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, APRIL 28, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 17.

Certificate Extending Charter.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Comptroller of the Currency,
Washington, D. C., December 24th, 1904.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of New Windsor," located in the Town of New Windsor, in the County of Carroll and State of Maryland, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress "to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," approved July 12th, 1882, as amended by the Act, approved April 12th, 1902.

Now, therefore, I, William B. Ridgely, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of New Windsor," located in the Town of New Windsor, in the County of Carroll and Stateof Maryland, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in it, amended articles of association: namely, until close of business on December 24th, 1924.

Seal of the COMPTROLLER of the Currency Treasury Department.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and Seal of office, this Twenty-fourth day of December, 1904.

WM. B. RIDGELY,
Comptroller of the Currency.

CHARTER NO. 747. EXTENSION NO. 400.
ap 28 5t

Certificate Reextending Charter.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Comptroller of the Currency,
Washington, D. C., December 31st, 1904.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Westminster," located in the Town of Westminster, in the County of Carroll and State of Maryland, has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress "to enable Nation l Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence, and for other purposes," approved July 12th, 1882, as amended by the Act, approved April 12th, 1902.

Now, therefore, I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Westminster," located in the Town of Westminster, in the County of Carroll and State of Maryland, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of accociation: namely, until close of business on December 31st, 1924.

Seal of the COMPTROLLER of the Currency Treasury Department.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and seal of office, this Thirty-first day of December, 1904.

T. P. KANE,
Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

CHARTER NO. 742. EXTENSION NO. 420.
ap 28 5t

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of The Merchants' Grocery Company of Westminster, Maryland, that a meeting of said Stockholders of said Company will be held at the office of said Company, in Westminster, Md., on MONDAY, the 15th day of May, A. D. 1905, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing Seven Directors to manage the affairs of the Company for the ensuing year; and for the puppose of adopting and taking such action in regard to the By-Laws of said Company as the said Stockholders may deem proper.

ELIAS O. GRIMES, President.
Leister W. Armacost, Secretary-Treasurer.
ap 14 6t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

GEORGE W. HULL,

late of Carroll County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 3rd day of November, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded all from benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 2nd day of April, 1905.

MARGARET HULL,
JACOB C. HULL,
GEORGE W. HULL,
Executors.
ap 7 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

CATHERINE FRIZZELL,

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 28th day of October, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 28th day of March, 1905.

WM. Y. FRIZZELL,
Administrator.
mh 31 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the estate of

NICHOLAS LOWE,

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 10th day of November, 1905; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 10th day of April, 1905.

JAMES E. LOWE,
Administrator.
ap 14 4t

Reifsnider & Grimes, Solicitors.

NO. 3643 EQUITY.

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

Mary F. Nelson, plaintiff, vs. John F. Nelson defendant.

Ordered this 12th day of April, 1905, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County in Equity, on the petition and affidavit filed in this cause, that the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company of Baltimore, the Trustee and Committee in the above entitled cause, give notice of its application to be relieved and discharged from the further execution of the trust and committeeship, by advertisement inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Md., once a week for three success ve weeks, warning all persons to show cause, if any they have, on or before the 8th day of May, 1905, why the application of the said Trustee and Committee should not be granted.

WM. H. THOMAS, Associate Judge, &c.
True copy.—Test:
ap 14 4t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

Ivan L. Hoff, Solicitor.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

NO. 4220 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

James E. Lowe and Mary E. Lowe, his wife, plaintiffs, vs Alfred Lowe and Annie Lowe, his wife; Elizabeth Kelbaugh and George Kelbaugh, her husband; Ellen Cassell and Fletcher Cassell, her husband; and Unknown Heirs of John Wesley Lowe, deceased, defendants.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Hampstead district, Carroll county, State of Maryland, belonging to Nicholas Lowe, deceased, in his lifetime, and the distribution of the proceeds among the parties interested and entitled thereto.

