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, MARCH 31, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 13.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF DESIRABLE

REAL ESTATE,

Situate in Freedom District, Carroll Co., Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 4199, wherein William B. Cutshall and John T. Fogle, partners trading under the firm, name and style of Cutshall & Fogle, are the complainants and Lydia J. Brandenburg, widow, and others, are the defendants, the undersigned trustees will offer at public sale on the premises, situate on the Washington road and Mill road and about one-half mile from Berrett, in Carroll county and State of Maryland, on

WEDNESDAY, THE 5TH OF APRIL, 1905, at 11 o'clock A. M., the farm of Joshua B. Brandenburg, deceased,

CONTAINING 94 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, and being part of the same land which was conveyed to the said Joshua P. Brandenburg, deceased, by John E. Smith and Charles T. Reifsnider, trustees, by deed dated the 2nd day of September, in the year 1876, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S. No. 47, folio 140 &c., and is the same land of which the said Joshua P. Brandenburg, deceased, died seized and possessed.

The above described land adjoins the lands of James Penn, Dorsey Bros., William Aldridge and Henry Streaker. There are a few small buildings on this property. This farm has a good Young Orchard and is well watered. There are about 4 Acres of good Oak and Chestnut Timber.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon ratification by the court, one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, or if desired by the purchaser or purchasers all cash on the day of sale or upon ratification by the court. The credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

We, the undersigned, trustees, hereby give notice to the creditors of Joshua P. Brandenburg, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, within two months from the day of sale.

EDWARD O. WEANT,
JOHN M. ROBERTS,
Trustees.

Edward O. Weant, Roberts & Crouse, Solicitors.
F. Albert Crawford, Auctioneer, mr 10 4t

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

In Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 4192 Equity, wherein Wiley W Jenkins and others are plaintiffs, against Hiram A. Jenkins and others, defendants, the undersigned, trustees named in said decree, will offer at public sale, on the premises, situated about one-half mile from Daniel post office, in Freedom district, Carroll county, Maryland, lying between the Buck-Horn road and the New Liberty road, on

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12TH, A. D. 1905, at 12 o'clock, M., all that valuable real estate of which Nicholas Hanson Jenkins died seized and possessed, containing

157 ACRES OF LAND MORE OR LESS.

The improvements consist of a frame and log weather-boarded Dwelling House, Wagon Shed and Corn Crib and a Log Barn. There is a spring of water near the house, and two small streams run through the property.

There are fruits of all kinds; the land is in a good state of cultivation and worthy the attention of any one desiring a nice home.

This property will be surveyed and a plat exhibited upon the day of sale, showing that part which is cleared land, and that which is in timber land, and will be offered as one entire tract or in parcels according to the judgment of the trustees.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money shall be paid by the purchaser or purchasers to the trustees on the day of sale, or upon ratification thereof by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, in Equity; the remainder thereof to be paid in two equal payments, the one in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale, the purchaser, or purchasers giving interest bearing notes for the deferred payments, with security to be approved by the trustees, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser, upon ratification of the sale.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
F. NEAL PARKE,
Trustees.

Albert Easton, Auctioneer. mh 17 5t

STATEMENT

Showing the Condition of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County, Md., Dec. 31st, 1904.

INCOME.

Total Income	$10,389.08

DISBURSEMENTS.

Total Disbursements	$ 9,838.93

ASSETS.

Real Estate Owned by Company	$ 500 00	
Uncollected Premiums	155.09	
Cash in Office and in Bank	657.84	
Office Fixtures	50.00	
Bills Receivable for Assessment	5,000.00	
Premium Notes held	$380,427.71	
Assets Admitted		$ 6,362.93

LIABILITIES.

Taxes	$ 5.49
Incidental Expenses	188.28
Salaries, Rents, etc	657.56
Total Liabilities	$ 851 33
Surplus to Policy Holders	$5,511.60
Amount at Risk in United States Dec. 31, 1904	$4,587,747.00
Amount Written in Maryland during 1904	1,020,516.00
Premiums in Maryland in 1904	689.08
Losses paid in Maryland in 1904	5,176.24
Losses Incurred in Maryland in 1904	5,176.24

State of Maryland, Insurance Department, Commissioner's Office, Baltimore, Feb. 18, 1905.

I hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County, Md., to December 31st, 1904, now on file in this department.

