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, JANUARY 26, 1906. VOL. 75--NO. 4.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In view of the many inquiries that have been most naturally made during the past week, it becomes our duty to make a frank statement to the public.

Because of the fact that a number of persons are interested in the AMERICAN SENTINEL and job printing office; for the protection of all these interests the undersigned were by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, appointed Receivers, and will continue the publication of the AMERICAN SENTINEL and all the work of the office, under the same business and editorial management that existed before the death of Mrs. E. J. Rippard.

So far as the interests of the public are concerned there is no change whatever in the conduct of the office, and we solicit the continued patronage of subscribers and advertisers, assuring them that they will receive as in the past, faithful and efficient service.

E. O. GRIMES, Jr.,
W. L. SEABROOK,
Receivers.

PUBLIC SALES OF VALUABLE REAL and PERSONAL PROPERTY.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., the subscribers, as executors of John Arthur, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, situated along the road from Westminster to Taneytown—about 8 miles from the former place and 4 miles from the latter, on

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1906,

at 9 o'clock, A. M., sharp, the following Real Estate, to-wit: A small tract of land containing about FOUR ACRES, upon which the improvements are an 8-room Log Dwelling House, Weatherboarded, with Summer House adjoining; Barn, Hog House, Smoke House, Hen House, and other outbuildings, with a Well of good Water convenient to the buildings, an abundance of good fruit, &c. All the buildings, are in good condition, the land fertile. The property is convenient to churches, schools, stores, &c, and is a very desirable little home.

Also, at the same time and place the following Personal Property will be sold:

1 Bay Mare, good driver; 1 new Falling Top Buggy, 1 Stick Wagon, 1 good Hand Cart, 2 sets Buggy Harness, one new; forks, shovels, rakes, hoes, &c.; a lot of Hay, Straw and Fodder, a lot Boards, Rails, Coal, a large pile of cut Wood, about 300 lbs. Bacon, a lot of Fried Down Sausage, Pork Steak, Apple Butter, Potatoes by the bushel, barrel of Vinegar, 50 barrels of Corn, one-half interest in 19 acres of growing Wheat, and half interest in 3 acres of growing Rye, 2 shot guns. Also Household and Kitchen Furniture, consisting of 4 Bedsteads and Bedding, complete, Bureaus, Wardrobes, 2 Clocks, Looking Glasses, Wash Stands, chairs, tables, towel racks, large lot of carpets by the yard, oil cloth, rugs, blankets, bedspreads, comforts, quilts, sheets, bolsters and pillow cases, napkins, towels, tidies, 2 self-feeder Coal Stoves, 1 Comfort Range, in good condition; sink, kitchen table, washing machine, iron kettle and stand, lots of queens and glassware, kitchen utensils, generally, jarred fruit of all kinds, &c.

The subscribers, as executors aforesaid, will also sell at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10th, 1906,

at 1 o'clock P. M., that valuable little Farm, located along the road leading from the old plank road to the Uniontown county road, about 1 mile from Tyrone and 2 miles from Uniontown and containing

55 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

adjoining lands of David H. Hahn, Lewis Myers, Calvin Dodrer and others. The improvements thereon consist of a comfortable and commodious Log House, weatherboarded; fine Bank Barn and all other necessary outbuildings, with water convenient to the buildings. The land is under good cultivation and productive, with good fencing, and the buildings are all in good condition. This is a very desirable small farm and well worthy the attention of persons desiring such property.

Terms of Sale of Real Estate.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid to said executors on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the said court, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in 6 months and the other in 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

Terms of Personal Property.—All sums of $5 and under, cash: on all sums above $5 a credit of 9 months will be given, purchasers giving their notes with approved security, and bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until terms are complied with.

ROBERT ARTHUR,
DAVID SHORB,
jan 12 4t Executors.

E. Oliver Grimes, Jr., Attorney at Law.

NO. 4263 EQUITY.

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

EX-PARTE. In the matter of the Trust Estate of C. Edwin Helwig, Ralph J. Royer Trustee.

