLIC RECTORY.
jan-23-02-1y TELEPHONE, C. & P. 11-3. 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.

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Read what WADDELL is doing. He is selling GROCERIES, PEOVISIONS, SPICES, TEA, COFFEE, CANDY, CIGARS and TOBACCO, at cut prices and guarantees every cent's worth he sells to give entire satisfaction.

Babbitt's and Santa Claus Soap	4c.	Cream Corn Starch	4c package.
Armour's Meats	10c.	1 lb. Can very best Baking Powder	8c.
Cameo Starch	3½c.	Golden Rod Baking Powder	3.
Malta-Vita Nerve Food	12c.	Fresh Oat Meal	9c package.
Star Polish	5c.	Washing Powder	2c package.
Chip Beef	13 and 22 cts. can.	40c Syrup at 35c, while it lasts.	
Cakes, Crackers and Snaps	5c pound.	Coal Oil, very best, 5 gals for	45c.
4 Boxes good Lye	25c.	Oil Cans	12½c each.

We wish to inform the public that these prices are not Fakes, Baits or Leaders. Price cut on everything in the store. Try a pound of our famous 10c Coffee. Its great. Jersey Sweet Potatoes always in stock.

C. F. WADDELL,
oct 18 02 1y2 Cut Price Merchant. 28 West Main St., Westminster, Md.

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GROCERIES AND FEEDS.

NEW GOODS EVERY DAY UNTIL CHRISTMAS.

SPECIAL PRICES ON 50 DOZEN GOOD BROOMS—25c Broom 20c, 25c Broom 22c, 30c Broom 25c, 40c Broom 30c.
25 dozen 1-gallon Galvanized Oil Cans, only 15c each.
50 dozen good strong Wire Egg Beaters 1c each.
25 boxes of good Clothes Pins, 5 dozen for 5c.

Heavy Fodder Yarn, 9c lb.
Flour, 40c to 70c sack.
B. T. Babbitt's 1776, 4 for 15c.
Fresh Cracked Oyster Shells for Chickens.
B. T. Babbitt's Lye, 3 for 25c.
Wanted Eggs and New Corn.
Agent for Dr. Hess's goods.

Fresh Crackers and Ginger Snaps, 5c lb.
Town Talk Tobacco, 25c lb.
B. T. Babbitt's Soap, 6 for 25c.
Feed of all kinds.
Fine and coarse Salt by the sack.
Bailed Hay and Straw.

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A FULL LINE OF
Buggies, Surreys, Runabouts, Harrows, Plows, Rollers,
and Dynamite for Rocks and Stumps.
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SPRINGFIELD and JOHN WELTY CABLE PURE RYE WHISKEY at $2.00 Per Gallon.

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NO. 73 EAST MAIN STREET,
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Western Md. Telephone—Call 43.
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MYERS BROTHERS,
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Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work, a Specialty.

Our office at Westminster, formerly occupied by Dr. Selby, will always be open.
The TANEYTOWN OFFICE will be open first Monday and Tuesday of every month.
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JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at reasonable prices. Call for estimates.

ST. PETER AT THE GATE.

—:o:—
(Republished by Request.)
—:o:—

St Peter stood guard at the Golden Gate
With a solemn mien and air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and woman ascending there.
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
And asked St. Peter to let them in.
The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin,
The man was short and thick, and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out;
His face was pleasant and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile,
The choirs in the distance the echoes woke
And the man kept still while the woman spoke:
"Oh! thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither, beseeching thee,
To let us enter the Heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt—
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me out;
I've been to meetings three times a week,
And almost always I'd rise and speak,
I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent their evil way;
I have told my neighbors, I have told them all,
'Bout Adam and Eve and the Primal fall;
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan of their whole career,
I've talked and talked to 'em, loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.

So good St. Peter you will clearly see
The gate of Heaven is open to me;
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way—
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or not.
He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn;
So I had to leave him in sorrow there
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chose to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.
But, oh! St. Peter, I love him so!
To the pleasures of Heaven please let him go!
I've done enough—a saint I've been;
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim Gospel I know 'tis so
That the unrepentant must fry below,
But isn't there some way you can see
That he may enter who is dear to me?
It's a narrow Gospel, by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
So that their relations can amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be;
You ought to stand by that opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss,
They'd look better narrower, cut straight across.
Well, we must be going our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in!"
And then he arose in his stature tall
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell;
"Escort this lady around to hell!"

