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, JUNE 17, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 25.

CHARLES E. FINK, Solicitor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY,

including Valuable Machinery, Farming Implements and Buggies, at Mt. Airy, Carroll Co., Md.

The undersigned, by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Oscar M. Spurrier and wife, dated January 19th, 1904, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in Liber D. P. S. No. 49, folio 74 &c., will offer at Public Sale at the place of business of the said Oscar M. Spurrier, in Mt. Airy, Carroll county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, 18th DAY OF JUNE, 1904,

at 12 o'clock, noon, all that lot or parcel of land situated in the village of Mt. Airy, in Carroll county, Maryland, containing

23,100 SQUARE FEET, MORE OR LESS,

being the same land that was conveyed to the said Oscar M. Spurrier by Byron S. Dorsey, trustee, June 17th, 1899, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, in Liber J. H. B. No. 89, folio 279, &c. The improvements thereon consist of a store and warehouse.

And at the same time and place also will be offered a lot of Machinery and Farming Implements, consisting in part of Syracuse and South Bend Plows, Ross Cutter, Steel Roller, Iron Pumps, 1 Mower, Metal Tiger and McCormick Rakes, Mountville Feed Grinders, 1 Tiger Tedder, Corn Planters, 1 Ideal Feed Grinder and Power, combined; 1 Sliding Table Pole Saw, 1 New Holland Feed Mill, 2 Cyclone Feed Cutters, 1 one-horse Lamberd Wagon, complete; Cyclone Seed Sowers, lot of Harrows, Corn Sheller, Corn Plows, single and double Shovel Plows, Wheelbarrows, lot of

New Buggies and Carriages,

and other articles described in said mortgage.

Terms of Sale:—All sums of $10.00 and under, cash; on all sums above $10.00 a credit of four months will be given, upon the purchaser giving his note, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

SAMUEL L. LAMBERD, Assignee of Mortgagee.

F. A. Crawford, Auct. 27 may 4t

Statement of The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, N. J.

FREDERICK FRELINGHUYSEN, President.

Assets (market values), Jan. 1, 1904..$87,404,293.60
Liabilities..... 80,726,296 59
Su plus..... 6,677,907.01

MUTUAL BENEFIT POLICIES contain Special and Peculiar Advantages which are not combined in the Policies of any other.

GODDARD & THURMAN, State Agents, Baltimore, Md.

J. HOFFMAN FUSS, Agent, Wes'minster, Md.
may 27 4t

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,
dec18 tf GEO. M. HYDER.

John E. Eckenrode. Chas. E. Eckenrode.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BUGGIES, SURREYS, STANHOPES, RUNABOUTS, DAYTONS, TRAPS, STICK WAGONS, DELIVERY WAGONS, DEPOT WAGONS and all kinds of Vehicles.

NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.

We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly, Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON, Cor. Liberty and George Sts., Westminster, Md.
may 13 04

We, the undersigned, being a majority of the directors of the A. McGinnis Company of Carroll County, do hereby call a special meeting of the stockholders of said company to be held at the Company's office, at McGinnis Sideling in Carroll County, Maryland, on Saturday, July 2, 1904, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purposes of considering and acting upon a proposition for the increase of a number of directors in said company and of increasing the capital stock from fifteen thousand dollars, divided into three hundred shares of the par value of fifty dollars each, to fifty thousand dollars, divided into two thousand shares of the par value of twenty-five dollars each, and of amending the certificate of incorporation accordingly.

Arthur McGinnis, Patrick McGrath, Martin O'Connor, James McGinnis, John McGinnis,
jn 3 5t Directors.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The Lutheran congregation of the Mt. Union Church hereby requests that any congregation, body corporate, having any claim on or against said congregation, present the same to the undersigned, within 20 days from date of this notice, otherwise it may be debarred forever.

REV. G. W. BAUGHMAN, Pastor.
JACOB S. GLADHILL,
AUGUSTUS LAMBERT, Trustees.
May 18th, 1904.
may 20 4t

J. S. MYERS, D. D. S. J. E. MYERS, D. D. S.

MYERS BROTHERS,

Surgeon Dentists,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Plate work and repairing will be given prompt attention. Gas administered.

J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week and in Westminster the remainder of the week.

J. S. Myers will be in Westminster every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month, when he will be in TANEYTOWN.

