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

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 25, 1903.

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale of a House and Parcel of Land,

near Westminster, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from Susanah T. Yingling and Emanuel Yingling to Margaret R. Shipley, dated October 8th, 1900, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber J. H. B. No. 44, folio 354, the undersigned as assignee will offer at public sale, on the property, situate on the left of the Sullivan road leading from Westminster, and opposite Mrs. Jos. Schaeffer's farm and adjoining the Jos. Stoner, farm now occupied by Mr. Davis,

ON SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1903,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the land described in said mortgage containing 1 Acre and 27 Square Perches, more or less, and improved by a Two-story Log Weatherboarded Dwelling House and other outbuildings.

Terms of Sale.—A cash payment of $25 will be required on day of sale and balance on ratification of sale, or these terms may be changed to suit purchaser by applying to Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney at Law.

GROVE A. SHIPLEY.
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Ivan L. Hoff, Sol.
Elias N. Davis, Auct.
dec 4 4t

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Carroll county, at their first regular meeting after the expiration of thirty days from the date hereof, to open a public road in Carroll county and cause the same to be located, and also to close a portion of a public road in said county, as follows: Beginning at a point on the road leading from Sams Creek to Dennings, at the foot of the hill on the land belonging to A. P. Albaugh, and running thence on the land of said A. P. Albaugh to the division line of the lands of Bradford, H. Greenwood and Wm. Wallace Naill, and running thence on said division line as near as practicable, to the road known as the Liberty road, the object being, also, to close that part of the road leading from Sams Creek to Dennings from the point of beginning of the road petitioned for to Dennings.

CHARLES H. ROOP and others.

dec 18 5t

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING OF the Carroll County Electric Light and Power Company.

WESTMINSTER, Md., Dec. 10th, 1903.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of the Carroll County Electric Light and Power Company that the annual meeting thereof will be held at the office of the Company, 141 East Main street, on WEDNESDAY, January 6th, 1904, being the first Wednesday of said month, between the hours of 7 and 8 p. m., for the purpose of electing seven (7) directors to manage the affairs of said Company during the coming year, commencing January 1st, 1904, to receive the report of the Secretary-Treasurer and to pass upon such other business as may be presented.

A. H. HUBER, Sec.
dec 18 3t

NO. 4109 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Ex-parte in the matter of the Trust Estate of Josiah Wantz

Ivan L. Hoff, trustee, plaintiff, vs. Josiah Wantz, defendant.

Ordered, this 18th day of December, in the year 1903, that the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, take jurisdiction in the trust estate of the said Josiah Wantz, and that the said trustee settle said trust estate under the supervision and control of the said Court; and it is further ordered that Ivan L. Hoff, the trustee in the above cause, give notice to all persons having claims against Josiah Wantz to file said claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, on or before the 23rd day of February, A. D. 1904, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county once a week for four successive weeks before the 18th day of January next.

WM. H. THOMAS.

True Copy—Test:
dec 18 4t DAVID P. SMELSER, 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

ELIZABETH ENGLAR,

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 23rd day of June, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of November, 1903.

JOSEPH L. ENGLAR, Administrator.
nov 27 4t

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

GEORGE STAIR,

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 20th day of June, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 30th day of November, 1903.

LEVI J. MOTTER, Executor.
dec 4 4t

ELECTION NOTICE.

First National Bank of New Windsor, Md., New Windsor, Md., December 3rd, 1903.

The annual election for SEVEN DIRECTORS of the above named Bank will be held at the Banking Rooms on TUESDAY, January 12th, 1904, from 1 to 3 o'clock, P. M.

NATHAN H. BAILE, Cashier.
dec 4 te

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 3rd, 1903.

An election for TEN DIRECTORS for the Bank will be held on TUESDAY, the 12th of January, 1904, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 12 M. of said day, at said Bank.

J. W. HERING, Cashier.
dec 4 te

ELECTION NOTICE.

The First National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 3rd, 1903.

The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that the regular annual meeting for the election of NINE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year, will be held at the Banking House, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of January, 1904, between the hours of 11 o'clock, A. M., and 1 o'clock, P. M.

GEORGE R. GEHR, Cashier.
dec 4 te

ELECTION NOTICE.

Farmers and Mechanics National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 3rd, 1903.

The Stockholders of this Bank are hereby notified that an election for DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the Bank for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House, on the second TUESDAY, being the 12th day of January, 1904, between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M.

