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, SEPTEMBER 9, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 37.

NO. 4178 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Laura Frock, plaintiff, vs. Edmond L. Frock, defendant.

The object of this suit is to procure a divorce A Vinculo Matrimonii by the plaintiff from the defendant.

1. The Bill states that the plaintiff and defendant were married in April, 1881, by Rev. J. C. Koller, a clergyman of the Lutheran Church, at Hanover, Pa.

2. That in October, 1897, the defendant abandoned the plaintiff and her seven children without just cause or reason and that such abandonment has continued uninterruptedly ever since and is deliberate and final, and the separation beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

3. That the defendant is a non-resident of the State of Maryland.

It is thereupon, this 16th day of August, A. D., 1904, ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity, that the plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 19th day of September, 1904, giving notice to the said defendant of the object and substance of this bill, warning him to appear in this court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 10th day of October, 1904, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test;
DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney for Plaintiff.
au 12 4t

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF DESIRABLE

Building Lots and Dwelling,

In Westminster, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in the last will and testament of Jesse Reifsnider, late of Carroll county, deceased, I will sell at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1904,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the first mentioned premises, the following desirable real estate:

1st: A lot containing

ONE-HALF ACRE AND 12 SQUARE

Perches more or less, improved by a comfortable Stone Dwelling House and Stable. This property is known as "The Stone House Property," and is situate on Pennsylvania aveune, opposite "The Cranberry Valley Road."

2nd: A lot immediately adjoining the above mentioned property on the south, containing 2 ROODS AND 12 SQUARE PERCHES, more or less.

3rd: A parcel of land containing

3¼ ACRES AND 17 SQUARE PERCHES, more or less, and adjoining the 2nd mentioned parcel.

4th: Four lots adjoining, each fronting 60 feet on Pennsylvania avenue and running back to an alley, along the line of the property of The Theological Seminary.

The above mentioned five lots and parcels of land offer to those desiring to purchase some of the most desirable building sites in Westminster. The property will be offered as a whole and in lots as above mentioned and sold as may appear to the best advantage. A Plat and Certificate of Survey will be exhibited on the day of sale.

At the same time I will also sell a parcel of land containing

ONE ACRE, MORE OR LESS,

situate on Pennsylvania avenue, immediately opposite "The Stone House." This is also a most desirable lot for building purposes.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the court; 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 approved security, 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.

JOHN L. REIFSNIDER,
Surviving Executor.

John Milton Reifsnider, Attorney.
au 26 4t

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

Near MARSTON, in Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity, wherein Josiah H. Cover and others are complainants and Anna Margaret Cover and another are defendants, and known as No. 4176 Equity, the undersigned trustees appointed by said decree will offer at Public sale, on the "Snader Farm," on

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1904,

at one o'clock, P. M., all the following Real Estate of which Peter H. Cover died seized and possessed:

(1.) All that tract of land containing

101 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 16 PERCHES

of land, more or less, situated on the road from New Windsor to Sams Creek, about two and one-half miles from New Windsor and adjoining the Home Farm of Peter H. Cover, deceased. This farm is improved by a Two and a-half story Brick and Weatherboarded Dwelling House, in good condition, and a Brick Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Dairy, Hay Barrack and all necessary outbuildings. There is an excellent supply of water on the place and water is piped to the barn.

A due proportion of the land is in TIMBER and the rest is under a good state of cultivation. There is an Apple Orchard on the place and the fencing is in good condition.

This property is convenient to churches, schools and stores and is known as the "Snader Farm," having been obtained by Peter H. Cover from John T. Snader and wife.

(2.) A lot of land in Marston, containing about ONE-HALF AN ACRE OF LAND and improved by a Two and One-Half Story Weatherboarded Dwelling House, Blacksmith Shop, Stable and other outbuildings. There is a well of good water on the place. This property lies two and three-quarter miles from New Windsor, Maryland, and is one of the most valuable BLACKSMITH STANDS in the county.

(3.) A lot of land at Marston, containing about ONE QUARTER OF AN ACRE OF LAND and improved by a Two and One-Half Story Frame Dwelling House, Stable and other necessary outbuildings. This is also a desirable property.