The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily there alone,
A life-long, settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad,
He thought if the woman went down below
That he would certainly have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim
There wasn't a ghost of show for him.
Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Observed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back, and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh).
And then he thoughtfully added "Why?"
St. Peter was silent, with head bent down.
He raised his head and scratched his crown:
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair.
Swearing is wicked. Smoke's not good—
He smoked and swore—I should think he would.
Thirty years with that tongue so sharp?
Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string,
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!
Gabriel gave him a seat alone—
One with cushions—up near the throne.
Call up some angels to sing their best,
Let him enjoy the music and rest.
See that on finest ambrosia he feeds,
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do
To roast him on earth and the future too."

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe, with a pair of wings,
And he said, as he entered the Realm of Day,
"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"
And so the Scriptures had come to pass;
"The last shall be first and the first shall be last."

—C. F. S.

Poor Man.

He came home a few nights ago a bit tired from a busy day's work, and his wife waited until he got his overcoat off and sat down.

"Did you bring that piece of silk I asked you to bring?" seeing he had not laid it before her.

"Yes, my dear; I left it out there in the hall."

"Did you get the pins?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the ribbon?"

"Yes."

"And Bobbie's shoes?"

"Yes."

"And a hearth brush?"

"Yes."

"And a wick for the kitchen lamp?"

"Yes."

"And matches?"

"Yes; you will find them among the rest."

"And did you see the man about the coal?"

"Yes he said he would send it up on Monday."

"And the man to fix the grate in the dining room?"

"Yes, he is coming up as soon as he can."

"And did you pay the quarter's gas bill?"

"Yes, dear."

"And—and—oh, yes; did you order a new shovel for the kitchen?"

"N—n-no; he hesitated, I really forgot the shovel."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "what did you do that for?"

"It slipped my memory."

"You know we needed that shovel, and I told you about it the very first thing when you went down town this morning—I do think you men are the most forgetful and most careles creatures that ever lived." And she was cross for the rest of the day.

Resolution is mighty, when backed by an unconquerable will to carry it out. Resolution is worthless, when there is nothing to back it. It was the starting place where the race was decided.—C. K. Kent.

Life should be lived in earnest. It is no idle game, no farce to amuse and be forgotten. It is a stern reality, fuller of duties than the sky of stars.—Orison Swett Marden.

HOW EBEN STRUCK HIS GAIT.

—:o:—

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

"Roach & Lufkin, Attorneys at Law." That was the firm name, but everybody, including the office boy and the bookkeeper, knew that Lufkin, Eben Lufkin, didn't amount to much either in the affairs of the office, as a lawyer or as an individual. He was older than Judge Roach, slimmer, slower, more silent, an old-fashioned bachelor. As a matter of fact his position in the firm was more that of chief clerk than partner. He wrote most of the letters "by hand," a small, beautiful, legible hand, of which he was proud. Judge Roach "made allowances" for "Eben," as he called him. They had been classmates at college, and the judge remembered that Lufkin had been his guide, counselor and friend at school. In business, though, things were different. Roach was assertive, confident, pushing. He had up-to-date methods and wore up-to-date clothes. Lufkin had the scholarship without any ability to get there. Roach was one of those men who would have succeeded from section hand to superintendency. He got next to everything. After ten years of profitable law practice he began to regard Eben more as one of the office fixtures than as a friend and equal.

Being wealthy by inheritance, the division of profits with Lufkin didn't matter much with Roach, but his partner's cautious, hesitating, methodical ways began to seem irksome. Lufkin imagined that he was the safety of the partnership. Roach began to think he was a hindrance, a dead weight. He no longer felt the need of an adviser, and he resented criticism. Eben seldom ventured to interfere with affairs, but Roach felt that his acts were estimated, his words weighed, his manner considered, his behavior criticised by the silent, watchful, gentle, old fellow behind the desk. Even Lufkin's rusty black alpaca coat looked liked a tacit remonstrance against Roach's smart blue serge military.

