THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 16, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 24.

C. E. NUSBAUM & CO.,

DEPARTMENT STORE.

MID-SUMMER OFFERINGS.

A visit to our store will convince you of the immense purchasing power of a dollar spent with us. White and colored Wash Goods. 25c White French Lawn 18c yard. 45 inches wide. Fine, sheer quality. 5c White Dotted Swisses. 18c yard. 28 inches wide. 3 size dots. 39c White figured Mercerized Madras 25c yard. 28 inches wide. All neat effects. 18c White striped Mercerized Madras 12½c yard. Paris Mouisseline-36 inches wide. 50c yard. An ideal weave for your best gown. 25c French figured Organdy 18c yard. In this department we have all the much wanted materials, including, Soisettes, Taffetas, Silk Effects, Batistes, Swisses, Persian Lawns and Voiles.

ON SALE TILL SOLD.—2000 yards 7c heavy unbleached Muslin full yards wide 5c yard. 1000 yards 8c Light Dress Ginghams 5c yard. 5 dozen Ladies Embroidered and Hemstitched Collars 5c each. 10 dozen Ladies Sleeveless Vests with tape in neck and arm. Regular 10c value. While they last 4 for 25c. 39 pair Ladies Black Lace Hose made for 25c value but are slightly imperfect. 19c pair or 3 for 50c. 8 Gross good quality Pearl Buttons 5c dozen. 5-4 Good quality Table Oil Cloth 12½c yard. A limited quantity of 25c Opague Holland Window Shades slightly imperfect 19c each. Ladies Percale Wrappers 98c each. Good quality wood Clothes Pins 1c dozen. 5 Rolls, Extra Heavy, Jointless China Matting 12½c yard Ask to see our new shapes in R. & G. and American Lady Corsets.

SHOES! SHOES!! SHOES!!!—Oxfords in Black, Tan and White. The success with which we have met in this department, indicates, our styles are correct, our prices are right and our line has already taken an advanced position. J. G. Grieb & Son's, Shoes for children. "Queen Quality" Shoes for ladies. "Snows" celebrated Shoes for men.

VISIT OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT. Everything fresh and salutary.

C. E. NUSBAUM & CO., Popular Cash Store, New Windsor, Md.

my 26 1y

JOHN D. BOWERS.

Fancy and Staple Groceries.

JUST TO THINK that you can get the best quality of goods at our Store and

Do Not Pay Anymore for them,

than you would elsewhere. I have acquired this by long service in the business, and close attention to stock. This is not acquired in a few years but a lifetime in this business. Cleanliness and good appearance of our Store

Does Not Cost You One Cent,

nor does it cost me but little.

WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS.

YOU KNOW THE REST.

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

Call early so as you may no longer be without the benefits which I am able to give you.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster. Both Phones.

jan 23 04 1y 5

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

The Westminster Steam Laundry,

153 WEST MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, Md.



See your Soiled Linen and send it to the Westminster Laundry. It has a reputation worth having. SHIRTS and COLLARS the FINEST.

jn 8 tf W. M. and C. & P. Phones. R. N. SNADER, Proprietor.

TO THE MEN AND BOYS OF CARROLL COUNTY, WHO BUY CLOTHES!

SHARRER & GORSUCH,

the big and only exclusive Clothing and Men's Furnishing Store in the county beg to inform you that they have made extraordinary efforts to secure special styles and values this season. It will pay you in every way to see us before you purchase. We can give you a larger assortment of PATTERNS, BETTER QUALITIES and LOWER PRICES than you can get elsewhere. We have good suits for $5. Our $7 and $8 ones are suits that are regularly sold for $8 and $9. In suits from $10 to $15 we are showing the handsomest and newest designs made by the best clothing makers and equal to fine custom suits.

We are agents for the celebrated NUFANGEL PANTS. See them.

Our Youths' and Children's Suits are Low in Price and High in Quality.

We want to call the especial attention of mothers to our splendid line of KNEE PANTS SUITS. Don't buy your boy a suit until you visit our store.

50 New Suit Patterns this Week.

We did not need them but they were so pretty and under price. We bought and are making to order for $15 and $18, worth every cent of $18 and $22.00.