Ordered, this 12th day of January, A. D. 1906, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, that this court take jurisdiction in the Trust Estate of the said C. Edwin Helwig and that the said Ralph J. Royer, trustee, settle said Trust Estate under the supervision and control of the said Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity. And it is further ordered that the said Ralph J. Royer, Trustee in the above named cause, give the usual notice to the creditors of the said C. Edwin Helwig who were such prior to the 11th day of January, A. D. 1906, to file their claims, properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County on or before the 19th day of March, by causing a copy of this order to be published in some newspaper in Carroll County, once a week for four successive weeks before the 12th day of February, A. D. 1906.

WM. H. THOMAS.

True copy.—Test:
jan 12 4t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
December Term, 1905.
Estate of Oliver J. Hoover, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 15th day of January, 1906, that the sale of the real estate of Oliver J. Hoover, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Rebecca Hoover and Geo. O. D. Hoover, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this court by the said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 3rd Monday, 26th day of February 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, 12th day of February, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $280.00.

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

True copy.—Test:
jan 19 3t J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

WILLIAM H. SHAEFFER,

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 9th day of August, 1906, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 9th day of January, 1906.

HARRY K. SHAEFFER,
FRANK T. SHAEFFER,
jan 12 4t Administrators.

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

SARAH SWARTZBAUGH,

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 2nd day of August, 1906; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of January, 1906.

DANIEL F. SHIPLEY,
jan 6 4t Executor.

CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WESTMINSTER, Md.
Office No, 7 Court Street, 12 tf

Babylon & Lippy Co.

"The New Stores!"

Great Discount and Clean Up Sale

—OF—

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Overcoats and Hats

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, WILL CONTINUE UNTIL

January 31st, at a Discount of 25 Per Cent.

☞ AVAIL YOURSELF OF THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY AND SUPPLY YOUR WANTS. ☜

Ladies' and Misses' Suits and Coats.

Ladies' and Misses' Suits and Coats are nearing the end; some of them we have made the unusual low price for such stylish and handsome garments

From $12.00 to $7.50.

If you want bargains visit this department.

Children's Coats, worth $2.50, during this cut price sale **$1.59.**

Flannelette Kimonos and Wrappers, a few of each kind left, will offer them for 10 days at a great reduction.

Ladies' Black Satteen Skirts.

An unusual lot of good quality black mercerized Satteen Skirts, in all sizes, fully worth one-third more than we ask for them, we place on sale, first-floor, middle counter, at **$1.00.**

Golf Jackets or Sweaters.

25 Per Cent Off.

Too many to carry over hence the great reduction to close them out, in all sizes and colors, for Misses and Women. Just the thing for the winter months, at **25 Per Cent Off.**

Embroideries and Laces.

For rare bargains in Embroideries and Torchon Laces, visit this counter, where you will find goods fully worth 10c yd. going at **5c Yd.,** and plenty to select from.

Dress Ginghams and Seersuckers.

Just received, a handsome assortment of Dress Ginghams and Seersuckers, all Spring Styles, full width and good quality, fully worth 10 cents yard, our price until sold 7 cents yard. These goods are exceptionally good goods

For 7 Cents Yard.

Muslin Underwear.

We have placed on sale in our Muslin Underwear department, (2nd floor) the most complete line of underwear this house ever carried, in all kinds, qualities and prices, namely: Corset Covers **12½ Cents Each,** worth that to sit down and make it without considering the cost of Muslin. Children's Drawers, **10 Cents Pair** and up, good quality muslin. Ladies' Gowns, from **50 Cents Up,** fully worth 65 to 70 Cents.

Bat Cotton.

6 Bales 12½ cent Bat Cotton we offer until sold **At 10 Cents Lb.**

Blankets and Comforts.

Our Blanket and Comfort department means a great saving to you at our greatly reduced prices. The assortments are getting small and many lots entirely gone. Just to think a first class 8 lb. Comfort, well made, for **98 Cents,** would be cheap at $1.25.

We appreciate your patronage and trust you will always find our stores homelike and our counters and shelves filled with the goods and prices advertised.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Cash Department Stores,

BABYLON BUILDING, Opposite Liberty Street, WESTMINSTER, MD.