FRANK I. DUNCAN,
mh 17 3t Insurance Commissioner.

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

SOLOMON S. ECKER,

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 6th day of October, 1905; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of March, 1905.

HETTIE A. ECKER,
mh 10 4t Executrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

CHARLES N. KUHN,

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 6th day of October, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of March, 1905.

ESTELLE KUHN,
mh 10 4t Executrix.

NO. 4205 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Grove A. Shipley, mortgagee, vs. Ernest L. Clary, Emma A. Clary, mortgagors.

Ordered, this 20th day of March, in the year 1905, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Grove A. Shipley, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of April 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 17th day of April next. The report states the amount of sale to be $120 00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
mh 24 3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

Men Wanted for the United States Navy.

The United States Naval Service offers to young men joining it a promising career and provision for life, or during good behavior. With the growth of the Navy, opportunities for advancement are increasing, and promotions to good positions can be attained by young men who are willing to work for them. Age requirements 17 years to 35 years. Particularly good opportunities are offered to mechanics. For information, apply or write to the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., or to the Recruiting Office, 326 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.
dec 2 2m

A GOOD TIME TO PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

SPRING SUITS.

Display of all the LATEST SHADES and Patterns in Handsome Suitings.

DROP IN AND LOOK THEM OVER AT

SHARRER & GORSUCH'S,

Leading Tailors and Clothing People of Carroll County.

Our immense purchases of Fine Ready-made Suits are nearly all here and we will offer you this season the handsomest assortment of new Up-to-Date Clothing and at lower prices, quality and style considered, than ever before. You will do your pocket book an injustice if you buy your own or boys' Clothing elsewhere.

New Ties, New Collars, New Shirts. Our line of 50c Shirts is very handsome.

Some things it will pay you to buy at these prices and lay aside for next season: Four pairs of Updegraff's Fine Fur Gloves. One $2.50 Fur Collar now $1.65. Twelve elegant $15 Suits now $10. Nine handsome $15 and $18 Fancy Overcoats now $9. A lot of size 35 $7 and $8 Overcoats now $4. Many other big bargains in winter Pants, Boy's Suits, heavy Coats, &c.

We sell Sweet, Orr's & Co., Overalls.

oct 11 1y6 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

KEEFER & SULLIVAN.

WATCH OUR FOUR CENT BARGAIN WINDOW.—Every article or package worth 5c or more. Larkin's Sweet Home, Scouring, Maid of the Mist, Tartar Soap, Parlor Matches, Bottle Blue, B. T. Soap, 1776, can Lye, Ivory Starch, Velvet Starch, can Soap Powder, Corn Starch, Bee Soap, Olene Soap, Toilet Soap, 3 doz. Clothes Pins, Celery Salt and Shaker.

NEW GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS 6 Packs for 25 cts.

New Seeds—Corn. Peas and Beans by the Pint or Quart.

SPECIAL—Large Nickel Lamp $1.50.

Full line of Larkin's, Papal, Croft and Reed's Products at Reduced Prices.

Mackerel and Cod Fish.
Six bars Neon Soap for 25c.
Five pounds Hemp Seed for 25c.
Peerless Paper Meat Sacks.
Best grade of Clothes Pins 37 for 5c.
Corn, Peas and Tomatoes 3 cans 25c.
Sawyer's Box Blue 3 for 5c.
Heintz Mixed Pickles 10c quart.
Evaporated Corn, Prunes and Raisins.
Flour 60c to 90c a Sack.
Fresh Malta Vita 10c a box.
Jell-o Ice Cream Powder 10c.
Five gallons good White Oil 60c.
Candy 5c, 7c, 8c and 10c lb.
Five lb. Lump Starch 25c.
Six packs Nine O'clock Washing Powder 25c.
Loose Oatmeal 6 lbs for 25c.
Ground Meat and Bone for Peepees.

SPECIAL—Get our Price on SEED OATS.

FEEDS AND STOCK FOODS.

A full line of Stock Foods, Chicken Powders, Louse Powder, Kow-Kure and Oyster Shells. Both Phones. Free Delivery.

jan 3 04 3 KEEFER & SULLIVAN, 88 and 92 E. Main St., Westminster.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

Where Is Bowers' Store?

Well it is the reliable place to go yourself or send a child, for the latter is treated just the same as yourself. We don't make any distinction between anybody.