Don't fail to see our great line of 50c Shirts. Splendid Underwear 25c, and for 38c a regular 50c garment. New styles in Collars. Latest in Ties and Hosiery. We sell the best working Pants and Shirts, the kind that wear and fit.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

oct 11 1y7

BILLY FOWLER

HAS OPENED HIS

HOTEL AND CAFE

Next to Boyle's Drug Store.

LADIES' AND GENTS DINING ROOMS.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

I wish to state to the public that I will make NO ADVANCE IN MY PRICES from those that I have already instituted.

Thanking you for past favors and hoping to serve you in the future.

WM. R. FOWLER, Westminster, Md.

ap 28 3m

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

Valuable Small Home at Private Sale.



The property on which the late Lewis N. Baile resided, situated on the Nicodemus road, New Windsor district, about ¼ mile from Stone Chapel, containing about 14 acres of improved land, with good 8 room dwelling, small bank barn, and other necessary buildings. For price and terms apply to

CHAS. E. GOODWIN, HARRY P. GORSUCH, Westminster, Md., agents for owners.

ju 2 3t

J. Milton Reitsnider,

Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor in Chancery.

OFFICE—Albaugh Block, Court St., Westminster, Md. oc-21-1y

GUY W. STEELE, LAWYER,

No. 21 Court St, Westminster

au 19-9



Prices and estimates furnished by

THE GAS COMPANY, Westminster, Md.

dec 23 tf

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE.

We, the undersigned, agents for the heirs of the late W. E. Mercer, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR IN WESTMINSTER, on

THURSDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1905,

at 11 A. M., all that Real Estate lying 2½ miles south of Westminster, on the Washington & Westminster Turnpike, now tenanted by Mr Chas. E. Webster, and adjoining the lands of Geo Shipley, Frederick Richter and others and containing

60 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, in a high state of cultivation, with running water in all the fields. The improvements consist of all necessary buildings.

Terms will be made known on day of sale.

W. C. MERCER,
G. H. MERCER,
A. M. MERCER,
Agents.

E. N. Davis, Auctioneer. ju 9 2t*

NO. 4217 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Edward O. Weant, assignee of assignee of mortgagee vs. Charles H. Wilhelm, defendant.

Ordered, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1905, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of June, inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

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

June 9 3t

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

THEODORE J. MYERS,

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 January, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

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

MATTIE R. MYERS, Executrix.

ju 9 4t

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS AND OTHERS.

This is to give notice that the Baltimore & Reisterstown and Hanover Turnpike Company will sue for trespass any person tying cows or other animals for pasture or permitting cattle or any stock running at large on the road of said company. Accidents have occurred from this cause, and the Company will positively enforce this rule.

☞ Persons who allow hay wagons, covered with white cloth, to stand on the side roads will be held responsible for damages resulting from accidents.

By order of the Board,
THOS. R. CLENDINEN, Secretary.

ju 10 3t

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING Co. Sewing Machine Agency,

184 W. MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER

I have constantly on hand in all styles, NEW, (no shop worn or repossessed) Machines, in styles for all kinds of work, the

SIMPLEST BALL BEARING MACHINE,

before the public. Also DOMESTIC NEW, a few good second-hand Machines. Price as low as the lowest for first-class goods. Parts and Needles kept and furnished. Repairing at moderate rates. I solicit a share of the trade.

M... 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

WHEN YOU VISIT

BALTIMORE,

TRY OUR FAMOUS

25 CENT DINNER

AT THE CARROLL LUNCH AND DINING ROOMS, 118 PARK AVE., near Lexington Street, Baltimore, Md.

WALTER R. DEVILBISS, formerly of Carroll Co., Prop.

oct 28 6 mo

TIES WANTED FOR CONSTRUCTION OF WESTERN MD. RAIL ROAD.

25,000 white oak, rock oak and chestnut oak ties are wanted by the undersigned, to be delivered along the line of the Western Maryland Railroad, convenient for loading. Dimensions must be 8½ feet long, pole-ties to be 7 inches face and 7 inches thick; sawed ties to be 8½ feet long, 7 by 9 inches.

LESTER S. PATTERSON, Westminster.

ap 21 3m*

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The firm of H. Bankard & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent. On and after June 1st, I will attend to the business promptly. Having secured the services of an experienced embalmer will give that part of the business special attention.

C. EDWARD DEVILBISS, New Windsor, Md.

ju 2 3t

BUNKER HILL.

The battle of Bunker Hill (or Breed's Hill) was fought June 17th, 1775.

