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, FEBRUARY 19, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 8.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A DESIRABLE PROPERTY,

on Pennsylvania Avenue, Westminster, Carroll County, Maryland.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, passed in cause 4059 Equity, wherein David W. Burns and others are plaintiffs and Martin Luther Burns and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustee therein named, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, to the highest bidder, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 1904,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that desirable lot or parcel of land, containing

990 SQUARE FEET, MORE OR LESS,

in said proceedings mentioned, and that was conveyed by William J. Case and wife to Daniel Burns, in his lifetime, by deed dated March 27th, 1882, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 56, folio 481, &c. The improvements thereon consist of a two and a half story frame double-weatherboarded

DWELLING HOUSE



of seven rooms and Pantry, Smoke House, Hog Pen, Chicken House and other necessary outbuildings; town water in the house, also pump and well of good water near the dwelling; pear, apple, plum and quince trees and also grapes on the premises.

This property is known as No. 149 Pennsylvania Ave., and is situated on said avenue at the corner of alley leading therefrom to College Ave. and adjoins the property of Mrs. Bricker. The buildings have been recently painted and are all in good repair. The property is now in the occupancy of Mr. Charles Thomson.

For further information apply to the undersigned or his solicitor.

Terms of sale: One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in six months and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved of by the undersigned and bearing interest from the day of sale; or the whole of the purchase money may be paid in cash, at the option of the purchaser.

DAVID W. BURNS, Trustee.
John Milton Reifsnider, Solicitor.
J. Thos. Roop, Auct. jan 29 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

HONOR CROSS,

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 25th day of August, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of January, 1904.

JAMES M. STONER,
jan 29 4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN T. HAINES,

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 25th day of August, 1904, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 26th day of January, 1904.

ANN REBECCA HAINES,
WILLIE L. FARVER,
jan 29 4t Administrators.

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. STEVENSON,

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 18th day of August, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of January, 1904.

ARTHUR S. STEVENSON,
jan 12 4t Administrator.

Hyder's Jewelry Store

IS STILL AT THE SAME OLD PLACE,
75 WEST MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.,

WHERE YOU CAN SEE:

The cheapest Watches that ever were sold,
Made of pure metal, both Silver and Gold;
Gold Necklaces, Chains and beautiful Charms,
And handsome Bracelets to wear on the arms.
Rings made of Silver and of pure Gold,
So cheap and beautiful for all to behold;
To see these fine goods 'tis really a treat,
And in quality and price they cannot be beat.
Now Clocks, my dear friends, I sell them so low,
A 10-dollar bill will buy a whole row;
Now facts are facts, come see for yourselves
The beautiful goods in case and on shelves.
Spectacles and Eye-glasses for young and old,
Made of good metal, both Nickle and Gold;
We will test your eyes gladly, without any fee,
So you will always be happy, because you can see.
If your glasses get broken, disabled or bent,
We'll examine them freely, without costing a cent;
If, of new frames or lenses you stand in need
We can furnish them for you, Yes, Indeed.
If any Repairing you wish to have done,
We'll do it as cheap as the work can be done;
All work done by us we warrant the best;
Come, give us a trial, for that is the test.

1847 ROGERS SILVERWARE ALWAYS ON HAND.

Repairing of fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry a Specialty. ALSO ENGRAVING.

NOTICE.—All persons having Watches, Clocks, Jewelry or any other articles for repair, and who have left the same for six months, are hereby notified to come and redeem the same on or before the 1st of January, 1904, or they will be sold for the cost of repairs. No article left for repair will be kept over six months. After that time it will be sold for repairs.

All sales and repairing are strictly CASH.

Yours, Respectfully,
dec 18 tf GEO. M. HYDER.

January Clearing Sale AT OAK HALL, NEW WINDSOR, Md.

