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 8, 1906. VOL. 75--NO. 23.

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.

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

FRANCES S. STARR,

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 29th day of December, 1906; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate

Given under my hand this 29th day of May, 1906.

DENTON S. GEHR,
ju 1 4t Executor.

Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale of Personal Property.

By virtue of a mortgage from David A. Brown, et al., to William Y. Frizzell, and duly assigned, the undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at the Citizens' Lumber and Coal Company, in Westminster, Md., on

MONDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1906,
at 2 o'clock, P. M.,
ONE ROAN MARE, 5 years old;
ONE WHITE COW.

Terms, Cash.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Walsh and Stocksdale, Attorneys.
jun 1 4t E. N. Davis, Auct.

Assignee of Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale of Valuable Personal Property,

In Westminster, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from David A. Brown, and Joshua W. Brown, to William Y. Frizzell, bearing date on the 1st day of October, A. D. 1904, and duly recorded among the chattel records of Carroll county, in Liber D. P. S. No. 21, folio 15 &c., and duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises of the Citizens' Lumber, Coal & Supply Co., in Westminster, Md., on

MONDAY, JUNE 25th, 1906,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following property:

One Geiser R. E. No. 10029, of the Geiser manufactory make; 1 Geiser Engine No. 4,-601, of the Geiser make, GOOD AS NEW.

Both of these Engines are in good condition, with tools, wheels, and all appliances belonging thereto.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on day of sale; balance in six months, credit payment to be secured by note of the purchaser or purchasers, with interest from day of sale; or all cash, at option of purchasers.

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL,
Assignee of Assignee of Mortgagee.

Geo E. Stocksdale, M. E. Walsh, Solicitors.
Elias N. Davis, auctioneer.

At same time and place, will be sold 1 new Lumber Saw Mill, Cable Feed, Geiser make, No. 2589, complete; 1 new 48 inch Inserted Tooth Circle Saw, 1 Chase Shingle Saw Mill, No. 762, including 46-inch Circle Saw, endless Driving Belt, 2 small Belts, Truck and Tools complete; 1 Block Saw Mill, with 38-inch Circle Saw and Truck; 1 Broadtread Wagon.

Terms of sale as above.

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL.
ju 1 4t

LIST OF JUDGES OF ELECTION AND OFFICERS OF REGISTRATION, ADDITIONAL JUDGES AND CLERKS OF ELECTION AND GATEKEEPERS OF CARROLL COUNTY, IN THE STATE OF MARYLAND.

Office of the Board of Supervisors of Election of Carroll County.
WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND, May 28, 1906.

By virtue of and in accordance with Section 10 of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws of the State of Maryland, as amended by Chap. 464 of the Acts of the General assembly of Maryland, passed at its January session, 1900, notice is hereby given that the Board of Supervisors of Election of Carroll County has appointed the following named persons to serve for one year as Judges of Election and Officers of Registration, (hereinafter designated as "Registrars") Judges and Clerks of Election and Gatekeepers of the several Election Districts of Carroll County. Those in the list marked "Democrats" being intended to represent the Democratic party, and those in the list marked "Republicans" being intended to represent the Republican party.

DEMOCRATIC OFFICERS OF ELECTION:

District No. 1, Taneytown, Precinct No. 1—Samuel H. Little, Registrar, Taneytown; Harry Senft, Judge, Taneytown; Augustus Heuler, Clerk, Taneytown; Elwood Classen, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 1, Precinct No. 2—Franklin P. Reaver, Registrar, Taneytown; Jacob Fringer, Judge, Taneytown; David S. Clousher, Clerk, Taneytown; Wm. Erb, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 2, Uniontown, Precinct No. 1—Nevin G. Hiteshew, Registrar, Uniontown; John Stone, Judge, Union Bridge; Hamilton Fritz, Clerk, Westminster, Carrier 6; Orvil Hamberg, Gatekeeper, Uniontown.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 2—O. Edward Dodrer, Registrar, Mayberry; John W. Few, Judge, Frizellburg; Charles Marker, Clerk, Tyrone; John T. Beaver, Gatekeeper, Taneytown, Carrier 20.

