THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 20, 1903. VOL. 72--NO. 44.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

CHARLES P. BAILE,

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 2nd day of June 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of November, 1903.

MARTHA ALICE BAILE, Executrix.

nov 6 4t.

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

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER,

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 19th day of May, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of October, 1903.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER, Jr., Administrator.

oct 23 4t

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:

October Term, 1903.

Estate of George W. Stoner, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 10th day of November, 1903, that the sale of the real estate of George W. Stoner, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Mary C. Stoner, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this court by the said executrix be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 2nd Monday, 14th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 1st Monday, 7th day of December, next. The report states the amount of sale to be Fifty Dollars. ($50.00.)

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

True Copy,—Test:

JOSEPH D. BROOKS, Register of Wills.

nov 13 3t

TRUSTEE'S SALE of a HOUSE and Lot near Westminster, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, the undersigned, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28th, 1903,

at 3 o'clock, p. m., will offer at public sale, upon the premises, all that House and Lot, containing ONE ACRE of Land, situated on the New Windsor Road, about 1 mile from Westminster, opposite William F. Fenby's farm, lately occupied by Henry Kelley, deceased.



Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, and the residue in two equal payments, the one to be paid in one year, and the other to be paid in two years from the day of sale, with interest, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the trustee; or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

nov 6 4t CHARLES E. FINK, Trustee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF

Valuable Real Estate

near Winfield, Carroll county, Maryland.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage deed from Cecilia E. Jenkins and Rezin T. Jenkins, her husband, to George W. Mullinix, dated August 15th, 1885, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber G. A. M. No. 22, folio 454 etc., the undersigned mortgagee will sell at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21st, 1903,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the store of Mr. Nicholas G. Pickett, Day, Carroll county, Maryland, all that tract of land conveyed in said mortgage and containing

17 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

situated about three miles from Winfield, in Carroll county, Maryland, near the public road leading from Winfield to Woodbine and adjoining the land of Alexander B. Shull, James M. Pickett and others.



This property is improved by a Two-Story Dwelling, Stable and other necessary outbuildings. The land is under cultivation with a suitable proportion of woodland and has good fruit. This property is convenient to market, churches, schools and stores and offers an excellent opportunity to any one desiring a home.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the mortgage—Cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof.

GEORGE W. MULLINIX, Mortgagee.

J. Albert Easton, Auct. Bond & Parke, Solicitors.

oct 30 4t

Assignees of Mortgagee's Sale of a very

DESIRABLE FARM,

near Cranberry Station, on the Western Maryland Railroad, in the Seventh Election District of Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from John D. Shaeffer and Lydia E. Shaeffer, his wife, dated the 9th day of July, A. D. 1895, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 37, folio 229 &c., and duly assigned to the undersigned, we will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

MONDAY, THE 23rd OF NOVEMBER,

A. D. 1903, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all the land described in and conveyed by said mortgage and containing

29 ACRES AND 27 SQUARE PERCHES,

more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a large and comfortable Two-story Brick Dwelling House, large Barn, two large Wagon Sheds, Smoke House, Hennery and other necessary outbuildings. Water convenient to all buildings. There is also a large and thriving Orchard on the premises. There is a due proportion of Meadow Land. The land is in an excellent state of cultivation and produces good crops, and the attention of purchasers is invited to this sale.



This farm is situated on the county road leading from Westminster to Manchester, about ¼ of a mile from the intersection of the Western Maryland Railroad with said county road and about 1 mile from the City of Westminster, is now occupied by the said John D. Shaeffer and adjoins the farms of B. F. Shriver & Co., and Vincent Yingling. It is most convenient to markets, churches, schools and public roads and is an ideal dairy farm.

Terms of Sale.—Cash; or, if desired by the purchaser or purchasers, the following credit terms will be given: One-third on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, one-third in 6 months and the balance in 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

ELIAS O. GRIMES, WILLIAM B. THOMAS, Assignee of Mortgagee.