Our Evaporated Fruits

are extra fine this year and will please you for the price. If nobody has told you of our brands of

COFFEES

do not fail to try them, for then you will tell others and make them happy.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS.

Whitman's Confections are increasing in sale every day. So do not miss any opportunity to try them, that you will know where to buy your candy.

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES,

a speciality. We give a Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of ONE DOLLAR.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
jan 23 04 1y 2 Both Phones.

DOYLE & HAINES,
30 W. Main St., Westminster.



You will save your dollars by calling on or writing Doyle & Haines, of Westminster, Md., and get prices on Vehicles and Machinery of all kinds. You will have the largest stock to select from ever offered in Carroll county. Agents for E. W. Ross Co. Ensilage and Fodder Cutters and Manure Spreaders. Aultman & Taylor Engines and Threshers, and DeLaval Cream Separators.

We are headquarters for Field and Garden Seeds. Very best Collar Pads for horses, with 4 hooks, at 28 cts. each. Any size wanted.

DOYLE & HAINES,
sep 2tf Westminster, Md.

J. W. Shunk's OPENING.

We are now located in our new room, BOWERS' CORNER, No. 45 E. MAIN ST., Westminster, where we will be pleased to have our patrons and the public in general to call and look us over. We open the season of 1905, with a new and up to date stock of

HARNESS,

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Fly Nets, Lap Dusters, Trunks, Suit Cases, Base Ball and Turf Goods, Oils, Hames, Chains, Harness Leather, Whips, Combs, Brushes, and a full stock of General Harness and Saddlery Goods at

BOTTOM CASH PRICES.

Our 25 years' business in the same location is the best proof of dependable goods and low prices. Thankful for past business we solicit a continuance of the same. Respectfully,

J. WALTER SHUNK,
45 East Main St., Westminster, Md.
jan 11 03 1y

SMITH, YINGLING & CO. HAVE FOR SALE

CORN, BRAN and MIDDLINGS.

Also A Limited Quantity of SEED PEAS.

Cash Paid for WHITE and YELLOW CORN.

mh 24 4t

POSTERS, Sale Bills, Cards, Tags, &c., done at short notice at this office.

MEMORY LANE.

—:o:—

I know a lane, where the brier rose
Leans o'er the old stone wall;
And the scented leaves from an apple tree
Like tinted sea shells fall.
There's a turnstile, too, 'twixt the winding lane
And the meadows with blossoms white;
Blossoms of daisies spilled by the moon
From her silver boat one night.
Here cornflowers open their blue eyes wide,
And poppies flirt with the sun;
While all of the grasses are glittering with gems
That fairies from dewdrops have spun.
Ah, yes! there's a brook—it ripples and smiles,
Past banks where the blue gentian peeps;
But the song that it sings to the violets, I ween
She deep in her little heart keeps.
Oh, this is the lane that memory paints,
Where love's fairest blossom grew;
For down by the stile I met a maid
With eyes like the cornflower blue.
Her cheeks were flushed with the pink of the rose
Her lips wore the poppy's red,
And sunbeams were playing at hide and seek
'Midst the curls on her golden head.
Lightly she tripped through the meadow sweet,
And softly the breeze kissed her brow;
Then she laughed—and her laugh was the song of the brook—
Methinks I can hear it now.
But alas for the passing of summer dreams.
'We met and we parted for aye;
Now I walk alone—here in memory lane—
While she rides on the world's highway.
—Agnes Lockhart Hughes, in the Boston Transcript.

How Rosamond Made Up Her Mind.

—:o:—

Rosamond had been trying to make up her mind for very nearly two years. Those who looked on thought she might have done it in a quarter of the time; but when they discovered that their own minds did not agree, they realized Rosamond's difficulties. If she had decided according to Miss Alice Reed's judgment, she would have disappointed half a dozen people who knew just as much about it as Miss Alice did. And if she had decided as Mr. Ray wanted her to, Miss Alice would have been disappointed in her. So she had a right to be puzzled, and even to take the two years, between twenty and twenty-two, to make up her mind.

Rosamond was a dear child; people said that who were no relation to her; indeed, none of the neighbors were related to the Gorhams. This was remarkable in a village where everybody was everybody else's second cousin—unless he was a first cousin. The Gorhams had come to live in this corner of the world because it was thought that the hill breezes and the quiet and the peace would be good for the judge's health. Rosamond was was only three years old then; her father and mother adored her, which was only natural, for she was all that was left to them; but everybody loved her. She was so pretty, and she had such gentle manners, and then—her voice!