"He's too slow," thought the judge.

"He's a boy yet," said Lufkin to himself.

"Wonder if Eben'll stand it," thought Roach, when he made up his mind to employ a young woman stenographer.

A good wife would make a man of him," mused Lufkin, who didn't know anything about the impending innovation.

The new stenographer was the daughter of one of the firm's deceased clients. She was a southern girl, with a brune, serious face, much wavy black hair, wistful gray-blue eyes and a distant manner. Mr. Lufkin looked at her as he might have looked at a strange, beautiful insect when his partner stammered an introduction, but he took the large, white hand held out to him, and said:

"Thank you, Miss Gildersleeve."

He was always polite like that, even to clerks, servants, and beggars, and Judge Roach had an idea that it was one of the qualities that helped to keep Eben down. When Miss Gildersleeve had been duly installed in her little corner Lufkin seemed to forget her presence altogether except when he entered and left the office. Then it was "Good morning, Miss Gildersleeve," or "Good evening, Miss Gildersleeve," but no more. She had been in the office two months before he ventured to dictate a letter, but he didn't keep it up. He seemed to prefer writing his own letters with a pen. Judge Roach, on the contrary, never had written so many letters. In fact, Eben, who naturally overheard everything, had never known that his partner belonged to so many clubs, went to so many places, knew so many fashionable ladies, was in correspondence with so many prominent men.

But when the judge bought a brand-new oak, drop-top typewriting desk for Miss Gildersleeve, and had it placed in his own private office, where neither the prying clerks nor the receptive Lufkin could overhear him dictating letters, old Eben got out the little oilstone from his bottom drawer and, as he sharpened his pen knife, whistled: "The Campbell's are Coming" in a weird and dreary discord. A few days afterward he noticed that Judge Roach wore a very brilliant rose in his button hole as he strode into the office in the morning. And in the evening after she had gone and the old bachelor went into the private office to get the morning paper out of the waste basket, he saw the same rose in a bottle of water on Miss Gildersleeve's desk.

After that he began to notice a lot of unusual things in Judge Roach's dress and demeanor, and he whistled: "The Campbell's are Coming" all the time, to all kinds of measure, and never in tune. Roach was unmistakably irritated when Eben suddenly resumed the dictation of letters. To do this it was necessary for the old fellow either to call Miss Gildersleeve into the main office or to intrude upon the privacy of Roach's sanctum. The judge began to conceive a deeprooted but unreasonable hatred for his old partner. Lufkin's correspondence began to surpass all reason. The amiable Miss Gildersleeve was forever taking notes. But now it was Eben who monopolized her time.

The judge tried coming down early. He arrived one morning at seven o'clock. But Lufkin was already at work. Then he tried loitering in the evening, but Eben insisted on "locking up."

"I believe the old fool thinks Miss Gildersleeve has ensnared me," reflected Roach, gnawing his mustache. "The meddlesome fossil!"

As a matter of fact the judge had found his stenographer so quick-witted, so modest, so amiable and so comely that he was beginning to consider the propriety of showing her a little more personal attention. You see, she was the daughter of an old and respected client and she had come to town an utter stranger. Her manners were those of the nurtured southern lady. She was young, diffident, industrious, discreet. Why not show her some of the consideration which is usually omitted between employer and employe? So thought Judge Roach. It could do no harm, for instance, to take her driving in the park after dark. Nobody could see them. He could keep away from the crowded drives and fashionable resorts. So he asked her.

"Oh, I thank you, Mr. Roach," she had answered, "but I promised a friend to attend the concert this evening. It's very kind of you, I'm sure."

He saw that she was pleased, flattered, he guessed, and by the merest chance he drove that evening past the music stand in the park. He saw her, her face radiant, chatting gayly to a man.

The next day, having asked Miss Gildersleeve to withdraw, Judge Roach, looking quite solemn, his hand trembling a bit, his face flushed, called Eben into his office and closed the door.

"Eben," he said, awkwardly, confused, "I've been thinking—of course it's just a notion of mine, but I—have you thought anything of withdrawing from the partnership—going in for yourself, Eben?"