(4.) A wood lot containing 5 ACRES AND THREE PERCHES OF LAND, more or less, situated near Dennings, Carroll county, on road to Westminster. There is valuable timber on this property, consisting mainly of oak. It is one of the Abner Baile wood lots. This wood lot will be offered with the rest of the property on the "Snader Farm," and at the same time as the properties mentioned.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third part of the purchase money on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the court, and the rest due in two equal payments, the one in one year, and the other in two years from the day of sale, with interest, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved of by the trustees, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

For farther information apply to the trustees or to solicitors.

JOSIAH H. COVER,
ALBERT V. COVER,
Trustees.

Bond & Parke, Solicitors.
F. A. Crawford, Auct.
au 19 4t

NO. 4168 EQUITY.
In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

William H. Myers and John T. Myers, vs. Susan C. Myers et al.

Ordered, this first day of September, 1904, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale of the real estate mentioned in the above proceedings, made and reported to this court by Joseph D. Brooks and Benjamin F. Crouse, trustees in the above entitled cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 3rd day of October next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 26th day of September instant. The report states the amount of sale to be thirty-eight hundred and fifty-two dollars.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test;
DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.
sep 2 3t



THERE IS A CERTAIN INDEFINABLE

"SOMETHING"

ABOUT THE

STRICTLY HIGH-CLASS PORTRAIT

which cannot be determined in dollars and cents. That is the "QUALTY" we obtain. For detail, Definition, Quality, and Style, we excel.

THE WILSON ART STUDIO,
35 E. Main Street, Westminster.
C. & P. 'Phone 813. Next door to Postoffice.

FOR SALE—A RARE CHANCE.

A Brick Dwelling House, with Store Room and Bake House, now occupied by Morris Mitten. Apply on the premises, to

JOHN BERNSTEIN,
sep 2 tf East Main St., Westminster.

Hering's Department Store.

Women's Tailored Suits and Skirts.

EARLY AUTUMN STYLES.

The very latest creations for Autumn Wear, embodying all those smart features that will be in vogue this Fall. A variety of styles and materials made with all the features that distinguish higher priced garments. The 22 and 27 coat effects, also 36-inch TOURISTS' COATS, that are now so popular.

New Fall Walking Skirts.

Side-pleated, Box-pleated and high Kilt effects, in Broadcloth, Cheviots and Fancy Mixtures, - - $5 to $10.00.

Brown, Blue, or Black, in all sizes.

New Silks For Fall.

We have just opened our Silks for Fall, in all the new plain colors and novel effects, which will be the vogue this season. All of these come in single dress patterns, which cannot be duplicated, and for this reason we advise an early selection.

SPECIAL. SPECIAL.

Ten pieces of White India Linon, very fine and sheer, 32 inches wide, the same quality we have been selling at 20c, as long as it lasts at

12½c.

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

Machine Shop.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Traction Engine Outfits.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIR WORK.

As we are compelled to have first-class labor and machinery to build our special line of machinery, and as we have been requested a number of times during the past months to do so, we have decided to handle any and all kinds of repair work which may be brought to us and also to execute any ideas for persons who are making improvements on old machines or designing new ones. We have the best facilities in this end of the state to get your work out promptly and to do it right and ask that you come and give us a trial.

ALL REPAIR WORK GUARRANTEED. Agents for THE MIAMI GAS ENGINE.

THE ATLANTIC MACHINE WORKS,
sep 2 1y Westminster, Md.

Some Buyers Look for Quality,
Others Look Only for Price.

Buy Our High Grade Goods
AND GET BOTH
QUALITY and PRICE.

Do not delay Buying your Winter's Coal; have it put away before cold weather sets in and remember what we say about Quality and Price.

All Anthracite COAL Screened before loading.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW ASK FOR

ELK GARDEN COAL

MINED by the DAVIS COAL & COKE Co.

SPECIAL LOW PRICES THIS MONTH ON OUR Large Stock of Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds and ROOFING SLATE.

A few Yellow Pine Mantels, Doors and Combination Step and Extension Ladders at Half Price.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.
jan-1-99 Local and Long Distance Telephones.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

One Ross Ensilage Cutter, with traveling feed, 2 sets knives, shredder head and carrier, mounted on truck. For particulars apply to

W. T. WILSON,
au 26 3t Westminster, Md.

FOR SALE.

We have a few drophead Singer Machines, latest improved, but are slightly shop worn; which we are selling for $25.00. Trial granted. Call at our sales room, 69 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.

Lynch & Steele,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF FARM IMPLEMENTS and FIELD SEEDS CORNER GREEN AND LIBERTY STS., WESTMINSTER, MD.