The Bill states that Nicholas Lowe died intestate seized and possessed of 22 acres of land in Hampstead district, on the 1st day of April, 1905, leaving surviving him the following children and only heirs at law to whom said land has descended, to-wit:

James E. Lowe, intermarried with Mary E. Lowe; Alfred Lowe, intermarried with Annie Lowe; Elizabeth Kelbaugh, intermarried with George Kelbaugh, all of Carroll county, State of Maryland; Ellen Cassell, intermarried with Fletcher Cassell, of Baltimore City, and John Wesley Lowe, who died in Missouri in the year 1881, leaving three children, the ages, names and residences of whom are unknown.

That all the parties to this cause are more than 21 years of age.

That said real estate is not susceptible of division among the parties mentioned and cannot be divided among them without loss or injury to them and that it will be necessary and to the advantage of all parties that said land be decreed to be sold by this Court and the proceeds divided among the parties interested according to their respective rights.

It is thereupon, this 12th day of April, 1905, ordered that the complainants, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 15th day of May, 1905, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of the Bill in this suit and warn them to appear in this court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 5th day of June, 1905, to answer the premises and show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not be passed as prayed.

WM. H. THOMAS, Associate Judge, &c.
True Copy—Test:
ap 14 4t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at reasonable prices. Call for estimates.

COOK WITH GAS.
HEAT
LIGHT

Now, that the winter season is about over, it is a good time to look up your coal bills and compare the cost of running your coal stove, with a GAS RANGE.

Prices and estimates furnished by

THE GAS COMPANY.

dec 23 tf

IF YOU WANT
LUMBER, SASH OR DOORS,
BLINDS or ROOFING SLATE we can Supply it at the Lowest Possible Prices.

WE ARE SELLING AGENTS FOR
Paroid Roofing, Eclipse Prepared Wall Plaster,
Elk Garden Coal.
Manufacturers of the "SMITH ROUND STAVE SILO," sold at Hard Pan Prices.

GET OUR PRICES AND SEE OUR GOODS BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.

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

JOHN D. BOWERS.

Well it is a known fact that all people go to Bowers' Store to get good fresh goods and cannot resist the temptation to go back, and why? Because they get good fresh goods, and don't pay any more for them than elsewhere. Why not, therefore, have the

Advantage of the Quality.

Spring trade is a Boomer this year. Call and see us. You will find out the rest.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS

are the thing for your best girl. They will suit every time and both will be the happier for buying them.

Special prices on FRUITS. Special quality of COFFEE for the Price.

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

QUICK DELIVERY.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
jan 23 04 1y 3 Both Phones.

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.

SPRING and SUMMER FOOTWEAR.

We are now ready to show one of the most complete lines of
Spring Footwear
that has ever been shown in this city.

50 Styles of DOROTHY DODD SHOES and OXFORDS in all leathers.
SHOES $3.00 and $3.50. OXFORDS $2.50 and $3.00.
LADIES' SHOES from $1.00 to $3.50 per pair.
LADIES' OXFORDS from 50c to $3.00 per pair.
MISSES' SHOES and OXFORDS from 75c to $2.00 per pair.
MEN'S SHOES from $1.00 to $4.00 per pair.
BOYS' SHOES from $1.00 to $2.50 per pair.
YOUTHS' SHOES from $75c to $2.00 per pair.
MEN'S HEAVY WORKING SHOES from $1.00 to $3.50.

BEFORE BUYING YOUR
SPRING HAT
see us first, as we have all the new shapes at the right prices. Remember us when you want Shirts, Neckwear, Collars, Hosiery, Suspenders, Gloves, Overalls, Trunks, &c.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster
dec 23-04-1y

STATEMENT SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF NEWARK, N. J., DECEMBER 31ST, 1904.

Total Income	$17,847,596 54
Total Disbursement	12,048,025 61
Gross Assets	$93,165,691 49
Surplus	7,286,158 24
Insurance in force	$354,869,068 00
Amount written in Maryland in 1904	709,287 00

C. T. THURMAN, State Agent,
705 707 Union Trust Building,
Baltimore, Md.

W. Riley Myers, Special Agent,
Westminster, Md.

ap 14 3t

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

IVAN L. HOFF,
Attorney at Law.
ENGLISH and GERMAN SPOKEN.

LICENSE NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons and bodies, corporate or politic, to whom it may concern, that they

MUST OBTAIN A LICENSE,
or renew the same, on or before the
FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1905,
according to the provisions of the Code of Public Laws of the State of Maryland.