Rosamond sang like a bird, as lightly, as gaily, just as if she could not help singing! Indeed, David Ray, who was the organist, and who began to give her music lessons when she was six years old, said that she was a genius; and that was how it all began—David Ray's enthusiasm, and the music lessons, and then, by and by, the singing lessons.

She had to go into town once a week for those, for of course there was no one in the village who could teach her properly; although Mrs. Baily, the doctor's wife, said that that was perfectly absurd, for she had studied herself for a year under a fine teacher, and would have been perfectly willing to give the child lessons, and save her the trip into town to say nothing of the expense; "although it seems that expense is not considered by the judge and Mrs. Gorham," Mrs. Baily ended severely.

But when she was twenty Rosamond came to the end of such instruction as she could get in town. She sang delightfully; it was not a powerful voice, but it was delicious. Mr. Ray could not properly express his admiration; it was not enough to say the child was a genius. He said she would be—at least, she could be—a great prima donna!

"But not without study," David Ray said; "not with this miserable two-penny instruction she has had. If she went abroad and had masters—I tell you, I know what I'm talking about!" he said, pounding the table.

He had been playing whist, and the cards jumped up under the blow. "I know what I'm talking about! You may think I'm a dried-up old fogy, playing that weezy old organ every Sunday as if I were as big a barbarian about music as the rest of you—but Rosamond has a voice, and she ought to go abroad and cultivate it!"

If he said this at the whist table, of course he said it to Rosamond and to the judge and to dear, gentle Mrs. Gorham. So by and by, little by little, it began to be a thing to be considered. At first her friends considered it more than Rosamond did; but the summer that she was twenty she began to look thoughtful, and sometimes worried. Which meant that she was considering it too.

"I do love my music, Miss Alice, she said, one June Sunday, as she and her old school teacher walked home from church. Miss Alice was coming home to have dinner with them, and Rosamond and she took the short cut across the fields, while the judge, with Mrs. Gorham on his arm, came more decorously along the road. "If I could have even two years abroad," Rosamond said, slowly—"O Miss Alice just think what it would be!"

"Be to whom?" old Miss Alice said, shortly.

Rosamond looked at her, a little surprised. "Why, to me!" she said. And then the color came into her face. "That sounds selfish, Miss Alice, but I don't mean to be. After all if God gives me a voice—"

"Yes, my dear," Miss Alice said, patting her arm. "I know you don't mean to be selfish, and you're not. You are a dear, precious child. Only, Rosamond, what would your father and mother do if you left them? It isn't as if they could go with you. You know the judge never could get along in the poor kind of air that there is in other places—"

"I wouldn't think of it a minute," Rosamond broke in, "if they needed me. But in a big house like ours, with servants enough—"

"Now Rosamond Gorham," said Miss Alice, "do you mean to tell me that any servants—I don't care how good they are, even your old Ellen, who is a treasure; but that any servant can take a daughter's place?"

"O dear!" said poor Rosamond.

It really was hard for Rosamond. As she said, God had given her a voice, and she wanted to use it. "And so she ought," said Mrs. Baily. "If her father and mother were poor or sick it would be different; but they'll just be lonely. And when it comes to a question of their loneliness or Rosamond's voice, why, they'd better be lonely!" Mrs. Baily was emphatic, and she had a way of rolling her light eyes around that was silencing.

"But suppose they were to be taken sick, and Rosamond in Europe?" somebody objected, faintly.

"Taken sick?" said Mary Baily. "Well, isn't Doctor Baily here? I guess Rosamond wouldn't save their lives if James could not!"

"But it would be a comfort to have her," the objector dared to say.

"Well," said Mrs. Baily, "there are a good many things which it would be a comfort to have, but I notice we don't have them. No; it will be very selfish if her father and mother interfere with her future just for their comfort!"

Of course, this was one way of looking at it, although it was not Rosamond's way. It was, however, her father's and mother's way. They talked it over between themselves quite as earnestly as their neighbors did, although nobody knew it—not even Rosamond just at first.