The fall season will soon be here and the farmer should look for the best implements with which to do his fall work. If he wants the best he should call to see our stock. We have our sample

Superior and Crown Drills

on the floor for inspection. They are the easiest drills to operate, and we guarantee them to be accurate sowers. The

Superior Disc Harrow

is the very thing to work up weedy corn stalk ground, to get it in condition for seeding. We always have a good supply of the

Perry Wood Frame Harrows,
Steel Lever Harrows,
Oliver and Wiard Plows,

Oliver, Wiard and Vulcan Plow repairs, Hallock Potato Diggers, Land Rollers, both steel and wood drum, &c. We will have a full car load of the Scientific Feed Mills, also the celebrated Tornado Feed and Ensilage Cutters. If you need a wagon we would like to show you the Brown. It is a good one and we will make you a right price on it. We have a large lot of new crop Timothy Seed to arrive about August 25th, and would like you to call and see it. Our prices on it will be right.



Farmers who want to make GOOD BUTTER and get a good price should not forget that they cannot do it without a

Sharples Tubular Cream Separator.

We will allow you a week's trial on them.
feb 19

WHY ARE THE MULTITUDE

of paint manufacturers silent on the subject of Purity, when they claim every other good quality for their paints?

Is not the Purity of a paint, the FIRST and most important quality?

We think so, and that is why we make

DAVIS' PAINT
100 PER CENT PURE.

Signed analysis and guarantee on every can purchased.

The WESTMINSTER HARDWARE Co.
DISTRIBUTORS,
Westminster - Maryland.

Dr. JAS. E. SHREEVE, Jr.,
Surgeon Dentist,
WESTMINSTER, Md.,

Has opened an office opposite the Montour House, at No. 62 W. Main street.

He solicits your patronage.

Extraction, Plate, Crown and Bridge Work guaranteed.

Porcelain Fillings a speciality.
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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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

A Perverted Franchise.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Exall welcomed the opportunity for a further conversation with this abnormal voter, and his young companion was not loath to hear the interview to the end.

"Will ye ask a blessin', Jedge?" the Dunkard querried, as they stood about the long pine table, over which the evening sunlight shone through the little western window.

On it was spread a characteristic feast, and indigestion was the lord of it. Plates of hot buiscuits flanked dishes of preserves. Hot meats were surrounded by pickles, both sweet and sour; and over all predominated the conventional apple-butter.

Cope looked up with an ill-concealed smile when the Dunkard proffered his request to Exall. But the politician was equal to any emergency. With reverent words and bowed head he besought the Divine blessing, and Morrow's respect for the man was increased fourfold.

"Draw up, reach, an' he'p yo'se'f," he said, uttering the current formula of hospitality, and his guests, to whom their ride had given the zest of a keen appetite, did full justice to all the viands spread out before them; though, as Exall afterward observed to Cope, it was a desperately dangerous venture on the part of one unaccustomed to such regimen.

The faded-face woman literally "served" the tea and coffee, and waited upon the guests, who sat on long wooden benches without backs, drawn up along the side of the table. This service was rendered in a silence on her part that was unbroken, save now and then by the interrogative words, "Coffee?" "Butter?" "Pickle?" as she proffered the article mentioned to one or the other.

When the meal was ended Exall produced cigars, and Mrs. Morrow busied herself about her household duties.

The Dunkard did not smoke, but Cope lighted one of the weeds to keep Exall company.

"Now let's hear 'bout that thar Whig ticket," said the latter, settling himself as comfortably as possible in a straight backed splint chair, and smiling benignly at his host.

"Well, I'll tell ye," said Morrow. "It was all along o' the old man that I tuk up agin the two other parties. It started way back yander in the winter o' sixty fo', when I was a boy jes fo'teen years old. Thar had been big fightin' goin' on here in this valley, with the Union soldiers on top at one time, an' then agin the Confed-'rits. The folks o' my faith are agin fightin' Mr. Cope, as mebbe the Jedge here has told ye. My daddy was a Union man afo' the war, like most o' the Dunkards, beca'se they were all agin sich doin's. They didn't take no part nor lot in sesayision, an' they thought the abolitioners warn't no less wrong. They was in favor o' peace an' quiet. They wanted ter let good enough alone. They were agin breakin' up the Union, beca'se they didn't want ter see no row 'bout it."

"An' they warn't fur from right," said the Judge, sitting with his legs crossed before the open autumn fire, puffing clouds of smoke from his cigar.