J. H. CUNNINGHAM, Cashier.
dec 4 te

ELECTION NOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Farmers' Fertilizer Company of Carroll County are hereby notified that the annual election, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to manage the affairs of said Company for the ensuing year, will be held at the Company's office, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of January, 1904, between the hours of 11 A. M., and 12 o'clock, M.

By order of the Board.

JOHN ROYER, Secretary.
dec 11 4t

SPECIAL NOTICE.

You can save money, time and trouble, by ordering your Magazines from me. Note these special prices: Harper's Monthly $3.25, Success 70 cents, Review of Reviews, Success and Leslie's Monthly, the three one year for $3 00. Write or call to see me. I will duplicate any price you can get from any Magazine Agency.

REV. J. A. WEIGAND,
141 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.
dec 4 4t*

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,
Westminster, Md.
jy 11 tf

Hering's Department Store.

Cloak AND Suit Department.

All who defied the first cold weather of Winter without a garment have not done so in vain. Here's their reward. The reductions are clear gains for them.

Half Price.

Starting today we place on sale all our Winter Coats and Tailor Made Suits at exactly

Half Price.

Toys, Dolls and Games.

Starting at 6 o'clock Thursday evening we will mark down all the Toys, Dolls and Games that we have left at

Half Price.

A New Department.

We have added to our Furniture Department a line of Pictures, Mirrors and Frames, at very reasonable prices. We are prepared to furnish Picture Frames in any size desired, at very short notice. All Frames made to order in our Furniture Department.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

We wish You One and All a

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

CHRISTMAS.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

I HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF

CANDIES, NUTS, FRUITS,

&c., that I have ever carried, and at prices that will astonish you for I buy these goods from first hands and at prices that a small dealer cannot touch. STOP TO THINK. You are buying FIRST-CLASS GOODS at the same price that you would pay for common goods. Why not take THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS.

Fancy and Staple Groceries,

specially for the Holidays, prices and quality to suit all. I am offering special inducements to School Teachers for their treat to their schools.

Our Cheapest Candy is pure and not adulterated artificial fancy looking Candy at cheap prices.

WHITMAN'S FINE

CHOCOLATES,

from 20c to 80c per pound. Cheap Mixed Candy 5c to 15c per pound, All pure. Do not be fooled on looks of Candy and prices, nor on other goods, but come early to examine what I have before buying, if you do not buy them, so it will give you an idea who has

THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

COME EARLY TO AVOID THE RUSH.

JOHN D. BOWERS, OPPOSITE CATHOLIC RECTORY,

jan-23-03 1y W. M. and C. & P. TELEPHONES 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH,

AT

CASSELL'S JEWELRY STORE,

LASTING UNTIL JANUARY 1st, 1904.

All articles on exhibition will be sold at reasonable prices. Suitable for Christmas and Wedding Presents. Come early and get your choice. Large, fresh and beautiful stock of

Watches in Gold, Silver and Nickel, $2.50 up;
Clocks in Gold, Silver, Black and Oak, 90c up.

Jewelry of every kind and the latest designs; prices to suit you. Silverware in the ONLY GENUINE ROGERS Hollowware, the finest and Best quality; Sterling Silver in Knives, Spoons, Fancy Pieces, Brushes, Novelties, &c.

CUT GLASS (not pressed) the finest assortment ever shown; Comb, Brush and Mirror Sets, in Silver and Ebonoid, Shell and Ivory; Umbrellas, Leather Goods, China, in fancy pieces; Carving Sets, Scissors, Stationery, in box or pound; Tablets, Ink, Pencils, Spectacles, 25c to $7.00. Yours Respectfully, Engraving on all goods FREE. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired. All goods as represented. Engraving on all goods FREE. Don't miss the Show.

jy 5 4 JAMES H. CASSELL.

Wanted

A BRIGHT BOY

to sell *Onyx Mixed Paints* to house-owners and others in your town and vicinity.

This is an exceptionally good opportunity for a boy or young man to secure a permanent position that will pay well.

If you wish to engage in this business write to us and we will send formal application blank and state the amount we are willing to pay.

The McLennan Paint Co., Ltd.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS

AT

OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, Md.