"Yes, I've thought of it, George," said Lufkin, quietly, a sad kind of smile hovering about the corner of his gentle mouth, "I think I'd have done better alone, perhaps, but it's a bit late now, I'm afraid. You see, I've been fitting myself to your necessities so long that—but if you wish it, George—"

"Oh, I don't wish it, Eben," blurted Roach, who was beginning to feel very cheap, "I don't wish it, I've no fault to find, but you're a different kind of a man from me, you're a little too—that is, you're too blamed slow!" concluded the judge, trying to justify himself by becoming brutal.

"As you say, George," answered Eben, very softly, "I'll drop out. It'll be especially inconvenient just now—"

"Why?" The judge was resolved to have no mercy.

"Well, you see, I had arranged to be married at New Year's and—"

"Married?" Judge Roach forgot his resentment in the surprising news.

"Yes, George," resumed the quiet man, "we—that is, Miss Gildersleeve—"

"You don't mean to tell me that you and Miss Gildersleeve are to be married, Eben!" Mr. Roach was growing gray about the lips.

"We intended to keep it a secret for awhile, George—"

"Stop! Shut up, will you! Just for a minute, please, Eben." The two friends sat quite silent for a few minutes, and then: "Eben, old boy," said the judge, "you don't want to remember anything I said about breaking up the partnership; I don't mean it. I just wanted to see what you'd say before I went away. I intended to tell you that I'm going to Europe for a month. I think I'll start tomorrow. Court's adjourned, and you can look after everything, including the correspondence, eh, Eben?"

There was a vague smile as he said this, but Eben laughed softly and they shook hands, and when Mr. Roach was alone he looked absently out of the window and muttered:

"And I gave him credit for being too slow!"

A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS.

St. Nicholas in 1903 Promises to Go Far Beyond Past Successes.

Professor John Bach McMaster recently wrote to the editors of St. Nicholas: "Thank you very heartily for the pleasure and profit St. Nicholas brings to my boys."

Boys—and girls—are very much alike the world over. The delight and help that St. Nicholas is giving to Professor McMaster's boys, and thousands of other girls and boys, it holds for every girl and boy who can understand English.

Since the first number of St. Nicholas was published, nearly thirty years ago, many weekly and monthly publications for children have come and gone; but St. Nicholas still holds its place, the unrivalled "prince of periodicals for young folks." It was never more enjoyed by its readers than now, for in addition to the usual serial stories, short articles, etc., there is a department called "The St. Nicholas League," in which the children themselves have an opportunity to take part. There are said to be nearly fifty thousand children now belonging to the League, and prizes are given out each month for the best stories, poems, drawings and photographs sent in by the young members. Any reader of St. Nicholas may become a member.

St. Nicholas announces for 1903 "The Story of King Arthur," written and illustrated by Howard Pyle, a companion story to his famous "Robin Hood," but which readers of the manuscript think surpasses that in strength and interest of the narrative and beauty of the illustrations. Two short stories by Miss Alcott, written for her own little nieces and never before published, will soon appear in St. Nicholas, with other stories and articles by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Frank R. Stockton, Clara Morris, and scores of other well-known writers. St. Nicholas makes a specialty of papers of information, richly illustrated articles on practical subjects, like the Navy Yard, the Assay Office, etc.

The price of St. Nicholas is three dollars a year. The publishers announce that new subscribers who begin with January may receive the November and December numbers free, and so begin the volume and get the commencement of all the serials. The publishers are The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

McBrier—"Did yer ever see a horse jump five feet over a fence?"

McSwatt—"Oi've seen 'em jump four feet over. I didn't know that a horse had foive feet."

Miss Pert—"How long should a girl of 16 wear her dresses?" Miss Antique—"Gracious! From the time she gets up until she goes to bed, I should say."

Learn to labor and to wait.—Longfellow.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Correspondnce of the Sentinel.