"But when the war kim," continued Morrow, "he didn't go in when Linkhorn called fur them troops like so many o' the t'other Union men in the county did, that had been Whigs, an' were again the war. He believed that them who take the sword lshal perish by the sword, an' he hated it fur the sin that comes o' the spillin' human blood."

"I was a Whig in them days myself," commented Exall; "still I went in ter the war."

The Dunkard paid no attention to the interruption, but continued with his eyes set on vacancy. He was looking back into the irretrievable past.

"But when they got ter fightin' all aroun', an' the armies was a-movin' up 'an down the valley, summer-time 'an winter, he done many a good deed in the way o' hep'in along the sick 'n' the cold 'n' the hongry. An' he done it like Hezekiah 'n Judah, with all his heart."

"That was right! that was right!" murmured Exall approvingly from behind his cloud of smoke.

"It didn't make no differ' ter him," continued the reminiscent man, "whether the man had on a blue jacket or a gray one, if it kivered a hongry belly. He'd give one as quick as t'other vittles an' drink an' a seat by the fire an' a bed fur the night. An' ef he didn't w'ar no coat at all—as many a one didn't in them days—the old man never pestered himself ter know ef he was f'om Pennsylvany or f'om Georgy; but he clothed his nakedness.

"Still, he told 'em all, Yankees an' Rebels, that he was agin all war, an' agin the politicianers that permoted strife."

"I see," observed Cope reflectively.

The chill of the autum evening was coming on, and the Dunkard rose from his seat and left the room for wood to replenish the dying fire.

"I'm just beginning to get my bearings," said Exall to Cope. "If I am not vastly mistaken, we've struck a more promising trail than our friend Sprouse back yonder."

Before he could explain, the Dunkard returned.

Piling up the hickory logs upon the fire until it leaped and sparkled and lighted up resplendently the tall Dutch clock in the corner and flung strange shadows over the rag-carpeted floor, he resumed his seat and his story together.

"The soldiers let him be fur a long time, and didn't interrupt him. He was old an' not overly strong, an' he thought they'd suffer him to spen' his las' days in that peace my people love an' try ter live up ter.

"But in that year o' sixty-fo' men began ter git scase in the Confed'rit army, an' things was a-kinder lookin' bilious fur the sesayisioners."

"Devilish scase! devilish scase!" interrupted Exall, earnestly.

Then he proceeded to apologise amply to his host for the interruption and its unconventional language.

"The conscript officers were a-goin' through the kentry, a-draftin' old an' young—a-ransackin' of the very cradle an' the grave, the women folks useter say in them times. I recollect the day like it was this morning', when they rode up ter that thar stile an' called him out 'n the house. When he kim, I follered him ter the do', boy fashion, an' I heern 'em tell him that ne was conscripted, an' had ter go with 'em to jine Early's army."

Cope bent forward eagerly to listen, and a smile of pleased expectancy stole over Exall's keen features.

"Mammy kim an' begged 'em not ter take him away. She told 'em that he was her onlies' mainstay an' dependence, an' that purty much ev'rythin' else was gone f'om the place. She 'lowed thar warn't no one else ter work the farm or put in a crap an' make a livin' fur her but me—an' me jes a boy.

"But ter cut a long story short, they didn't pay no heed ter her appeal, an' tuk him off."

He paused for a moment in the midst of his narrative and stirred the fire abstractedly. Judge Exall's cigar burned low. The twilight was not far away, and Cope's mind began to grow distraught between his desire to hear the Dunkard's story to its end and his fear that the andience at Mossford would dwindle away before the arrival of the speakers, and his eloquent oration be, in consequence, lost to posterity.

"Somehow or 'nother," Morrow continued, "we managed to scratch through the balance o' the summer'n fall, with the neighbors he'pin' us on; the most o' which was women an' chillun like us, an' nigh as bad off as we were. Ole Mis' Simpkins at the aidge o' the draft—she's dead this many a year, God bless her!—was the closes' an' the kindes'. She use ter come over reg'lar ter see us an' allays fotch her knittin along. An' thar o' winter evenin's, when the snow was on the groun', an' the win' f'om the Shanano' Mountings was a-howlin' over the draft, them two ole women sot and talked abote the war, an' the foolishness of it."

"Did Mis' Simkins 'long ter yo' folks?" quried Exall.