The sky was ruddy in the east
The earth was darkly grey below;
Like spectres rose the harbor mist
Above the hill's historic brow.
Behind the breastworks on the hill
A little band of patriots lay—
Farmers defending with firm will
The fields they tilled but yesterday.

All night long eager hands had toiled
To build those breastworks strong and high,
And thrice before that band recoiled
The flower of British chivalry;
At Boston was their host, the bay
Filled with their ships of war, but still
Behind entrenchments built to stay
The foe the Yankees held the hill.

All morning hidden in the smoke
The frigates roared, and high in air
Their shells with useless thunder broke
Or burst beside the workers there.
Brave men were they, all gallant sons
Of the dear land for which they fought,
They bore the fire of alien guns,
Nor gave that cannonade a thought.

At noon they stopped their toil, for see
In long boats came across the bay
Three-thousand red coat soldiery
Dressed out as for a holiday.
Those gallant suits were spoilt ere night,
Those flying banners trailed in dust,
For who can face a patriot's might
Or what dismay his God sent trust?

And Freedom watching from the height
Beholds her wiser sons who keep
Their fire reserved till, full in sight,
The red-coats' lines climb up the steep.
The sunshine on their bayonets shone
With ominous gleam, but on the hill
The long brown rifles lightly thrown
Across the breastworks there were still.

On the far roofs of Boston were
The town folk and the other troops—
And that long waiting did but stir
Excitement thro' their sprinkled groups.
The Yankees—would they fight or run?
That was the riddle to be read,
Ere the slow setting of the sun,
Ere the last smile of day was sped.

That fort was silent as the grave,
When up the slope those columns came;
But as volcanoes hotly lave
Their sides with molten slag a flame
Leaped from the line of guns and flowed
In smoky billows down the hill,
Until the lighted cloud-wreaths showed
The farmer boys' knew how to kill.

Slowly the shattered host withdrew.
The English were not cravens then
Nor now—forming their lines anew
Bravely they charge the hill again.
Once more that silence fraught with death,
Once more that sheet of scathing flame,
And the cloud rising from beneath
Showed that the outcome was the same.

But now the powder is all gone,
And when the red-coats charge once more
Some few with muskets clubbed fight on
In dogged fury as before.
But what were they 'gainst such a host?
They died or fled—but not in shame;
We do not count that battle lost,
We still revere each hero's name.

And long as Bunker Hill shall raise
Its crest blood-hallowed to the sky,
And the proud memory of those days
Be with us, when men chose to die
For country—rather far than see
Her by the Lion's might oppressed,
So long shall live fair Liberty
In this dear land by Heaven so blest.

AN AMERICAN.

A GERMAN ROYAL WEDDING.

Crown Prince Frederick William, of Germany, and Duchess Cecelia, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, were married in the Palace Chapel at Berlin, Tuesday afternoon 6th inst, while the clock on the plaza marked 5, and batteries in every garrison town in Prussia and in every sea where German warships floated began firing a 21-gun salute at the same moment.

In the chapel one of the most distinguished assemblages that could be gathered in Europe saw the simple wedding service of the Lutheran Church. Some of the 60 to 70 members of the royal families present from German and foreign states were the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, representing Emperor Francis Joseph; the Grand Duke Michael of Russia; Prince Henry, consort of the Queen of the Netherlands; the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, representing the King and Queen of Italy; Prince Arthur of Connaught, representing Great Britain; Prince and Princess Albert of Belgium; the Duke of Oporto, representing Portugal; Prince Ferdinand of Roumania and the Crown Princess of Denmark and Greece. These all stood in a wide circle around the altar, for there were no pews, and behind them, without regard to rank, were the members of the foreign embassies, with American Ambassador Charlemagne Tower and Mrs. Tower among them, the Cabinet Ministers, a number of admirals, the commanders of army corps and many persons of the high nobility.

The Crown Princess, for she was already Crown Princess by civil rite, came in on the arm of the Crown Prince. She was wearing a wreath of fresh myrtle on her head, over which was a small crown of diamonds and rubies in a gold frame, placed there by the Empress. A triangle of diamonds rested on the front of her lowcut bodice and round her neck was a necklace of large diamonds. The wedding dress was of Russian silver brocade, with a train four and a half yards in length and two and a quarter yards wide attached to the shoulders. Four maids of honor, in dresses of pale blue silk, the Crown Prince's favorite color, carried the train, and behind them walked two pages. The bridal veil was of old Brussels lace.