Maryland and C. & P. Telephone.
aug 23 02 tf

Hering's Department Store.

Big Bargain in China Matting.

35c to 40c Mattings at 25c.

A large importer shipped us fifty rolls of heavy China Mattings through a mistake, and rather than have them returned they sold the lot to us at a big reduction, and we intend to give our customers the benefit of the reduction. A beautiful assortment of patterns in check and stripes and not a piece worth less than 35c and up to 40c, to be sold quickly at

25 Cents a Yard.

Clearance Sale of Baby Caps.

To clean out our stock of Baby Caps quickly we have decided to make just two prices on them.

25c each, includes all Caps from 40c to 50c.

50c each, includes all Caps from 85c to $1.00.

Wash Laces At 8 Cents Yard, Worth up to 18c Yard.

There's no end to the uses of these pretty Laces, and the chance to buy them under value comes but seldom. Straight and serpentine bands, 2 to 3 inches wide, in designs you will surely admire.

☞ WE CLOSE AT 6 P. M. EXCEPT SATURDAY. ☜

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

KEEFER & SULLIVAN.

NEW WHITE FISH, Just arrived, all sizes.

Call and Get Our Prices.

Fresh Cakes and Crackers from the N. B. C. Co. every week.

A few of our prices: Hams, Shoulders, Bacon and Bologna 10 cents a pound.
Moth Balls 5 cents a pound, all you want. Best Fly Paper, 4 double sheets, for 5 cents.
Best Coffee in Westminster for 15c pound. Good Flour 50 cents a sack.
R. J. R. Smoking Tobacco 6 for 25 cents. Prize Tea—a present with every package.
Larkins' Sweet Home Soap 6 for 25 cents. Wanted—Ear Corn $3.50 per barrel.
Wanted—Fresh Eggs at 15 a dozen.

Give us a call by either Phone, and ask our prices.

jan 3 03 18 KEEFER & SULLIVAN, 88 and 92 E. Main St., Westminster.

FOR SALE.

One 8-horse power Portable Frick ENGINE, in good running order; One 6-horse Fleetwood SEPARATOR, with both belt and rod attachment, good as new, run only 2 years. CHEAP, if sold at once.

CLOVER SEED AT MARKET PRICE.

THE W. H. DAVIS CO.,
Corner W. Main and John Sts. Westminster, Md.



LISTEN!

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET STYLE AS WELL AS A GOOD LIKENESS IN YOUR

PHOTOGRAPHS AT

Mitchell's

Art Gallery over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md. oct 25 03

ESTABLISHED 1875.

SHIPPERS OF EGGS TAKE NOTICE.

I will allow you top market price for all the good Eggs you may send me without commission or cartage charges and make prompt returns on arrival and be fair with you at all times.

Reference Third National Bank, Baltimore, Md., and all Commercial Agencies.

Ask your Bank to look me up.

Correspondence solicited.

C. S. AARON, 45 Weyler St., Baltimore, Md.
ap 15 2m

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

Country Residences a Specialty.
ja 12 tf

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of The Atlantic Machine Works of Westminster, Maryland, that a meeting of said Stockholders of said company will be held at the office of said company, in Westminster, Maryland, on Thursday, the 7th day of July, A. D. 1904, between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing FIVE DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year; and for the purpose of adopting and taking such action in regard to the By-laws of said company as the said stockholders may deem proper.

E. OLIVER GRIMES, JR., President.
FRANKLIN M. BEGGS, Secretary.
ju 10 5t

Funeral Director.

I wish to inform my friends and patrons hat I am still in the

UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,

and having purchased a new outfit am better equipped to give entire satisfaction. In my seven years' experience I have studied up new process

FOR EMBALMING

which, by careful study, has proved an entire success. (Carroll County Telephone.)

JAMES M. STONER, Pennsylvania Avenue, Westminster Md.
ap-23-1y

CHARLES E. FINK, Attorney at Law And Solicitor in Chancery

Office—Court Street, Westminster. All business promptly attended to.

IF A PAINT

That is adulterated (the kind you have been using) looks and wears well, will not?

DAVIS' 100 PER CENT Pure Paint

looks and wears much better? Of course it will. You can see this even though you were nearsighted.

The WESTMINSTER HARDWARE Co. DISTRIBUTORS, Westminster - Maryland.