WILLIAM H. WILSON,
ap 14 3t Sheriff of Carroll county.

Bliss Native Herbs.

The Great Blood Purifier, Kidney and Liver Regulator. 200 days treatment for $1.00. Also Bliss Native Oil, for Coughs, Cholera Morbus, &c., and Native Balsam, for Colds, Croup, &c. 25c and 50c each per bottle. Prepared exclusively by The Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Washington, D. C. For sale by H. B. GRAMMER, Agent, Westminster, Md. Testimonial:

We have used "Our Native Herbs" in the family for Indigestion, Constipation, Catarrh and Billiousness, and find it an excellent remedy for these ills. We are never without a box in the house.

P. H. MILLER, Pastor Grace Lutheran Church, Westminster, Md.
mh 10 tf

FARMERS AND BREEDERS!



Don't fail to examine the Standard-Bred Stallion, M. W. NORVAL, before breeding your Mares. He is large and speedy, large bone, well developed, hardy and gentle and pronounced by judges to be the best Stallion in Carroll county for general purpose. Will be at the Montour House Stables, Westminster, on Monday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday of each week, and on Wednesday and Thursday at Hiteshue's Hotel Stables, Reisterstown.

JOHN G. SHUNK, Owner.
Jos. Black, Keeper. ap 7 tf

A MOTHER'S LOVE!

—:o:—

Oh! other ones will cheer thee,
With love's impassioned tone,
And smile when they are near thee,
And weep when thou art gone;
And other eyes will brighten
Whene'er thy form they see,
And other hearts will lighten,
But none will love like me.

Our paths in life will ever
Be verging far apart;
But yet what change can sever
Thine image from my heart.
Another heart will bless thee,
And give its wealth to thee;
And other arms caress thee.
But none will love like me.

A Boniface of Broom Falls.

—:o:—

Half way between the falls and the Junction there stood a deserted farm house, known to the inhabitants of that district as "Kinzie's old place." Kinzie was an Irishman of large ideas, and equally large family, who had, in former years, shed the light of his smile over the country, but had long since departed, confiding his destination to no man. His career presented an example of the evils of prosperity, and the old house was a mark thereof.

To be brief, Kinzie had been a hard working man and saving, so that during a residence of five years at the Falls he had contrived to lay by enough to purchase a few feet of rocky ground a little way outside the town, and to erect a cabin thereon. Here he flourished and was happy until the disturbing element came, in the shape of a legacy from an uncle in Ireland, of whose existence this was the first intimation to the legatee. The sum was magnificent in Kinzie's eyes, and he proceeded to handle it as such, immediately quitting work that he might better spend his income. Even now the old residents of the Falls talk with baited breath of Kinzie's reckless extravagances.

One of his first acts was to build a house where his cabin had stood, with the avowed intention of having a room for each member of his family. This rash resolve resulted in the erection of an edifice almost as large as the town hall, but alas, scarce had the house been paid for, when it was mortgaged, and then mortgaged a second time, for the fortunes of Timothy Kinzie began to wane. Whether he confidently awaited the discovery of another deceased relative I do not know, but at all events, he refused to work, and spent the last dollar of his small store as lavishly as the first, borrowing when it was exhausted.

This could result in no other way than it did, and Kinzie and his family silently flitted away between two days, leaving their real property in the hands of those who had loaned upon it.

These mortgagees tried to sell the place but could not. Except for the house, it consisted only of about a quarter acre of rock, in the midst of many acres of the same geological formation. If put up at auction, the Kinzie domain would hardly bring enough to pay the auctioneer's fee, and no one seemed available as a tenant. So the new owners shut the house up, and waited in the cheering hope that, as one of them expressed it, "some bigger fool than us may be alive yet."

Such were the conditions existing at the time at which this story rightly begins. The old house, leaky and falling, seemed likely to fade away unmolested, when the unexpected happened. A tenant put in appearance and was greeted as a gift from heaven. He took possession of the premises, and announced his action to all concerned by means of a hand painted sign, that read:

HOTEL,
BY
NATH'L FLETCHER.