District No. 3, Myers'—D. Wesley Yingling, Registrar, Union Mills; W. L. D. Frock, Judge, Deep Run; John Maus, Clerk, Silver Run; Raymond Stonesifer, Gatekeeper, Union Mills.

District No. 4, Woolery's, Precinct No. 1—Robert L. Shipley, Registrar, Finksburg; Amos E. Evans, Judge, Carrollton; Reuben J. Leppo, Clerk, Patapsco; Milton L. Brown, Gatekeeper, Sandyville.

District No. 4, Precinct No. 2—Thomas I. Griffee, Registrar, Westminster, Carrier 28; Eli C. Davis, Judge, Westminster, Carrier 48; Morgan W. Jordan, Clerk, Westminster, Carrier 52; Robert Caple, Gatekeeper, Bird Hill.

District No. 5, Freedom, Precinct No. 1—Simon H. Gollbart, Registrar, Sykesville, Milton D. Norris, Judge, Sykesville; Pearce C. Prough, Clerk, Sykesville; James M. Shipley, Sr., Gatekeeper, Sykesville.

District No. 5, Precinct No. 2—Sylvester P. Lewis, Registrar, Berrett; Francis J. Albaugh, Judge, Westminster, Carrier 48; John W. Fleming, Clerk, Woodbine; Henry C. Cook, Sr., Gatekeeper, Woodbine.

District No. 6, Manchester, Precinct No. 1—Henry Berwager, Registrar, Manchester; Theo. R. Strevig, Judge, Manchester; Wm. Edward Lucabaugh, Clerk, Alesia; Rinehart Hoofnagle, Gatekeeper, Millers.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 2—Clinton V. Lippy, Registrar, Manchester; Simon Giggard, Judge, Cranberry; J. Thos Yingling, Clerk, Westminster, Carrier 53; Wm. N. Cross, Gatekeeper, Snydersburg.

District No. 7, Westminster, Precinct No. 1—Abraham Winters, Registrar, Westminster; Walter M. Graham, Judge, Westminster; Wm. Harry Buckingham, Clerk, Westminster; Charles A. Horner, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 2—Charles T. Swinderman, Registrar, Westminster; Denton S. Wareheim, Judge, Westminster; Peter M. Ruthrauff, Clerk, Westminster; Joseph Sheeler, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 3—Charles W. Moore, Registrar, Westminster; Joseph A. Waseche, Judge, Westminster; Norman B. Boyle, Clerk, Westminster; Wm. H. Grumbine, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 4—Edward O. Diffendal, Registrar, Westminster, Charles E. Eckenrode, Judge, Westminster; E. Harry Allison, Clerk, Westminster; John Greenholtz, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 8, Hampstead—John W. Shank, Registrar, Hampstead; Ananias Rineman, Judge, Hampstead; Samuel Giroin, Clerk, Hampstead; Jesse L. Leister, Gatekeeper, Hampstead.

District No. 9, Franklin—Lewis C. Franklin, Registrar, New Windsor, Carrier No. 8; William Yohn, Judge, Westminster, Wagon A; Thos. H. Koontz, Clerk, Westminster, Wagon A; Charles W. Keefer, Gatekeeper, Westminster, Wagon A.

District No. 10, Middleburg—John A. Harmon, Registrar, Middleburg; John T. Green, Judge, Union Bridge, Carrier 40; Scott M. White, Clerk, York Road; John W. Frock, Gatekeeper, York Road.

District No. 11, New Windsor—Thomas C. Slingluff, Registrar, New Windsor; John G. Snader, Judge, New Windsor; Harvey G. Haines, Clerk, New Windsor; John L. Piper, Gatekeeper, New Windsor.

District No. 12, Union Bridge—Harvey O. Haines, Registrar, Union Bridge; William O'Conner, Judge, Union Bridge; Charles C. Little, Clerk, Union Bridge; John Arbaugh, Gatekeeper, Union Bridge.

District No. 13, Mt. Airy—Caleb W. Selby, Registrar, Mt. Airy; Wm. J. Brashear, Judge, Mt. Airy; Emory O. Harrison, Clerk, Mt. Airy; Thos. A. Hood, Gatekeeper, Mt. Airy.