E. Oliver Girmes, Jr., Bond & Parke, Solicitors for assignees of Mortgagee,
Francis A. Crawford, auct. oct 30 4t

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass on our land, with dog and gun, or in any other manner, as the law will be rigidly enforced against all offenders.

GEO. D. HARMAN,
DR. J. RINEHART,
HARVEY FLICKINGER,
NELSON A. BROWN,
CHAS. MARKER.

nov 6 3t*

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are forewarned not to trespass with dog or gun, or in any other manner, on the premises of Larkin A. Shipley, now tenanted by C. V. Conaway; of C. V. Conaway, now tenanted by Corwin Penn, and of Alvin F. Conaway, as the law will be enforced against all offenders. nov 6 3t.

Notice to Trespassers.

We hereby forewarn all persons not to trespass upon our lands with dog and gun, or in any other manner, as we will enforce the law against all offenders.

THOS. TURFLE, JAMES TURFLE,
JESSE D. NUSBAUM. nov 13 3t*

Notice to Trespassers.

I hereby forewarn all persons against trespassing upon my premises, with dog and gun, as I am determined to enforce the law against all offenders.

nov 6 3t JOHN S. HARMAN.

Notice to Trespassers.

I hereby forewarn all persons against trespassing upon my premises, with dog and gun, or in any other manner, as the law will be enforced against all offenders.

nov 6 3t* DAVID H. LEISTER.

Hering's Department Store.

Thanksgiving Linen Sale.

A Thanksgiving sale of High Grade Linens at Low Grade Prices. Linens that will beautify your table, and the price you pay for some will be lower than your neighbors paid for goods not half so good.

75c all Linen Bleached Table Damask **59c.**

$1.00 all Linen Bleached Table Damask **79c.**

$1.75 all Linen Bleached Table Damask **$1.39.**

Special Prices on Napkins during this Sale.

APPLIQUE SCARFS AND SHAMS.

We are showing the largest assortment of Applique Scarfs, Shams and Doylies that you will find anywhere in town.

SPECIAL OFFERINGS FOR THIS WEEK.

Millinery Department.

Beautiful Trimmed Hats, made of Velvet, Chiffon and Fancy Braids, in all the newest shapes of the season, made to sell for $10 and $12, have been reduced to **$7.50.**

$7.00 and $8.00 Trimmad Hats reduced to **$6.00.**

A SPECIAL SALE OF BABY CAPS.

All Silk Baby Caps, handsomely trimmed and embroidered.

65c and 75c Caps reduced to **49c.**

$1.00 and $1.25 Caps reduced to **89c.**

Rain Coats For Women.

Women's Rain Coats, made of rainproof Cloths, with double capes, belted backs in Oxford, Tan and Mixtures,

Special at $10.

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

We All Make Mistakes.

But don't make one this Fall in buying a

Suit or Overcoat

before you see the quality, style and price of

CLOTHING

AT

Sharrer & Gorsuch's,

WESTMINSTER, Md.

By Far the Largest Assortment Ever Shown in Carroll County.



Men's Suits and Overcoats	$3.00 to $20.00.
Youths' Suits and Overcoats	$3.00 to $12.00.

All our SUITS and OVERCOATS are stylish, well made and splendid values, but we want to mention specially our $7 and $8 ones. We made a fortunate purchase of these goods early in June and they are positively qualities and values that cannot be bought to-day to sell for less than $10.00.

MOTHERS, BRING YOUR BOYS HERE FOR THEIR FALL OUTFIT.

Nobby double-breasted Norfolks and 3 Piece Suits. Try a pair of our $2.50 CORD PANTS. You can get no better for $3.00. We also have cheaper grades. Boys' lined, well made Cord Knee Pants, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

DO YOU WANT A SUIT MADE TO ORDER?

