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, DECEMBER 1, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 48.

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

CHARLES SCHAEFFER,

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 14th day of June, 1906, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 14th day of November, 1905.

MRS. ANNIE R. SCHAEFFER,
THEO. F. ENGLAR,
nov 17 4t Executors.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
October Term, 1905.

Estate of Joshua Wilson, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 13th day of November, 1905, that the sale of real estate of Joshua Wilson, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by William Wilson, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 3rd Monday, 18th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 2nd Monday, 11th day of December, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1,575.00.

A. KURTZ MYERS,
JOHN E. ECKENRODE,
GEORGE R. RUPP,
Judges.

True copy.—Test:
nov 17 3t J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.

Your Neighbors are putting in
CHESAPEAKE & POTOMAC TELEPHONES.
WHY AREN'T YOU?

C. & P. Lines reach everywhere; the service is always good, night and day; the rates are lowest, considering the service rendered.

Residence $1.50 per month.
Business 2.00 per month.

Cheasapeake & Potomac Telephone Company.
Contract Office E. Main Street, Westminster, Md.
sep 22 tf

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS: Behr Bros & Co.,
Chickering, Blasius & Sons,
Hobart M. Cable,
Newman Bros.

ORGANS:
ESTEY.
and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

☞ Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER,
West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
oct 16 tf

WALL PAPER AND PAPER HANGING.

A complete line of up-to-date goods can be found at our store. Estimates on

Paper Hanging and Window Shades

given without extra charge. An inspection of

STOCK AND PRICES

will convince you that we are the leaders in the business.

☞ No extra charge for country work.
Look us up.

Respectfully Yours,
MATTHEWS & MYERS,
No. 80 E. Main Street, Westminster, Md.
sept-14-01-1y

J. S. MYERS, D. D. S. J. E. MYERS, D. D.

MYERS BROTHERS,
Surgeon Dentists,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

We are prepared to do all kinds of
Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Plate work and repairing will be given prompt attention. Gas administered.
J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week and in Westminster the remainder of the week.
J. S. Myers will be in Westminster every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month, when he will be in TANEYTOWN.
Maryland and C. & P. Telephone.
aug 23 02 tf

Regular Dinner 25 cts.

STEAKS AND CHOPS TO ORDER.

OYSTERS.

THE CARROLL DINING AND QUICK LUNCH ROOM,
WALTER R. DEVILBISS,
formerly of Carroll County,
118 PARK AVENUE, near Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

DAIRY LUNCH oct 28 6 mo

Charles E. Hering, Fire AND Life Insurance AGENCY.
No. 14 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.

(NOTARY PUBLIC.) ap 7 tf

TIES WANTED
FOR CONSTRUCTION OF WESTERN MD. RAIL ROAD.

10,000 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.
C. and P. Phone.
LESTER S. PATTERSON,
nov 3 tf. Westminster, Md.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby forewarned against trespassing upon my premises with dog and gun, or in any other manner, as the law will be enforced against all offenders.

DAVID H. LEISTER,
nov 10 3t* Eden Hill Farm.

WANTED.

I will pay the highest cash prices for all game, such as Rabbits and Partridges, at my store, every day in the week except Saturday. Also, for sale 1 large Disc Talking Machine and 25 Columbia Disc Records.

GUY W. BABYLON,
nov 10 tf Wakefield, Md.

SALE BILLS printed on short notice and at reasonable rates.

A dollar bill for every

six and a quarter words he wrote. Think of it! Yet this fabulous sum of $25,000 is exactly what has just been paid to.

Conan Doyle "Sherlock Holmes"

for his latest story, "Sir Nigel; a Companion to the White Company," and which he says is his supremest effort. This great masterpiece by the world's greatest writer of romantic fiction should be read by everyone throughout this land—the general story-reader as well as the connoisseur of literature—if only to realize what great merit it must have to command the

Highest Price ever paid for

the magazine rights of any story. Therefore do not fail to order IN ADVANCE the

Baltimore Sunday Herald for December 3

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.
"The New Store!"

Fine Goods, Low Prices.

There is no part of a Man or Woman's expenses nor that of the entire family, for that matter, that need be less inconvenient than that of wearing apparel. There is great opportunity for good management and there is nothing in which it pays better than in clothing.

Now, we will make prices so that it is just so cheap to buy good apparel as the cheapest quality.

Ladies' Suits, Coats and Skirts.
Our ladies' Suit, Coat and Skirt Department is worthy of your inspection.

Dress Goods. Dress Goods.
Our Dress Goods counters are full of bargains for everybody. All wool 36 inch width Cloths, that are usually sold for a great deal more, can be found here from 39c to 50c yd.