REPUBLICAN OFFICERS OF ELECTION:

District No. 1, Taneytown, Precinct No. 1—Charles E. H. Shriner, Registrar, Taneytown; John J. Reid, Judge, Taneytown; David Baughman, Clerk, Taneytown; Calvin Smith, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 1, Precinct No. 2—Harry L. Feaser, Registrar, Taneytown; J. Harry Lambert, Judge, Taneytown; Norman R. Hess, Clerk, Taneytown; David Hilterbridle, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 2, Uniontown, Precinct No. 1—Melvin W. Routzahn, Registrar, Uniontown; W. Morris Haines, Judge, Linwood; Charles E Bankerd, Clerk, Westminster, Carrier 6; Levi Rowe, Gatekeeper, Uniontown.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 2—Harry L. Rinehart, Registrar, Frizellburg; Ezra D. Stuller, Judge, Tyrone; John T. Haifley, Clerk, Frizellburg; William N. Babylon, Gatekeeper, Frizellburg.

District No. 3, Myers'—Edward H. Brown, Registrar, Union Mills; John W. Aulkin, Judge, Silver Run; Moses J. M. Troxell, Clerk, Westminster, Carrier 21; Edward M. Miller, Gatekeeper, Deep Run.

District No. 4, Woolery's, Precinct No. 1—Wm. Tracy, Registrar, Patapsco; Wm. M. Gist, Judge, Lamotte; Arthur C. Chew, Clerk, Patapsco; E. Bradley Ward, Gatekeeper, Westminster, Carrier No. 4.

District No. 4, Precinct No. 2—Geo. B. Knox, Registrar, Westminster, Carrier 52; John L. Rosenburger, Judge, Westminster, Carrier 52; Samuel S. Monroe, Clerk, Gamber; Levi T. Frizzell, Gatekeeper, Gamber.

District No. 5, Freedom, Precinct No. 1—Charles W. Melville, Registrar, Sykesville; Eli T. Frizzell, Judge, Eldersburg; Thos. H. Bennett, Clerk, Sykesville; Nathan Hymiller, Gatekeeper, Sykesville.

District No. 5, Precinct No. 2—Frances J. Leatherwood, Registrar, Mt. Airy, Carrier 9; Wm. F. Fowble, Judge, Woodbine; J. Wilbur Shipley, Clerk, Gist; Silas Jenkins, Gatekeeper, Berrett.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 1—John K. Miller, Registrar, Miller's; G. W. J. Everhart, Judge, Manchester; Horatio F. Leese, Clerk, Manchester; Wm. J. Eisenbrown, Gatekeeper, Manchester.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 2—Cornelius Miller, Registrar, Manchester; Thomas J. Brown, Judge, Manchester; Geo. E Smith, Clerk, Snydersburg; Geo. Ament, Gatekeeper, Manchester.

District No. 7, Westminster, Precinct No. 1—J. Webster Ebaugh, Registrar, Westminster; John W. Routzahn, Judge, Westminster; Chas L. Wampler, Clerk, Westminster; Theodore Zimmerman, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 2—James M. Stoner, Registrar, Westminster; George Stouch, Judge, Westminster; Granville Lippy, Clerk, Westminster; John Greenwood, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No 7, Precinct No. 3—J. Edwin Weaver, Registrar, Westminster; A. Baiely Morelock, Judge, Westminster Wm. T. Kimmey, Clerk, Westminster; Jeremiah Robertson, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 4—Samuel C. Stoner, Registrar, Westminster; John C. Shreeve, Judge, Westminster; Denton Gehr, Clerk, Westminster; Nelson H. Bankerd, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 8, Hampstead—E. Watson Turner, Registrar, Hampstead; Joseph H. Lippy, Judge, Snydersburg; Lawrence Wooden, Clerk, Hampstead; James L. Shugar, Gatekeeper, Hampstead.

District No. 9, Franklin—Marcus D. L. Pickett, Registrar, Winfield; J. T. Farver, Judge, Winfield; Oliver T. Buckman, Clerk, Winfield.