Beautiful new Suitings in stylish mixtures. We still save you $3 to $5 on tailor made Suits. Every store sells 38c fleeced Underwear. We have the heaviest, best fleeced and finished Underwear at this price. Beautiful new line 25c and 50c TIES.

oct 11 1y 1 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Our stock is now complete, with all the new fall novelties and staple styles in

Shoes, Hats, Gents' Furnishings,

&c., to which we have given special and careful attention. We have the agency for the

Walk-Over Shoe

for men, price $3.50 and $4.00, and the

Dorothy Dodd Shoe

for women, $3.00 and $3.50. They have no equals. Splendid line of Ladies' Dongola Shoes, from $1.00 to $2.50. We can give you almost everything that is made in men's, women's and children's coarse Shoes for winter wear.

HATS. Our elegant stock of Men's Derby Hats, Alpine and other shapes, is not surpassed. We are glad to show these Hats, for we know they are right. All grades Derby Hats from $1.00 to $2.50. Alpine and Crush Hats from 50c to $2.00. Fine line Men's and Boys' Caps, 25c and 50c. Remember we carry everything that is new and up-to-date in Neckwear, Collars, Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Suspenders, Overalls, Pants, Trunks, Suit Cases, Telescopes, &c. Come in and examine our stock even if you don't want to buy.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.

jan-7-02-1y



To say they make photographs as good as

WILSON

is an acknowledgement.

The largest and best

EQUIPPED STUDIO

in Westminster.

Over Sixteen Thousand Negatives dating back fifteen years.

Start early for

CHRISTMAS WORK

and avoid the rush.

The name is a guarantee. C. & P. 'Phone 813.

S. S. WILSON,

Successor to J. H. Krichton.

Next Door to the Postoffice.

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

OPENING

of Fall and Winter Goods, on

OCTOBER 10TH, 1903,

AT

OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, Md.

We invite you to call and see our Fall Stock. Dress Goods in great variety, 25 cents to $1.25 per yard. Velvets, Silks, Braids and Laces to trim. Flannels, Fleeced Cordets, Mercerized Waistings, Outings, Flannelettes of all the latest. Beautiful Waists from 50c to $2.00, regular $3.00 grade.

LADIES' and CHILDREN'S COATS, SKIRTS.

You will regret it by not getting a pair of our Ladies' Shoes at $1.50 to $1.60. Our Stock of CLOTHING IS COMPLETE.

Gent's, Youths' and Children's; also agents for first-class Tailoring Establishment: 30 different Samples to select from, fit guaranteed, prices from $13.00 to $30.00. Also agents for the Brethren's Suits. Our SHOE AND BOOT STOCK IS COMPLETE.

Nobby Hats and Caps to your liking.

Our gent's 50c fleeced Underwear we will sell at 45 cents during the fall.

BLANKETS, COMFORTS, CARPETS and Oil Cloths cheap. Come and see us. Our aim is to sell good, clean, desirable goods at very moderate prices. Thanks for past trade. We hope to see you. Respectfully yours,

ja 18 02 1y 7 GEO. C. ANDERS.

BARGAINS!

Bargains!!

Some special Bargains will be offered in Suits of the latest styles. Desirable patterns and at prices to suit everyone. At least one-third off the regular price. I have about

FIFTY SUITS THAT MUST BE SOLD

at the above named offer.

Also a fine line of samples to select from, of the most BEAUTIFUL STYLES, LATEST PATTERNS, and will be made up in the latest style; fit guaranteed or no sale, and at reasonable prices. Repairing a specialty. Call at the Bowers' Block, corner room. Respectfully,

JOHN T. ANDERS,
jy 11 tf Westminster, Md.

DR. A. D. MANSFIELD,
Oculist, 99½ East Main Street,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Hours 12 M. to 4 P. M. every MONDAY.

Diseases of the EYE and EAR treated.

No CHARGE made for an Examination of the Eyes for Glasses.

Special attention to School Children's Eyes.

au 16 tf

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.



Oh, don't yo' mouth jes water
Fo' a meltin' slice o' breast,
From that big Thanksgivin' turkey,
Of all eatin things the best?
With gravy and with stuffin',
So plump an' fat an' brown—
But! Ain't it hard to wait until
Thanksgivin' Day comes roun'?