The Crown Prince wore the light blue uniform of the First Foot Guards, with a major's insignia and his decorations. He carried his helmet in his hand.

Behind the bride and groom came the Empress on the arm of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, brother of the bride, and the Emperor with the Grand Duchess Anastasia, mother of the bride. These and other members of the royal family stood on the right of the altar.

The choir sang "God Give His Angels Charge Concerning Thee," set to music by Mendelssohn. This text was carved on the cradle of the Crown Prince. The congregation joined in singing from the program the familiar hymn "Praise the Master."

Dr. Dryander, the court chaplain, with nine of the cathedral clergy standing near him, began the service.

It is the privilege of the pastor, according to the Lutheran rite, to read either one of the several admonitory addresses to the bridal couple or to make one of his own. Dr. Dryander elected to lay aside the book, taking as his subject the Book of Ruth, Chapter I, verses 16 and 17, beginning:

"For whither thou goest I will go," etc.

Dr. Dryander spoke briefly on the beauty of love, the large responsibilities resting on the youthful pair, their need for the support of faith and spiritual vision. The pastor then asked the Crown Prince if he took out of God's hand to have and to hold according to God's word and will her Highness Cecelia.

The Crown Prince answered, "Yes."

The same question was addressed to the Duchess, with the additional question of "and obey," to which she also answered, "Yes." These were the only responses.

The rings were then exchanged and the bride and groom knelt while Dr. Dryander read the liturgical prayer closing the ceremony, which had taken precisely 20 minutes.

Dr. Dryander shook hands with the Crown Prince and kissed the hand of the Crown Princess. He then presented the bridal couple with a Bible ornamentally bound.

The Emperor kissed the bride on both cheeks and then kissed his son, the Empress doing likewise.

The free-delivery cities in Maryland are Annapolis, with a mile and a quarter of territory, $24,608 in revenue and four carriers serving 2750 persons each; Baltimore, with a revenue of $1,502,347, 351 carriers serving 1618 persons each; Cumberland, with a revenue of $44,447, five square miles of territory and 10 carriers; Hagerstown, with a revenue of $30,529, four and two-third square miles of territory and eight carriers; Salisbury, with four square miles, served by three carriers and revenue of $15,085; Westminster, with $13,529 revenue, three carriers and one and three-fifth square miles of territory; Cambridge, with $10,346 revenue and three carriers; Easton, with two carriers and $10,400 revenue, and Frederick, with five carriers and $21,338 revenue.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Cry on the Trail.

How It Wrought a Great Change at Lone Pine Ranch.

BY GERTRUDE DIX.

From San Francisco Argonaut.

In the high, bare, sitting room of a lonely ranche-house, with brown, unpainted walls and doors and windows open to the pine-clad mountain side, a man sat at a small deal table reading over a pile of cherished letters. They were written by a woman; dated from a house on Beacon street, Boston, and they dealt with books, with music, and with art. To the reader, who was hard-pressed in the battle of life, they seemed to let him into a great treasure-house, while he ongled for the more constricted walls of a home; the simpler beauties of a fireside. Ah, they were so intellectual, these letters, and try as he would, he could read nothing between their lines! As he turned over the pages, a tiny child of three years old, with a large rent in her pinafore, ran in from time to time from the open air. At sight of her, the cry in the heart of the man for the woman was stronger than ever. Both of them needed her—man and child, they needed her so much.

At length he took his pen and began to write to her. All her letters addressed him as "Dear Mr. Geraldson"; his letters to this date had been invariably superscribed to "Dear Miss Vining." But now he broke through the veils of reserve. He wrote to her as the dearest woman on earth, calling her his love. He threw aside all the topics with which they had dallied so long, and wrote simply of himself—of his own hopes and fears. He told her how for years he had been wanting to ask her to come out to him; how his poverty had forbidden his doing so; and how, in spite of all his efforts, he had remained poor and struggling, without anything to give her. Two months ago he had believed that at last his chance had come. He had gone up into the Trinity Mountains to take up an offer of partnership in a promising "prospect" he had received from a friend. But on the long stage-journey from Redding through the heat and dust, he had fallen in with an unfortunate Englishman, very sick with typhoid, who had implored him to stand by him and see him on his legs again. Circumstances had been such that it had been impossible in common humanity not to stay with this man and his little mite of a motherless girl. So he had nursed and tended him, and had experienced the satisfaction of pulling him through the worst danger. But the poor fellow, who was terribly impatient, had attempted to get out of bed in spite of every warning, and had died suddenly one day from the passage of a clot of blood to the heart, when his nurse and little daughter had left him for a breath of fresh air.