Broom Falls was a settlement on the eastern shore of Bear River, and derived its name from the shape that the stream took in its plunge over the rocks. The village had long been the commercial center of a large stretch of country, but its growth stopped with the building of the new railroad. The heartless directors of that corporation did not consider Broom Falls a sufficiently large metropolis to warrant any deviation from the original survey, and the road passed at a distance of ten miles, so that any freight for the village had to be hauled there on wagons. This was a tedious process, and so very expensive that few availed themselves of the privilege, most of the buyers preferring the old method of shipping by water. Another town grew up some miles down the river, near the railroad bridge, and the glory of Broom Falls was arrested and stood quiet.

It was on the road to the station, commonly termed the Junction, though nothing joined there, that Nathaniel Fetcher assumed the role of boniface. No one knew him, and his sign was the first intimation of his coming. He was very busy for the first few days after his arrival, patching up the ramshackle old house, and unpacking and arranging his few possessions. The change produced in the appearance of the premises was not startling, but it must be acknowledged that he made them look better and brought the house to take on the likeness of a human habitation.

The repairs being completed, Nathaniel drifted down to the village one summer evening, and proceeded to introduce himself and make overtures for a place in the social life of the neighborhood. He was a tall old man, apparently about sixty years of age, stooping a little, as though tired of carrying the weight of his shoulders. His face was angular and toughened by work and exposure. His eyes were blue and wide open, and his gaze was that of a child; but the most noticeable thing about him was an expression of absolute kindness which attracted people to him at once.

"I come from York State," he explained to the group that gathered at the store on that evening. "My wife's been dead a long time, and we never had no family. I got to ailin' and feelin' miserable most all the time, and the doctor reckoned 'twas the climate, and I'd better be off somewhere's else; so I jest packed up and started out. I always heard it was healthy in these parts, and I calculated I'd stop somewheres along the line. I asked the railway man what was a good place, and he said this was; so I got off here, thinking I'd try it a little while, anyway."

Nathaniel was accepted as a member of the community, and before very long he had won his way into the good graces of every one. At first people mistrusted his kindliness, thinking it only assumed, but as time went on they found that the whole man was made up of it.

"Seems like he must have done suthin' awful one," said one old woman oracle, "and is tryin' to make up for it. Mebbe he's a convic'. Who knows?"

"And who cares?" spoke her husband briefly. "Ef bein' a convic' makes a man thataway, I reckon its wuth while bein' one." In which opinion the whole settlement concurred, and Fletcher was taken at his present worth.

Neither the situation nor the outward appearance of the hotel offered any promise of business success, but he managed to make enough to supply his few wants, and whoever was once his guest never left him for the hospitality of a rival. The few commercial travelers who touched at the Falls were his mainstay, and in the summer he gathered a scanty crop of boarders, for the most part city people desirous of "roughing it"—for which purpose Nathaniel could offer every facility. Moreover, no one who had occasion to go to the Junction ever passed Fletcher's place without stopping to talk with the host, and he had no lack of company, for which he seemed to care more than for profit. In summer you could always find him on the porch, tipped back in a stiff, straight chair with his feet high up on a post. In winter he carried the chair into the house, and, instead of the post, made use of one side of the chimney. His corps of employees consisted of a very expansive cook and her daughter, who lived in the rear part of the house and did all there was to do, with time to spare.

And so Nathaniel prospered after a fashion, and was not envied, but came to be regarded as an example of the reward bestowed by Broom Falls upon a deserving object. Many a one, young and old, gave to him the confidences that his ready sympathy seemed to invite, and none ever regretted having done so while many were thankful with the gratitude which means much. And of one of these is the tale that I am going to tell.

It was late in the autumn, and there had been no new name that day on the little book that did duty as register. The wind had taken the bit in its teeth and it screeched around the barn-like structure driving against the windows rain that was cold as snow.

Nathaniel sat in his accustomed place, looking into the fire and living his life all over, as old men do, in the pictures he saw therein. Not all the memories that came to him were pleasant, for seldom can a man look back and be entirely satisfied. To the best of us the dark milestones stand out plainest, and perhaps it was a relief to the old man when an uncertain knock at the door aroused him. He took the lamp from its rack in the corner and went out into the cold passage-way, wondering to himself that any one should be abroad on such a night. He drew back the great bolts. As he lifted the latch, the door swung sharply against him, and a flare of wind extinguished the light.