Silk "C." Silk "C."
New arrivals of silk "C," just the goods you want now, at 12½c.

Unbleached Muslin.
4-4 heavy Unbleached Muslin, a rare bargain when cotton is soaring. Our price, until sold, 5c yd.

Corset Covers, Handkerchiefs, Hoisery Etc.
New line of ladies' Corset Covers, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Ribbons, Collars, Fascinators and the latest novelties in Dress Trimmings; Embroideries, Laces etc. When in the city visit us.

Underwear. Underwear.
Our Underwear Department is without a doubt the most complete and up-to-date in Carroll county. A visit will convince you that we advertise what we have and do what we print.

5c and 10c Departments.
Our 5c and 10c departments without a doubt afford the greatest opportunities for saving money in the history of Westminster.

Blankets. Blankets.
We have on hand a few of our greatest bargain Bed Blankets. Now is your chance to avail yourself of the opportunity. All prices, all colors, all sizes and qualities.

Winter Head and Footwear.
Thanksgiving is over and the Holidays approaching; now let us turn our attention to Winter Head and Footwear. We have them in all styles and prices, from the cheapest Felt Hats to the best Derbeys, and from the Creedmoor to the very best Patent Calf and Box Calf Shoes for men and boys. For ladies we have them in Kangaroo, Box Calf, Vici and Patent Colt called the Dolly Madison, a name that has a distinctive merit.

WE SELL RUBBERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.,
BABYLON BUILDING, OPPOSITE LIBERTY STREET. WESTMINSTER, MD.

WARNING NOTICE.

I hereby forewarn all persons against trespassing upon my premises, with dog and gun, or in any other manner, as the law will be enforced against all offenders.

A. L. TURPLE,
nov 10 3t near Westminster.

CHARLES E. FINK,
Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery
Office—Court Street, Westminster.
All business promptly attended to.

THREE FARMS
NEAR WESTMINSTER, AT PRIVATE SALE.
Apply to VINCENT YINGLING,
nov 24 tf Westminster, Md.

GUY W. STEELE, LAWYER,
No. 21 Court St, Westminster
au 19-9

Notice to the Public.

My resignation as agent for Railroad and Express Company will not interfere with my

HAULING BUSINESS.

Prompt attention will be given to the delivery of Trunks and all other hauling, as heretofore, by the same drivers. After December 1st, 1905, phone all orders to The Merchants' Grocery Company,

E. O. GRIMES,
nov 24 3t Westminster, Md.

THE LEGEND OF EVIL.

This is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight falls
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

"Our fathers lived in the forest:
Foolish people were they;
They went down to the cornland
To teach the farmers to play.

"Our fathers frisked in the millet,
Our fathers skipped in the wheat,
Our fathers hung in the branches,
Our fathers danced in the street.

"Then came the terrible farmers,
Nothing of play they knew,
Only they caught our fathers
And set them to labor, too!

"Set them to work in the cornland
With plows and sickles and flails,
Put them in mud-walled prisons
And cut off their beautiful tails!

"Now, we can watch our fathers,
Sullen and bowed and old,
Stooping over the millet,
Sharing the silly mold.

"Driving a foolish furrow,
Mending a muddy yoke,
Sleeping in mud walled prisons,
Steeping their food in smoke.

"We may not speak to our fathers,
For if the farmers knew
They would come up to the forest
And set us to labor, too."

This is the horrible story
Told as the twilight falls
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

—Rudyard Kipling.

In the Chinook's Trail.

It was early in December and snowing hard. The gas had been lighted at three o'clock in the great dry goods emporium of Pushit and Fall, situated on one of the principal street of noisy Chicago.

There was a marked down sale of Hamburgs and handkerchiefs, and the shoppers had been more than usually unreasonable in their demands. Nine-tenths of them had come only to look and get samples.

Janet Brian was decidedly tired. As it approached the closing hour, she put away the tumbled mass of goods on her special counter with a weary sense of relief.

She was glad to go home. Janet had no real home in the warm, cordial acceptation of the word, but her little room at the Widow Bailey's lodging house was cozy and warm, because the widow's kitchen stove pipe ran accommodatingly through it to reach the chimney.

There was only one window to the little room, but it gave her an exhaustive study in family washings and smoking chimney pots. The tin roof of the People's Theater lay just beneath it, and on warn nights, when the sash was open, Janet could hear the music of the 'select' orchestra. It was almost as good, so Widow Bailey often remarked, as paying your money or going to the play with your young man.