GRANADA, COLO., OCT. 27TH, 1902.—Thinking that it may interest some of your readers to have a word from this part of the country, I will try and give a few items of interest. We are located in the southeastern part of the State in the Arkansas Valley, a valley that extends east and west along the Arkansas river, varying in width from several miles to about twenty miles. We are about 3,500 feet above sea level. That making this an almost rainless country it is very seldom that there is over eight to twelve inches of rain in a year. The climate here is about as near perfect as you can get it. The air is always dry, and that, with about 325 days of sunshine in a year, makes a fine country to live in. You may wonder how we raise anything without rain. That is an easy matter, as farming is all done by irrigation. We have one of the greatest systems of irrigation here in the United States. Our main canal, which is 118 miles in length, is fed from the Arkansas River, and there we have a large reservoir covering about 65,000 acres. That is filled in the flood time in the spring to use in summer when the water gets low in the river. We had the misfortune this year of having the dam in the river that turns the water in to our canal washed out by a flood, and we were unable to get all the water we needed. It was a wooden structure and had become rotten; but they are putting in a dam now that will stand. They are making it out of rock and cement and it will cost about sixty-five thousand dollars. Although we were short of water, we had fair crops, and all of us Marylanders are well satisfied with the country. Although nearly everything does well here, the main crops are sugar beets, cantaloupes and alfalfa clover. Cantaloupes this year netted the farmers clear of all expense from forty to sixty dollars an acre, and sugar beets will do about the same, with alfalfa following very close. So you can readily see why they are the main crops. What little wheat was sowed here this year yielded from twenty to forty bushels to the acre. But land is getting too expensive to raise wheat. Alfalfa clover is one of the greatest crops I ever saw, often making four crops of hay in one season, or two crops of hay and a seed crop. The cantaloupes raised here are noted all over the United States for their fine flavor, and always sell for more money than any melon on the market. All vegetables raised here seem to have a better flavor than they do back East. There are quite a few people here who are making good money out of bees. One man here has shipped over a carload of honey from about a hundred and fifty stands of bees, netting him considerably over a thousand dollars. I have not been able to find out the exact amount. That the country is prospering can be told by the way land is advancing in price. A little over a year ago you could buy land for about thirty-five to fifty dollars an acre; now you have to pay for the same land from sixty to one hundred dollars and it is advancing all the time. Fruit does well here also. I have seen quite a good many orchards that are only three or four years old, which had considerable fruit in them this year, and for size and flavor the fruit cannot be excelled by any I ever saw. There are still opportunities here for people to start with little means, but it will not be long before they will all be taken up, as the country is filling up fast. The health of the community generally is good and everybody is happy.

Yours Respectfully,
W. ROYER BISH.
Granada, Colorado.

A Library for Four Dollars.

Best Pictures, Best Fiction, Best History for Price of a Century Subscription.

Four dollars is a small sum with which to supply a family for a year with the best pictures and literature: "The high-water mark of color reproduction," as Howard Pyle characterizes the exquisite color reproductions of his paintings in the December Century; history, current topics of vital interest, the best verse and fiction of the day.

The most striking successes of the Century Magazine have been made in the field of history, witness the famous Century War Papers, Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, etc.; and it is to return to the field of historical literature this year. A striking series of illustrated articles on the early campaigns of the Revolution, written by Professor Justin Harvey Smith of Dartmouth College, will be one of the features, especially covering the picturesque march of Arnold through the Maine woods. Important articles on the "Trusts" will be printed from time to time—not attacking or defending, but simply telling the inside history of the great trusts and how they are conducted.

Richard Whiteing, the author of that popular book "No. 5 John Street," is to write one of the serials for The Century in 1903, "The Yellow Van," the story of an American "schoolma'am" who marries an English duke. Another serial by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the most popular book of the year, will begin to appear in the December Century. Papers by "Mr. Dooley," giving his unique "opinions" on literature; new light on the lives of Edgar Allen Poe and Sir Walter Scott; richly illustrated articles on the great exchanges of the world, and the best short stories that can be procured from the leading writers—all these are coming in The Century. Beautiful pictures in color will appear from time to time.

The pictures are richly worth framing and a place in every home. The reading means wide information, culture, and rich intellectual pleasure from month to month. The bound volumes should have permanent place in every library. Big returns, all this, on the small investment of four dollars.

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