District No 10, Middleburg—John H. Shirk, Registrar, Middleburg; Alfred N. Forney, Judge, York Road; Samuel L. Johnson, Clerk, Union Bridge; Joseph McKinney, Gatekeeper, Middleburg.

District No. 11, New Windsor—J. Howard Devilbiss, Registrar, Wakefield; Alfred Bankerd, Judge, New Windsor; Albin L. Duvall, Clerk, Westminster, Carrier 51; Calvin A. Fritz, Gatekeeper, New Windsor.

District No. 12, Union Bridge—C. Howard Myers, Registrar, Union Bridge; Wm. Wood, Judge, Union Bridge; McClellan Keefer, Clerk, Union Bridge; John Smith, Gatekeeper, Bark Hill.

District No. 13, Mt. Airy—J. Theo. Gosnell, Registrar, Mt. Airy; William O. Porter, Judge, Watersville; Arthur E. Phoebus, Clerk, Mt. Airy; John E. Davis, Gatekeeper, Mt. Airy.

HENRY S. MUSSELMAN, Pres.;
CHAS. H. SMITH,
Board of Supervisors of Election for Carroll County.
Test—SAM'L J. STONE, Clerk. ju 1 3t

A GALLON OF
DAVIS' 100 PER CENT PURE PAINT
will do more to convince you of the difference between PURE PAINT and the other kind, than a barrel of TALK. DAVIS IS FREE OF COST if not in exact accordance with analysis and guarantee.
WESTMINSTER HARDWARE CO.,
DISTRIBUTORS,
Westminster, - Maryland.

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

CATHERINE JOHNSON,

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

Given under my hand this 14th day of May, 1906.

JOHN L. SHRIVER,
may 18 4t Executor.

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 FLICKINGER,

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 December, 1906; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 14th day of May, 1906.

JONAS N. E. FLICKINGER,
JOHN W. B. FLICKINGER,
may 18 4t Administrators.

Members' Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County, (a body corporate of the State of Maryland) that a meeting of the members of said company will be held at the office of the company in Westminster, Carroll County, Md., on

MONDAY, THE 11TH DAY OF JUNE,

A. D. 1906, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of adopting and taking such action in regard to the By-Laws of said company as the members may deem right and proper.

JOSHUA W. HERING,
President.
C. Gloyd Lynch, Secretary, my 25 2t

Desirable House for Rent.

Fowble Property on Green St., Westminster. Fine location, good house and stable. Large lot. Apply to
H. Peyton Gorsuch,
may 18 tf Westminster.

CHARLES H. MEDDERS, M. D., LL. B
1609 MADISON AVE., BALTIMORE,
Eye, Ear and Throat Specialist. Can be consulted SATURDAYS, at 98 East Main street Westminster, Md.
mh 10 tf

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.
"The New Stores!"

Commencement Week.

We cordially invite you to visit our store during COMMENCEMENT WEEK, JUNE 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1906. Come and make this store your Headquarters. Leave your packages here and have your friends meet you here. We want everybody to feel at home at our store.

Ladies' Tailored Wash Suits.

TAILORED SUITS? Yes, every one, and the best fitting suits, made by the most reliable manufacturers. For quality and workmanship they are absolutely the very cheapest. We have them in India Linons, Seersuckers, (many colors) Linons and Brilliantines,

$2.98 and up.

Ladies' Underwear.

Our Underwear Department is full of Bargains, (every garment.) Muslin Gowns, Corset Covers, Skirts, Drawers, Knit Vests—long and short sleeves—as low as 5c each. Full line of children's Underwear, Waists, etc.,

5c and 10c up.

Fine Sheer Wash and White Goods.

We offer you the finest lot of Wash Goods in figured Lawns, Batistes, Plain and Fancy Dress Ginghams, Woven Voiles, Plain Chambrays, all desirable colors. These goods are worth much more than we ask for them, but have made an extremely low price on these goods—5c yard and up. Regular 25c India Linons, 40 inches wide, only 18c. Excellent values in Dotted Swiss, 12½c. Mercerized White Waistings

12½c up.

Summer Hosiery.

A special purchase of Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery enables us to offer a regular 19c Hose for 12½c. These Hose are of Excellent Quality and worth your consideration. Lot 2.—Ladies plain black Hose, very nice, good sizes, worth 8c pr., our price until sold

5c pair.

