AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 31, 1903. VOL. 72--NO. 5.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of Administration with the will annexed on the estate of

GEORGE DORSEY,

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 6th day of August, 1903, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of January, 1903.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
jan 10 4t Administrator W. A.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ELIZABETH REID,

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 6th day of August, 1903, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of January, 1903.

JNO. MILTON REIFSNIDER,
jan 10 4t Administrator W. A.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

URIAH YINGLING,

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 subscribers, on or before the 13th day of August, 1903; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 13th day of January, 1903.

JAMES F. YINGLING,
URIAH GRANT YINGLING,
Jan 17 4t Executors.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

Office Westminster Cemetery Company,
Westminster, Md., Jan. 15th, 1903.

Notice is hereby given to the Lotholders of the Westminster Cemetery Company, that the annual election for a President and Board of Six Managers of said Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the First National Bank of Westminster, on TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1903, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

P. S.—Notice is also given that the stated meeting of the present Board will be held at 6½ o'clock, P. M., on the same day, at which time a full report of the operations of the company for the past year will be given to the lotholders.

JOHN J. REESE,
jan 17 3t Secretary.

NO. 4004 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

EX-PARTE. In the matter of the Trust Estate of David Cassell, John T. Cassell and Ephraim Haines, trustees.

Upon the aforegoing petition it is, this 19th day of January, 1903, by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, ordered and decreed that jurisdiction be assumed of the trusts created by the said deed of trust of David Cassell and his wife, to John T. Cassell and Ephraim Haines, trustees, appointed under said deed; and it is further ordered that said trustees give notice to the creditors of said David Cassell, who were such of the date of the deed of trust, to file their claims in this cause with the Clerk of this Court within thirty days from the 23rd of January, 1903.

jan 24 4t WILLIAM H. THOMAS.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:

DECEMBER TERM, 1902.

Estate of George Dorsey, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 19th day of January, 1903, that the sale of the leasehold estate of George Dorsey, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by George L. Stocksdale, administrator, W. A., of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said administrator W. A., be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 23rd day of February next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 16th day of February, next. The report states the amount of sale to be Three Hundred Dollars, ($300.00.)

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL,
JACOB RINEHART,
L. CALVIN JORDAN, } Judges.

True copy.—Test:

JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
jan 24-3t Register of Wills.

Fine Small Farm at Private Sale.

I offer, at Private Sale, my Farm of 47 Acres, more or less, near Finksburg. The land has recently been heavily limed and is very productive. Improvements are: 2½-story 9 room house, large new bank barn and all other necessary outbuildings, all in first-class order, with never-failing water at house. About 5 acres is in valuable oak and hickory timber and there is a due proportion of meadow land. There is a young orchard of apples and peaches recently planted and a large quantity of choice fruit trees in full bearing condition. The dwelling is beautifully located, and altogether the farm is a very desirable one in every respect. Terms will be easy, the subscriber only selling because he cannot occupy the place himself. For further particulars call on or address

ALBERT PRUGH,
an 17 4t Gamber Md.

IVAN L. HOFF, ATTORNEY.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE,

Situated about 1½ miles North-east of Silver Run, on the road known as Cherry Lane, leading from Silver Run to the Hanover road in Myers' district, Carroll county, Maryland.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Samuel Baum and Elizabeth A. Baum, his wife, to Grove A. Shipley, bearing date June 6th, 1888, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber W. N. M. No. 27, folio, 77, &c., the undersigned mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR in the City of Westminster, Carroll county, Md., ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1903,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., EIGHT ACRES, more or less, of the land described in and conveyed by said mortgage; 6 acres and 30 square perches having heretofore been sold from the land mentioned in mortgage, by the mortgagors, to Jonas D. Myers, by deed dated March 27th, 1894, and recorded in liber B. F. C. No. 78, folio 358. There are no buildings on this real estate to be sold, but the land is in a high state of cultivation. For further information apply to Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney.

Terms of Sale.—CASH.

GROVE A. SHIPLEY,
jan 10 4t Mortgagee.

Great Clearing Sale AT OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, Md.

The grandest clearing sale of Winter Goods on record. Owing to the fact of the Insurance Companies requiring a regular inventory once a year, we begin at once to clear our shelves of all Winter Goods. Insurance values will be offered.

6-4 Cloths, $1.00 grade, 69c. 75c grade now 49c. 50c grade now 25c.

Great bargains in Clothing. $8.00 and $10.00 Suits and Overcoats now $5.00 to $7.00.