300 OVERCOATS, 500 Suits,

That Must Be SOLD AT

SHARRER & GORSUCH'S, Westminster,

The store at which if you are wise you will always buy Men's and Boy's Clothing, because they sell you best Suits and Overcoats at LOWEST PRICES.

BEGINNING January 2nd,

A GENUINE REDUCTION ON SPLENDID

Winter Suits and Overcoats.

Special Big Bargain in Stylish Fancy Overcoats. $18 Coats $12. $15 Coats $10. Young men, if you want the latest don't miss this offer. BIG CUT IN PRICES ON

BOYS' and YOUTHS' OVERCOATS.

A lot of Youths' Fine Suits, $2 to $3 reduction on each Suit. Men's Elegant $15 and $16 Suits $13.00. Bargains in cheaper Suits $5 to $10. $23 and $25 HANDSOME WORSTED SUIT PATTERNS, made to order this month. $19, $18 and $20 qualities now $16. $16 patterns $13.50. Stylish Rain Coats $10 and $12. A few Fine FUR GLOVES AND COLLARS left at a reduction. Still selling best 38c Underwear in Carroll county. Lots of Fine Underwear to keep you warm. Also good Sweaters and Cardigan Jackets at low prices. Everyone comes here for Men's and Boys' best Cord Pants.

feb 10 1y 13 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

BEFORE STOCK TAKING!

To reduce our stock before stock taking we have some GOOD BARGAINS TO OFFER YOU:

50 pairs Ladies' Shoes, broken sizes, worth $3.00 and $3.50, at $2.50.
Men's Working Coats, worth $1.50 and $1.75. at $1.25.
Men's Puff Ties worth 50c at 25c.
Boys' Fleeced Underwear worth 30c at 20c.
Rubbers of every description at Rock Bottom Prices.
GIVE ME A CALL.

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

MITCHELL'S ART GALLERY,

FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN ALL KINDS OF

Photographs and Large Work.

J. D. MITCHELL, over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md.
KODAK FILMS FOR SALE. feb 19 04 1y

GUY W. STEELE, LAWYER,
No. 21 Court St., Westminster
au19-9

GEORGE O. BRILHART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WESTMINSTER, MD.
Office with Chas. E. Fink, Esq., Court St. Residence New Windsor.

FREE. MATCH SAFE FREE.
WITH EVERY LOAF OF

A B C Bread.

Mixed and Baked Where You Can See It:
ANY HOUR OF THE DAY OR NIGHT.
Free From Adulteration. Absolutely Free.
Made in the Most Wonderful Hygienic Bakery in the World by the most Modern and Latest Improved Machinery.
Be sure to ask for A. B. C. Bread. For Sale by all Grocers, Leading Hotels, Restaurants and Lunch Rooms.
LABEL ON EACH LOAF.
AMERICAN BREAD and PIE Co.,
104, 106, 108, 110 W. Barre St., Baltimore, Md.

SULLIVAN'S NEW STORE NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

Having disposed of my interest in the firm of Keefer & Sullivan, of Westminster, including all goods in their store, to Mr. Wm. N. Keefer, and having purchased from Mr. John T. Wampler his store building on West Main street, I have opened a

NEW STORE in said Building.

I have stocked the store with New Goods in all lines, and will have no old stock of any description whatever. I will keep

GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS,

and all sorts of family supplies, such as Flour, Lard, Buttter, Eggs, Coffees, Teas, Potatoes, Soaps, and all other cleansing goods, Lamp Chimneys, and in fact everything pertaining to household uses, a line of Confectionery, &c. Also a full line of

Horse and Chicken Foods, Baled Hay, Straw, Bran,

Shorts, Screenings, Corn—shelled and in the ear—Oats, and other Grains, Cattle and Chicken Powders, &c. All goods will be sold at Fair Prices and Quality Guaranteed. I will keep a delivery wagon and have C. & P. 'Phone and will deliver free and promptly all goods ordered by 'phone or at the store.

I thank the customers of Keefer & Sullivan for their liberal patronage during my connection with that firm respectfully request the citizens of Westminster and vicinity to give me a share of their custom. By strict attention to business, fair dealing and selling goods for precisely what they will be represented to be, and as low as the lowest, I hope to merit the confidence and liberal support of the public.