On this snowy night Janet hurried along the slippery sidewalks, thinking pleasantly of the little mince pie she had baked in the widow's stove that morning, and the bit of cheese she had bought to keep the pie company.

The fifteen-cent dinner at Briggs' Palace Restaurant was probably as elaborate as Briggs could afford to give for the price, but it was hardly substantial enough to keep hunger away from a healthy young woman of two-and-twenty, and Janet always looked forward to her homemade supper with interest.

The daily newspaper, taken by Mr. Stebbins, the elderly, well-to-do bachelor, who occupied Widow Bailey's front suite, lay soaking on the doorstep as Janet came in. She picked it up and glanced casually at the first page as she was taking it to his door.

The big, black headlines turned her sick and giddy.

The Barrington bank had suspended, and gone into the hands of a receiver! Janet did not quite understand what that meant, but she knew that it portended disaster for the depositors. And in the Barrington bank her little fortune—only eight hundred dollars, but her all—was deposited.

It was the miserable savings from her poor father's once handsome fortune, and it had been secured to her after her unhappy father had taken his life by his own hand and gone out from worldly defeat and trouble.

The girl did not care to read the details of the bank failure. Her feet seemed shod with lead as she climbed the rickety stairs to her room. To-night the room was cold, for the widow's fire had got low, and the sympathetic stove pipe had failed to disseminate its usual friendly glow.

The mince pie and the morsel of cheese no longer looked tempting to Janet, and she did not heed the practicing of the People's Theater orchestra, as the fiddlers rasped away on one of the gayest airs in Il Trovatore. What does the Italian music matter to a young woman who has nothing between her and starvation but a drudging position in an emporium at a paltry salary of six dollars a week?

Those six dollars barely sufficed to pay for her room, her dinner at Briggs', her washing, and the dresses she was obliged to have. She had been admonished more than once by the spruce young floor-walker at Pushit and Fall's that girls in 'our' employ must dress well, wear clean neck ribbons and keep the bindings of their skirts tidy. Fagged braid, he informed her, was not tolerated in that establishment.

It did cost so much for braids, and neck ribbons were frightful, though sometimes the girls in the store got slightly shop-worn ones at a reduction.

But at the age of twenty-two one does not easily yield to despair. Janet felt that she must make the best of it. Possibly in time she might get promoted, if she studied the interests of her employers.

Then and there she resolved that she would devote her entire talent to the sale of Hamburgs and handkerchiefs.

But alas for the hopes of poor Janet!

The next morning when she went to the store her pay was handed her in an envelope, and there was a slip with it informing her that, owing to the approach of the dull season, the firm felt compelled to reduce its working force and as she had been one of the last to come, she must be among the first to go.

In her bitter realization of the truth of the old proverb that it never rains but it pours, Janet turned back to her little room at the Widow Bailey's in a dazed state of mind. She sat a long time watching the sparrows fighting over a bit of bread on the roof of the People's Theater and wondering what she should do.

She had in her purse about fifty dollars, which she had saved with the intention of putting it in the bank on the next quarter day. She did so want to get a thousand dollars ahead. With a thousand dollars capital—how very imposing that word, 'capital' sounded to her!—one could do so much. And Janet had aspirations toward a little millinery store in a certain country village of which she knew. She had a decided talent for millinery, and, once established, she felt sure she could get on.

She looked at her slim hands and wondered if she could do scrubbing. Scrubbing women always seemed to have plenty of work, and housemaids were generally in request.

But Janet did not feel sure of herself in the maid-of-all-work line. She rembered the many disasters which had befallen her in her efforts at getting her own breakfasts and suppers, and put the idea of domestic service out of consideration.

Next morning the Widow Bailey indulged in the unwonted extravagance of a daily paper. A long delinquent lodger had unexpectedly paid and the widow celebrated her good luck. 'She liked to see the pictures,' she said, 'and reading the murders and suicides was as exclting as going to the the-ay-ter.'

She believed in special Providences, and she assured Janet that her buying that paper was 'one of the specialest Providences she had ever known, and she had known many.'

She pointed a very dingy index finger at an advertisement which stood at the head of the column of 'Female Help Wanted.'

It read: 'A young woman in good health, discreet and trusty, to go out on a Nevada ranch and care for an invalid. Duties light but location somewhat isolated. Address J. L. F., Belgrade, Nevada.'

Janet wrote to the address given, and in due time received a telegram saying: 'You can come. Wire me on what day and train.'

And so it happened that in less than a fortnight from the time Janet was dismissed from Pushit and Fall's in Chicago she was on her way to a new situation in the distant State of Nevada. As the great distances of the western plains unfolded before her, as the suns rose and set upon them, and still they spread out limitless, the magnitude of what she had done began to come over Janet, and to fill her with a sort of trembling and foreboding.