"Lord, but it's stormin'," he said, peering at the figure before him. "Come in, whoever ye be, and don't stand there like a ghost. Go on ahead while I shut the door."

It took him some time to secure the fastenings again, and when he followed after his visitor, he found her standing by the fire—a slender brown-eyed girl, whose face, even with its apprehensive look, was rarely sweet. Her rough cloak was dripping wet, and the flimsy scarf hung drenched about her head.

The old man gazed at her in a puzzled manner.

"I don't know just who ye be," said he, "though I've seen ye often enough."

"I'm John Borden's doughter," replied the girl. "We live down by the lumber slide."

"To be sure ye do," said Nathaniel. "I know your father quite well. Did he come along with ye?"

"No, I came alone."

"Did ye, though? And on a night like this! Take off them wet things and dry out by the fire a bit." He helped the girl to remove her cloak, and spread it out on the back of a chair. "Your shoes and stockin's must be soppin'," he said. "Did ye bring any others with ye?"

"No," said the girl again. I didn't bring anything."

"You wait here," said Nathaniel. "Mebbe I can find somethin'." He climbed up the creaking stairs, and descended presently with a pair of coarse stockings in his hand. "I've had these things a terrible long time," he said. "Everything comes in handy sooner or later. You put 'em on, and I'll get some kind of shoes or other."

He went up stairs again, and returned bearing an enormous pair of carpet slippers, that he insisted his guest should wear.

"Set down in the big chair and get warm," said he. "I suppose ye got ketched out in the rain on the road home."

"I came from home," replied the girl, with a tremble in her voice. "The folks were all asleep."

"Were they?" said the old man. "And you come all the way alone?" He looked uneasily at her. "Is there anything ye want I should do?" he asked hesitatingly. "Ye don't need to tell me anything, ye know, ef ye don't want to."

"I do want to," she said, eagerly. "I'd rather tell you. And I do want you to help me if you will."

He nodded encouragingly. "I'd like to listen to ye," he said.

"It's a little hard to say, so that you can understand," the girl went on, slowly. "I am going to be married. My father doesn't approve of it, and so I came away without informing him. I know my own feelings better than any one else does."

"I reckon that's so," assented Nathaniel, as the girl paused. "I ought to know about that. I allow you're on your way now to meet the man that ye care so much about?"

"He is coming here," she said, "and we are going off on the night train."

"That train don't get along till after one o'clock," put in the old man.

"I know that," she replied.

"And you want to stay here till it comes. Ain't that right?"

"Yes," said the girl quickly, with a sigh of relief, "if you'll let me. I can stay right here. You needn't sit up."

He laughed jovially. "Bless ye," he said, "I always do stay up late. One of my great failin's is that I can't sleep enough; so I generally set here till the fire goes out. It gets lonesome sometimes, and I'm right glad to have you for my company."

His tone put her more at ease. "Are you sure I won't bother you!" she asked.

"Sure? I reckon I am," said Nathaniel, with another laugh. "It does me good to see a young face. Many and many's the time I've wished I had a girl of my own to set here with me evenings." His voice softened. "Ye hain't got no idee, dearie, how much an old man loves a daughter. Specially if he ain't got no other women folks. Ye could'nt understand it, bein' so young."

The girl looked at him with moist eyes. "My mother died long ago," she said, brokenly.

"I oughtn't to have spoken in that way," cried the old man, with quick remorse. "I wouldn't ef I'd knowed."

Neither spoke for a time, and then Nathaniel broke the silence. "Ye haven't told me who the man is?" he said tentatively.

The girl blushed and hesitated.

"Ye needn't say ef ye don't think best," he continued. "And there ain't no need of my seeing him at all. I can go up stairs when we hear him come". Only I think mebbe I'd best know his name, if ye don't mind very much. Perhaps I could help ye better. Iv'e lived a long time and seen a good deal, and I think ye wouldn't be sorry if ye told me about it."

She still hesitated. "He wouldn't like it," she said, "but I don't see why I shouldn't. It's Mr. Osgood."

"Him that was here last summer?" asked Nathaniel quickly.

"Yes," she said.

The old man sat for a time in silence gazing into the fire. "Sure he loves ye?" he asked at last.