Many thanks to Santa Claus for your very liberal distribution of goods. Our store is a very Fairy Land. Come and bring your children with you. Truly this is a money saving store for

Xmas Goods, Dolls, Albums, Toys of all kinds, Dishes, Lamps, Silverware, Jewelry in great variety, Sleds, Wagons, C. and Cuff Boxes, Beautiful Rugs, Cushion Covers, Fur Collars, Gloves, Candies by the Ton, Nuts, Figs,

in fact everything needed for Holiday enjoyment. Special prices in Ladies' Coats. Children's and Misses' Fleeced Shirts 39c. Come and see us. We will do you good.

ja 18 03 1y 8 GEO. C. ANDERS.

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS: Behr Bros & Co., Chickering, Blasius & Sons, Hobart M. Cable, Newman Bros.

ORGANS: ESTEY and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER.
West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
oct 16 tf

PAUL REESE, ARCHITECT,
206 E. Main St., Westminster.

Country Residences a Specialty.
ja 12 tf

Christmas.

Ring bells, once more in your steeples!
And tell the old story again!
The beautiful hope for the dying,
The balm to the spirit in pain;
The help to the feebie that stumble,
The pardon to sinners that fall.
But ah! for the "dumb, driven cattle"
Ring clearest of all!

For man can cry out in his trouble,
And tear drops may heal as they flow,
But they, in sad silence must suffer,
With never a voice for their woe:
In cold of the pitiless winter,
In heats of a mid-summer sun,
There's never an end to their labor
Till life's work is done.

Dear bells, as you swing in your steeples,
Above all the jar of the earth,
Sing low of the ox by the manger,
Afar in the place of His birth;
And sing of the sheep on the hill-sides,
The poor patient ass in his stall:
For all the beasts that must perish,
Sing clearest of all!

Oh man! looking up to the Father!
With trust in His infinite grace,
Look down, in your turn, on His creatures
That know but the light of your face,
That know but the warmth of your loving,
That wince at a word or a blow:
Ah! all the depth of their anguish
No mortal may know.

—Mary H. Corley in Boston Transcript.

Thee and Me.

Heaven had suddenly opened in the little brown cottage of Grandfather Darling, in Willow Lane.

Mark and Dorothy, sitting in shy silence before the wide, old-fashioned chimney-place, with its Christmas festival of blazing logs, started with a simultaneous movement to replace a fallen brand that sent a shower of sparks over the hearth. As the work was completed, their hands accidentally touched, and their eyes, as Dorothy looked up, met in one fascinated gaze from which neither could withdraw. Softly, as if by some natural law of shadows, the silhouette figures on the opposite wall blended in one, with interlocked arms and face bent to face.

"Dear, I love you."

It might have been only the ecstatic murmur of the flames drinking the blood of the orchard-wood consecrated to the glory of the Christmas-eve. Possibly the blending of the figures was only a fantastic play of the shadows, after all.

The fire, eating deeper into the heart of the apple-branches, into a flood of light over the youth and maid, sitting again—she with face down bent, he with eyes eagerly seeking, but no longer finding hers.

In that blissful swoon of sense all her blood had rushed back upon her heart, leaving her face shining with a white, still-soul radiance; but now the red current was surging up to the espirals of blonde hair blowing about her forehead, and tingling with strange thrills to the finger-tips of the hand, fluttering like that of a newly captured bird, in that of the sudden bold lover.

Grandfather Darling, in his favorite nook by the hearth-stone, with his white head bowed upon the hand which had shielded his eyes from the heavenly pantomime before the Christmas blaze, here lifted his serene old face and turned toward Dorothy, who was blushing with holy shame.

"Seems, child, as if she was here tonight," he said, in a soft, reverent way, and sighing tremulously.

"Yes, I hope she is, grandfather," Dorothy breathed as reverently, but with a new thrilling inflection of voice that moved him strangely.

He turned and looked at her more closely, with a deep luster in his still clear, dark eyes.

What he saw was the familiar face, transfigured with a beauty whose inward source his old heart recognized in the faintly renewed thrills of its own love.

"Perhaps thee would like me to tell thee about our wooing?" he said, seeing beyond the shining outline of Dorothy's face the darker, more passionate and absorbing background of her lover's.

"Oh, yes, grandfather," breathed Dorothy's flute-tones again.

"Yes, yes, grandfather," echoed the deep base of Mark Ellis.

The blaze from a thoroughly enkindled branch of wood just then lit up, with a supernatural glow, a portion of the wall opposite grandfather," where hung a portrait to which all eyes suddenly and instinctively turned.