Bargains that should please every one. $8.00 and $10.00 Ladies' Coats to close for $6.50; $2.00 to $6.00 Children's and Misses' to close for $1.25 to $3.50. Overcoats $5 to $12.50 grade to close $3.49 to $8.00. Boys' and Children's Overcoats half reg. price; 50c Dress Goods now 25c to 35c., Silk Waistings $1.00 to go for 50c to 60c; other Waistings from 8c up; heavy fleeced Shirts 39c; Outings from 5c up, Calico 4c and up; hundreds of remnants of Wool and Silk to go at half price. A number of Albums and other Christmas Goods half price before stock taking.

N. B.—A Word—we sell Coffee at the Old Price, 9c or 3 lbs. 25c., 10c, 12c up to 18c. If some of our brother merchants would look at ours they would blush at their extravagant advertisements. Our 10c is a Record Breaker, No Advance. To close out we are selling 7 lbs. of Candy for 25c. The best Syrup in New Windsor for 33c. We offer hundreds of bargains, that we can't mention for want of space. If you will only examine, it is the deception that undersells us, not the goods.

Come and see us and we will trade on the square. Respectfully,
ja 18 03 1y 9 GEO. C. ANDERS.

Hustle! Hustle!!

WHERE IS THE HUSTLE? WHY AT
J. W. Lockard & Son's
DOUBLE STORE, ON LIBERTY ST.,
where you will find the largest stock of

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

in Westminster, and at prices that keep us hustling and bustling to supply the trade.

Come and see for yourself. What the eyes see and the ears hear that can you believe.

Yours for business,
J. W. LOCKARD & SON.,
13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster.
C. and P. Phone.
au 16 1y

THE MILLER BROS. CO.

February Sale of Muslin Underwear.

It is our aim to make this the mightiest sale of dependable, dainily trimmed under muslins we have ever planned for the ladies of Westminster, and you have heretofore attended many successful, satisfactory ones. The two leading reasons that created our supremacy cannot be too strongly emphasized. You know them—otherwise you would not come and continue coming in ever increasing numbers. Our qualities are what particular women want; our prices are in perfect accord with the governing principles of our business—THE LOWEST, THE VERY LOWEST. Whether you have a mite to spend or a big amount, come here.

THIS APPEAL IS FOR THE FRUGAL AND THRIFTY OF ALL CLASSES.



THE MILLER BROS. CO.

Popular Cash Stores, Westminster, Md.

February Offers You A Rare Chance To Get A Fine OVERCOAT or WINTER SUIT For A Very Little Money at SHARRER & GORSUCH'S, WESTMINSTER, MD.

OVERCOATS.

150 Men's, Youths' and Boys' Overcoats left. Bring in the boys, for at these Overcoats we are not considering cost. They must be sold and it will pay you to buy for next season if you don't want for this; but the winter is long yet.

14 stylish Youths' Grey Overcoats, reduced from $7.00 to $4.50, 15 to 17 year sizes.
25 Boys' Fine Coats, 8 to 14-year sizes, reduced from $3.50 and $4.00 to $2.50.
5 very Handsome Pleated Belt Coats reduced to $3.00. Men's $12.00 and $13.00 Coats reduced to $9.00.
12 Men's Short Storm Coats at special low price. Cord Suits $5.00.
A lot of Boys' three-piece Suits, 9 to 12 year sizes, at half price.
Big reduction on all Boys' Suits. Present with each one.
Men's elegant $14.00 and $15.00 Suits now $10.00.

Look at the Handsome Suits we are Making TO ORDER THIS MONTH FOR $13.50,

were cheap at $18.00. Lots of weather yet for heavy Underwear, Gloves, Cardigan Jackets. You can get them here now for less than cost. 25 pairs of $3.00 quality Cord Pants at $2.50.

oct 11 1y4 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

Headquarters for Coffees.

Good Rio Coffee	13 cents.	Our own Blend	25 cents.
Pride of Carroll Coffee	15 cents.	Pure Mocha and Java	35 cents.
Pride of Westminster	18 cents.		

Coffee has already advanced 4 cents per pound; we have only advanced 1 cent per pound. If you have not tried the above Coffees just inquire about them or try them yourself to be convinced where to buy your Coffees.

