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, MAY 19, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 20.

## 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

FRANCIS M. ROBERTS.

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of November, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of May, 1905.

MARY D. ROBERTS,
Executrix.

my 5 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

MARTIN L. GRIMM,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of November, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 1st day of May, 1905.

JOHN ALLEN,
Administrator.

my 5 4t

## PUBLIC SALE OF OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE!

In Mt. Airy District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, in a case therein depending between Thomas A. Hood, et al., plaintiffs, against Augus'a V. Leatherwood, et al, defendants, the undersigned trustee will offer, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, MAY 20th, 1905,

at 2.30 p. m., all that tract of land situated in Mt. Airy district, Carroll county, along the Ridge road, adjoining the lands of Jason P. and Zadeck V. Hood, which was owned during his lifetime by Thomas E. Hood, deceased. It contains

49½ ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

about 27 Acres of which is WOODLAND; the balance is under cultivation. This land is admirably located, is fertile and kind and a rare opportunity is presented for persons desiring a farm of its size.

TERMS OF SALE.—One third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the said court, and the balance in two equal payments, the one in one year and the other in two years from day of sale, the credit payments being securred by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

THOMAS A. HOOD, Trustee.
Guy W. Steele, Solicitor. ap 21 5t

## 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 State of 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 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, 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

Bark Wanted
AT
Tannery Station.

WE WILL PAY

Seven Dollars AND 50 Cents

($7.50) per Ton of 2,000 POUNDS for 2,000 TONS OF PRIME CHESTNUT OAK BARK, and FIVE DOLLARS ($5.00) Per Ton for BLACK OAK BARK, of this year's peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the Carroll Tannery, before the 1st day of August, 1905.

We will not buy any Span Oak Bark this year, and will only buy Black Oak Bark from parties who will sell us their Rock Oak Bark.

THE CARROLL OAK TANNING CO.
mh 10 3m of Carroll County, Md.

Up To Date. What?
J. W. Lockard & Son's
LINE OF
FURNITURE,
CARPETS AND
Buggies.

We are showing the most complete and up-to-date line of Furniture and Carpets ever displayed in Weseminster, and at prices so low as to be surprising, for the quality of goods. We invite all to visit our store before buying, and prices and goods will do the rest.

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

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

## SCHOOL TRUSTEES FOR CARROLL COUNTY.

### TANEYTOWN.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Pine Hill | Scott Smith, John E Hess, Albert Clabaugh. |
| Piney Creek | George Weant, David Kephart, Benjamin Bowers. |
| Walnut Grove | In charge of Commissioner Fred. D. Miller. |
| Washington | Albert Study, John E. Blair, D. W. Mayers. |
| Oak Grove | Hezekiah Study, Samuel Harnish, Samuel Spangler. |
| Taneytown | Daniel H. Fair, John H. Diffendal, Robert S. McKinney. |
| Oregon | In charge of Commissioner Fred. D. Miller. |
| Clear View | George K. Dutterer, Reuben Wilhide, John W. Ott. |
| Harney | S. S. Shoemaker, E. G. Sterner, J. V. Eyler. |
| Otter Dale | David Trimmer, Levi D. Sell, E. O. Garner. |

### UNIONTOWN.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Uniontown | Milton Zollickoffer, Samuel Hiltabridle, Charles Sittig. |
| Pipe Creek | John D. F. Stoner, Robert Cookson, John Stone. |
| Morelock's | John Royer, Jacob D. Young, Alfred H. Lowe. |
| Frizellburg | Charles Myers, Edward L. Hively, Jacob A. Haines. |
| Pleasant Valley | Edward Yingling, Edward M. Hahn, Harry L. Devilbiss. |
| Baust's Church | Joseph Formwalt, Lewis Myers, Levi D. Maus. |
| Fairview | Daniel S. Diehl, F. T. Bankard, Ezra Taylor. |
| Bear Mount | Aaron Hiltabridle, Wm. Utermahlen, David E. Myerly. |
| Mayberry | W. Grant Yingling, Charles H. Fleagle, Jacob Marker. |