This Way for Bargains.

Great Closing Out Sale of

GOODS AT OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, Md.

Having decided to reduce our very large stock we include all of our spring purchases. Special effort will be made to close out Dress Goods, Silks &c., of which all know is one of the largest in the county.

$3,500 worth of Clothing to go at a sacrifice.

Our stock of Shoes is one of the largest in the county.

200 pairs of Slippers to go at one-third reduction. 10 per cent. off on all our new Shoes and Slippers.

Ask to see our Hats and you will find us away below our competitors. A special counter of 25 cent Hats.

Carpets and Mattings will be offered at a reduction.

$1.00 Rustic Stool to go at 86 cents.

Every day will bring new bargains. We intend closing out a number of things and make a change in our stock.

A rare chance to get your spring and summer outfit cheap. A call will be appreciated.

ja 18 04 1y GEO. C. ANDERS.

FOUND! FOUND!

A PLACE WHERE I CAN BUY

CUT GLASS, CHINA, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fountain Pens, Sterling Silver Novelties, Umbrellas, Pocket Books.

1847 Rogers' celebrated Silverware, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Strings and Findings; a place where I can get Glasses to fit my face and suit my eyes.

A place to have my Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired reasonable, and that place is Cassell's Jewelry Store.

Yours Respectfully,
JAMES H. CASSELL,
jy 5 6 Westminster, Md.

POOLE'S INSECT POWDER,

of which Henry Poole is proprietor, will be manufactured by his daughter, Miss Emma Poole, & Company, and sold by the Albaugh & Babylon Grocery Company, the Merchants' Grocery Company, and by the undersigned,

MISS EMMA POOLE,
oct 16 tf Westminster Md.

THE BETROTHAL OF ELYPHOLATE YINGST.

—:o:—

Like Napoleon Bonaparte, Elypholate Yingst, also, had doubted in his ambitious youth whether it was possible for one with such a name ever to rise to eminence. "Yingst" was sufficiently difficult and unusual, but "Elypholate" was manifestly impossible.

Yet, although he always signed himself "E. Yingst," he never, when directly questioned, concealed the fact. "Not to deceive you, it's Elypholate," he would stoically reply. It was the extraordinary conscience inherited from a race of Mennonite ancestors who had suffered persecution and exile for their faith that made it out of the question for him to deviate from the path of strict truthfulness even to so small a degree as to change the name imposed upon him by his parents.

It was the same extreme conscientiousness which led him, when at the height of his professional success in the City of New York, to ask the radiant woman whom he loved and who loved him, to defer her consent to marry him until she had visited his parents on their ancestral farm in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and had seen the home of his childhood, the manner of his rearing—and all the rest. She must not give herself to him until she should know all that it is possible for any woman to know of any man before her marriage with him.

It was with truly Spartan courage that he made arrangements for her visit to "the farm." He was far from sanguine as to the outcome of it. He knew her pride of family, her almost superstitious belief in blood, her ignorance of other conditions of life than those privileged ones in which she had been reared. Would she prove large enough to recognize, beneath the crude conditions which would necessarily seem to her uncouth and repulsive, the real excellence of his inheritance?

He would never forget her naive astonishment upon hearing from his lips that his parents were plain, uneducated New Mennonites, of Lancaster County. She had met it without flinching, but he was sensitively suspicious that the knowledge had been a stab to her pride and all her inherited prejudices.

And when she should discover how entirely acquired were all his social graces and manners, how (according to her standard) vulgar was the background of his life in his boyhood's impressions, would it not repel her from any thought of marriage with him? And could he blame her if it were so—he who knew so well the atmosphere of refinement in which she had been always shielded?

Well, the die was cast now, and he could only wait for the outcome. This afternoon she would arrive at New Canaan and be introduced into his mother's household.

The incongruity of her in such surroundings smote him. Again he questioned his wisdom in having planned to subject her love to this test.

"But no. Better discover it now than later, if she is going to despise my origin," was his final conclusion.

He had left New York city a day ahead of the date fixed for her departure for New Canaan. There was an important matter which he must discuss with his mother before Laura came to them. All minor details as to the appointments of the household, and so forth, he would leave untouched; for Laura must see things at his parents' home as they always were—there must be no unaccustomed frills. There was only that one matter that he must emphatiaally settle with his mother before he introduced her to the girl whom he hoped to marry.