Maple Syrup, Mince Meat, the best at the lowest prices. Dried Peaches, Prunes, and Apricots. Bottled Goods and Canned Goods. The latter has advanced greatly in price but we are selling them at the same, except Corn. Fancy Box Crackers and Teas a specialty.

FANCY DELICACIES:

The largest stock and freshest in the State, for we turn over the stock often, whereby we have the advantage of having fresh stock.

STAPLE GROCERIES:

Flour, 28c, 55c, 63c and 75c per Sack. Syrup 30c and 40c per gallon. Raisins 8c, 10c and 12c per lb. Maple Syrup—Pts. 25c, Qts. 40c, half Gallon 78c, 1 Gallon $1.25.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. Main St., Westminster.
jn-23-3 1y W. M. R. & C. & P. TELEPHONES.

MICHAEL E. WALSH. DAVID E. WALSH.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Firm Name WALSH & WALSH
175 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.
All business promptly attended to.
ad 5t f

JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Practices in the Courts of Maryland and Washington, D.C.
Office, Albaugh Block, Court street, Westminster, Md.
dec 18 tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

FANNIE ENGLEMAN,

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 9th day of September, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 9th day of February, 1904.

NATHAN H. BAILE,
feb 12 4t Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JACOB THOMSON,

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 9th day of September, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 9th day of February, 1904.

ELIAS O. GRIMES,
CHARLES L. THOMSON,
feb 12 4t Administrators.

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

MARGARET A. BABYLON,

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 1st day of September, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1904.

JOSHUA F. MAGEE,
feb 5 4t Executor.

NO. 4129 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

Edward O. Weant, trustee and plaintiff, vs. Christiana Shipley and Lewis Shipley, defendants.

Ordered, this 4th day of February, A. D. 1904, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Edward O. Weant, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 26th day of February inst. The report states the amount of sales to be $715.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
feb 5 3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

NO. 4129 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

Edward O. Weant, trustee and plaintiff, vs. Christiana Shipley and Lewis Shipley, defendants.

In the matter of the trust estate of Christiana Shipley and Lewis Shipley.

Ordered, this 3rd day of February, A. D. 1904, that the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, take jurisdiction in the trust estate of the said Christiana Shipley and Lewis Shipley, her husband, and that the said trustee settle said trust estate under the supervision and control of the said court; and it is further ordered that Edward O. Weant, the trustee in the above cause named, give notice to all persons having claims against Christiana Shipley and Lewis Shipley to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 6th day of April, 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 7th day of March next.

WM. H. THOMAS.

True copy.—Test:
feb 5 4t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Real Difficulty.

—:o:—

It is not the work, but the worry
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends gray hair with the dusky
And robs the form of its grace,
That dims the luster and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled
With a weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and turn and wonder
About the cares of the day.
Do we think of the hands' hard labor
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah, no! But plan and ponder
How both ends can be made to meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid
When we should be cheery and glad.
There's a shadow before the sunlight
And even a cloud in the blue;
The scent of the roses is tainted.
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half the story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven
And the wisdom of God's great plan.
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry,
That breaks the heart of man.

—The Suggester and Thinker.

MOONLIGHT AND FLOODS.

—:o:—

The floods were out at Wendelthorpe. Boats were moving hither and thither in the lower-lying streets, and out in the open country field after field was changed into a lake. From amid the waters rose a solitary farm-house, back against a darkening sky. The surging flow heaved and tossed and struck heavily upon it; here was no languidly spreading expanse, but the hurry of the swollen river rushing impatiently forward and rising in its impatience higher and ever higher. At an upper window six persons were gathered, watching the motions of a light that came and went slowly, and seemed to be drawing nearer by degrees. The group was made up of the farmer, his wife, their three children, and a young man who was the eldest daughter's lover. The light was manifestly approaching, the dark shape of a boat became distinct, they heard the dip and splash of the oars; at last the boat paused in the lee of the house, and their rescue was secure. It could be seen now, in the light of the lantern, that there were several persons in the boat, and one of them was a woman. A voice called upward to those within:

"How many are you?"