It ha'nts yo' in the daytime,
It ha'nts yo' in the night;
Yo' ain't no good for nothin' since
That turkey came in sight!
Yo' git its smell a-cookin',
Yo' see its juice drip down—
But! Ain't it hard to wait until
Thanksgiving Day comes roun'?

THANKSGIVING IN THE EARLY DAYS.

The Thrilling Story of the Rescue of Miriam Ascott From the Camp of the Shawnee Indians.

BY BLENNER HASSETT.

A beautiful evening in November, 1775, two noted frontier scouts, Captain William Crawford and Henry Lewis, the latter a young, stalwart Scot of 23 or 24 years of age, were secreted in a thicket of undergrowth and vine on a huge rock at the very top of an immense hill overlooking the Ohio River. The hill, or mountain, is known to-day as Eagle's Crest, the top of which can only be reached by two routes—one over a narrow pathway, winding in and out among the rocks and trees over a narrow trail, which, for a distance of nearly 100 feet, is within plain view of the top. The other point is a flat rock, separated by a chasm of eight or ten feet from the shelf of rock which lies spread out 50 feet below the rocky crest, on which Crawford and his companion, Lewis, were hidden. Off to the right ran the beautiful Ohio, calm, peaceful and sweet to look upon. Out in front, and almost at the foot of the precipice, lay a large Shawnee village of more than one hundred lodges. The men had been out on a scout for over a week, having been sent by General Lewis, who was stationed at the frontier fort at Point Pleasant, forty miles below, at the mouth of the Little Kanawha. It was known that the terrible chief, Cornstalk, had threatened to destroy all the block houses and forts along the Ohio, and it was to ascertain whether the Shawnees were making preparation for an early attack on the whites that Crawford and Lewis had been sent on that dangerous expedition. The men had been two days hidden on the top of Eagle's Crest, watching the Indians below, and they were preparing to leave, when on the evening referred to, about dusk, a great noise came floating up from the village. Young Lewis, who was lying on his stomach, pushed the bushes aside and peered over into the town.

"What are they doing there, Henry?" inquired Crawford, in a whisper.

"Two big bands of warriors have arrived, and there must be nearly two hundred of them," replied the young scout.

"They are preparing for an early attack on the forts, and we must leave this place to-night to warn them, but we will stay here till midnight and keep an eye on their movements, though, for perhaps more Indians may come in," replied the older scout. "But there's one thing we must have and that's water, for both our canteens are empty. Stay here while I steal down to the river and fill our canteens."

A minute later the old scout had crept out of sight so noiselessly that his companion did not hear a sound, and as noiselessly he made his way down the mountain to the water's edge. Dipping his canteens in the flowing stream, Crawford waited for them to fill, then slinging the vessels over his shoulder he turned to go back up the mountain, when suddenly and almost without a sound, two Indian squaws appeared in the narrow pathway, not more than a step away. Crawford, who was one of the most fearless scouts on the frontier, knew that as soon as the squaws caught sight of him they would give a yell which would arouse the entire village, which was not two hundred yards away, and to prevent this catastrophe but one resort remained. Before the squaws could open their mouths the scout seized them both by the throats. Fortunately, he failed to secure a firm grasp on the throat of the young woman, who, instead of screaming as an Indian woman would have done quietly said: "Dont kill me; I am a white girl."

"White!" exclaimed Crawford, who although greatly astonished had presence of mind enough to speak in a low tone of voice and to retain his grip on the old squaw's throat. "Step back a minute." The girl walked back on the trail, or path a few steps and was presently joined by the old scout.

"No time to talk now; follow me and be careful to make no noise," said he, leading the way upward.

When Crawford and the young white girl joined Lewis at the top of the hill, the latter looked up in astonishment.

"Where did you find the yonng woman, Captain, and what are you going to do with her?"

"Found her and an old squaw down at the river. Don't know her name, but suppose that she's been a prisoner among the Indians." replied Crawford.