"And so," went on the letter, "I found myself with the child on my hands. I haven't the heart to do anything but keep her. For though apparently she has no relatives or friends, she's a splendid little piece of stuff, and it would be a crime to send her to any institution. And the sequel of this is my dear friend, that the venture which was to bring me fortune, to give me the right to ask you for yourself, has come to naught. By the time I had fixed everything up, my friend, unable to wait for me, had taken in another partner on the deal. I went prospecting near Weaverville, but luck was against me. Then both the little girlie and myself fell sick with malaria, and so I came home to my pine trees again."

Here Geraldson's pen fell from his hand, for the fever had him in its grip, and he was shaking miserably. Later on he managed to put the letter into an envelope addressed only with her name, for after all, he thought, he should never send it, and he left it on his table, thinking that when he had strength again, he would go on writing, just for the sake of the consolation it was merely to pretend that he could tell her everything. But the letter was never finished. He grew rapidly weaker, till one morning he found himself so sick that he could scarcely drag himself to the couch on the veranda to scan the landscape for the help that never came. For Lone Pine Ranch was isolated as only mountain ranches can be, and no one might set foot on it for weeks together. Now as he lay helpless, unable to move, lost sometimes in suffocating blackness, the child brought him water in the tiny cup—drops that tantalized rather than quenched his thirst—and he wondered what would become of her, and in his last coherent moments told her to run out along the trail and call with all her might. That was the last thing he could do. Soon after he ceased to move, and did not hear the desolate wail that resounded through the empty house.

But Geraldson was not to lose himself forever in the dark water of unconsciousness. Once more he felt himself alive, and, on the verge of sleep, lay with leaden eyelids, unwilling to awake, till a memory of little Margery, whom he had last seen weeping in a corner of the room, forced him to open his eyes. To his surprise his bed clothing covered him very neatly. The sheet was folded under his chin in a strange, comforting, new way, so that a sense of peace and security fell on him, and he lay very still, sure for some unaccountable reason that Margery was all right. Waking was wonderfully pleasant. In the dim light of the darkened room a slender white hand glided over the smooth sheet to make it a trifle smoother. He held his breath and half closed his eyes that he might watch it. It went away. Two weak to turn his head, he waited till it fluttered down again with a cup of milk. There was no woman in the district with such a hand, and full of the wonder of it he fell asleep.

He dreamed of beautiful things—white flowers, white doves, white hands. Waking stronger for long rest, his first movement was one of curiosity. A woman, in a pale blue sunbonnet that completely shaded her face, was pouring something into a glass at the washstand. Was it possible that ugly bonnet could go with those slender fingers? He asked for a drink of water. To his joy the same hand appeared again.

"Is it evening?" he asked, when she had taken away the cup.

"No, it is morning," returned a voice that was little more than a whisper.

"Then please will you be so kind as to let in some light?"

"Light is not good for you just yet," was the answer in subdued tones.

Geraldson was not strong enough to dispute this point, and he lay quiet, inwardly vexed at the bonnet. Ideas came to him slowly. At last he asked, brilliantly: "Will you please tell me who you are?"

"I am a nurse."

"A nurse!" He considered for some time.

"How did you come here?"

"That is very simple. Your little girl was crying on the trial, and I came in and found you."

"And you stayed and nursed me—how wonderfully good of you!"

"Not at all." The voice was cold. "You would have done the same yourself."

"Oh, but not in the way you are doing," he returned modestly.

After that he pondered for a long time. She had "happened to be passing," as though a road that led to nowhere were a much-frequented thoroughfare. That in itself was a miracle, and her beautiful hands, her movements, so unlike those of a mountain woman, were something to brood upon.

"But why did you come here?" he asked, after a long silence. "No one ever comes here."

"I came to see my brother."

He dared not ask her any more. He could only suppose that while he had been away some stranger had come into the district. But any attempt at connected thought was too much for him, and again he fell asleep.