And a voice called down in reply:

"Six."

To that answer followed a moment of silence. Then, amid the sound of the water came up the words: "We have but room for four."

"Shall you be able to come back for the others?" asked the farmer. Again followed a pause, brief, but sufficient to foreshadow the coming negative.

"No, hardly; it is getting too dark, and too dangerous."

Within were quick questionings and denials, a half-heard debate, caught and lost again between the ominous beatings of the rising floods. By daybreak the house-top would scarcely be left above water, even if the walls should be strong enough to hold out so long.

"Jack and I will stay," said the farmer at last.

"If Jack stays, so will I," answered the clear voice of his daughter.

Then a man rose in the boat and said:

"There is no woman who would say that for me, and so let me stay."

The others in the boat looked at him as he stood leaning one hand against the wall. He was a stranger who had reached Wendelthorpe that afternoon, and had volunteered his services at the starting of the boat. The woman sitting in the stern moved a little and said:

"I will stay, too."

All eyes turned back to her. Her they knew. She was the new mistress of the village school, a grave young woman, and reported eccentric.

There was no remonstrance from the boat; only a slow, ruminating surprise; from above, indeed, came protests, but faint and quickly overruled.

A window was opened in a lower story; the two entered upon a landing that was already flooded and went quickly upward. Warm broken thanks met them, and eager promises of return in the first hour of dawn. They stood side by side, watching the progress of the departing six, and the wavering reflection of the shaken light. The room had, in the interval, grown nearly dark.

"Have you any hope of their coming back in time?" asked the woman.

"No!" her companion answered.

"Nor have I," she said.

"They stood aimlessly looking into the fast darkening room. The wind and the water went sweeping by outside, and in the house were ghostly sounds of doors and windows stealthily tried and shaken.

"Had we not better go up to the attic while we can?" asked the man by-and-by.

She assented, and they went inward to the dark core of the house. The inky solitude below was full of creakings and rustlings; above shown a square of yellow light, revealing a steep ladder. A lighted lantern had been left for them in the attic, together with food and warm wrappings.

"I will fetch the lantern," said he, and swung himself quickly upward.

She stood below, holding fast to the side of the ladder. His quick step sounded above her head; the light shifted and brightened, she saw his face in a quick illumination; then the light whirled toward and beyond her, down, down into the darkness and flashed upon the stairs. Her breath stood still; she had a sickening feeling of being left alone. Assurance of her companion's safety reached her, however, in the form of an imprecation, checked, indeed, but hearty, uttered about two feet above her head.

"The handle of the lantern was loose," as he came to her level. "I'll go down and fetch it up."

"No don't! its too dark. Please don't! let us go up."

She had found his arm in the darkness and held him back. In the darkness, which was much the blacker for that brief interposition of light, they made their way into the attic, and crossing it carefully, afraid of the low roof, afraid of unseen stumbling-block's afraid of returning upon the yawning aperture, made their way to the gray square of the window. Here they found a large box, upon which they sat down. They spoke but little; there were so few things left worth utterance in such an hour as this. By-and-by, as their eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, they discerned the general character of their surroundings. There was a table near them with food; there were boxes and bundles and a couple of old pictures brought up hither apparently when the tide began to rise. In the middle lay the black square through which they had made entrance; at the far end a rough heap of straw was dimly distinguished, and from this came restless gnawings, scrapings and rustlings, causing the woman to shriek and shudder.

"I suppose they are rats," she said once, when the sound grew louder.

"I suppose so; do you mind very much?"

"No, if we only could see them."

Again for awhile they were silent, hearing the little sounds within and the ever increasing sounds without.

At last the man stood up, and passing his hand across his face, said:

"Oh, this is very cold-blooded! They used to torture witches so, fixed to a stake, when the tide was coming up."

He moved to and fro impatiently, and stood still by the table.

"Could you eat some thing?"

"No, thank you."

He broke himself a piece of bread, and returning to the window, ate a few mouthfuls. He pushed open the lattice and leaned out.