"We musn't be selfish, dear," Mrs. Gorham would say, again and again, in her gentle way. The judge, at first, had refused to consider it. What, his girl banging about Europe by herself? He guessed not! Besides, how could he get along without her? Who would walk with him every afternoon, rain or shine? Who would play cribbage with him, who would sing to him?

"I wish," said Rosamond's father, "that David Ray would hold his tongue! What does he mean by putting such cock-and-bull stories into Rosy's head! And—and what would you do without her?"

"But we musn't be selfish, dear," Mrs. Gorham would remind him, gently. And then he would simmer down and stick out his lips and grunt to himself, and by and by agree. "No, of course we can't look at it selfishly." And then Mrs. Gorham would smile and pat his hand softly, and begin to talk of something else.

Mrs. Gorham always dressed in gray, with the front of her frock made surplice, and filled in with wash blonde, which was fastened by a pin that had in it two little flaxen curls of the two children who had died before Rosamond was born. She wore a cap, with lace tabs that came down over her ears, and her hands were always busy with some sort of white knitting. She looked like a little gray dove, and was always smoothing people down; it was this smoothing, no doubt, that by and by smoothed Rosamond's way to Europe.

Meanwhile Rosamond did not urge her cause, but the desire to go away and study took possession of her. She thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night; she read everything she could get hold of concerning the great foreign teachers; she talked of it a little to Miss Alice, who was not sympathetic, and a great deal to David Ray, who was very sympathetic.

After each of her music lessons—although it was absurd to call them lessons, for by that time Rosamond knew quite as much as the old organist—David Ray would drift into music talk, while Rosamond listened enraptured. He would tell her of his old master in Munich, dead now these forty years, or of this man's method in Berlin, or of man's method in Paris, and of all the eager, joyous, passionate student life that he himself, now a little wrinkled old man, had lived so many years ago.

"If father and mother could go with me it would be simple enough," Rosamond would say, sighing; but that's not to be thought of. Mother would be unhappy away from home, even for two years; and father can't go traveling about because of his throat. No, I don't suppose I can ever go. O dear!"

"You can if you will!" David Ray told her, emphatically. "I am sure your father and mother would never stand in the way of your best good."

"No, indeed they wouldn't," Rosamond said. But it was not any easier to make up her mind on that account. Nor did David Ray's opinions help her very much. If his convictions had had weight on one side, Miss Alice had just as much weight on the other.

Miss Alice and David Ray were good, quarrelsome friends. The old organist had been in the habit of taking tea with Miss Alice on Sunday evenings for nearly thirty years, but just as people began to smile and drop hints and make mild jokes, something would come up like this question of Rosamond's going away, and there would be discussion, polite, indeed, but warm; and as a result, David Ray would spend his Sunday evenings at home for the next six months. As for Miss Alice, she would toss her head, and go out and take tea with people who were more apt to agree with her.

One cool Sunday evening in April Miss Alice came to Mrs. Gorham's sure of finding sympathy here in her views about Rosamond. They were sitting by the fireside, waiting tea until the judge and Rosamond came in from their walk, when Rosamond's mother said, in her soft, brave voice," Rosamond will be leaving us very soon, Miss Alice. Her father is going to tell her this afternoon that she can go. Very likely she knows it by this time," she ended, looking up at the clock.

Miss Alice was so startled that she hardly knew what she said. But—O Mrs. Gorham, what will you do without her?"

Mrs. Gorham smiled and shook her head. "Why, my dear, it would be very selfish in us to keep her. And her father and I will get along. It will be another honeymoon for us, all by ourselves," she said, smiling. She looked toward the window as she spoke, for it was growing dusk, and the judge and Rosamond ought to have been home by that time. She was smiling, and as cheerful as possible, but her hands trembled. "You and Mr. Ray will have to make up now," she said, "because it's all settled."

"Indeed, I won't make up!" said Miss Alice, hotly. "Not but what I think David Ray means to do right; only he doesn't understand that a girl's character is more important than her voice!" And then Miss Alice cried a little to herself in the dusk by the fireside.

When the judge and Rosamond came up the path, Miss Alice thought it was time for her to go. It was not a moment for an outsider. But she glanced at Rosamond as she passed her; the girl was radiant, her eyes blazing, and her face full of delicate color, and her voice was almost a song it was so triumphant and so joyous.