When he was breathing quietly, the woman with the beautiful hand threw off the bonnet as though she were tired of the troublesome disguise and leaning her chin upon her hand gazed intently at his pallid face. Still she kept the bonnet on her lap, ready to don it at the moment he should show signs of waking, for she was determined that he should not recognize her—should never know that it was she, Elsie Vining, who had saved him. She had taken the initiative, come out from the East, because mere letters were not enough, and she had felt at last that she must have something more tangible than these impersonal epistles. She had discovered him in his extremity, and had brought him back to life. But her joy in this was chastened. She knew now why his letters had been so cold. She had been no more than an abstraction, an intellectual page in his life. He had not even thought it necessary to tell her of the important events that were taking place with him. He had concealed—say, rather, ignored, as of no possible interest to her—the fact that he had married and had a little daughter. He had never even told her that his wife was dead, as she could only suppose she must be. It was plain that he had not cared as she had cared. He had not remembered—perhaps had never experienced—those moments when they had met in Boston five years ago, in which it had seemed to her so much had passed without words between them that even in the letters—for all their impersonality—it had appeared permissible to read between the lines meanings tender and magnetic. She had taken too much for granted. She blushed to the roots of her hair, and hid her face in the bonnet as though it were a veil. Outside the open window she could hear the little child singing to herself. Had he loved the mother very much, she wondered? Love? What had she to do with love? It was high time she should take her departure. She went restlessly out of the room and into the kitchen, where the nurse, for whom she had sent to San Francisco, had already begun a feminine revolution in the bachelor order of things. As she worked, this young woman glanced out of the window at Margery at play beneath the trees, remarking that the child was the very image of her father. The other briefly assented, and immediately went out into the open air and looked at the little girl from a short way off. "I suppose there is a likeness," she said to herself, "but I can't see it." It was strange, she thought, that she should never have heard of Geraldson's marriage. How blind she had been not to suspect some affair of the heart, which would account for his sudden departure for the West. Of course, he had loved another woman. She wondered if the child were very like her. At that moment Margery came running up, and, forcing down the primal instinct that had prompted her to turn away, she held out her arms, drew the "other woman's" child to her breast, and kissed her.

The little creature looked up at her with her fearless eyes. "You're the lady, aren't you?" she said.

"The lady—what lady?"

"That lady daddy talks about that's coming to be my muvver."

Outwardly quiet, she kissed her again, but it was as though a door, not quite closed, had violently shut, never to open again. She went back into the house, into Geraldson's room; but when she saw him look toward her, pathetic in his helplessness, her heart beat so quickly she could not bring herself to say good-by at once, and sat down in the shadow, angry at her own weakness.

"Nurse," said Geraldson, "won't you draw up the blind? Mayn't I see your face?"

"The light would hurt your eyes," she murmured. "I put on my bonnet because I was going away."

"Going away!" Dismay was in his voice.

"Yes, I am obliged to go. There's another nurse here to look after you."

"But I don't want another nurse," he cried. "And you've done so much for me. I can't even thank you. I don't know what your name is. I've never seen you even!"

She said nothing, but slowly measured something into a glass. He could not see that she was trembling.

"May I have a drink?" he asked, as she put down the tumbler.

She had intended to go now immediately. She felt she had lingered too long, but she could not refuse his request. She held the cup to his lips, and he drank slowly, looking at her hands, which would flutter away so soon, like white birds of passage. He was very weak, and the tears came into his eyes. The hands were so beautiful—so like her hands.

She took the cup and rinsed it carefully and slowly. At the same moment little feet pattered along the passage and baby hands beat upon the door. She opened it and carried little Margery to the bedside, telling her to be very quiet. But Geraldson had turned his face to the wall, and took no notice. Having looked at him gravely, the child seated herself upon the floor and began to examine the heap of treasures in her lap. Suddenly she held out a chubby hand with an envelope.

"A 'etter!" she said, emphatically, to the strange lady. "A 'etter!"

"Is it for me, dear?"

"Ess, for 'oo!" She ran across the room, and held it out triumphantly. The eyes under the sunbonnet glanced at it with indifference. Then at the name on it—a name with no address—the beautiful hands clutched it eagerly. A moment after a touch on Geraldson's shoulder forced him to turn.

"Here is a letter," said the quiet voice, "to a Miss Vining. The address is not finished. Do you wish it mailed?"