### MYERS'.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Mt. Pleasant | In charge of Commissioner Fred. D. Miller. |
| Carroll Academy | Dr. J. J. Stewart, John Burgoon, H. Wirt Shriver. |
| Wisner's | Edward Leese, John Flickinger, Christian H. Smith. |
| Bish's | Nelson G. Bish, John M. Crumrine George W. Zepp. |
| Humbert's | Wm. H. Humbert, John T. Myers, I. George Lawyer. |
| Silver Run | Jacob Koontz, Oliver A. Haines, George E. Schaeffer. |
| Black's | In charge of Commissioner Jacob H. Blocher. |
| Green Valley | In charge of Commissioner Jacob H. Blocher. |
| Good Hope | Fred G. Yingling, Upton H. Myers, William Frock. |
| Pleasant Grove | Levi J Motter, Francis T. Brown, Milton Study. |
| Cherry Grove | Urias Markie, George C. Leppo, George W. Jones. |

### WOOLERY'S.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Reese | Vernon Reese, John Poisel, August Gesell. |
| Wesley | In charge of Commissioner Peter Buchman. |
| Patapsco | In charge of Commissioner Peter Buchman. |
| Sandy Mount | Albert K. Hoff, Emory C. Zepp, Jabez Shreeve. |
| Finksburg | Tobias C. Stocksdale, Marion J. Leister, John D. Armacost. |
| Gamber | George E. Benson, N. B. Gardner, Samuel Monroe. |
| Deer Park | Frank Frick, Frederick Megins, J. Howell Davis. |
| Morgan Run | Frank Schneider, Elias G. Shipley, John A. Polster. |
| Mahlon's | R. Norris Caple, Stephen H. Zepp, Charles N. Stocksdale. |
| Bird Hill | William P. Baker, William Miller, Charles H. Niner, Jr. |
| Lawndale | In charge of Commissioner Peter Buchman. |
| Bethel | Azariah F. Oursler, Charles N. Taylor, William Long. |

### FREEDOM.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Oakland | Philetus R. Haight, William Hush, Oliver Philips. |
| Stony Ridge | John Richardson, Thomas A. Thompson. |
| Slack's | Harry Bevard, Dr. M. B. Norris, Herbert R. DeVries. |
| Sykesville | Henry Tiel, C. M. Leisher, James R. Weer. |
| Hood's Mill | Joseph J. Brandenburg, R. C. McKenney, Charles Beck. |
| Brandenburg | Frank Keefer, Basil Dorsey, John Dorsey. |
| Pleasant Gap | R. H. H. Shipley, F. Jesse Albaugh, John R. Bennett. |
| Highland View | T. L. W. Condon, S. M. Stambaugh, Fletcher A. Baile. |
| Sweet Air | Elmer E. Jenkins, George W. Jenkins, Ira R. Davis. |
| Woodbine | George H. Pickett, Earnest Harrison, David Grimm. |
| Freedom | Phillip Ladabaugh, Robert Hughes, Dorsey Brandenburg. |
| Pool's | B. Peyton Pool, Jacob Powder, Talbot Buckingham. |
| Oakland Mills | In charge of Mr. O. M. Gladhill. |
| McCardell | William McCardell, John E. Gaither, William D. Selby. |
| Louisville | L. Calvin Jordan, Kinsey Williams, John P. Brauning. |

### MANCHESTER.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Manchester H. S. | John E. Masenhimer, Charles Brilhart, George L. Maurath. |
| Miller's | Rinehart Hoffnagle, Edward Wink, John K. Miller. |
| Springville | Emanuel W. Haines, C. Frank Sheffer, Uriah Z. Miller. |
| Kroh's | Leonard Burkheimer, J. Frank Warner, Eli Hilker. |
| Wentz's | George P. Wentz, Charles Tracey, Samuel Boyer. |
| Tracey's | Cornelius F. Dice, Jacob D. Weaver, Henry P. Keeney. |
| Kridler's | Edward H. Krideler, Clinton Garbrick, Thomas Utz. |
| Bachman's | Geo. P. Panebaker, Alfred C. Bachman, Milton P. Myers. |
| Royer's | Adolphus R. Ebaugh, George W. Brown, George H. Hunt. |
| Old Fort | In charge of Commissioner Jacob H. Blocher. |
| Ebbvale | George M. Zepp, Urias A. Wentz, David Jones. |
| Alesia | Isaiah M. Blocher, George Folk, C. Harry Myers. |
| Mt. Ventus | Jacob W. Newman, Jacob Horich, Noah Yost. |