Very Respectfully,
MILTON A. SULLIVAN, No. 90 West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
jan 6 06

FOR RENT.

The Dwelling House recently occupied by Guy W. Steele, Esq., on Court St. Eight rooms and modern improvements. Reasonable repairs or improvements will be made to suit tenant. Immediate possession given.



jan 5 tf CHARLES E. FINK.

STOCKHOLDER'S MEETING.

The Stockholders of the Farmer's Fertilizer Company, of Carroll County, are hereby notified to meet at the Company's Office in Westminster, on

TUESDAY, 6TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1906, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the transaction of such business as may be brought before them.

By order of the Board,
JOHN ROYER,
jan 12 4t Secretary.

Protect Yourself From Loss BY WIND-STORMS.

Wind-Storm insurance Policies Issued very low and losses promptly adjusted. No charge for Policy to persons who have their Fire Insurance in this Agency. Drop a postal card to or call on

JAMES E. SMITH,
General Insurance Agent,
No. 7 Court Street,
ap-28- Westminster, Md.

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

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

There are no days like the good old days,
The days when we were youthful!
When humankind were pure of mind,
And speech and deeds were truthful;
Before a love for sordid gold
Became man's ruling passion,
And before each dame and maid became
Slave of the tyrant fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls—
Against the world I'd stake 'em!
As buxum and smart, and clean of heart
As the Lord knows how to make 'em!
They were rich in spirit and common sense
And piety all supportin';
They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too,
And they made such likely courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys—
When we were boys together!
When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet
That dimpled the laughing heather;
When the pewees sang to the summer dawn
Of the bee in the billowy clover,
Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will
Echoed his night song over.

There is no love like the good old love—
The love that mother gave us!
We are old, old men, yet we pine again
For that precious grace—God gave us!
So we dream and dream of the good old times,
And our hearts grew tenderer, fonder,
As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams
Old Heaven away off yonder.

—Eugene Field.

THE DERELICT.

—:o:—

Jim Bannister jumped out of the train, his black bag in his hand, and his eyes went ranging up and down the platform in search of his wife and children. They generally were there to meet him when he came down from town on Friday evening. Finding they were not visible, he left the station and took the road that led away from the town and the harbor towards the new suburb which had of late years set up in business as a watering place. It was cheap and healthy, and the boys liked to go down to the harbor and see the ships and talk of the sailors.

Bannister soon got out of town, for he was walking fast, but as the road began to rise his pace became slower till, as he neared the bend where the road turned toward the cluster of red brick villas, he was going quite leisurely.

A man was sitting on the stile at the corner—a tramp, he seemed to be. Bannister frowned. He was a hard-working man himself, and he did not like tramps—perhaps envied them a little. His face assumed a stern look as he went along.

As he approached the man got up and came slowly toward him. Yes, he was a tramp; there could be no doubt of it. His rough pilot cloth trousers were worn and stained. He wore no shirt, for the old tweed jacket was buttoned up to the neck. On his head was a battered soft felt hat; on his feet a pair of coarse seaman's shoes.

He stopped as he drew near the respectable man with the black bag, but he did not say a word. Bannister looked at him. Their eyes met, and the unspoken appeal was more eloquent than any words could have been. Plainly the man was a derelict.

So clear was the expression in the man's face that Bannister answered him as if he had spoken.

'Sorry I have nothing for you.'

The man's swarthy cheeks flushed.

'Did I ask you for anything?' he said. Then the next instant: 'I beg your pardon. I am wrong. I did, though not in so many words.'

"You look as if you need help,' Jim said awkwardly.

'Then my looks only tell the truth,' said the derelict, and as he spoke he smiled. The smile startled Bannister. This was the face of a cultivated man, of what one calls a gentleman, dirty and unshaven as it was. He felt that he could not offer this tramp a copper.

'I am sorry,' he said hastily, 'but I can't stop to hear your story to-night——'

'Did I offer to tell it?' said the man calmly.

'No. Yet I should like to hear it.'