It was early in the afternoon of her expected arrival when Doctor Yingst sought his mother to "have it out" with her.

He found her in the kitchen, rolling out pastry.

Mrs. Yingst was a well preserved woman of about sixty years of age. The countenance looking out from her Mennonite white cap was mild and placid. The nervous force manifested in the keen, fine face of the eminent New York physician was evidently not inherited from his New Mennonite mother.

It was early spring, and the door and windows of the large, clean kitchen were wide open. It was not, however, the sweet country odors of the spring-time that were wafted indoors to mingle with those of the stewing fruit on the stove, but it was the nearness of the stables that was unpleasantly manifested.

"I've been to the village, mother," the doctor began, seating himself opposite to where she stood working at the table.

"Are you home long a'ready?"

"I just came in."

"What for did you go, seein' you're got to go in again this afternoon, to fetch out her?"

"I went on business."

"What for business was that?"

The mother of such a son might well have looked on him with pride, but Mrs. Yingst's religion forbade such human weakness, and the monotonous placidity of her countenance was quite unmoved as her eyes were from time to time lifted from her paste to the handsome face of her only child.

"Mother," he earnestly but gently spoke in answer to her inquiry, "you must make up your mind to give up taking your vegetables to the Lancaster city market. I have urged you so often. Now, I must insist upon your stopping it. You are too old to stand for hours twice a week behind those market stalls. Father is as much opposed to it as I am. If there were the least necessity for it—but you know there isn't. Why do you persist in it, mother?"

"I couldn't leave the vegetables go to waste," Mrs. Yingst replied, as she deftly lifted a circular layer of paste on her palms and laid it on a tin pie pan. "We raise more'n what we use still."

"Give away what you don't need. No," he added, seeing, from the slight change on her quiet face, how he had shocked her frugal soul, "I know that it isn't practical advice in this neighborhood, where there are no starving people. Let father sell to the hucksters what you don't use."

"This long time a'ready, he wants to do that. But the wegatables fetches more on market stall."

"But, mother," he expostulated, leaning forward across the table, and, in his eagerness, not minding the sprinkling of flour he was receiving, "can't you realize that when you have a son who earns an income of not less than twenty thousand a year it is a reflection on his filial care for you when you try to earn this poor little pittance twice a week at the market? It is a disgrace to my mother. I beg you to give it up. Won't you do this for me? You know there is nothing on earth I would not do for you."

"The hucksters would give Pop only twelve cents a dozen for eggs, and I can make 'em fetch twenty-five or thirty on market, 'Lypholate."

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her, despairingly.

"I wish I could make you feel, mother, how much depends on this for me. The best happiness of my life!"

Mrs. Yingst's rolling-pin paused for an instant as she looked at him, evidently with an unexpected flash of insight.

"Do you mean mebby she," with an indicative twirl of her thumb, "is proud with herself that way, and wouldn't like it so well havin' her man's mom sellin' on market? I heerd of such a'ready."

"She would not be able to understand my permitting you to expose yourself like that, when I am able to give you every comfort and luxury."

"Is she so wonderful tony, 'Lypholate? To be sure, I knowed you'd want to marry a way-up young lady. You're so educated and so fash'nable. But, 'Lypholate," she cautioned him, "if she's so proud with herself that way, mebby she won't make you a good housekeeper. Jake Guttfleish, he married that Herr girl that lived up the road a piece from New Canaan—she'd been to Millersville Normal, and it got her that proud—and Jake's mom, she wants to say Jake didn't do just so well—the Herr girl's such a dopple [awkard person.]

"She won't bake fur him. She gives him baker's bread and canned meat and even canned soups, yet! Now, think! I hope you took notice a'ready, 'Lypholate, when you was keepin' comp'ny, if you're girl's handy or not, before you ast her. Did you ast her yet?"

"We are not definitely engaged, mother."

"But you're in with her wonderful thick, ain't you are?"

"Mother, I want to marry Miss Coxe more than I ever wanted anything in this world. Will you or won't you help me to get what I so much want? Won't you stop going to market with your spare vegetables?"

"If that would stop her sayin' yes, 'Lypholate, she wouldn't be the woman fur you, my son," his mother said, with unwonted emphasis.

The young man felt the force of this. Nevertheless, he persisted.