"Naw," he replied, "she was a Methody; but it looked like she didn' have no better opinion o' fightin' than my mammy did. Two o' her boys had been kilt in the valley, close ter Winchester, an' ole man Simkins was too feeble ter tote a gun, or he'd 'a' been in it too, she said—he allays actin' contraery-lik, an' agin her, she 'lowed.

"Well, one day in December Miss Simpkins driv her old gray ter the stile, out thar, and histing' her coat tails out of the slush, tromped in here with a baskit of things onder her arm, an her knittin'."

"Allays toted her knittin,' hey?" said Exall. He was growing impatient, but gave no hint to his host.

"Yes," the latter went on. "And after she'd settled down by the fire, a toastin her feet with the yarn socks over her shoes, she says, says she:

"'Rachel, they tells me that man Early's army is close to Fisherville. Are it a fact?'

"'I've heern tell,' says mammy.

"It went through me like a flash that ole Miss Simpkins had come to persuadge us to send arter my daddy. And so it turned out.

"'I'd have a word down thar ter Enoch afo' Saturday,' she says, 'and tell him his wife and his son is a-needin' him badly at home.'

"'And ef he comes, and they ketch him?' says mammy, questioning like.

"'And ef he don't come, and them Yankees shoot him?' says ole Miss Simpkins. 'Do you think a whole army is agoin ter turn out ter hunt one poor ole Dunkard, like a passel of boys after a skeered hyar in the snow?' she says.

"Miss Simpkins knitting needles was fyarly a flying about then. Mammy nuvver said nothin. She 'peared to be raslin with her mind, and cudden git the best of it. But two days later I was at Fisherville."

"You didn't try to make him desert?" asked Cope.

"He warn't a fighting man, and he jes kim home," responded the Dunkard simply. "Thar was no harm in that ter his mind, though it did seem ter upset other folks powerful. But it was like ole Miss Simpkins said: thar were the abolitioners in the Northern army, in front, strivin ter kill him; and it seemed like the sesaysioners in the Southern army didn't think no more of his life back here."

Exall's gaze was bent on the man's face with an expression of absorbed interest as he spoke.

"You orter seen mammy when we got home," he went on. "Her eyes were wet, but not with sorrow, Jedge. I heern her tell him her heart was like ter break—but I knowed it was only becase she was so glad ter git him back. Neither of them seemed ter look beyand that. And me—why, sir, I was the happiest boy in the whole hill kentry; becase, ye see, I had tuk him the word ter Fisherville.

"But the happiness of it did not last long. We had been here not mor'n ten days when another batch of gray soldiers rid up that lane. I went ter the door with my heart thumping and jumping under my jacket like it was a goin' ter pop out. They ast me ef this war Morrow's. I told them it was. They asked me ef Morrow was at home. I knowed daddy was up at the barn, but I suspicioned that they warn't looking fur him fur any good. Being powerful put ter it, I lied—God forgive me!

"'He is in Early's army,' said I.

"'Lookee here, bub,' said one of the men, 'that won't do. He is a deserter in the face of the enemy, and I reckon he ain't fur off from here.'

"They got down off thar horses and commenced ter sarch the place. They went towards the barn, and seen the ole army mule that had fotched him and me from Fisherville.

"'We are on a hot trail,' said another one of the men, and tuk the Lord's name in vain.

"Presently I seen them fetching him along, and he was as cool as I am now, Jedge, till mammy kim a crying and wringing her hands.

"'Jim,' said the captain, ter one of the men, 'this will never do. We must send the old lady away. Hitch that mule ter the wagon under the shed.'

"Then it come on me like a flash what they wanted with daddy. I reasoned that they wuddent have thought ter send her off ef they were only going ter take him back to Fisherville.

"'Thar's Miss Simpkins' house down the road on the aidge of the draft,' said daddy ter the captain. It looked ter me like he knowed too. 'Saul, drive your mammy over thar,' he said. Then I began ter tremble, and mammy said, 'I won't leave him,' and fell in a faint. That was an awful day, Jedge. That day had a heap to do with making me stick ter the straight Whig ticket agin all others."

Exall rose from his seat and flung the stump of his cigar into the fire. His abrupt manner startled the Dunkard, who paused a moment in his narrative.

"Go on," said Exall. "I am listening."