'I don't see the object of my telling it. It is a very common one. I quarreled with my best friend, an uncle. He treated me unjustly or I thought he did. So I ran away to Australia to seek my fortune, and I found—this.'

He ended with a rueful downward glance at his tattered raiment.

'So you made your way back to the old country?' Bannister said, absently fingering the coins in his trousers pocket.

'Yes—and to the old town. And now that I have got here I can't find the courage to speak to a soul. You see, I worked my passage home, and I scarcely think any of my old friends would now be pleased to see me.'

He gave a short bitter laugh.

'But you must have some relatives?'

'Only the uncle I told you of. He is dead. I have seen his grave in the churchyard. And the old house is in the hands of strangers.'

By this time they were moving on side by side, for Bannister was anxious to get home.

'I should like to ask your opinion about one thing,' said the derelict, abruptly.

'Well, what is it?'

'In books, when a man goes off as I did there is generally some one that cares for him. Now how long do you think a girl would be likely to wait for a fellow, never getting word or sign from him all the time? Would she be likely to wait five years, do you think?'

Jim Bannister could have laughed aloud. He could have laughed at the idea of any girl waiting five years for an absent lover, without a word to show that he yet cared for her. He could have laughed at the idea of any woman waiting for the human wreck at his side. He could have laughed at the eager look on the man's half-savage face as he put his absurd question.

But there was a pathetic look in the brown eyes, and Bannister did not laugh. As he kept on looking the inclination to laugh died away altogether. Instead, he gave the answer that seemed to him at the moment the only possible one to give.

'A girl would wait ten years—twenty years—for the man she loved. That is, if she were a true woman. I am certain of it. I know it by my—I mean I am sure of it, from women I have known. Time makes no difference in their love. And absence only makes them love more strongly.'

'You really think so?' asked the tramp, in a choking voice.

'I do.'

The tramp stood still.

'I am glad to hear you say that,' he said, huskily. 'I am glad I asked you the question. You have put new life into me. Good-night, sir.' And he was turning away.

'This will get you a bed and some supper,' said Bannister, handing him a silver coin.

The tramp looked from the money to the giver.

'I should like to send this back to you when I can,' he said. 'Will you tell me your name?'

'You needn't mind, but my name is Bannister. We are staying here for the rest of the month. Good-night.' He waved his hand and was gone.

The tramp leaned over a gate, thinking. He could see the chimneys of the house that had been his uncle's, the house he had hoped would one day be his own. It belonged to Charley Hudson now. So he had been told in the town.

But Margaret had preferred him, though some called him a ne'er-do-well. Was it poasible that she had been waiting for him all these years?

The very thought made his heart burn. It seemed impossible. It was too much to expect from any girl. Yet that man—what was his name? Bannister—he had seemed to think it quite likely. He must find out. He must get some decent clothes so that he might make inquiries. Some one in the town must know what had become of her.

Another thing—he must send back that money to Bannister as soon as possible. But how was he to find him? He knew the man's name, but not his address; and he was only a summer visitor. He might not be able to repay the money for weeks. He turned and began running after Bannister as well as his clumsy shoes would let him. A little ahead there was a bend in the road, and he felt sure that once around that corner he would catch sight of him.

He turned the corner, and saw Bannister, but he was not alone. A girl in a light gray costume was coming rapidly to meet him. Two children darted from her side, and outrunning her, threw themselves into their father's arms.

The two, the man and the woman, came close together. She held up her face, and he stooped and kissed it.

It was not till then that he saw her face. Margaret!

His heart stood still. He would not believe it. Had not the man said ——? But, of course, he could not know.

Was it Margaret? He did not feel quite sure, now that her back was turned to him. But he felt that he must know at once.

At one side of the road there was a thick hedge, and a field on the other side of it. The tramp ran back to the gate, climbed over it, and then ran, under cover of the hedge, so as to pass beyond the little group. There was no difficulty about it. The hedge screened him completely. He could see them coming slowly along. The woman had her hand on her companion's arm, and she smiled into his face as they talked. It was Margaret herself.

He could hear the man's voice now, and he crouched lower, lest he might be seen.