At the thought of her so far away, so inaccessible, Geraldson's eyes filled again.

"No, no," he murmured, turning to the wall again, "it isn't to be posted. I haven't any right!" The next minute he begged her, half-querulously, to give it to him that he might put it under his pillow. But the room was empty. She had gone.

Outside, on the veranda, she paced up and down with the unopened envelope in her hand. He had wanted it back. She had known that even as she had closed the door, but it didn't belong to him. With her name upon it, it certainly belonged to her. But ought she read it? Ought she? Well, she didn't care—she must! It was hers, after all. Tearing it open, she saw the tender superscription, and all her scruples vanished like the wind. Then she read it to the end and kissed it many times, and walking up and down, longed, yet hesitated, to go back into the darkened chamber.

Geraldson lay awake without any desire to take up the thread of life again. All his difficulties pressed upon him, and he felt listless and dispirited in his gloomy room. But a soft sound, the drawing of the blind, the flooding of the room with sunshine, caused him to turn with a faint revival of interest. The light was the light of sunset, just bright enough to make everything clear, and some one with shining hair was standing near the window. Surely he knew that poise of the head. Only one woman carried her head just like that! And yet he must be dreaming!

"Who are you?" he cried eagerly.

A clear voice came through the stillness. "I've brought an answer to your letter."

"My letter to her? But it wasn't addressed. It wasn't—"

"There wasn't any need to send it. You see, Elsie Vining isn't in Boston just now."

"Not in Boston! Then where is she? Where is she?"

She came toward him. He saw her in the level sunlight as men see visions.

"Don't you understand, Gerald? Don't you understand?"

It was her voice. He raised himself on the pillows.

"Elsie! Elsie!" he cried.

She dropped on her knees beside him. She gave him her hands and her face.

WHERE THE GAMBLERS ARE MADE.

At a mass meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church of this city (Portsmouth, Ohio), on a recent Sabbath afternoon, in the presence of over two hundred men, a converted gambler and ex-saloonkeeper made the following statement, which has created a profund impression, and I herewith transmit it to your paper that it may do good in a wider sphere:

"I have been in the saloon business, with a gambling room attached, for the last four years, and claim to know something about what I am now going to tell you. I do not believe that the gambling den is near so dangerous, nor does it do anything like the same amount of harm, as the social card party in the home. I give this as my reason: In the gambling room the windows are closed tight, the curtains are pulled down; everything is conducted secretly for fear of detection, and none but gamblers, as a rule, enter there. While in the parlor all have access to the game, children are permitted to watch it, young people are invited to partake in it. It is made attractive and alluring by giving prizes, serving refreshments and adding high social enjoyments. For my part, I never could see the difference between playing for a piece of silver molded in the shape of money and silver molded in the shape of a cup or a thimble. The principle is the same, and whenever property changes hands over the luck of cards, no matter how small is the value of the prize, I believe it is gambling.

"Perhaps you have never thought of it, but where do all the gamblers come from? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A 'greener,' unless he is a fool, never enters a gambling hell, because he knows he will be fleeced out of everything he possesses in less than fifteen minutes. He has learned somewhere else before he sets foot inside of such a place. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game of the home, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling-room, for he has learned, and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own. The saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of the parlor games given by the ladies, for they know that after a while those same men will become the patrons of their business. I say, then, the parlor game is the college where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God, men, stop this business in your homes. Burn up your decks and wash your hands.

"The other day I overheard two ladies talking on the street. One said: 'I am going to have a card party and am going to the store to buy a pack of cards. Which are the best kind to get?' The other replied: 'Get the Angel Card. It has an angel on the back.'

"Think," said he, "of dragging the pure angels of heaven into this infernal business."

After he had taken his seat another converted ex-gambler, who led the men's meeting in the Second Presbyterian Church the following Sabbath, arose and said: "I indorse every word which the brother before me has just uttered. I was a gambler. I learned to play cards, not in the saloon, not in my own home, but in the homes of my young friends, who invited me to play with them and taught me how."

The editor of a country paper received the query, "Can you tell me what the weather will be next month?" In reply he wrote: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription." The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He went in next day and squared his account.

"Why does he wish to marry her?"

He says people should marry their opposites."

"Why, they are both dark."

"Yes, but he hasn't a cent, and she has a million dollars."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2302-0314