"He told me so," said she simply. "He's a good bit older than ye be."

"Yes," she said. "I've thought sometimes that that was what made me care for him at first. It seemed a great thing for him to think about a little girl like me. I couldn't hardly believe it at first, and when he told me he loved me, I was happier than I ever dreamed of."

Her eyes were shining with a look that there was no mistaking. Nathaniel sighed, half to himself, as she paused. He left his chair, and going to the corner of the room used for an office turned the pages of the little register, whistling softly to himself. A blast of wind rattled the windows, and the girl shivered unconsciously. He turned and came back to the fire again.

'You're cold yet,' he said.

'Just a little,' she admitted.

'You wait a minute.' He went up the stairs again, and came back with a glass that he filled from the kettle on the old fashioned crane. 'Drink it,' said he. 'It's blackerry, and jest what ye need;' and when she gave him the empty glass, he stood looking at her solicitously. 'Ain't that some better?' he asked.

She nodded, smiling.

'Now,' said Nathaniel, 'I'll tell you what you're goin' to do. 'It's three hours before that train gets here, and you're all fagged out. There's a room right at the head of the stairs that's tolerable warm. I want ye should go up and lie down for a bit. I'll call ye when it's time to go.'

'I couldn't really,' she protested. 'I couldn't sleep a bit.'

'You'll be sound asleep in five minutes,' he returned, 'what with the wine and your bein' tired out any way.'

'I don't want to keep you up,' she said.

'I always have to be up for that train,' said Nathaniel.

'You'll be sure to wake me in time?' she asked, hesitatingly.

'Plenty of time. Run on now,' he replied, with kindly authority.

'I will go, then,' she said. 'I am tired out just when I don't want to be.' She rose wearily, and stood facing him. 'You're very kind to me,' she added gratefully. 'I don't know why; but I am so thankful.'

The old man laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

'I'll tell ye why,' he said. 'I had a girl once, just about like you be, and she run off one night, just the way you're doin'. I never knowed where she went.' He paused for a moment, and went on caressingly. 'Don't ye reckon I'd be glad to know that some man had helped her ever so little? Wouldn't I thank him for that? Wouldn't it make me feel better ef I knowed that even one man was kind to my little girl?' His hand trembled on her arm. 'Don't ye reckon it would?' he said softly.

With a sudden impulse the girl lifted her face and kissed him. 'Good-night,' she said, and turned and passed lightly up the clumsy stairs.

'Good night,' he called after her. 'God bless ye, dearie. Good night!'

Left alone, Nathaniel resumed his accustomed position, and waited patiently. He got up two or three times to stir the dying embers into life in an absent minded way; but for the greater part of the time he sat immovable, with his feet against the chimney, tipped back in his chair.

At last the shrill neigh of a horse broke in upon his reverie. As he heard the sound of wheels crunching the road outside, he rose with a grim smile, and went out to welcome his second visitor of the evening.

The newcomer was a tall, floridly handsome man, who greeted his host with effusion, and talked loudly as he followed him into the room.

'You are as good looking as ever, uncle,' he said with a laugh. 'I believe you will never get any older.'

'I am fairly well,' responded Nathaniel. 'And you ain't changed much, neither.' He turned the lamp to a higher flame, and looked inquiringly at the younger man. 'Going to remain here all night?' he inquired of him.

'No,' replied the other. 'I am going down on the one o'clock train. You need not wait, though.'

'I almost always get up for that train,' replied Nathaniel, 'and I'd like first rate to have a chat with ye. Do ye think of comin' here next summer?'

'I don't know,' responded his guest absently. He looked at his watch with an anxious expression. Has any young lady been here to-night?' he inquired. 'I expected—'

'This is a poor place for young ladies at this time of year,' interrupted Nathaniel, with a short laugh. 'There ain't no one here at all except John Borden's girl. She got caught out in the storm, and I told her she had best stay here till morning.'

The young man gave an ejaculation of relief. 'She is the one I mean,' said he. 'Where is she?'

'Up stairs, asleep.'

'Call her, if you please.'

Nathaniel looked at him with an expression of wonder. 'At this time of night?' he asked.

'What difference does the time make?' said the other, impatiently. 'Please call her.'