Bargains in Blankets, Comforts, Robes, Boots and everything in the winter line.

They must be closed out within the next 15 to 20 days.

Will astonish you in prices if you will call. The first will receive our best bargains.

We have hundreds of Remnants of Dress Goods that will be offered at half price.

Come at once as we have the goods for you.

Respectfully,

ja 18 92 1y 6 GEO. C. ANDERS.

WM. B. THOMAS

Banker and Broker,

NO. 73 E. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.

Discounts Paper, Loans Money, Negotiates Loans, buys and sells Real Estate, Rents Farms for owners and tenants.

☞ PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Rates according to time. Special attention given to collections. dec-9-1y

Commissioners' Notice.

HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster EVERY MONDAY for the transaction of business.

By order JNO. E. MASENHIMER,
an-2-1y Clerk

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORES.

AFTER STOCK TAKING

Means much everywhere, but most of all here. Those choice, much desired bits of MERCHANDISE are here full and plenty. The business is even with our expectations.

But accomplishment doesn't stifle effort—not at HERING'S. There is no rest if success is to be wasted. Your grand responses to our offerings are inspirations. We must be worthy of such universal confidence. No use pointing back to what has been done. Our interest and your's centers in the present. The beauties and benefits of our store are broadening daily. We are offering values and endeavoring to perfect a service that approaches nearer to ideal retailing than has heretofore been attained.

Remnants. Remnants.

We have placed on our front counters a lot of Remnants of

DRESS GOODS, SILKS AND VELVETS,

at one-half their regular price. Lots of these have enough for a dress, and many others suitable for skirts.

Special in Ladies' Shoes.

50 pairs Ladies' Fine Shoes, in a variety of styles, andall sizes. New, perfect, wellmade Shoes in all the latest styles; fine, soft dongola kid leather; extension and thin flexible solcs, our regular $2.50 and $3.00 Shoes, for this sale,

$1.98 Pair.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SYKESVILLE PERPETUAL BUILDING ASSOCIATION OF CARROLL COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Cash on hand Dec. 1, 1901		$ 712 96
Received on act. of Shares to Dec. 1, 1901		19,958 89
Received on act. of Notes and Mortgages		23,707 00
Received Interest, Fines and Dues		3,117 03
Total		$ 47,475 88
Redeemed Shares of Stock	$ 3,248 72	
Loaned on First Mortgages	16,000 00	
Loaned on Notes	23,037 20	
Paid Interest on Money borrowed	777 78	
Paid for Recording Committee Fees and Insurance	113 36	
Paid Officers Salaries	508 00	
Paid Office Rent	30 00	
Paid Sundry Expenses	58 99	
Cash on hand Dec. 1st, 1902	3,701 83	$ 47,475 88
Due Members on act. of Shares	$ 38,580 93	
Borrowed Money on Notes	18,500 00	
Amt. of 15th Annual Dividend	1,628 90	$ 58,775 83
INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:		
Notes	$ 13,329 00	
First Mortgages	41,470 00	
Sinking Fund	175 00	
Office Outfit	100 00	
Cash in Bank	3,701 83	$ 58,775 83

O. O. MILLAR, Secretary

OFFICERS OF ASSOCIATION.

GEORGE SCHRADE, President. E. M. MELLOR, Treasurer.
A. A. FORTHMAN, Vice-President. O. O. MILLAR, Secretary.
J. E. BARNES, Solicitor.

DIRECTORS.

RICHARD McCRONE, JOHN W. FIROVED, WM. MELVILLE,
LEVI BARNES, JOHN HARRIS.

Incorporated 1887. Capital Stock $300,000.00.

SUPPOSE YOU COULD BUY

5 Per Cent. Government Bonds

ON 10, 15 OR 20 YEARS' TIME

Without premium, and with a chance that they might become full paid and interest bearing at any moment. Government bonds cannot be had at such terms, but you CAN buy, on exactly those conditions, Five per cent. bonds of the largest, strongest financial institution in the world. Full paid and at once deliverable if you die before the end of purchase term.

10, 15 or 20 years for payment, 5 per cent. interest bearing from maturity of contract and running 20 years thereafter when the face of the bond is payable in full. Immediately redeemable at 1.30½ at option of holder.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President

ISSUES 5 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS

that are safe as Government bonds. Some of the shrewdest business men and financiers in America are protecting their estates by purchase of these bonds. For documents and information apply to

Wm. H. Wootton,
MANAGER FOR MARYLAND.