"Is my happiness less to you than the few dollars you make every week at market—money that you can't spend, but just lay away in a bag?"

"It wouldn't be right to waste them wegetables we can't use ourselves," Mrs. Yingst quietly replied.

"Well, then, motner, her son suddenly announced, again leaning forward on the table, "you can't go to market tomorrow morning or ever again, for I've sold your market wagon! I took it in to New Canaan after dinner and sold it for ten dollars to Abram Zech. Here's four times the money," he added, laying two twenty dollar bills on the table before her. "And I'll pay you every week five times the sum you would make at the market."

It was by such high-handed measures as this that Doctor Yingst had, all through his boyhood and young manhood, gained his own way in opposition to his mother. Every dollar that had been spent upon his education had been wrung from her by almost brute force. He had always, in his determined struggles for an education been aided and abetted by his father, but his road had not been smooth. Perhaps, however, he was none the worse for that. His mother had never resented his rebellion against her rigid economy. Had he been content to stay at home and help on the farm, he would have been a son more after her own heart; but, deep down in her simple soul, she was proud of her marvelous though incomprehensible boy.

A dumb look of bewilderment was her reception of the amazing, the revolutionary, news that the market wagon had been sold. She slowly turned her back on him and carried her pies to the oven. He awaited uneasily for her return to the table.

She came back, after a moment, and stood with her fat palms spread out on the dough-board. "If the market-wagon's solt, I'll have to take the buggy, then. It ain't so handy to get the things in as what the market-wagon was still. But I guess I can make suit."

He stared at her for an instant; a flash came into his eyes, his lips twitched, and, suddenly, he bent back his head and roared with laughter.

"What d'you see so funny yet?" his mother wonderingly asked, beginning to gather up the dishes, spoons and knives she had used in the baking.

"If I sell the buggy, too, mother, how will you manage?"

"Then I'd have to walk 'em four miles and carry a big basket. Or borrow the loan of a wagon off Jake Guttfleisch's. And how would I get to meetin' still without no buggy?"

"There," he reassured her, "I won't sell the buggy. I see," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "that you must do as you please—and live your own life in your own way, mother."

He drew a long breath as he rose from the table. Taking out his watch, he compared it with the clock on the mantel over the stove. "Two hours before I must start for the train," he restlessly said.

He shook the flour from his sleeves and picked up his hat from a chair.

"I guess I'll go out to the field and visit father until train time."

II.

By an unexpected chance, Miss Laura Coxe was able, on her way to New York City to Lancaster, to make such close connections at Philadelphia that she arrived at the village of New Canaan two hours earlier than Doctor Yingst expected her, and, consequently, she was obliged to find her own way from the little station to the farm, a mile distant.

Eager as the young girl was to see her lover, she, nevertheless, looked upon this contingency as a rather diverting adventure, and, as it was a clear, beautiful spring day, she started out on her walk with keenest pleasure.

The ticket agent at the little station had told her in which direction to go. But when she had walked the half mile from the village, on the country highroad, she found herself obliged, at the joining of three roads, to inquire again the way to the Yingst farm.

The farmhouse at which she stopped to ask for information was a respectable red brick edifice, built with strict avoidance of any hint of grace or art. It was set back a few yards from the road, and had it not been for the neat, weedless flower beds in front of it, Miss Coxe would have supposed it to be unoccupied; for every shutter was tightly closed, and there was not a sign of life about the place.

Her knock upon one of the two front doors (a great many Lancatser County farmhouses are built with two identically similar front doors, side by side) brought a big dog, bounding and barking, to the porch where she waited. She felt rather alarmed at the vehemence of this canine greeting, but relief quickly appeared in the form of a stout, middle-aged woman and a small boy, coming quickly from around the side of the house, the latter calling the dog from the stranger, and the former scolding the child for having "tied the dog loose."

"Your Pop tole you you're not to tie her loose these dog-days!" the boy was admonished. "Now, you'll see what you'll mebby get oncet when Pop comes in then. Take her around back now and make her tight!"

She turned to the young lady on the porch as she wiped her wet, soapy hands on her gingham apron.

A wide eyed curiosity looked out from the woman's quaint, white Mennonite cap, as her gaze rested upon the unaccustomed vision on her door step of the fair haired, blue eyed girl in her white lined raglan and pretty spring hat of dark blue straw.