It was that of a young woman, not much older than Dorothy, dressed in the quaint, simple fashion of grandfather's youth; the beautiful face, in the flash and firelight, seemed full of the sparkle and flush of life that had kindled its subject fifty years before.

"She—she was more than that," the old lover said, marking the transfiguration of the portrait, which, nevertheless, paled beside the reality of his inner vision.

"She looked like——"

"Like Dororothy," suggested young Ellis, paying the highest tribute possible to the lovely portrait.

"Somewhat," asserted grandfather, slowly, and with a mental reservation not in Dorothy's favor. She was beautiful as—as an angel, children. That is what she was—an angel. I couldn't have lived without her. Yet I came near missing her. I never told thee, did I? We never talked about it—not to others. But now I see—yes, I see thee can understand.

"We were far apart in station. I was but a poor quaker lad. She was a rich lady. And when I say that, I don't mean only that she was the daughter of a wealthy man, but that she was rich in all the heavenly graces that thee can see faintly imaged there."

And he lifted his hand as in benediction toward the portrait on the wall.

"Yes, grandfather," Dorothy, moving to a low seat by his side, close followed by the lover, who, taking the chair she had just vacated, drew near enough to possess himself again of her hand, as though that were a medium of communication with the divine sphere which seemed to have descended upon them.

"We met as the high and the low," continued Grandfather Darling. "She came sometimes to my flower market, and I chose for her the richest and fairest blossoms of their kind, presenting them with a hand that would tremble shamefully in spite of me."

"Yes?" smiled Mark, sympathetically, with a thrilling pressure of the hand in his.

"The money that she left for the flowers, which her touch made sacred, I could never drop with that of other customers. It fell in a vase consecrated to such use, and I gave it to her church, where I often went, but with the hope of seeing her, taking my part in the solemn responses, that I might mingle my voice with hers. I ought not to tell thee such things. It was very wrong——"

Grandfather Darling paused, a deep flush creeping up to his white hair.

"Dear grandfather," murmured Dorothy, laying her blonde head in tender forgiveness on his knee.

"I see thee can understand," he replied, simply.

"I do not fear," responded young Ellis assuringly.

"Sometimes," went on the narrator, "she would ride past my gardens on her beautiful horse, which she sat as a queen on her throne, and then my eyes would follow her till she disappeared from view, ay, and beyond that, for I still seemed to see her where she was not.

"One day a whisp of paper, tossing across the way as she came galloping down the street, frightened her horse, which reared so suddenly aside that his fair burden was cast against the stone block by my door. Breathless, I rushed out, caught her in my arms and bore her in, before another, as I thought, could mark the accident.

"She was white and still as the dead, and all my untold love burst forth in words I had never given to the air before. I even dared to kiss the hand I was chafing, in my passion; and suddenly she opened her eyes and gazed up at me, as though I were of another world.

"'Why, did you wake me?' she said, at last. 'I thought I had gone to heaven, and I was so happy, because there I should not mary Clay Russell.'

"At that instant the man himself—Clay Russell—rushed in, exclaiming over the danger, the tidings of which a messenger had just carried to him; and he gathered her in his arms and bore her off to the carriage in waiting, leaving me but the burning memory of those eyes that seemed to have opened in my very soul.

"After that I heard of the approaching nuptials of Esther Stuart and Clay Russell, and I had orders to reserve all my roses and finest flowers for decoration of the church, on an evening in the heart of June."

"Ah! grandfather, that was so hard for thee," murmured Dorothy, tenderly.

"It was the twining of funeral wreaths for me indeed, my Dolly; but I did my duty well, even to the strewing of the roses in the way of the bridal procession. I could not help it, though—the thing I did. When I flung my last rich offering at her feet, a strange impulse seized me, and I touched her satin sleeve, whispering inaudibly to all ears but hers:

"'Remember, it is before God!'

"Her face, if possible, turned a shade paler than it was. A smothered cry broke from her lips, and she fell fainting in her father's arms. A wild confusion now ensued, and there was no wedding that evening. A long illness followed, and when Esther Stuart recovered she declined to marry Clay Russell."

"And then, grandfather?" inquired Dorothy, eagerly.

The old man was silent, but the expression of his face, as he sat gazing into the fire, was one of beatific content.

The young lovers looked at each other with understandihg of a memory which could not be babbled about.