### WESTMINSTER.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Westminster H. S. | George A. Bixler, Charles H. Vanderford, J. Webster Ebaugh. |
| West End | Jacob H. Handley, E. D. Whitmore. |
| Cranberry | In charge of Commissioner Fred. D. Miller. |
| Stonesifer's | In charge of Commissioner Fred. D. Miller. |
| Shade's | Lewis D. Wantz, Charles Starner, George Marker. |
| Meadow Branch | Ezra C. Brown, Noah Brown, George Harman. |
| Mountain View | John S. Sweigart, Uriah Bixler, Jacob Fitze. |
| Warfieldsburg | Edwin E. Stoner, Vachel B. Sellman, Jesse C. Robertson. |
| Friendship | Wm. B. Gist, Robert Gist, John T. Lynch. |
| Mexico | Abram W. Bankard, Israel Utz, Edward Wettie. |
| Spring Mills | S. Joshua Zepp, Wm. A. Roop, Alfred Stevenson. |
| Ogg's Summit | In charge of Commissioner Fred. D. Miller. |

### HAMPSTEAD.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Brown's | Lewis Green, Jr., John T. Basler, Edward Shaffer. |
| Snydersburg | In charge of Commissioner Peter Buchman. |
| Fairmount | Samuel J. Asper, David B. Utz, Lewis Holtzner. |
| Hampstead H. S. | A. J. Houck, J. H. Patterson, Alpheus Stansbury. |
| Houcksville | In charge of Commissioner Peter Buchman. |
| Emory | James Taylor, Nicholas Mummaugh, John Myers. |
| Lowe's | Robert Green, Andrew J. Tawney, Noah Long. |
| Mt. Salem | In charge of Commissioner Peter Buchman. |
| Shiloh | Daniel Rill, N. J. Walsh. |
| Greenmount | Thomas Lowe, David W. Ebaugh, C. Wesley Foltz. |
| Leister's | J. S. Leister, John H. Leister, J. N. Sellers. |

### FRANKLIN.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Salem | Wm. Y. Frizzell, Granville Bloom, Kenly C. Carr. |
| Enterprise | George W. Cushing, David Bloom. |
| Hooper's | Frederick Sharretts, Samuel Stuller, M. M. Nicodemus. |
| Four Corners | Columbus Cover, Levi F. Devilbiss, George W. Grimes, Sr. |
| Taylorsville | Reese Farver, Thomas A. Barnes, Wesley Barnes. |
| Winfield | M. D. L. Pickett, Wm. T. Bowers, Wm. Conoway. |
| Pleasant View | George E. Wright, Thomas J. Gunn, Thomas B. Buchman. |

### MIDDLEBURG.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Mt. Union | Charles F. Myers, Wm. E. Lawyer, John C. Wilson. |
| Middleburg | Albert Stansbury, E. O. Cash, John D. Engel. |
| Bruceville | Edwin H. Sharretts, Charles R. Wilhide, Charles Garber. |
| Franklin | Jesse P. Weybright, John N. Kaiser, Wm. H. Devilbiss. |
| Keysville | Peter Baumgartner, R. A. Stonesifer, George G. Clutz. |
| D. P. Creek | Dr. Charles H. Diller, Washington Shorb, Thomas Kolb. |
| Hobson Grove | Wilson Crouse, Wm. Snyder, John Shirk. |

### NEW WINDSOR.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| New Windsor | Dr. John W. Helm, T. August Harman, Isaac Smith. |
| Wakefield | Jonas W. Wagner, Isaac N. Stoner, J. Fletcher Babylon. |
| Springdale | John Burall, J. Thomas Roop, Wm. H. Frounfelter. |
| Park Hall | Samuel M. Hoff, James D. Baile, Abram P. Snader. |
| Mt. Vernon | Edw. Baughman, Geo. H. Stitely, Walter Engel. |
| Baile's | Joseph T. Stem E. E. Lovell, Jesse L. Franklin. |
| Medford | David Englar, Jr., Ephraim Haines, Charles Martin. |
| Retreat | In charge of Commissioner Theodore F. Englar. |
| Linwood | Jesse Smith, Nathan Englar, Emanuel Fisher. |

### UNION BRIDGE.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Union Bridge, H. S. | Wm. L. Kolb, W. D. Engleman, W. S. Wolfe. |
| Priestland | Evan McKinstry, John E. Senseney, W. R. Zumbrum. |
| Middletown | Noah W. Arbaugh, Josiah Dayhoff, David Winters. |