Her father and mother gave their consent; but after the first burst of happiness Rosamond did not find it so easy to get her own consent. It was in April that they said she might go, but she was not to start until September, and in those six months, when it was all settled, the child really suffered more than when she had thought her parents would not allow it. She changed her mind a dozen times; but by and by she came back to the old statement, that she had a right to her own life—to make it as full and rich and beautiful as she could. "And useful, too, Miss Alice" she said.

"You think you will be useful, do you, by being a great singer?" Miss Alice said.

"Well," Rosamond answered, with a troubled, honest look, "I know I can give pleasure by singing, and—and I hope I may make money, too; and I can do good with that."

"Rosamond," Miss Alice said, "you can give pleasure singing to us, here; and you'll have money to do good with when your father dies. I've heard that very rich people, who are conscientious, find it a dreadful burden to spend their money properly; it's no easy job, but a very great responsibility; so I wouldn't go to Europe for three years"—David Ray put three years as the limit, by that time—"just to get more responsibilities on your shoulders."

"Well," said Rosamond, with a little spirit, "why do you think I go, Miss Alice?"

"Because you want to, my dear."

"And why not?" cried Rosamond. "Why shouldn't I want to, and why shouldn't I go? If I don't, I bury my talent in the earth in a napkin!"

"'Burying her talent in a napkin!" David Ray put that into her head," Miss Alice said, when she sat by herself at her little tea-table that evening, "As if staying at home and doing her duty wouldn't be developing all her talents! As if to see a girl who is dutiful and sweet-tempered isn't as good for the world as hearing a beautiful voice—that you've got to pay for, too!"

However, the arrangements for going abroad were made, and time went on; and what with dressmaking and letterwriting and practising, Rosamond's days were pretty full; and by and by the day came for her to go away.

Miss Alice went up to say good-by to her the night before, and could hardly get a word in because David Ray was there, chattering away about the child's future.

Mrs. Gorman sat knitting, silently; sometimes she ran her hand along her big wooden knitting-needles, and smiled over at the judge, who looked flushed and nervous, but said nothing; and sometimes she looked at Rosamond, tenderly, yet, somehow, with a sort of pity. Rosamond looked everywhere and at everybody, her eyes shining, and a laugh bubbling over every minute.

Miss Alice thought she was hardly going to be able to say good-by to her, because everybody wanted to talk to her; but when she went up to her and kissed her, Rosamond held on to her hand with a nervous sort of a grip, and she said, right in her ear, "I want to speak to you a minute, Miss Alice." And then, pulling at her hand, she slipped out of the room and out of the front door, into the darkness on the front porch. "Miss Alice," she said breathlessly, "I know you think I am not doing right; and —and I can't bear to go away, and have you feel that way, because you've always been so good to me!" she said, with a sob.

"Nonsense!" Miss Alice said, very nearly crying herself. "I haven't!" And then she broke down, for it was dreadful to her to lose her child.

"Listen, dear Miss Alice," Rosamond said. "It's like this: I must explain, because I can't have you think quite so badly of me."

"I don't!" Miss Alice said, squeezing her pocket-handkerchief against her eyes.

"It's like this: I do believe it's a duty to make the most of my life in whatever way I can; to cultivate whatever gift God has given me. O Miss Alice, I believe that, truly I do! And I have a good voice, I know that. I don't mean in the way Mr. Ray says, but a good voice; I can sing in concert, if not in grand opera, and, oh, I love it! And—don't you see? I want to make the most of myself. Mother and father understand; and they have each other, so they don't mind letting me go."

Her father and mother did not mind! Well, of course Miss Alice was not going to get into any argument with the child at nine o'clock at night, when her trunks were packed and her tickets bought and the carriage ordered for half after seven the next morning; but she could not help saying, "O Rosamond, do you think they don't?" And then she just kissed her, and said, "But there, there! I know just what you mean." She did know, for Rosamond was as sincere as a baby, and believed just what she said; it was only that the girl could not see the other side.

Miss Alice woke early the next morning, and lay listening for the wheels of the carriage going up the hill to the judge's for Rosamond. It was gray and misty, and the scent of autumn was in the air; and by and by it began to rain in a vague hesitating way. But when the carriage was coming down again; with Rosamond in it, it was raining hard.