Soaps, Toilet Articles and Perfumeries.

You will find this department filled with all articles pertaining to make up Women's Toilet. Soaps of every kind, 1c cake up. Talcum Powders, Smelling Salts, Liquid Dentifrice, Florida Water, Bay Rum, Tooth Powder, etc., at the lowest possible prices. 1 Package Dental Powder 25c, and 1 Piece Cashmere Bouquet Soap free with every purchase.

Mattings.

We are headquarters for Mattings, largest line, lowest prices, some extremely low prices—

10, 15, 19, 25c,

every piece worth much more than we ask. To convince yourself of the fact, look at our line before going elsewhere.

Clothing and Shoes.

Our line of Clothing and Shoes is without exception the strongest line in Western Maryland. Made by the very best manufacturers in America.

To save money deal with
BABYLON & LIPPY CO.,
CASH DEPARTMENT STORES,
WESTMINSTER, - MARYLAND.

A Glass of Water at Bedtime.

The human body is constantly undergoing tissue changes. Water has the power of increasing these changes, which multiply the waste products, but at the same time they are renewed by its agency, giving rise to increased appetite, which in turn provides fresh nutriment. If you do not accustom youself to drink water regularly, you are liable to have the waste products form faster than they are removed. Any obstruction to the free working of natural laws at once produces disease. Great weakness and languor on rising in the morning is generally due to a large secretion of these waste products, and the remedy is to drink a tumberful of water—either hot or cold—just before retiring. This materially assists in the process during the night, and leaves the tissues fresh and strong, ready for the active work of the next day.

Sick-Room Comfort.

In a recent case of illness, in which a trained nurse was employed, the pleasant air of the sick-room was noticeable. When commented on, the nurse explained how it was managed. A few pieces of brown paper had been soaked in saltpeter water and allowed to dry.

When occasion required, a piece of this was laid in a tin pan kept for the purpose (the coal scuttle would do), a handful of dried lavender flowers laid upon it, and a match applied. The aroma was particularly refreshing and agreeable. Another suggestion in the same line applies to the use of lavender in another form. A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly.

The Census Office has officially put an end to the old, rural debating-society question, 'Which lives the longer, the city man or the country man?' by showing that the city dwellers live three and a half years longer than those persons who live in the country.

The Government also has finally concluded that women fib about their ages. The tendency is strongest in negroes and foreign-born whites, but nearly all women will persist in understating their age.

The smallest electric motor in the world is worn by its maker, a German mechanic, as a scarfpin.

Definition of Bible Terms.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eights inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A skekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A skekel of gold was $8.

A talent of silver was $538.30.

A talent of gold was $13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was a cent.

An Ephah, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—"Evangelist."

Pat's Contract.

It is told that an Irishman took a contract to dig a well and that when he had dug about twenty-five feet down he came one morning and found it had fallen in and that it was filled to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no person was near, then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and awaited events. I a short time the neighbors discovered that the well had fallen in and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours' of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the excavators had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came out of the bushes and goodnaturedly thanked the diggers for relieving him of a sorra job. Some of the tired diggers were disgusted but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a laugh, which followed promptly by all.

The boy is taught at school that the earth is not square. By and by he finds out for himself that the same thing is true of a good many of the people.

Recalled the Name at Last.

The stage coach that carries the mail between Kent's Hill and Readfield station in Main drew up along the roadside and the driver accosted a little old man working in a field.

'Do you know who Mrs. Abby B. Brown is and where she lives?'

The old man considered. 'Brown, Abby B. Brown? He repeated. 'You don't mean Mrs. Polly Brown, do you?

'No, Mrs. Abby B. Brown; we've got a letter for her.'

'B, you say the middle letter is B. do you? I know a whole lot of Browns that live on the other side of the road, but there ain't any Abby B. among them. You don't mean Abby B. Smith, do you? She lives over—'

'No, it's Abby B. Brown. We'll find her somehow. Thanks.'

The stage driver started his horses but before the corner was reached a faint 'Hello' caused the passenger to turn around. The old man, hoe in hand was pursuing the stage.