Had she done well in starting out upon such an uncertainty! She was tired, dusty and lonesome. The arid plains of that cloudless country made her eyes ache for a touch of greenness somewhere. The tremendous snowy wastes of the Wahsatch Mountains seemed to overpower her, and the profound desolation of the desert filled her with a strange sense of utter separation from her kind.

Belgrade was a mining town, off the main line of the railroad and well up toward the Sierra Nevadas. It was afternoon when the train drew up at the dingy station. The place swarmed with miners, who fell back and stared at Janet's grayclad figure as she stepped to the platform.

A tall, athletic man of thirty-five or thereabouts, who had left his team of smoking horses at the hitching post, came forward and accosted her.

'Is this Miss Brian? Yes, I thought so. This way if you please. Are you well wrapped up? The air is keen. That your trunk? Put it on behind, Hardy,' to the station-master; now, then, Gazelle, steady, girl!' and, touching the nervous off-horse lightly with the rein, they were off in a cloud of alkali dust, which rose up from the dry roadway.

'My name is Farnsworth,' said Janet's companion—'John Farnsworth, and I hope we shall be able to make you comfortable at Redwater Ranch. Your predecessor, Miss Angeline De Jones, married a herder. I trust you will not develop a tendency in favor of herders?'

Janet laughed a little nervously.

'No,' she said; 'I do not think I have a marrying tendency, developed or undeveloped. Is my invalid an elderly—person?'

'No, she is not elderly,' Farnsworth replied, and he shut his lips tight beneath his heavy mustache and gave the off-horse a cut with the whip. Janet understood that she was not to ask any questions.

It was a delicious evening, with suggestions of frost in the air. The light wind whipped the girl's cheek to crimson, and her dark eyes sparkled with delight as the wonderful panorama of mountain and valley unfolded before her.

It was getting dark when Farnsworth halted the team in front of a long, low line of buildings, where horses whinnied from the stables and dogs ran out to bark a hilarious welcome.

A man came from the rear of the house and led away the horses. Farnsworth flung open the door of the ranch house and ushered Janet into a low-ceiled apartment, where a great fire of logs burned on the wide hearth.

The floor was carpeted with the skins of wild animals, and the antlers of deer and moose hung on the walls. A pair of Navajo blankets depended from a cedar pole and screened a room at the back. Out from between these blankets an old woman came forward to meet Farnsworth and his companion.

'This is Miss Brian, Margaret,' said Farnsworth, 'give her a hot supper, and the room near—near Constantia.'

Old Margaret looked at Janet with a gaze in which curiosity and apprehension were curiously blended, and she spoke to Farnsworth in a low tone, which had in it something of expostulation.

'I—I am afraid she is too young, Master John. It is—it is—you know how it is with Constantia.'

'Cease your croaking!' the man said, imperiously. 'I have always been accustomed to trust my judgment. If not, then——" He did not finish the sentence, but strode away to the rooms in the rear, and as Janet looked after his tall, imposing figure, and noted his haughty bearing, she did not wonder that old Margaret seemed to shrink at his reprimand.

Janet's chamber looked out on the mountains. There was a fire on the hearth and deerskin rugs on the floor. There were Indian baskets on the tables, and curious water jugs and basins from the pottery treasures of the Pueblo Indians.

Feeling strangely small and out of place in the great immensity of space both within and without the house, Janet crept into bed, and wondered what the morrow would disclose.

After breakfast next morning old Margaret volunteered some slight information in regard to Constantia.

"Your duties will not be hard, but a little confining. I fear you are almost too young for the position. Constantia is not herself. She has been terribly unfortunate, and once she had a great shock which unsettled her reason. But we never talk about it. My master would turn us all out of doors if we gossiped about Constantia. I tell you this so you will understand the state of affairs. You are to amuse her, but never to talk to her about herself.'

'Who is Constantia?' Janet found herself inquiring.

'Constantia is—Constantia,' said the old woman and closed her mouth resolutely.

She conducted Janet to a room at the head of a short flight of stairs. It was fitted up in a style of oriental splendor, the like of which Janet had never seen.

Constantia was certainly the most beautiful woman Janet had ever beheld, but her great blue eyes, though luminous, were vacant. No soul looked out from their limpid depths. Her golden hair was loose, and fell in rippling length far below her waist. Her white hands blazed with jewels. She wore a white dress unbound by either band or girdle, but displaying, nevertheless, the graceful curves of a figure which all women might envy and over which men might rave.