"Yes," replied the girl; "I've been a prisoner in Wahkesatche's village, down there, two years. My name is Miriam Ascott."

"You're not the daughter of Samuel Ascott, who with his wife is at the fort at the Point?" inquired Lewis, and when she replied that Samuel Ascott was her father, Lewis continued:

"I have heard of your capture, but your father and mother have long given you up as lost. They will be the happiest people in the old fort when they see you again."

"Hark!" said Crawford, do you hear that yell? The Indians have found the old squaw and they'll be on us in less than an hour."

"Then we had better get out of this said Lewis.

"Too late, Henry; they've surrounded the hill by this time, and the only thing that's left us is to fight. We'll make the red devils pay dearly for our scalps, though," said the old scout. "They can't get at us without exposing their bodies a minute as they creep around that big rock, about thirty yards down there," pointing toward a great stone around the base of which the Indians would have to come to reach the crest of the hill. "We can pick 'em off, if they don't come too fast. Lie down out of range of stray lead, Miss. I'm sorry that we cannot save you from their clutches, but they won't get you again as long as Bill Crawford and Henry Lewis can pull triggers."

"Don't make yourself uneasy about me, Captain Crawford—you see I I have heard of you—but can't I do something?"

"Yes, you can keep an eye on that rock over there," pointing to the cliff below and opposite, where the chasm separated the flat rock from the one opposite. "If you see an Indian creeping out on that rock, let us know, for we will have all we can do to watch this trail."

Half an hour passed without the appearance of an enemy, but it was the calm before the storm. Lewis was lying flat on his stomach, watching the trail which led around the base of the big rock below when a slight movement drew his eyes to the lower edge of the stone. Directly around the big stone a dark object crept on hands and knees.

"They're coming, Crawford! Shall I shoot first?"

"Yes, but don't miss a shot. Draw a good bead before you pull trigger, for we can't afford to waste powder," replied his companion.

Crack! went the young scout's rifle, and with a bound and a death yell a big warrior sprang up and went headlong down the cliff. The sound of the gun seemed to awaken a million echoes. Yells of rage went up from every crevice and tree from base to within a few yards of the top of the mountain. Then all was still as death.

"Look out! They're coming! whispered Lewis. But the words had scarcely left his lips when Crawford's gun cracked and another Indian tumbled over the cliff; then, just as Lewis was ramming a bullet home, the girl touched his arm and silently pointed toward the danger point on the other side. Lewis shoved the bullet down and quikly parted the bushes on that side just as a tall warrior prepared to spring. Slightly stooping, the Indian gathered his muscles and sprang out. His feet touched the rock below when Lewis fired and the savage went headlong over the cliff, striking the rocks two hundred feet below with a crash. The fall of the warrior was followed by a terrific yell from four hundred throats; guns cracked and bullets whistled, but as the whites had withdrawn from the edge of the precipice, no one was struck. Crawford's gun cracked again in front and another over-venturesome red man passed on into the happy hunting grounds. Another Indian climbed upon the rock in the rear, but was cut off by a bullet and went crashing down below. Two more Indians crept around the narrow trail a few minutes later and both were shot, but before either of the scouts could reload a tremendous Indian, wearing the trappings of a chief, had gained the rock in the rear. Crawford hastily rammed his bullet home, but he saw that he would be too late to prevent the Indian from gaining a foothold in their rear.

"I'm afraid they've got us this time, Henry. "There! he's jumped and landed! But no! Who fired that shot?" he exclaimed, looking around to his companion. "Did you shoot him, Henry?"

"No, I've just finished loading. Wonder who could have done it. By George, the girl's gone!" said he, looking around just in time to see the girl push the vines aside and clamber upon the rock. She had a rifle in her hand and a powder horn and bullet pouch swung from her shoulder. "Where did you get that gun, Miriam? Did you see who shot Indian?" inquired the old scout.