### MOUNT AIRY.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Ridgeville | Joseph H. Kain, John H. Hahn, Julius A. Hood. |
| Chestnut Grove | C. D. Winebrener, William Banks, Lucian Runkles. |
| Mt. Olive | Wm. H. Dempsey, Lloyd S. Buckingham, James D. Gosnell. |
| Ridge | Wm. H. Roberts, Wm. Brashears, Norval Hobbs. |
| Mt. Airy | Robert Sellman, Wm. D. Burall, Albert Dorsey. |
| Newport | John Zepp, Julian D. Wheeler, Wm. O. Porter. |

## COLORED SCHOOLS.

### UNIONTOWN.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Muttontown | George Brooks, John Green, John H. Thompson. |

### FREEDOM.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| White Rock | Henry Jackson, Noah Fossett, H. Willis Johnson. |
| Johnsonville | Philip Gosnell, Allen T. Collins. |
| Sykesville | Rev. Elijah Ayres, Dorsey Grooms, Joseph Norris. |

### WESTMINSTER.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Union Street | Daniel Warfield, Wm. Lowrey, Cornelius Brown. |
| Charles Street | Pius Cooper, Isaac Bruce, Thomas Bruce. |
| Western Chapel | Jesse King, Joseph Black, Walter P. Squirrel. |

### FRANKLIN.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Winfield | Moses A. Costley, Samuel Rhubottom, Augustus Cook. |

### NEW WINDSOR.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| New Windsor | Simon P. Murdock, Geo. W. Thompson, Wm. Brightfull. |

### UNION BRIDGE.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Priestland | Benjamin Harp, Joseph Jones, Joseph H. Howard. |

### MOUNT AIRY.

| Names of Schools. | Names of Trustees. |
|---|---|
| Fairview | James H. Hollapd, Charles Dixon, Isaac Waters. |
| Parrsville | John Anderson, Philip Myers, David Keets. |

S. SIMPSON, County Superintendent.

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

## NEVER MIND THE OLD TIMES.

Never mind the old times—
They were bright an' sweet:
Sunny skies above you—
Violets at your feet;
But the new times wear a smilin' face
That's mighty good to meet,
An' you'd better find the light that makes the mornin'!

Never mind the old times;
They were great, I know;
Old friends that loved us—
Friends that we loved so!
But the new times sing the song of Hope
Where sweeter roses grow,
An' you'd better find the light that makes the mornin'!

## A SONG THAT DIMMED A FEDERAL PICKET'S EYES.

### How A Southern Girl Slipped Her Brother Directly Past Him.

Florence Gerald, Waco, Texas, in New Orleans Times Democrat.

It was during the last year of the great war between the States that I was detailed one night to watch a certain Southern plantation within our lines, where it was supposed a young officer on the Confederate side was in concealment.

It was the 24th of December; but in that mild climate of southern Georgia many a Christmas tide sees the roses still blooming, and this was an unusually warm Southern Winter.

My instructions were to watch the house closely and prevent the escape of the young officer, who was suspected of having valuable papers in his possession. The only road that it was possible for him to take without running straight into the Union forces was the one that led to Brunswick, and that it was my duty to guard.

It was a beautiful Southern night. The moon had gone down about 9 o'clock; but the stars shone out with their million sparkling eyes, and from where I was stationed in the thick tangle of shrubbery I could see in the distance the quaint old house, a relic of colonial days, with its wide verandas on every side, embowered in an evergreen clambering vine, that swayed to and fro in the breeze and etched fantastic shadows on the white walls beyond.

The curtains were drawn aside from the windows on the lower floor, and I could see several feminine figures, flitting back and forth; but there was no man among them, except when an old negro servant entered and brought some refreshments.

In spite of the nearness of the Union army these Confederate beauties seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, for I could hear peals of girlish laughter and strains of music. It was Christmas Eve, and I felt blue and lonely. I was only four-and-twenty, and my thoughts flew back to a town far away in western New York, where my sweetheart was thinking of me, doubtless that very night. I traversed in memory the many hours we had spent together in the days before the war had broken out. I watched those young girls, laughing and talking, and wished that I was not an enemy, but a friend at liberty to join them and get a few pleasant hours out of life once more. For say what you will, war is a terribly heartbreaking game, and many a loyal soldier has felt on some lonely midnight watch just as I did then.