'Constantia,' said Margaret, 'this is Janet Brian, who is to stay with you and keep you company.'

'This is Janet Brian, who is to keep me company,' repeated Constantia, toying with the rings on her slim fingers 'Janet Brian!'

For weeks the acquaintance between Janet and her singular charge progressed no farther than it did at the first interview. Constantia echoed everything her companion said with parrot-like accuracy. In her demeanor she was sweetness itself. She gave no trouble and yielded unquestioningly to anything Janet proposed.

She sat for hours every day gazing abstractedly out on the splintered mountain pile which stretched along the west, her hands idly folded in her lap and her lovely face calm and meaningless as an unruffled forest lake.

Of Farnsworth, Janet saw next to nothing. He was absorbed in the care of his flocks and herds, which roamed at will over the vast plains and grazed on the stretches of untilled land on the breezey mesas.

Beside his business in stock raising he held the controlling interest in the Crestline Mine, which lay far back on the northern side of the San Otero Mountains.

One February morning Janet, coming in from a walk which she had taken to quell a premonitory headache, met Mr. Farnsworth on the piazza. He glanced at her and then stopped.

'You look fagged out, Miss Brian,' he said. 'You should get more of our superb air. It is weary sitting with—with an invalid all the time. Can you ride a horse?'

'I could once, but it is so long ago that I do not know——'

'It would all come back to you—the love of it and the knack of it. I will give you Brown Lass to use. Every morning ride out to the fences—no farther, mind you. The range cattle are often savage. You must take no risks.'

Brown Lass proved to be a perfect glory in horseflesh, and the man or woman who owns and loves a horse can never be entirely alone or unhappy. With Brown Lass for a companion Janet got back her color; the old light came to her eyes, and her glass told her that she was once more like the beautiful young girl who, before the change in her father's fortunes, was the pride of his heart and the admiration of the select society of Chicago.

There was a good deal of trouble developing at the mine. Old Margaret had spoken of it casually, and the servants were talking it over a great deal. The water which was used at the mine for mechanical purposes had been diverted from the small ranch of a half-breed known as Grizzly Sam, and Sam and his family were continually doing some mischief to the works. Farnsworth had paid liberally for the water, but Sam would not allow that he had been fairly recompensed.

'There is gold and silver in the mountains for the working,' he was wont to say, 'but water! Water makes the wheat green, the cattle fat, the ponies fleet. Water is the gift of the Great spirit!'

Farnsworth was suspicious of Sam, and a watch was constantly kept upon his actions, but so far nothing of any great moment had been attempted by the half-breed. Still, Farnsworth and his overseer were always expecting trouble.

Several times in her wild scampers over the plains Janet had encountered Farnsworth, and sometimes he turned his horse and rode a few miles by her side. Janet vaguely wondered why it was that at such times the sky seemed so clear, the sunshine so bright, and the wild western world so beautiful.

One afternoon he overtook her as she was riding down toward the sparse line of cottonwoods which marked the now dry water course.

He rode on beside her, remarking absently about the weather and the low lying bank of clouds on the peaks of the distant Sierras.

'I hope you are comfortable here,' he said, gravely. 'I have blamed myself sometimes for allowing you to come and bury yourself in this desolate place, but then, you see, I did not know until I had seen you——'

He stopped abruptly, and Janet was on the point of asking him what it was he did not know, when he resumed his speech:

'But it never seems desolate to me. I love Nevada. I love its clear skies, its matchless sunshine, its wastes of sand, its mountains that have companionship with the sky!'

He removed his hat as he spoke, and looked off reverently toward the purple heights glowing in the fervent sun—the lofty peaks rising like a wall of crystal above the high mesa over which they were riding.

'I am contented and happy here,' Janet said; 'I shall always be glad that I was led hither. It somehow seems so near to Nature and to God.'

'And Constantia? Constantia likes you. She does not make it hard for you? All that I may do—all that I can do for her I must do. And I ——' He paused and looked quickly and apprehensively at the darkening sky.

His horse threw up his head, sniffed the air uneasily and pawed the earth with impatient hoof. Brown Lass snorted, her little body quivered and broke out into sudden sweat.

A hot, sulphurous breath of air swept over the mesa, and the dry grass beneath the horses' feet seemed to change to tinder

Clouds of brassy hue had swallowed up the sun, and yet there was no visible cloud in the heavens. Farnsworth seized the bridle of Brown Lass and wound it around his wrist. He detached his saddle blanket and threw it over the head of Janet.

'It is a sandstorm,' he said, briefly, 'and on this exposed mesa it means—it may mean almost anything dis-

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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