'The poor fellow actually asked me if I thought a girl would wait five years for an absent lover, and I hadn't the heart to say what I thought. I said: 'Yes—twenty years!' Poor chap, I suppose he fancies somebody is waiting for him.'

The voice ceased; and the tramp, peering out from his hiding place, saw that Margaret had withdrawn her hand from the man's arm, and was walking a little apart from him.

'So she hasn't told him anything about me. Naturally!' said the tramp to himself.

He got back to the road, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, his fingers closed on the piece of money. In another instant he had dashed it down on the road, and was hastening back to the harbor.

That night he spent in an outhouse. The next day, driven by hunger, he went to a farm house, asking for work, but hoping to get some food. The farmer, by way of a joke, offered him a job, and seemed surprised when he jumped at the offer.

By degrees the tramp began to assume the appearance of a decent working man. He wore moleskins instead of his old rags; on week-days he worked hard; but on Sundays he went and lay on the sand and listened to the surf breaking on the beach, and dreamed.

One Sunday afternoon, a little mite, three or four years old, got surrounded by the tide as she was building a castle on the sand. There was not a shadow of danger, but it was impossible to reach her dryshod. The tramp waded through the water, picked up the child, and looked around for her mother.

It was Margaret who dropped her book and came flying over the sands —Margaret!

He put the little one down gently and turned away.

In a moment there was a pattering of soft footsteps behind him.

'Won't you let me thank you——? Oh, Alan, it is you! Don't you know me?'

'Yes Margaret, I know you, but I thought I had better keep away from you. I've treated you badly, precious badly. But I can't stand by and see you another man's wife.'

'Aunt Margaret! Auntie! Me want 'oo!' piped a childish voice. Alan Dean gave a great start. His heart beat wildly.

'What?' he cried. 'You are not the child's mother? You are not Mr. Bannister's wife?'

'No. No, Alan. Jim Bannister married my sister. I—I knew you would come back, and I waited!'

'Your uncle found out after you had gone,' Margaret said, as they made their way slowly homeward a good hour afterwards, 'that he was quite wrong. He had made a mistake in the accounts, and you were perfectly honest. He bitterly repented his words to you and would have written if he had known where to address you. He told me so himself. And to show that he was convinced that he had misjudged you he left you a half share of everything he had. The house is yours, and the farm with it.'

'Why, I thought Charley Hudson was to have that. He was the favorite, you know.'

'Yes, but your uncle thought he owed you some reparation for thinking you had cheated him, and so driving you away from home. He died almost four years ago. My sister had been married some time before that.'

'And you, my dearest? What have you been doing?'

'Oh, I live in London now. I have pupils. And, I have been—waiting.'

He turned suddenly and caught her to his breast. 'Please God, my little girl," he whispered, as he strained her yet closer to him, 'our waiting days are nearly over!'

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

The Boast of Health.

All doctors know that just before death the patient often experiences what is called a "rally," nature making apparently her last stand against the symptoms which we call death, and it is quite likely that the feeling which induces men to boast of health is of the same kind—an effort of nature to protect us against the coming sickness which the body has recognized, though the mind has not. The phenomenon occurs every day in the cases of consumptive patients, who brighten up and grow hopeful just when the disease is about to strike its hardest blows, and it is quite possible that it is more frequent than has yet been recognized that the approach of fever, for example, is signaled by an unusual consciousness of health. "I have never felt so well in my life," says the patient, who twenty-four hours after is lying prostrate and whose friends quote his statement as illustrating once more the ancient and depressing belief.

The boast had nothing to do with the illness, but it preceded it, and men, attracted by the violent contrast, almost instinctively link the two together as in some way and to some extent cause and effect. Next time those who heard it, if they feel that rush of health in their veins, will avoid boasting of it, and the relation of the two will escape attention. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that boasting is of itself a sign of weakness, either temporary or permanent, and that consequently failure follows boasting more frequently than it follows silence. The perfect driver says he is perfect just when he is most careless, and the resulting skill is remembered when the thousand and one escapes due to the same driver's skill and hardihood are clean forgotten.—London Spectator.

Isaacs—"Wasn't there a fire in your store last Wednesday?"

Cohen—"No, not last Wednesday, next Tuesday."

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