After awhile the mirth of the party seemed to lag, when one of them went to the piano and, after striking a few chords, began playing "Kathleen Mavourneen; the others joined in the song, and their voices rose full and clear:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard o'er the hill:
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen, what? slumbering still?"

There is a heart-breaking undercurrent of woe in that song which has always touched me, but more especially on that night, for my thoughts had wandered already to the sweetheart with whom I often sung those same words. Under my breath I joined in the chorus:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, this day we must part;
It may be for years and it may be forever;
Awake from thy slumbers thou queen of my heart!"

My sweetheart had sung it to me the night we had parted; to save me, I couldn't help it, the tears welled into my eyes, and I wondered if Nellie, far away in that snow-bound New York village was thinking of her soldier boy and perhaps singing "Kathleen Mavourneen," to an accompaniment of tears just as I was doing.

So engrossed was I in my own thoughts that I had not noticed that two of the young girls had left the house and were coming down the old-fashioned, box-edge walk until they were quite near me. They were dressed in some white clinging stuff that made them look quite ghostlike in the starlight; over their heads and shoulders were draped, in graceful fashion, lace shawls that hid their faces from me. The taller of the two had her arm around the other in schoolgirl fashion.

They were still singing, and as they rambled past my hiding place to the white gate in the shadow of the catalpa trees beyond, the words of the song floated back to me:

"Kathleen Mavourneen, this day we must part!"

"Well, I'm not ashamed to tell it, I lay there in the shadows and cried. Not just a tear or two dashed away, but a good honest cry; I was homesick, love-sick, and lonely. The music which still floated out from the house up there and the words from those two sweet Southern voices quite upset me.

How long I sobbed there I don't know; the two figures had disappeared at a bend in the walk; the song came fainter and fainter; then it seemed to swell again, and I knew they were returning. I crept a little closer to the hedge, in order to get a glimpse of their faces. Nearer they came, but only one was singing now, the soprano. I peered out from my hiding place. The smaller of the two girls was coming back alone; she was not more than 16, and as pretty a creature as I had ever seen. I held my breath, as she passed so near me that I could have touched her dress.

I hadn't quite recovered from my fit of homesickness and tears, and sat there watching her like one bewitched. She passed me and soon disappeared in the house, the doors were closed, and shortly every light went out.

That little sobbing spell had sent my wits woolgathering, and for a moment I did not quite understand. Then I sat up and realized the trick that had been played upon me. The tall, willowy "young lady" (?) with the contralto voice was the Confederate officer whom I had been sent to watch.

I felt decidedly cheap, I can tell you. So much for being romantic! I sneaked down to the gate, and sure enough, there were the fresh prints of horses hoofs going towards Brunswick. He was far away by this time.

I waited until morning, and reported at headquarters that I had not seen a man near the place except the negro servant, which was the exact truth; but I felt very much chagrined at having been so easily outwitted. If my eyes had not been filled with tears over the memory of "Kathleen," I think I should have detected that young man.

Well the winter passed, and with the Spring came peace. I returned to my old home, feeling quite the hero. Alas! in my absence faithless Nellie had married a wealthy old chap, who had paid to send a substitute to fight in his place for his country's glory. Oddly enough, they had been married on the very Christmas Eve which I had spent on the Southern plantation, thinking of her and "Kathleen Mavourneen" and letting my man escape in consequence. My little romance had tumbled about my ears with a vengeance.

At first I was inclined to be very bitter over the faithlessness of woman, and earned quite a reputation as a cynic among my friends; but an opportunity to go to New York and enter upon my profession, civil engineering, soon offered, and I accepted, glad to leave the old home.

In the excitement of making new friends and arousing of new ambitions the old ties grew weaker day by day, until they were almost forgotten.

In the Winter of 1871 I was sent South by my firm in connection with the railroad that was being projected, the railroad that was being constructed through central Georgia to Atlanta. As, upon my journey, I looked out on the mountains of Tennessee and then as we rushed southward on the yellow hills of Georgia, I thought of the soldiering days I had spent in this same country; then the long-forgotten incident of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the Christmas Eve on the Southern plantation came back to me.