W. Riley Myers,
april 5 02 1y AGENT, WESTMINTER, Md.

MONEY SAVED IS MONEY MADE.

Do both by buying

Groceries, Candies, Cigars, Tobacco and Garden Seed from

WADDELL,

THE CUT-PRICE MERCHANT,

WESTMINSTER.

Highest Prices on Country produce. nov 22 02 1y 3

Removal Sale.

ENTIRE STOCK OF

HARNESS,

SADDLES,

ROBES, BLANKETS,

TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, Etc., to be sold in 30 days at any Old Price For Cash.

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

IT'S COMPLETE. WHAT?

J. W. Lockard & Son's,

CARPET DEPARTMENT, CONTAINING

Carpets, Mattings,

Oil Cloths, Comforts, Blankets, Spreads,

Lace Curtains, Portieres, Etc.

Prices Way Down

on above articles, also on our FURNITURE and BUGGIES. We invite all to visit our store before buying, as we will save you money.

Yours to serve,

J. W. LOCKARD & SON.,
13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster.
au 16 1y

WALL PAPER AND PAPER HANGING.

A complete line of up-to-date goods can be found at our store. Estimates on

Paper Hanging and Window Shades

given without extra charge. An inspection of

STOCK AND PRICES

will convince you that we are the leaders in the business.

☞ No extra charge for country work. Look us up.

Respectfully Yours,

MATTHEWS & MYERS,
No. 80 E. Main Street, Westminster, Md.
sept-14-01-1y

EDWARD PELS, Manager.

WALTER H. COGGESHALL & Co.,

401 Continental Building,
BALTIMORE, Md.,

TRANSACT A GENERAL BROKERAGE BUSINESS,

Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Investment Securities. Interest allowed on deposits. Daily Market Letter mailed upon application. Attention to out-of-town accounts. Banking references. All purchases and sales executed by

W. B. SMITH & CO.,
Members N. Y. Consolidated Exchange.
dec 11 6m Established 1878.

WHEN THE DAYS LENGTHEN.

—:o:—

When the days begin to lengthen
And the shadows shorter grow,
And the ruddy sun creeps higher
Where the gray clouds dully go,
Then my heart leaps up rejoicing
Like a starved and 'prisoned thing,
For I'm longing, longing, longing
For the coming of the spring.

Oh, I hate the winds that bluster
And I hate the chill that blights,
And the days of gray depression
And the drear ice-fettered nights.
When the light begins to lengthen
Then my heart begins to sing,
For I'm longing, longing, longing
For the coming of the spring.

—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

IN PARADOX VALLEY.

—:o:—

A little crowd had gathered at Perkin' store, at the cross roads to await his home-coming, and a jolly crowd too, full of jokes and sly insinuations warranted by the occasion, for Perkins was to bring his young bride to the Valley. He was a pioneer in Paradox Valley, and had "gone and got married" when he was all of fifty years old. To add to the mystery, no one knew who the bride was, for he went to Denver to wed her. Perkins was widely known as the homeliest man in the rockies; but, though he hardly merited that, he was not fair to look upon. He was tall and long-limbed, very lean and brown, with thin gray hair and beard and solemn brown eyes, brightened, however, by a kindly gleam of humor. His general appearance suggested the traditional pictures of Uncle Sam. He saw the likeness himself, and pasted a highly-colored lithograph of Uncle Sam in his store, and drew, in his dry way, the attention of his customers to his double. If he was not handsome, Uriel was the best liked man for miles around, reverenced for unfailing kindliness, honesty, and comradeship.

At last a cloud of dust in the road, accompanied by a rattle of wheels, heralded their coming, and a natty pair of blacks, drawing a neat buckboard, came in sight. Uriel, in a "biled shirt" and woolly beaver hat—the typical Uncle Sam—was driving, and by his side a veiled female.

"It air, Phil," he said, quietly, "the child of a wicked bad man, but of a good mother, who, poor soul, died early under her misfortune. It's Josie Kane, a poor onhappy leetle child, that I took from an evil home and folks, and sent to Denver this five year to be eddicated. Ef she," continued Perkins, a blush covering the bronze of his honest face, "if she, to show her gratitood, when I says 'You're eddicated now, Josie, and, be a teacher now, or what you will, El Perkins will furnish the stamps', throws her pretty arms round my neck and says, let her devote her life to me—ef she does that and I hesitates, no man will wonder, fur I'm nigh old enough to be her grandfather. But when she says, a-kissing my humbly old face, that she keers for me, and I've loved her true since I see her a leetle forlorn child, I can't hold out no longer, and I take her for my dear wife, meaning to do my best to make her happy. I never told you fellers, because I didn't want no fool talk. It don't come pleasant from you, Phil, hinting of her pa. I jest wish to suggest, frens, afore you drink my health at my expense, that the young lady that jest went inter my house ain't Thug Kane's daughter no more, but Uriel Perkins' wife, and it's knowed I'm handy with a gun. Ef enny mouth but your'n Phil, hed spoken that slighting of her, it 'ud spoke fur the larst time."