'Brown, Mrs. Abby B. Brown, did you say? Why, I know her. She's my wife.'

Building Up the Home.

The home most endeared to the heart of husband and wife is that which has been built up bit by bit. A little now and a little later on, wherein each piece of furniture represents many loving acts of self-denial and personal sacrifices, and round which lingers the memory of the scheming and plotting the getting of it gave rise to, and of the pleasure when it was got. Ask the happy aged couple to whom prosperity has been the growth of years. They will tell you the happiest times in their lives were the first few years of their married life, when, with mutual love and self-denying patience, they built up their little home and watched prosperity gathering around them.

'Now in order to subtract,' explained a teacher to a class in mathematics, 'things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs.'

A hand went up in the back part of the room. 'Teacher,' shouted a small boy, 'can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?'

The best way to be happy is to pretend that you are.

REMEMBRANCE.

BY SOLON L. GOODE.

While deep within the shadow land
The soft winds sadly sigh;
The dark'ning sky is bending low
And day begins to die,
The silent year is rushing on
In its remorseless flight;
My weary head in sorrow bows,
And tears have dimmed my sight.
O, Time, give back in tenderness
Those wasted years again,
That I in deepest penitence
May bless my fellow men.

I seek those opportunities
Once bright with golden gleams,
Which, thoughtlessly, I flung away
Like idle summer dreams.
I might have lifted burdens then,
In those neglected years;
O, I might have helped some sufferer
And dried some mortal's tears.
I might have spoken lovingly
Some words of hope and cheer,
And crowned with peace and helpfulness,
Some wasted barren year.

For thee, my soul is thirsting now,
Eternal fount of youth;
My bloodless lips would quaff again
Of innocence and truth.
Those buried hopes of youthful days
So fraught with joy and love,
I long to resurrect once more
As blessings from above.
O, years of Time, roll back to me
In thy relentless flight,
And thus dispel the thick'ning gloom
Of my eternal night.

O, sainted mother, let me feel
Thy touch upon my brow,
Come, tell me, O departed one,
What more thou knowest now
Than when I knelt at thy dear feet
And lisped a name on high.
Art thou still pleading for thy child
From yonder weeping sky?
O, ask that Time shall cease its years,
Till I shall learn to be
A worthy and a helpful son
To all humanity.

THE ROAD TO MEREDITH'S.

BY W. R. ROSE.

From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

The train halted at the little station with many protesting creakings. It stopped on signal, and just long enough to permit a solitary passenger with one small trunk to disembark. Then it suddenly drew away and bumped and rattled across the long trestle over the meadow and so disappeared in the woods of the lower valley.

The solitary passenger looked around the bare little platform. A red-faced man in his shirt sleeves lounged against a doorway. He glanced at her with an indifferent eye.

'Can I get conveyance to the Meredith cottage?' she asked.

'A what, ma'am?'

'A carriage—a wagon. Any vehicle that will take me to Meredith's.'

''Fraid not, ma'am. This train don't stop often and nobody comes down to meet it. Guess you'll have to wait till the reg'lar comes in. Three o'clock this afternoon. There'll be somebody here that'll take you then, most likely.'

'But it's only 11 o'clock.'

'Eleven-ten, ma'am.'

'How far is the cottage from here?'

'Five miles, and mostly uphill. Don't seem half so far coming back.'

The solitary passenger smilingly revealed two delightful dimples.

'I am not quite prepared to enjoy the pleasures of the return trip,' she said. 'Just now I'm only interested in getting there. Isn't there anyone close by whom I could get to take me to the cottage?'

'Don't know of nobody, ma'am. Mebby some of the farmers might be passin', but we're a little off the main road here, and they're generally putty well loaded up.'

The girl turned and walked to the end of the platform and peered down the yellow roadway. Far away some sort of vehicle was approaching. A little later it resolved itself into a little wagon drawn by a stout horse and driven by a man with a slouch hat. The man was absorbed in watching the horse, and Anyway he did not notice her when he reached the station. The girl waited a moment.

'Sir,' she called.

The driver looked up with a little start and halted.

'Did you call me,' he asked.

'Yes. Is your vehicle for hire?'

He answered her question by asking another.