"The gun belongs to the Indian Mr. Lewis shot. When he fell backward he was carrying his gun and ammunition in his hands and they fell and struck on the rock when he went over. I saw it and I crept down and got them in time to stop that chief from making the spring. It was Chief Wahkesatch, chief of that village down there, and I was glad to be able to do something to help you."

"You're a mighty brave girl, Miss Ascott," said Lewis, I believe they're coming again," said Crawford, who was lying down with his ear to the ground. "Yes, here they come," as Indian after Indian suddenly turned the rock with the evident intention of rushing up and overpowering the whites. "I'll take the first. Hold your fire till I shoot." Then, quickly to the level up came the old scout's rifle, quickly followed by a crash. The leading Indian fell back, grasped the man behind him and pulled him over with himself; then, before the Indians could advance or retreat, Lewis shot, and another Indian fell. The others turned to retreat, when the white girl fired, wounding and sending the rest of the Indians back, and out of sight with a howl.

Then all was silent. For half an hour the two scouts and young girl sat on the rock listening and gazing down the hill. At last Crawford spoke: "They've given it up for the night, but they'll be on us in the morning; so I suppose some of us might as well get a little sleep.

"Why not leave this place?" said the girl.

"Because we can't get away," said Crawford. "Every trail down the hill is watched and there's a solid line about the foot of the hill. It's no use talking, all we've got left is to fight like panthers and sell our lives as dearly as we can. I wish you were out of this scrape, Miriam."

"But, I believe we can get away, Captain; the Indians may have surrounded the hill on that side," indicating the narrow approach; but they would never look for us down this way pointing toward the village.

"No, they won't expect us from that direction, because we can't get down there."

"Yes, we can, I know a way down, but it will lead right into the village; but then, as they will not be looking for us, perhaps it will be safer than we think."

"If you know a way out of this, Miriam, we will follow you. If we are caught it won't be any worse than to be caught or killed up here. But are you sure you can find it in the dark, for its growing darker as the moon goes down?"

"Follow me," said the girl, leading the way over the rock in the direction of the overhanging cliff. The men followed, young Lewis behind the girl and Crawford bringing up the rear. Downward they crept, carefully putting down their feet so as not to break the smallest twig. Nearly an hour passed as they crept foot by foot down the steep hill, clinging to roots and bushes, or creeping silently as panthers under overhanging vines until at last they stood on level ground once more. They crept past lodge after lodge, and saw not an Indian until they had gone nearly through the village, when suddenly the girl touched young Lewis on the arm. They were passing a lodge, when they heard a movement in their rear. Looking backward they saw a warrior standing not twenty feet away in the opening of a wigwam, looking in an opposite direction. Silently all three sank down beside the lodge they were passing and waited. The warrior looked around, but could not see the whites, who were concealed by the shadows of the wigwam. A few minutes later—it seemed hours to the whites—the Indian retired into his tepee and dropped the doorflap behind him. Then the whites got up again and started going in the direction of the river. By good fortune and the careful guidance of the young girl they did not see another savage, and half an hour later they were all three gliding down the river in a canoe, which they found drawn up on the bank.

Thanksgiving morning arose bright and beautiful over the log fort at the mouth of the Big Kanacoba. Two hundred settlers, hunters, Indian fighters and scouts, together with Captain Arbuckle's Company, were being inspected by brave old General Lewis.

The women and young girls in the log cabins, which formed two sides of the palisaded fort, were engaged in preparing a frontier Thanksgiving dinner of deer, bear, wild turkey meats, to be flanked by great dishes of vegetables from the outlying gardens, and all was jolity, and pleasure, in every cabin but one. On the doorstep of this log cabin sat a fine looking, middle aged frontiersman, clad in buckskin, by the side of a handsome, matronly looking woman. They were both looking on the preparations, but instead of smiles and gladness, sadness and gloom shadowed their faces.

"Samuel," said the woman, brushing away a tear, "two Thanksgivings have passed since dear Miriam disappeared, and I have given up all hope of ever seeing her sweet face again in this world."