"I'm awfully sorry," stammered the young man, hanging his head; "I never thought. Here I owe you everything in the world, and me the one to wound your kind heart."

"It air furgot," said Perkins, holding out his lean old hand.

Silently the young man met that friendly pressure; then refusing to drink, he mounted his horse and rode rapidly away. As he galloped to his ranch, he thought, sick at heart, of Perkins' strange marriage and his own careless speech.

"Anyhow," he muttered, angrily, "what good can come from any of that Kane family, the worst set—men and women—ever raised in this valley? Isn't her brother in the penitentiary, her father an unpunished murderer, and the whole gang thieves?"

Two days later he rode down to the store, where Perkins, smiling and happy, insisted on his coming into the house.

"Come as frenly as you used to, Phil," said the kind soul; "this is your home, you know, and Josie's the completest leetle housekeeper, so trim and neat in them pretty calikers of hers, singing all the time. She's got three canary-birds, and it's a race between them for music all day. I believe she's happy, Phil."

"She ought to be," said Phil; "but I don't think I look well enough to come in." He glanced at himself in the store looking glass. He saw a handsome bronzed face, with dark eyes that had won many a fair maid's heart, a black mustache, and long, curling lashes that lent his glance such a dangerous charm. He was known all over the rockies as handsome Phil Dougherty.

"Oh, Josie don't like the biled shirt style," smiled Perkins; "she laffed at me in mine, and played football with my tall hat, and stove a hole in it. She's jest pioneer-genooine. Somberer and top boots and corduroys like your'n."

When these two met, the man and the woman, both recipients of that good man's bounty, they looked warily. Phil knew all her sad history, all about her people. He thought gratitude a new trait in the Kane family, wondered what other motive she had—probably Perkins' money.

He noted she was slight and tall, just rounding into womanhood, that her face was thin and pale, but lightened by a pair of beautiful violet eyes, that her fair hair took on a golden tinge in the sunlight from the window where she stood, and that her black eyelashes and eyebrows, in such strong contrast to her hair, looked as if they were painted.

He glanced keenly at her, seeing they were not, she struck her as lean and ugly—he liked plump women; but her voice was low and sweet, a soft contralto, and when she smiled, her face grew marvelously young and charming. Finally, he could not keep his eyes off her; never had he seen a face so expressive—one which responded so eloquently to pleasant talk and friendliness.

She had heard all about Phil, though she had never seen him. She knew that Uriel had taken him from his dead father's arms, and given him love and care; that no one knew the father's history—a lonely emigrant dying at Perkins's door, leaving his child alone in the world. She had wrung from Uriel's reluctant lips, that, ten years before, in the Indian raid down in the valley, Uriel's adopted son lay ill of a fever, at a distant ranch, and, deserted by all, would have fallen a victim to the Indians, but for their old adversary, Perkins, who galloped down and saved his boy, lifting him before him on the saddle and riding away. Josie knew also that Phil loved his benefactor, but he hated her. She felt that the only clond on her happiness.

After a few weeks, Uriel bought a neat upright piano for his wife, and Phil, who possessed a fine tenor voice, joined her in duets, while Uriel listened, delighted at "his children," as he called them. Phil was very friendly now to Mrs. Perkins, as he addressed her, though Uriel suggested Josie "as being more sociable," and very pleasant winter evenings they had around the open fire. Phil never felt his ten-mile ride too long for such a happy time, and the fair maids in the neighborhood saw him no more.

Phil was changing though, from his old merry manner; he had barely a word to say, and sat by the fire, so pale and thoughtful, that Uriel would say: "What is come over the boy, Josie? He ain't a mite like himself." She, bending her fair head over her work, would stammer: "I—I don't know; I did not notice any difference," but she would never raise her face. Though he strove with sullen anger, Phil could find no flaw in her. She was devoted to her husband, a model housekeeper, a fond little wife. When they were alone, she and Phil, with averted eyes and faltering lips she spoke of her husband's kindness, how he had made a good pure life possible to her, rescued her from a home that she never dared to think about now. Phil would acquiesce, but after a time he began to comprehend and see through her weakness.