'Do you want to be taken somewhere?'

'Yes, I want to go to the Meredith cottage.'

He drove up to the platform and stepped from the vehicle. He was a slender man, very much sunburned, and with eyes whose color was quite hidden by the drooping brim of his hat. His clothes were coarse and seemed to have seen much service.

'Any baggage, ma'am?'

'This trunk.'

He turned and called to the lounger in the doorway who shuffled lazily forward and together they placed the trunk in the wagon. Then he motioned to the seat, and the girl stepped aboard. He seated himself beside her and drove away.

'Meredith's?' he asked.

'Yes.'

'John Meredith's?'

'Yes. Do you know the place?'

'Of course. Ever been there?'

'No. This is my first visit there.

'Know Laura?'

The girl look around with a little start.

'I am well acquainted with Miss Laura,' she replied with a strong accent on the Miss. We were schoolmates at Pomfret.'

'I heard she was away to school,' said the driver. 'Studyin' French and things. Kind o'stuck up I guess.'

'No, indeed. Laura is a lovely girl. She couldn't have a kinder or sweeter disposition.'

This was a decidedly unconventional driver. And yet he said these frank things with an innocent air that seemed to soften the liberty he was taking. Of course, it was the fault of his rural training. And after all it was rather amusing. She would draw him out.

'I suppose you are quite familiar with the neighborhood. Were you born here?'

'Pretty close by.'

'Lived here all your life?'

'Pretty much.'

'Ever been away?'

'I've been in town two or three times.' This with a touch of pride in his tone.

'Don't you ever want to get away and see something of the world?'

'I don't know. I haven't thought much about it.'

'Perhaps you haven't the right sort of ambition.'

'May be not.'

'I think you would find it broadening and improving to go out into the world. There are so many chances, there is so much to see and learn.

The driver stopped his horse and waved his whip toward the valley that lay before them.

'Don't see anything out in the world much finer than that, I reckon,' he said.

It certainly was a beautiful sight. A silvery stream that shone in the morning sun like a ribbon of silver twisted and turned amid the green of the meadow and finally disappeared in a dark gorge that opened up between the wooded hills. The white clouds threw floating shadows across the level fields and the grazing cattle were white and red blurs along the margin of the shining stream.

'It's very lovely,' said the girl.

There was a little silence.

'Looks peaceful, doesn't it?'

'Very. It looks as if it were a corner of the earth that had been quite forgotten.'

'Yes. And yet there was cruel fighting all along this valley. There was massacre and torture and all the horrors of war.'

'When was this?'

'In the Revolutionary days. The Mohawks swept through here burning and killing and torturing.' He shook his whip toward the distant wooded hills. 'Up there was a little settlement,' he said, 'and a stockade and a happy and contented band of settlers. When the redskins had passed there was nothing left but smoking embers and lifeless victims..

'It doesn't seem possible that such a thing could happen here,' she said with a little shudder.

He picked up the reins.

'I don't suppose there is a square rod of earth that has not at some time been fought over. It is an old world and the fighters have been many.'

She looked at him with a new interest.

'You must be a reader,' she said.

'I like to read. But I haven't had much time. He touched the horse lightly with the whip. Were they expecting you?'

'Yes, I was to arrive on the early morning train, but there was an accident and the passengers were transferred to a slower train. I don't suppose Laura expects me now until afternoon.

'Know any of the Merediths besides Laura?'

'No. Laura is the only one I ever met.'

'I know them all. Laura and I used to play together when we were children.'

'Then you know them very well?'

'Yes. Though I haven't seen much of them for the last few years.'

'Did you know Laura's brother George?'

'Yes.'

'Laura is so proud of him. He's been in the Philippines, you know, and done such fine things. He's a fine fellow. And he has seen so much of the world. Been almost everywhere.

'He's a rolling stone, I reckon,' said the driver. 'Guess he doesn't deserve much credit for that.'

The girl laughed.

'I am afraid you are not in sympathy with heroic deeds,' she said. 'But this rolling stone has gathered a lot of moss in the way of honors and promotions.'

The driver touched up the horse again.

'We've had a lot of rain around here lately,' he said.