The water was rising rapidly, and was already washing on the window of the room below. He turned back toward her a face of dismay; hers, as she sat within the room, was not clearly visible, but her attitude was calm and undisturbed. He sighed and came back quietly to sit beside her. But his quietness was of short duration. He asked, after a few minutes:

"Would you not like to get out upon the roof? We shall have to do it sooner or later, and I don't think we should feel quite so much imprisoned."

"Oh, yes, let us go. Is there a trap door?"

"I don't think there is. I looked just now. But I can get up through the window—the roof is close above—and then I can help you."

He set his foot on the window-sill and thrust his head and shoulders through the narrow opening.

"Oh, yes, it is quite easy. But how it blows! We had better have some of those shawls."

She brought them and handed them out, watched him draw himself up, and then mounted in her turn from the box to the window-ledge, and, reaching her hands upward, found herself lifted safely to the summit.

The surge of wind and water was terrific; her hat was was blown away at once, and she was blinded by her hair. When she had freed her face and drawn up her shawl over her head, she was able to perceive that the roof was formed of two parallel gables, and that between them, at each end, a stack of chimneys rose from a solid platform.

They went forward to the more sheltered group, and sat down on the block of brickwork at the base. They had before them the wide desolate expanse of waters; below them torrents ran thundering between dwelling and outhouses, and in the pauses of the cannonade that beat the walls, and of the rushing and rending sounds within, they heard a southern wind drifting with sighs between the chimneys. There was no token of life, no light, no sound of hope. Yet they felt a sense of relief and freedom in being here, where they could see and know what was befalling.

"Oh, that is better!" said she, and lifted up her face to breathe the fresher air.

"One would say," said he, watching the dark cameo of her face, as it detached itself from the straight line of masonry, "that you had a kind of enjoyment of all this."

"In a sense I have. There is so much space and power. And there is the feeling of having for once put action and responsibility out of one's hands. There is nothing now which it can possibly be one's duty to do."

"You don't feel any fear of death, then?"

"I fear it physically, of course—the actual choking and drowning—ah, don't let us talk of it! But at least we shall have had this hour of freedom and rest."

"I could bear it better," he returned, if there were any element of struggle. To sit still in a cage until death chooses to come and put an end to you—that is horrible!"

She turned toward him and seemed to consider his point of view until it became hers, for she shuddered and said:

"It is horrible!"

There was silence between them for a little while. Again, when her face was bent forward, he was able to watch its outline. Surely she was much younger than he had supposed.

"What made you stay?" he asked, suddenly.

She hesitated a little.

"What made you?"

"I hardly know, more than what I said—that nobody cared much whether I did or not, and that I did not care much myself. But I am older than you, and I have had about as much out of life as it will ever give me."

"I don't think that it need be a question of age how much one's life is worth. Mine did not matter to any one, either; and it was not very easy or hopeful for myself. I had wanted so much, and had to learn that I must do with so little. Of course, it is not noble to care so much about one's own petty happiness, but oh! one does care! And then, all at once, here was a way of escape, not selfish, but to help happier people, and—It seemed the key to everything when you stood up in the boat and said that you would stay."

"Yet," said he, "I could not help wondering, as we stepped out, whether what we were really giving to those young lovers was only time to lose their love for each other, even in remembrance. For death can only destroy the future, but life can destroy the past, too."

"Are you sorry, then, that you stayed?" she inquired.

There was a little note of mockery in the question, or his conscience created it.

"No, it seemed the thing to do. One can but act in the present. And even if a man could know certainly that death would keep their love for them, and life would lose it, he could hardly bring himself to say 'Then let death come.' It takes Apollo to give death when he is asked for the best gift. But yet what a chance for two lovers to have died together so!"

She drew a rather deeper breath, but made no spoken answer.

Down on the far horizon the late moon was rising vague and cloudy. A ghostly light, bringing in its wake mysterious shadows, spread slowly as the moon drowsily lifted herself and dropped the mists from her shoulders. The man looking down in this clearer light to the water, started and said:

'It is coming up much faster."