"Good morning," Miss Coxe bowed. "Will you please tell me how to get to Mr. Yingst's farm?"

"Yingst's farm!" the woman repeated. "Which fur Yingst it is you're after? New Canaan's got so many Yingsts. It's a name where's familiar here. Do you mean mebby Hiram? Or is it Ephraim's? Or Ezra's?"

"Mr. Hiram Yingst."

"Oh, him. Well, his place is up this here road a piece; about a half a mile yet."

"Straight up this road? I make no turns?"

"No. You go up this way, and if you see a red barn, there's Yingst's. Are you goin' to Yingst's?"

"Yes. I thank you very much."

Ach, that's all right! So you're goin' to Yingst's?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to hire, or what?"

"Hire?"

"Yes. Hire. Because if you do, I could easy get you a good place."

"No," said Miss Coxe, her smile illuming her bright face, "I am only going visiting."

"Oh, wisitin'. Are you from town, or wherever?" the old woman curiously inquired.

"Yes—from New York.

Oh, from there," she nodded. "That's a long ways to come ain't?"

"It's several hours' ride."

"Hiram Yingst's son, he lives in New York this long time a'ready. Mebby you know him?"

"Yes."

"I took notice he's home these last couple days. Is it to see him you're wisitin' down here?"

"Oh, no," smiled Miss Coxe, stepping off the porch, and recovering from her interest in what seemed to her the phenomenal frankness of the woman's investigation of her.

"It's some dusty walkin', aint' it?"

"A little, yes; but I am enjoying the walk."

"I think we'll mebby have fallin' weather—it feels so fur rain, fur all it's clear yet."

"Yes. I thank you very much. Good-by."

"That's all right. Good-by."

As Miss Coxe walked buoyantly down the pike, she laughed gleefully to herself as she thought how she should enjoy telling her sweetheart of her amusing talk with the odd, fat little woman.

"That she should offer to get me a 'good place!' How he will laugh! How interested he would be—if he ever happened to meet her—in her queer language! I wonder if he ever ran across her on his trips down here. Her dialect is not like any I ever heard. 'Yingst's son, he a'ready lives yet in New York, ain't?'—something like that! Oh, he will be so entertained!"

III.

"Is Mrs. Yingst at home?"

"Yes, I'm her."

The two women looked into each other's eyes as they clasped hands.

"You're 'Lypholate's girl, I guess, ain't? We wasn't lookin' for you till five o'clock."

"I am Miss Coxe."

"I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. Just walk in oncet."

With a bewildered look in her pretty eyes, Miss Coxe stepped into the close, stuffy, darkened front room of the plain, brick farmhouse. When Mrs. Yingst closed the front door upon the bright sunlight, they were left in almost total blackness.

"I'll make the shutters open a little," the hostess hospitably said, and Miss Coxe, afraid to move in the midday midnight, stood in the middle of the floor and waited for a ray of light. The odor of the close, unused room was sickening.

She was struck with the fact that this woman who answered her knock at the door was dressed exactly like the one at whose home she had asked to be directed to Mr. Yingst's farm. She wore the same sort of white cap, plain black gown and three-cornered cape. It must be the garb of the puritanic faith to which the doctor had told her his mother was such a faithful adherent.

"We keep this room shut still, except only when we're gettin' strangers," remarked Mrs. Yingst, as she admitted an economical bit of light through the shutters.

She came from the window to the girl's side and pushed forward a large, painted, wooden rocking-chair.

"Set down and rest yourself," she said, in her quiet monotonous voice. "It'll spite 'Lypholate that you had to walk out. He was going to fetch you till five o'clock. Did you get here sooner than you thought fur, or what?"

"Yes, I made closer connections at Philadelphia than the doctor or I had supposed could be made."

"'Lypholate's out in the field with his Pop."

"His—what?" tentatively asked Miss Coxe, sinking into the rocking-chair as Mrs. Yingst sat down on another chair just like it.

"His pop. He'll come in then till he thinks it's time to go fur the train—and he will now be that surprised to see you settin' here. It won't go long any more till he's home. Just spare your coat and hat."

Miss Coxe slipped out of her raglan and laid her hat on the marble-topped table, her quick eye noting, meanwhile, the neatness, the stiff order, the primitive furnishings of the room. There were no pictures on the white-

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