'I guess you don't believe in heroes,' said the girl with a smile. 'Don't you like to read about them?'

'I don't think much of honors that are gained by fighting,' he answered.

'But don't you know that all progress in this world has been largely dependent on the heroism of individuals?'

'Did they teach you that at school?' he asekd.

'I've learned it from the history of my country,' she answered. 'It's written all over our flag.'

'That's very good,' he said. 'But I am not in love with fighting.'

'Perhaps you don't come of fighting stock.'

'I don't know about that. My ancestors fought the Indians here and then the British. I guess they were pretty good fighters, too. My old grandfather used to tell me so. There was one of them, a scout, the Indians called him Swift Foot, who held off a gang of the redskins in a little cove up there on the hillside for two days, and they couldn't shoot him out, nor smoke him out, and when help came from the fort they found six dead savages lying about the mouth of the cave. I used to go over there when I was a boy and prowl about timidly, and think every blackberry bush hid an Indian.'

'That was fine,' said the girl. 'No doubt he was an ancestor of whom you might feel proud.' She paused and looked around. 'Laura wrote me that her brother was expected home very soon.'

'So I've heard.'

'Can you remember him? Does he look like Laura?'

'No, he's more like his father.'

'Laura says he is very handsome.'

The driver suddenly raised his whip and pointed to the steep hillside at their left.

'This road isn't as safe as it might be after a long rain,' he said. 'That's one reason why I've come so slowly.'

'Where is the danger?' the girl inquired.

'Up there,' he answered. 'We've had some bad landslides along here when the soil was thoroughly loosened. His gaze was fixed on the steep hillside. The girl followed his look. Then she glanced around at the narrow road and the deep valley below.

'You don't really think there is any danger?' she whispered with a little shudder.

'I guess not,' he answered and gently urged the horse along. But the animal refused to move any faster. A few paces further and he stood stock still. There was trickle of fresh earth down the steep incline just ahead of them—then with a curious sweeping sound a huge mass of soil came sweeping down across the roadway and then plunged into the valley below. It was like a yellow wave as it leaped across and into the depth, and for a moment it looked as if the horse and wagon and its contents would be swept with it. But it was only the outer edge of the slide that caught them and fairly embedded them in its embrace.

The girl closed her eyes as the huge mass slipped down. She fancied she would never open them again. But she did. A smothering sensation oppressed her. The hand of the driver was pressed firmly over her mouth. The driver was close to hers.

'Don't scream, he whispered as he withdrew his hand. 'Even a scream might bring another avalanche on our heads.

The loose earth surrounded the horse and wagon. The patient animal was half hidden by the soil. It rose to the wagon box.

But the horse did not struggle, and for the space of a minute or more all was quiet.

'I think the worst is over, whispered the driver with his lips close to the girls's ear. 'You are sure you won't scream?'

'Quite sure,' the girl whispered back.'

'Good!' he murmured. 'Sit still, please, and trust me.'

'Yes.'

He smiled at her and nodded, and then with his eye on the treacherous wall stepped over the seat and into the box of the wagon, over the trunk, and so to the ground—or rather into the heap of loose soil that arose to his waist. He moved quickly and deftly, and the girl felt her hopes rise as she watched him. When he looked up at her his smile still lingered. He beckoned and she understood she was to come to him. She did so with careful movements. He reached up and took her in his arms and holding her high, turned and struggled back. It was a journey of but a-half dozen yards, and yet it taxed his strength to the utmost.

And all the time there was the awful dread that the earth would fall again. When he staggered on to the clear roadway under the shelter of the rocks that jutted high above them, he put her down and suddenly leaned against the huge bowlder. Then he looked up with a little laugh.

"Rather strenuous, wasn't it? I'll have my breath in a moment. I'm afraid these Merediths are not worth all this trouble. He laughed merrily and then his face suddenly clouded. What are you crying about? Don't do that, I say, stop it. We are all right now. Sit down here. He gently drew her to to the bowlder.

'You—you are very brave,' she stammered. 'I shouldn't cry. B-but somehow I can't help it.'

'I suppose that's the woman of it,' he laugned. 'You behaved like a veteran under fire—and we were under fire—and then when it was all over

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