I was 32 years old now, and considered myself too heart-hardened to indulge in romance; but in spite of myself, there was just a faint mist before my eyes as I remembered the scene, the soft Southern night, the music, the voices, and the words of "Kathleen."

As one will sometimes do when following a train of thought, my memory went on recalling all the incidents of that night. I saw before me as plainly as I had seen it then the face of the girl who had returned alone; she must have been then about 16 just budding into womanhood. "Eight years since then; why she would be only 24 now," I said to myself, and then, laughing at my old love for romance cropping up again, I turned to the more practical thoughts of the work in front of me—that is the new railroad to be built with Northern capital, which would open up the ore deposits of Georgia and create a Birmingham in the Southern country.

Arriving in Atlanta I was soon plunged into a thousand details of business, that effectually banished all romantic ideas from my head. Atlanta, now one of the most prosperous cities in the South, had just begun to awaken from that lethargy into which it had been thrown by the disasters of the war.

There were men of daring, though, who were enxious to see the resources of their State developed, and I was soon on excellent terms with all the progressive spirits of the city, albeit I was a Northerner and had won the blue.

I had been in Atlanta several months. It was nearly Christmas, and the city was unusually gay with balls and parties. I resolutely kept from all social affairs, for my duties were onerous, and I knew that my people in New York looked to me to keep a strict eye on all the details of the scheme, and these jovial Southerners were inclined to be very extravagant, if allowed the opportunity.

But one day an invitation came which I decided to accept. I was tired of the everlasting grind of work, and felt that I deserved some recreation. So on Christmas Eve I was ushered into the drawing room of Col. H—'s beautiful home. There were many of my business acquaintances present, and I had no cause to feel myself an outsider, for I was presented to a bevy of pretty women surrounding the wife of my host.

At the farther end of the drawing-room a lady was seated at the piano. A silence fell upon the room and she began to sing. The sad sweet notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen" rang out and hushed the low murmur of conversation.

I made my way through the throng nearer to the singer and listened. The song had always been a favorite with me and in spite of the faithlessness of my childhood's sweetheart, I always remembered with pleasure the days we had sung it together. There was something in the voice of the singer, too, that stirred a familiar chord in my heart.

"Kathleen Mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking." My memory is always playing me strange tricks; I was back again in the old Southern garden, hiding in the shrubbery. Suddenly I almost started to my feet. It was the same voice, of course only rounder fuller and more cultivated.

The song was finished. Several gentlemen crowded to the lady's side and begged for another; but no, she would not.

Some one sitting by my side confided to me that Miss Ellis was the belle of Atlanta. She turned her face just then, and I saw how beautiful she was. And the same—the girl of the Southern plantation. You can imagine my sensations. Then I caught a scrap of the conversation:

"I never sing that song that I do not think of a certain incident—dear me! It's just eight years ago tonight."

"Do tell us! Do tell us!" chorused the masculine voices. So, laughingly, she recounted the incident, which I had such good cause to remember.

Her brother had made his escape from the house in woman's dress; a a faithful negro servant had been waiting at the gate with his horse. While she was standing there singing he had thrown off his disguise and ridden away.

"O, but that walk back to the house alone! I had to keep on singing to carry out the trick, but my heart was throbbing so violently that I could hardly articulate. I knew that the Yankee soldier was hidden somewhere near in the shadow of the trees, and that if I faltered or broke down, which once I was near doing, he would instantly suspect the deception. I had visions of being arrested and shot. When I reachsd the inside of the hall door I fainted in my mother's arms."

"It was certainly a clever trick," said some one, "and bravely carried out. I don't suppose that the soldier ever suspected you for one one moment."

"I don't know. Old Pete reported that he remained watching the house until dawn, and then returned to camp. He must have wondered, though, where that other girl who had accompanied me from the house disappeared to so suddenly."

Col. H——, my host, was near me. I whispered my request to him and was presented to Miss Ellis.

"That was a very interesting story of yours, Miss Ellis. Would you like to hear the sequel?"

She looked at me rather puzzled.

"I was the Yankee soldier who watched you that night, and I knew perfectly well what had become of the tall young lady—that is, I knew when it was too late."

There were many "O's!" and "Dear me's!" of wonder at this odd termination. Miss Ellis at first laughed rather constrainedly, but when I held out my hand, saying, "We are no longer enemies, but friends, I hope," she gave me hers in return, with a warm clasp that sent a decided thrill through me.