To the fancy of each the subsequent events were clear.

"We were married on Christmas-eve, five years later," at length added the old lover, gently. And always thereafter, on Christmas-eve, we sat by a blazing fire like this, not talking much, but seeming to see further and further into the Kingdom of Heaven. I tell thee now, because I see thee will know." Another silence ensued—a silencee loquent to the sense of the group beside the raidant hearth.

"Strange, how one by one the dear children passed away, as though hastening to the upper world to greet the beautiful one when she came," mused Grandfather Darling, who seemed in the silent interval to have been traversing over the stretch of years between the Then and Now. "And so now there is only thee left—Dorothy Darling—the joy of my hearth."

"And the joy of my heart," supplemented Mark Ellis, venturing to touch his lips to the head of his ...

"Ay," responded the occupant of the great arm-chair, stroking the blonde head leaning against his knee. "But draw out the little round table, my darling, and lay upon it the dainty china cups and plates that she loved. Bring in some simple cakes of thy own making, and let the kettle sing its song of cheer upon the hearth. We will have a feast of love, my children, and she will come."

Between the two tender speeches the order was softly obeyed, the fantastic shadows of the fire ... ly banished by the ... When the simple preparations ... completed, Grandfather Darling ... his head in low invocation: ... evermore, give us to eat of ... bread."

Dorothy's hand trembled like ... in the wind as she poured the ... grant tea into the delicate ... which she touched with ... memory of her who had loved ...

What she and Ellis drank ... from was the nectar of the ... the bread they made a feast ... ing was the manna of heaven. ... it was to Grandfather Darling, ... might only guess by the look that ... cast across the table to the vacant place.

When this little rite was completed, and the sacred china was restored to its niche beside the fire-place, Mark Ellis, gently bidding good-night to grandfather, who gave him his blessing, turned, as one going from Paradise, to meet the hand of Dorothy. He could not have gained the door without her. She followed the guiding touch of his arm. Should she not have a worshipful glance at the stars?

The stars tell no secrets of worshipful lovers. The solemn hush of a snowbound winter night reigned without. Overhead, the brave Orion was striding up the steep of heaven with his glory of shining worlds. But the tender Pleiades, in their soft, humid blending of rays, seemed to the upward gazers on this Christmas-eve the truest light of Bethlehem.

"For thee and me!" young Ellis said with the triumphant sense of possession that belonged to the first lovers in Eden, who felt that from them the glories of the universe were freshly created.

But the words spoken could have been recalled by neither afterward. Even the bliss of them would be lost in the dust-waves of time, for the coarse fiber of clay cannot long endure the raptures of spirit.

As Dorothy came back to Grandfather Darling again, feeling that the shadows had deepened about the hearth since she left, he signaled her to a seat by his side, laying his old hand kindly on her shining hair.

"Thee has chosen well," he said, "Thee will be very happy with the boy, I think; but thee must not expect that thy way will be all like this. That it might be if it were possible to hold thy present state of mind, is true; yet thee will slip down into the common world again, where thee has to live. But as far as thee can, Dolly, try to see thy lover always in the light in which thou seest him to-night.

"And now, sweetheart, if thee will bring a pillow for my head, and lay a fresh branch upon the fire, I will sit here for an hour longer, and dream that I see the lovely apple blossoms of May unfolding in the blaze. I shall be happiest here. Thee knows my heart does not always—rest easily when I lie down."

"But, grandfather, let me stay with thee," pleaded the girl, as she swiftly fulfilled his orders.

"No, no, child, I have no need of thee. I shall rest more quietly alone for an hour," he said, reassuringly. "Go to thy dreams, dear. They will never be so sweet again. The Father bless thee!"

"Good-night, my Dorothy."

Dorothy laid her cheek caressingly to the furrowed forehead, and, with a murmured good night, went out. As the door closed softly upon her, the old man reached out his arms in an ecstasy of longing. "Thou art here," he said addressing the invisible presence. "This hour is for thee and me!"

Mark Ellis, speeding to Willowwood early on the following morning, with the desire to leave his Christmas tokens, found as he divined, the door unfastened after his exit on the previous evening.

Stepping lightly in, he made his way toward the room where the remembered radiance of heaven had burned, thinking to kindle afresh the Christmas fire with reverent hand, and to leave there his gifts for the day.

A stranger still awaits his ... he passed the threshold ...

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