'I don't see no good reason for disturbing her,' said Nathaniel. 'You had best wait till morning. It don't seem jest the thing to me.'

'What business is it of yours?'

'This is my house, you know. That make some difference.'

'I tell you she came here to meet me.'

'How do I know that?'

'This is nonsense,' said the young man, angrily. 'If you won't call her I will.'

He moved toward the stairs, but Nathaniel stepped quickly in front of him, and stood leaning against the door.

'I wouldn't ef I was you,' he said. 'Let us talk a bit, first.'

'I don't want to talk,' he cried. 'Don't be a fool!'

The old man raised his hand imperatively. 'Hush!' he said. 'Ye might wake her.'

'That is exactly what I want to do.'

Nathaniel regarded him with a grim smile. 'What would your wife think of this sort of thing?' he asked quietly.

'Wife?' repeated the other with a quick glance. 'I haven't any.'

'I think ye have. Leastways, some woman wrote to me after ye went off last summer, and asked me to send her some things ye left here. She said she was your wife, and I sent the things. Didn't ye get them?'

A sudden flash of remembrance leaped over the visitor's face, but he recovered himself quickly. 'The letter was a forgery, then,' he said. 'I say I never was married.'

'You know whether that is true or not, John Osgood,' said Nathaniel; 'and so do I; but I'll tell ye one thing. Ye won't go up them stairs while I am here, and ef ye make a noise and rouse the girl, she may feel hard against me. Ef she does, I'll have to write to the place where I sent them things, to sort of set myself right with her. Do you understand?'

The younger man looked at the great frame and the quiet, determined face. He could not help believing that his host meant every word, and both could and would carry out his intention. He stood silently thinking for some time, and then turned shortly toward the door.

Nathaniel stopped him. 'Wait jest a minute,' he said. Osgood turned, with his hand on the latch. 'The girl may have been expecting ye, after all, and ef she was, there's no need of her being disappointed. Ye better write a note, saying ye couldn't come, and givihg her to understand she won't see you again.'

Osgood did not reply to him, but opened the door.

'Ef ye don't,' Nathaniel continued, 'she may blame me somehow, and I'll have to give reasons.'

'Damn you!' said the young man. 'What do you want? Write what you like, and I'll sign it.'

'I want you to do the writing. There is a paper over on that table. You'll know what to say. Better hurry up ef ye want that train.'

The young man crossed to the table, and wrote a half sheet. He also addressed an envelope, and handed both to his host, who read and sealed it in the envelope, with a smile.

'I guess that is about right,' he said. 'Now I'll light ye out.'

They went together through the hall and out into the cold air. Neither spoke until Osgood had taken his seat, and held the reins ready to start.

'I suppose you won't write!' he said.

'Lord, no!' replied Nathaniel. 'There ain't no reason that I should, now, and I don't allow you'll give me another chance. Will ye?'

'No,' said the other shortly, as he drove away.

Nathaniel looked after him for a moment, and then turned back to the house. A sound, far down the road, caught his ear, and he paused to listen. A vehicle was coming up from the Falls at great speed, to judge by the rapidly increasing noise. The old man went to the end of the long porch and waited, peering out in the darkness.

The wagon came on rapidly, and in a few minutes whirled around the turn and stopped before the hotel, the horses straining and trembling in every limb. The only occupant of the vehicle was a broad shouldered man of middle age, whose face showed anxiety in every feature. He had evidently dressed in great haste, and was covered from head to foot with mud. He leaped from the vehicle and came up the steps, shaking himself like a big dog.

'How be ye, John?' said Nathaniel, advancing to meet him.

'Have ye seen Milly?' demanded the man excitedly.

'Milly,' Nathaniel repeated.

'Milly, my girl—ye know her. She come this way and must have gone by here. I thought perhaps you might have seen her.'

'I did see her. She stopped at the house.'

Did ye notice where she went?' cried the man eagerly, half turning to the vehicle.

'She is here now.'

'Thank God!' said the father, and he leaned against one of the great posts. 'Is she alone?' he asked.

'Yes,' responded Nathaniel. 'Come into the house and I'll tell you about it. Better blanket them horses first.' He helped Borden to lead the team under a shed, and then he led the way

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2302-0284