Then I told her my side of the story: how homesick I was that night and how the song had touched my heart and left me crying like a child. A bond of good fellowship was established at once between us. She was just a bit imperious with her many admirers, but to me she was unusually gracious.

Before a week had passed I was heels over head in love. When people tell you that a man's first love is his strongest don't believe one word of it. It isn't! Why I was simply crazy this time. That first milk-and-water affair with faithless Nellie seemed like the remembrance of a nursery rhyme.

I sang or hummed "Kathleen Mavourneen" until I nearly drove every one at the office to the brink of nervous prostration. If Kate Ellis had refused me, I think I should have left Atlanta at once and let the building of that railroad go to——well, hades. But she said "yes," bless her dear heart! And a sweeter, lovelier wife no man was ever blessed with. We've been married over 25 years now, but when she sings "Kathleen Mavourneer" I feel that same old mist steal over my eyes as in the days of '63.

## A QUESTION OF COOKING.

BY L. A. C.

The train stopped at Blue Station on time this Wednesday afternoon. It was not a particularly punctual train. neither did it especially matter whether it was or not, as Blue Station was one of those vast "lodges in the vast wilderness" where time was not reckoned according to the Wall street standard and where people took things easy. The stage for Hemlock Hill was waiting there—a clumsy conglomeration of musty leather, faded paint and ancient wood, drawn by two sleepy horses and driven by a Jehu so old that one instinctively wondered how he ever got up and down from his aerial perch on the box seat. Mr. Richmond and his friend Colonel Jones took their seats, packed their valises snugly under the seat and fastened their natty silk umbrellas in the rack overhead. There was only one other passenger—a woman in a brown waterproof cloak and a green veil with a lidded market basket in her lap and a tremendous ear trumpet in her hand.

"Only a deaf woman," said Colonel Jones, glancing toward her.

"I see," observed Mr. Richmond. "We need put no particular restraint on our conversation."

"Are we all ready, driver?" shouted Colonel Jones, who was unused to the leisurely methods of life in a place like Blue Station. The driver appeared to rouse himself from a sort of doze.

"I be if you be!" said he. "Git up, Kate! Look out, thar, you Sorrel!"

And away they rolled.

"Yes," said Colonel Jones, rubbing his neatly gloved hands, "it will be a genuine surprise. And I want it to be. I want to see for myself how things are."

"Certainly," said Mr. Richmond, lurching from one end of the seat to the other, as the wheels took a big stone on their way.

"The lad is over head and ears in love," said Colonel Jones.

"Young men will be fools," observed Mr. Richmond, cynically.

"But a school teacher; a district school teacher!" sighed the colonel, who was tall and portly and clean-shaven, with very black eyebrows and hair just dashed with silver.

"A good many nice girls take to that business," remarked Mr. Richmond. Mr. Richmond was a gaunt gentleman, with hollow eyes, a parchment-colored skin and a general dyspeptic air.

"It isn't that I despise the trade," said Colonel Jones. "You know that as well as I do, Richmond. If the girl is good and pretty, I'd as soon she should be a school teacher as anything else. But I want my boy to have a home-like home. My wife gave me one and I solemnly believe it was the making of me. And Victor's wife must be no mere book machine or wearer of fine clothes. If she can't sew and sweep and cook she's no fit mate for my son. Well, you see, I've been studying the matter over."

"I see," said Mr. Richmond, holding desperately to the leather strap above his head, as the driver guided the wheels over a succession of stumps on the side of the road.

"I give them no time for preparation," said the colonel, chuckling. "I drop down upon Miss Allen like a wolf on the fold. I see just exactly what she is. I judge for myself. I wouldn't give a fig for all the Latin and guitar music and china painting in the world if a woman can't make a loaf of light, sweet bread and cook a steak. Eh? I am sure I beg a thousand pardons, ma'am" as a sudden swing of the coach precipitated his head against the basket and sent the ear trumpet rolling to the floor.

"Allow me! Did you want to get out?"

For the woman with the green veil was making vehement gestures with her hand to the driver. She put up her trumpet with an inquiring expression of face.

"Did — you—want—to get—out?" roared Colonel Jones into its convoluted depths, the veins starting out on his forehead as he did so.

"Yes, sir, please," said the woman; and the corteous colonel himself got out to expedite the removal of the basket, the trumpet, and sundry brown paper parcels which constituted the belongings of their fellow-passenger.