One night when Uriel was called into the store by a customer, they sat a long time in silence; then Josie, feeling his eyes upon her, said, shyly: "He—he gave me this to-day." She stretched out her little hand, where, above the shining wedding-band glittered a fine solitaire. "I am afraid he cannot afford such extravagance. He thinks of nothing but me."

"It is lovely," said Phil, taking the trembling fingers in his big brown hand, holding them while he looked at the ring in the firelight. She glanced at him timidly, then turned away from his dark passionate eyes with a blush.

"There is not a better man in the world than my husband," she said, falteringly; "so good, so true, so trustful."

"Why do you talk that way to me?" cried Phil, angrily. "Are you afraid of me, that you protect yourself with the barriers of gratitude to him?"

She did not answer, but he saw her breast heave and something brighter than the diamond glittered on her cheek.

"I have made you cry," he said, remorsefully.

"Please let go my hand," she sobbed, and he let it gently down; then, after a farewell look, saying nothing, he went away and left her, remembering in his dreams the slight figure crouched in the chair, the sound of the choked sobs from that sorely-tried heart. He meant to stay away, after that; but, a week later, he rode down to the store, where Uriel told him Josie wasn't well and had been ailing for some days. He understood, and he only wanted to see her the more. Let them pity each other—were they not both struggling against fate?

A week later he came again, looking woefully pale and haggard; and she a ghost of herself, met him with sisterly kindness, but would not look at him, or, if their eyes met, turned hers quickly away. When they talked by the fire she would draw a little stool to Uriel's chair and sit beside his knee, his arm about her neck, often raising his hand to her lips or laying her cheek against it. Then Phil hated Uriel and her, and most of all he hated himself. She was only nineteen, and he twenty-one. They had led singularly loveless lives, and for the first time they knew what love meant. His soul cried out against her union with that old man; it seemed monstrous to him, out of all reason. Sometimes he almost wished Uriel dead.

One stormy night, when they were sitting by the fireside, a messenger came for Uriel, for a sick farmer down the valley, wanted to leave his dear ones and money to the care of that man whose word was his bond, and whose very name betokened steadfast friendship and honesty.

"You must stop until I come back, Phil," said Uriel, buttoning his big coat: "it's a bad storm, and you'd better stay the night. Keep Josie company whilst I'm gone." He stopped and kissed his wife, smoothing her hair with his big hand. "You ain't so pert as you was, dear; I'm feered I'm a dull old mate fur ye."

"I don't see enough of you when I love ye so," she said, almost angrily; "you are at everyone's call, everyone's friend. Come back soon; don't leave me long. I can't—can't bear to have you one moment away from me."

Phil gave a disdainful look. She is over acting her part," he thought; "no woman can speak the truth."

"That talk ain't perlite to Phil," said Uriel, gently. But he smiled happily as he rode off.

When the echo of his horse's hoofs had died away, Josie sat down to the piano, and, with nervous fingers, played merrily waltzes and gay airs, as if she were in the mood for music, full of song and laughter; but Phil sat silent and morose, by the hearth, his cheek on his hand, looking into the fire.

"I am glad you are in such good spirits," he said once," but she did not reply.

At last her hands tired out, she came and sat across the hearth from him. An hour and a half gone; how slow time went! Would Uriel never come?"

Fifteen minutes of ghastly silence; then, with a queer, choked voice she began to talk, almost as to herself, of Uriel's noble nature, his fondness for her, his faith in all men.

"That is a thrice-told tale; it's wearisome—a mockery." cried Phil.

"Ingratitude is a crime," she muttered. Then, with locked hands across her knees and a curiously pathetic look in her beautiful eyes, she told the sorrowful story of her life, her struggles to better things, and how one man had been her salvation. She took him into that hideous home of her youth, softened no ugly detail, narrated her father's history, showed him what her people were. She was making a passionate appeal for his aid, and he knew it; but, when she finished, he let her sit in painful silence. He had forgotten his benefactor. Tremblingly she rose and stood by the mantel, the firelight playing on her soft, blue gown, her fair young face, with its wistful appeal to him.

He rose and went to her. "You cannot make me look down on you, Josie."

"Ah, if I could," she cried remorsefully, "if I could!"