She stooped and looked. Then their eyes, lifting, sought each other. Both faces were pale in the moonlight. On both sat the human shrinking from this upward crawling fate. Yet it was something to see each other.

"How long is it to morning?" she asked.

He drew out his watch; but there came a cloud across the moon and they had to wait.

"It is just past twelve," said he.

"Perhaps they will come out by moonlight."

"Perhaps," said he. But neither of them had any trust in the hope.

He had seen in the moment when they looked at each other that she was indeed younger than his first supposition, though hardly so young as his second. She might be five-and-twenty. It was not the face of a girl. She had returned to her former position, and now, leaning back against the chimney, lifted up her face to the sky. Her eyes were closed and and her lips drawn in. There was but time to look once before the lips curved again into a smile and the eyes opened to a calm gaze.

The man sitting by her heard the changing and deepening tone of the water as it came up and up.

"You are too young for this," said he abruptly.

His voice had changed and deepened like the tone of the water.

"No, no," she answered after a moment. "Don't trouble about me."

"I do trouble about you. It is horrible! horrible!"

She again kept silent for a little space; then she said:

"When I heard you say—that—in the boat, and get up to stay, I felt, suddenly, as if it was a cruel thing not to stay with you too—as well as to save them."

She had been obliged to speak the last words loudly, for the wind rose suddenly and fiercely, and the shock of the water broke noisily on the walls. And as she ceased came a terrible crash; the whole building creaked and swayed; there were heavy splashes in the water, and water spouted over them as they caught and clung to each other. Long hair was blown before his face. They held each other fast, panting and trembling. She freed a hand and drew aside her hair. There was a sound of water, running, trickling and dropping. The calm moon, pursuing her leisurely pathway, passed out from behind a cloud and showed them that the platform at the other end of the house had given way, and the stack of chimneys opposite had fallen.

"If it had been these!" said she.

They crouched nearer together, each still holding to the other. The fear in each mind now was the fear of being divided, of losing all human companionship. The waters were rising faster, rising as it seemed, with a malignant, hungry joy.

"It can't be long now," said the man.

"No," said she.

There were a few more life-long moments in which they sat silent, breathing hard. The wild gush of wind abated; the moon found a wide, open archway, among the clouds; the face of the waters grew by comparison still again.

"And so," said he, "it was for me you stayed, and even at the end I can't go away in peace without pulling down some one else. And you, who stayed, are a stranger, and we shall die here together, strangers. Oh, the irony of this world! All my life I have been solitary and deserted. It has been my fault—no doubt it has been my fault; and now life is over. It's all too late, and there's no time."

She remained silent, and the monotonous pulse of the water throbbed below.

"But if by any miracle, we should be saved, at least we know each other now," said he.

"Do we? Well, the depths, perhaps, of each other, but not the shallows. If we were to be saved we should feel like friends till we came to land, and then you would go your way and I mine; and if we were to meet once a week for a twelve-month we should speak to each other at first, and then we should nod and smile, and by and by we should pass and take no notice. No, what knowledge or friendship we have does not belong to this life!"

"You believe, then, in another?"

"It is hardly that I believe in another life so much as that I can't believe in death. We could not be capable of so much, and desirous of so much, and nothing come. We have not half enough. I feel so much, much more. No, I am not afraid. There's more."

He in his turn was silent. Perhaps he forebore, out of pity, to put forth a word against her hope, but which he had taken to be long dead began to stir and murmur.

The moon had put on, minute by minute, a fuller glory; it was illumining an arch of clouds, and beyond the arch lay measurless, liquid, lucid depths. She looked and pointed upward. The full glow shone on her face. He saw in her dark eyes a slow, ineffable softening; in all the lines of her features breathed a spirit of exultant reception.

"The open doorway of infinity," said he, fitting to this radiance its apt poetic description, but without anything of the poet's rapture or belief. Her lips moved to a recognizing smile.

"And can you look up to that and despair?" she asked.

"That has no voice for me. It is too far off, too silent, too unmoved. That glory may come back as serene,

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