Miss Alice jumped up, to peep out between the shutters for a last glimpse of the child; but it was pouring, and the caariage curtains were buttoned down; and the driver had fastened the rubber apron up in front of him, so that only his eyes showed. She went back to bed, and felt very forlorn, partly because she knew how she was going to miss Rosamond, but mostly because of what Rosamond was going to miss.

It was a long, dark, rainy day; nobody came in, and Miss Alice had not the energy to go out, so she sat by the fire and did her tatting, and followed the girl in her thoughts. Sometimes she shook her head, and said to herself that David Ray had something to answer for! and once she wiped her eyes, and then looked round fiercely to see if any one had caught her. But there was no one to look, the rain beat against the windows, and then came again with a dash, tearing the leaves from the tulip-tree by the gate, and making the windows shake and clatter in their frames. So it was no wonder that about noon, as she still sat brooding over the fire and trying to read, she did not hear the old carryall go splashing by in the rain; but if she had she could hardly have guessed that Rosamond was inside.

Afterward Rosamond told her all about it. It seems that half way to town something went wrong with one of the wheels. "It stuck," Rosamond said. The driver got out and stood in his rubber overcoat in the pouring rain, and pulled and pushed, and "said naughty words," Rosamond told the judge, who chuckled, and said he would like to see the human man who would not "use language" under such circumstances!

Then the man made his way to a farmhouse, across half a mile of freshly plowed land,—"Used more language then, I guess," the judge said, when he heard the story,—and brought back a boy with a carriage-jack and a wrench and they worked over the thing for an hour.

And all the while Rosamond sat in the dark carryall and heard the rain pour on the roof, and thought and thought. There was nothing to see, except the gray square of rainy hills and the drenched back of the horse, with the water dripping in beads down his mane and tail. The men outside tramped squashing through the mud, and wrenched and pulled and kicked in their wet impatience.

As for Rosamond, at first she sat dully waiting; by and by she began to look at her watch; she had reckoned on two hours in town before the train started that was to take her out into the world—and an hour and a quarter had gone! Once she leaned out over the the rubber apron and asked the driver when he thought he could start.

"Don't know, miss," he said, "'less we might swim!"

Rosamond laughed, and then sighed with impatience. An hour and a half gone? She told Miss Alice afterward that she did not know why she was impatient, whether it was to catch the train or miss it, "and have one more night at home."

She began to think—not of her music and her voice and her new life; all those glowing golden thoughts, which had been like wine in her young head for all these months—but of her father and mother, old, and not very strong, and a little lonely, of course, and—and—who can tell? sick perhaps. Perhaps even—But Rosamond would not face that possibility, even in her imagination. She took out her little watch again, and held it in trembling fingers—but she did not see the time.

Then there was a great wrench and the wheel came off, and she heard the men congratulating each other, and the driver called out, "All right now miss? We'll start in five minutes."

Then it seemed to Rosamond as if the kingdom of this world lay glittering at her feet; and behind her, silent, gentle, the two people who loved her. "Oh, I can't!" said poor Rosamond. She did not say what it was she could not do; but she stood up in the carriage and touched the driver's shoulder, as he gathered up the reins, and said, breathlessly "Go home!"

The man looked at her, startled and not understanding "We can make it miss. This horse'll fly now!"

"I want to go home," said Rosamond, brokenly.

"Go back?" said the man. "Why, we got time to catch the train, miss. We can do it, and have ten minutes to spare."

"I'm going home," Rosamond answered, briefly. "Turn, please; I've changed my mind."

"Well, I swanny!" said the driver. But he turned.

It was noon when they got back. Rosamond, sitting leaning forward in the carryall, was panting with excitement. Oh, to get home, to get back to her father and mother—to say, "Forgive me!" "For I wanted to go!" she thought, her heart beating hard and her hands grasping the back of the seat in front o her.

So Rosamond came home—so she made up her mind. Of course it made talk. Some thought she was right, some declared she was wrong. Mrs. Baily said it was evident that Rosamond did not care so very much for her music, after all. Old David Ray, when he heard it, said, after a minute's astounded silence, "Rosamond is bigger than her talent!" and the very next Sunday night he went to Miss Alice's to tea. Miss Alice, of course, was perfectly happy. The judge and Mrs. Gorman—well, one need not say how they felt about it.

As for Rosamond herself, she came to understand certain deep words:

"He that loseth his life shall find it."

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CHARLES W. KING,
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Westminster, Md., March 1st, 1905.
mh 17 3t*

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