"Nor hate you," he went on, quickly, as she turned away with a little cry; "nor hate you—do you hear?" He seized her resisting hand. "Because I—I love you!" He caught her in his arms; but she, with a wild cry, struggled away and ran to Uriel's chair, mutely asking his memory for protection against her own heart. Neither saw, in that one instant Phil had held her to his heart, Uriel's white face at the window, nor heard in the fast-falling rain, the muffled sound of his horse's hoof's. A few moments later his wife heard his step in the entry, and tried vainly to look unconcerned. His kind eyes noted her tear-wet face, but he said nothing, nor did his wife or Pnil ever know that he saw them that night.

After this, though they did not comprehend it, the pair were never left alone together. The surveillance was so gentle and kindly, Josie never percieved it, though Phil began to suspect some one might have hinted danger to Uriel. To Josie, life became unbearable; to Phil, an hourly torture. One day he gave her a note; in it he told her, if she would not leave the valley with him, his death would be at her door. She loved him, and she cared tenderly and gratefully for Uriel, and such a conflict made her lose her senses for the time. In a curious blind way, she made preparations for departure.

One night, when Josie had gone across to a neighbor's, Uriel found her little satchel packed for traveling, and all his gifts put in a box, evidently to be left behind. He knew, as he stood in their room, where all about him were the tokens of her presence—her gowns, her shoes, her gloves and other belonglngs—that she meant to leave him. She would take only the things which had belonged to her before he made her his wife; she would write a tear-blotted note of farewell, and go into—what a future! Yet he met her kindly when she came home, a few moments later; he was very gentle and bright. He made her smile now and then, but into her eyes never a gleam came. He saw her white face, her hesitating, guilty air. When Phil came, and they two looked at each other, it flashed into Uriel's mind—perhaps to-morrow was the appointed day. While they sat around the hearth, Phil pale and silent, Uriel rose and brought from the windowsill, where it had lain outside in the soft spring air, a tiny white flower.

"Josie, my wife," he said, solemnly, with such a world of love and pity in his eyes, I found this leetle blossom down on the dump-heap of the abandoned smelter. It growed 'mongst bad ore and refuse; there wasn't another there—jest this one white flower. Some might have said it were no good, coming from such a sile; but I have faith in its purity and beauty, just as if it growed in a garden."

She took the blossom, looking at him with wild, frightened eyes.

"I don't want to hurt you, dear, but your sister Marty, as run off with Betty Mead's husband, is dead—dead in her sin, Josie. And think what a true leetle wife you are; it's the white flower that had none like it."

She staggered to her feet, and went unsteadily into her room.

"I'm sick, dear," she said, brokenly; "leave me by myself a little while."

As Phil passed Uriel in the hall, he saw there were tears in his boy's bright eyes, and even after all that had passed, the kind heart forgave. He sat long alone by the fire.

"I was wrong—cruel wrong," he moaned, in agony. I should have mated my children; I could have loved them both, and I have ruined my darling's life."

Phil slept, that night, in the store. Uriel had insisted, and after breakfast the elder man said quietly:

"It's such a sunshiny day, Phil, I've laid a plan for you to take Josie down the valley on a visit; she's been sorter failing lately—the change will do her good."

"I—I take her?" cried Phil, trembling.

"Why not? Who have I loved and trusted more than you?"

With quiet persistence, Uriel forced his wife to go, lifted her on her horse, and holding her trembling hand in his said solemnly:

"I trust the dearest thing I have in the world to you, Phil; I put you on your honor to take her safe."

"There are no Indians in the valley," stammered Phil, hating himself.

"There's other foes to a man's fireside," said Uriel, with a long, steady look, and then Phil knew the husband had not been blind.

It was midnight when Phil galloped back.

"She's all right," he said, and then dashed out into the darkness, looking so sorrow-stricken that Uriel said "God pity him?" but no prayer for his own agony and doubt. Doubt he did, as mortal man would.

Two days later, Uriel's good motherly sister brought the pale little wife back.

"I couldn't keep her, El," she said, kindly; the little chick was homesick for her homely old man, who, after all, is the best heart in the world."

Josie did not speak until the wagon was gone; then she turned to her husband.

"Before you take me to your home, your love, let me tell you everything," she said, calmly. "My sin was, he kissed me, and after that I was mad. I planned to leave you—you, who had been my salvation. That day you sent us to your sister's was the day; but, all that ride, when the way lay open before us, we spoke no word of love. We parted in silence, almost as strangers. If you will forgive me, I can take heart to live again. If you hate me, think I lie, let me die by your hand or my own."

"It air as if it had never been," he said, with infinite love. He held her to his faithful heart, and told her he had known it all.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2301-0455