The green-veiled head bobbed acknowledgements, the colonel lifted his hat like a modern Don Quixote, and the stage, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rolled away toward the brightness of the western sky. The green-veiled passenger caught up her parcels, skipped over the stone stile with amazing alacrity for so apparently feeble a personage, and flew like a deer across the wooded solitudes until she came to a low, red farmhouse, and entered a cosy kitchen, where a middle-aged woman was making blackberry pies.

"Here's your trumpet, all mended, Aunt Roxanna," she said. "And here's the alpaca dress and the three yards of flannel and the basket with the tea and sugar and spices. What are you going to have for supper?"

"Spring chickens," said Aunt Roxanna, in the soft, subdued voice peculiar to deaf people. "They're on the butt'ry shelf, all dressed and ready. And baked potatoes; and I calculate to have them pies ready to go into the oven right off."

"Splendid!" said Lurana Hopkins. "I want one of them. And I must have the chickens and that loaf of ginger-bread."

"La me!" said Roxanna. "Is the girl crazy?"

"It's for the schoolma'am, Aunt Roxanna," explained Lurana, with her rosy mouth close to the ear trumpet. "Her beau's father came up from the train with me in Zadoc Hawley's stage and he took me for a deaf woman because of the trumpet, I suppose, and talked before me to his friend real free. And he's come out here to surprise the schoolma'am and find out whether she's a good housekeeper or not. And if she isn't he's going to set himself dead against the match."

"I never heard nothing like it in my life," said Aunt Roxanna.

"And she isn't—you know she isn't," said Lurana. "She just lives in half of Widow Skerritt's house and boards herself on bread and milk, but she is as sweet as a peach and people can't have all the accomplishments at once——"

"No, to be sure not," said Aunt Roxanna, her slow wits following Lurana's rapid speech with some difficulty. "And she shan't be cheated out of her lover, not if I can help it," said Lurana, hurriedly packing the broilers, neatly wrapped in a napkin, into her basket, and supplementing them with a loaf of spicy gingerbread, two unbaked blackberry pies, a pan of biscuit and a glass jar of honey.

"Now, a little canister of coffee," said she, "and some of those pickles and I believe that's all. You must hunt up something else for supper."

And once more Lurana sped across the fields, crossing a noisy brook on the perilous span of a fallen tree, picking her way deftly through the hummocks of a swamp and reaching the Widow Skerritt's cottage while the Blue Station stage, traveling the regular road, was a good mile and a quarter away.

Alice Alden, the district school teacher, was just putting the last stitches to a blue checked gingham gown that she was making when Lurana rushed in like a hazel-eyed whirlwind.

"Quick!" she cried. "Kindle up the fire! Set the table! Your father-in-law is coming!"

"My father-in-law?" cried Miss Alden, aghast.

"In the stage," explained Lurana, breathlessly, "to take you by surprise, and there's no telling how soon he will be here."

And then, as well as she could, she explained this unexpected combination of circumstances.

"But," reasoned Alice, "I do not wish to deceive anybody. I can't cook. I never learned how."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Lurana. "If men will make such geese of themselves we may just as well meet them on their own ground. It would be just as reasonable for you to refuse Victor because he hasn't learned the blacksmith's trade, or cannot preach a sermon. Wouldn't it now?"

"There's something in that," hesitated Alice.

"Of course there is," said Lurana.

It was 9 o'clock at night when Colonel Jones rejoined his friend Richmond at Hemlock Hill hotel. Outside the poor whip-poor-will sung, the pine wood exhaled perfume. Within, the Colonel rejoiced with an exceedingly great joy.

"It's all right," said he. "All is right as possible. I walked directly in upon her and there she was preparing supper. Such broiled chickens I never tasted, and the coffee was superb. There was blackberry pie that melted in my mouth, and home biscuits fit for a king!"

"Isn't that rather an elaborate spread for one person?" inquired Mr. Richmond, incredulously.

'Oh, I believe there was some other young woman to be with her, but she turned shy and wouldn't come in at the last. But she's the prettiest girl you ever saw, Richmond——"

"The other young woman?"

"Pooh, nonsense! You know what I mean—Miss Alden, herself. And I think my son Victor is the luckiest fellow out. I've invited her to come to New York and spend her next vacation with my wife and myself and I

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.