"The Lord's will be done, Mary. He knows best what is good for us, but still I hope against hope that some day we will see our daughter again."

"No, no, Samuel, it can never be—but what does all that noise mean?" she cried as a rousing cheer from a crowd lining the river front caught her ears. Men and women were rushing to and fro, they had surrounded some one or something and appeared to be greatly excited. Presently the crowd entered the gates and came on across the fort, still crowding about something that interested them so deeply that not one of the crowd gave way. Ascott and his wife looked up as the crowd approached and smiled with sad smiles at the sight of the crowd's apparent enjoyment. When the moving mass of humanity got close up to the door of the Ascott cabin, with one accord the mass of excited people stepped back, and there in front of the husband and wife stood a beautiful girl with a stalwart scout in either side. Mrs. Ascott looked up, her eyes rested on the face of the child, whose sad face she had lamented for more than two years, and then with a shriek of joy she sprang forward and folded her long lost daughter in her motherly arms. Ascott staggered to his feet, sprang forward and folded wife and daughter in his embrace. The crowd looked on a second, as if to absorb something of the joyousness of the scene, then turned away.

It is safe to say that not a man, woman or child in that wilderness fort on Thanksgiving Day, 1775, prayed to the Creator of all with more thankful hearts than the Ascotts.

I have told my Thanksgiving story, and will say no more except that Miriam Ascott, who was a real personage, married a relative of General Lewis, and that one of her descendants has served as governor of the state, which when his great grandmother was an Indian's captive, was a trackless wilderness.

Chestnut Pudding.

Peel the chestnuts, after putting them in hot water. Boil them in water with extract of lemon and drain. When they are dry pound them in a mortar very fine. Then add half the amount of butter and sufficient sugar; the yolks of six eggs or more, according to quanity, and when the mixture is of the right consistency, add six beaten whites of eggs. Bake half an hour.

Clean and prepare a goose for roasting. Put it in an iron pot, with a little water, till it is colored light brown. Then add a quart of sweet milk. Simmer until very tender. Take out the goose. Thicken the hot milk gravy with flour, season and serve with the goose.

The meat of the wild turkey is much drier than that of the domestic bird, and there is very little fat. A favorite way of preparing this turkey is to lard it well and use finely chopped pork in the filling. Guave or apple jelly is the nicest for turkey cooked in this way.

"Isn't it funny, papa?" exclaimed a small boy, who had been in the kitchen watching the cook preparing the Thanksgiving turkey.

"What's funny?"

"Why, when they dress a turkey they always take off his clothes."

Teacher—Why, Johnny, I thought you knew your alphabet.

Johnny—I don't know the names of the letters nor the way they come; but when I see the alphabet all together I know it fast enough.

"And you gave him your heart?"

"Oh, mamma, how could I withhold it, after he had confessed himself utterly unworthy of it?"

The Deacon—Do you know where little boys go who play baseball on Sunday? Tommy—Sure. If dey is all right, dey goes ter college.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

Letter to Gilbert & Gehr.

WESTMINSTER, Md.

Dear Sirs: Messrs Leachman & Edelin, Grafton, W. Va., had been selling a paint, which they thought well of; and this had occurred.

They had sold a customer 18 gallons of it to paint his house. A few years later, they sold the same man Devoe lead-and-zinc the same number of gallons to paint the same house. He had 7 gallons left.

The point of the tale is: 11 gallons Devoe paints an 18-gallon house.

Do you want to sell it?

Of course, that isn't all.

Why does 11 gallons Devoe go as far as 18 gallons of other paint? Because it is all paint, all true, no sham, and full measure.

Do you want to sell it?

But that isn't all. Devoe lasts longer. No, no; you haven't got to wait ten years to find that out. Ten thousand people know it. We've got their names. Our agents know them; they think a heap of Devoe. There's no difficulty in showing your townspeople what to expect of Devoe. $10 will paint a $15 house; and the paint'll last twice as long.

Do you want to sell it?

Yours truly

F W DEVOE & Co

33 New York

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