"They picked her up and put her in the bottom of the wagon, and I driv her ter Simpkins' as fast as I could get the mule ter travel; and he did appear ter be very slow that day. I wore a hickory stick ter frazzles on him before we got thar. At last we lifted her inter the house—Mrs. Simpkins and ole man Simpkins and me. Soon as I seen Mrs. Simpkins fluttering round, burning feathers and sich, I said, 'I must look arter that mule,' and I went back out of the front door. But I did not interrupt the beast. I let him stand where he was, and I run home the short cut across the frozen fields. I crope up the back way out of breath, and dodged round the corner of the house. I knowed the men were thar still, be'case I could see thar horses picketed ter the barnyard fence from the hill this side of Simpkins'.

"Jes as I turned that corner, I come acrost a sight that fyarly froze me up. I sometimes see it now in my sleep, Jedge. Six of them war standing together, with thar guns in thar hands, out thar by the style, and on the other side of the lane was daddy a-facing of them, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms twisted behind his back."

The politician's eye kindled and his crest rose. He stepped forward as he would have done to address an audience.

"I remember it like yesterday," said he. "I have dreamed of it too."

"You?" said Morrow, in wonder.

"Yes; I can see now the cavalry squad under the young lieutenant that galloped up the lane from behind that hill out yonder, and halted between those leveled guns and that old gray-headed man. It scarcely seems so many years ago."

The Dunkard stood up pale and trembling.

"Were you one of the men that saved his life, Jedge?" he queried with a faltering tongue. "I have been hoping ter see some of them ever sense that day."

"I was in command," answered Exall. "We were just in the nick of time.'

Tears gathered in Morrow's eyes. He stepped forward with outstretched hand, and the quaver had not left the voice that said:

"Was that you Jedge? was it rale-ly you? He nuvver knowed ter his dying day the name of the man who saved him. Howsomever, he didn't forgit ye in his prayers, Jedge,—no more have I, God bless ye!"

The sun had long since set behind the Shenandoah Mountains. It was the moment of the twilight which the valley folk call 'the aidge of the dark.' As Exall and Cope stepped from the little porch some cows came from an adjacent pasture field through bars a short distance away that had been let down by Morrows's eldest boy, a tow-headed urchin of eight or ten years. They filed up the narrow lane, past the stile, and entered the barnyard.

"The middle class, that is neither too rich nor too poor, is the great conservative class of our country," commented Cope, reflectively, as they emerged from the little lane into the Mossford road. "That man clings to his old Whig ticket with a characteristic love for the old landmarks."

But the candidate for the legislature was calculating how many votes his fortunate visit was worth.

"He will not cling to it any longer," Exall replied exultantly. "Saul Morrow will wake the Dunkards for twenty miles between this and election day."

And they rode away into the darkness.

A. C. GORDON.

Lay Too Hundred Eggs.

How can we produce hens that will lay 200 eggs per annum? By scientific breeding, as for a good butter cow or a cow milker, as for a good trotter or high jumping horse. Experiments have been made to increase the number of rows of corn on the cob with success. The same method is applicable to poultry breeding. We will start with a hen that lays 120 eggs. Some of her chicks will lay 150 per year. From these we will pick out layers, and so on until 200 or better are the result. At the same time it is just as essential to breed out of males from prolific layers as it is the female; in fact, it is more so. If we look after the breeding of the females only we will introduce on the male side blood which is lacking in proficiency, and thus check every attempt in progress. It is just as essential that the male should be from the hen which lays 175 eggs and from a male that was bred from a hen that laid 150 eggs as it is that the hen should be from one that laid 175 eggs and whose mother laid 150 eggs.—Poultry Herald.

Letter to E. O. Grimes.

WESTMINSTER

Dear Sir: Shuffert Hardware Co, Hickory, N C, bought a car-load of paint; after selling it a few months, found-out it measured seven pints a "gallon."

Returned it to the maker and credited customers with what they had lost from short measure.

What do you think of a short-measure paint? Don't you think it half whitewash? Half the paints are part whitewash.

Go by the name: Devoe lead-and-zinc. No whiting or clay in that; full measure besides. A gallon Devoe is worth two of whitewash paint.

Yours truly
14 F W Devoe & Co

"What are the Smiths going to name their new baby?"

"Oh, Mrs. Smith says she is going to think a long time over it and get something striking and unusual to go with 'Smith.'"

Three months later.—"There goes Mrs. Smith, wheeling little John in a go-cart."

She—Mamma says I musn't encourage you at all.

He—That's all right. I don't need any encouragement.

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