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 25, 1907. VOL. 76--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 SALE OF VALUABLE FARMS and LOTS.

The subscriber will sell at Public Sale, on the Beaver Run road, leading from the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike to the Washington road, about 3 miles from Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

SATURDAY, 23rd OF FEBRUARY, 1907,

at 12 o'clock, M., the following Farms and Lots to-wit:

1st. The Home Place of

20 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 19 PERCHES

of Land, including a nine-room Dwelling House, Barn, Stable, Dairy House, Chicken House, Pump at the door giving the very best of water. This land is in the best of condition for trucking or farming.



2nd. Four Lots of 11 Acres each, or as a whole 44 Acres, 3 Roods and 25 Perches.

3rd. About 18 Acres called Frey property, including Tenant House and small Barn and Stable, Garden. Pump at house door.



4th. 2 Acre lot adjoining home place.

All of the above four lots are joined together and will be sold separately or as a whole to suit buyer and owner. All of these lots have new fencing and the land is in the highest state of cultivation, manured and limed all over.

This property can be bought on very easy terms for good security.

FREDERICK WALKLING,
4th Election District, Westminster, Md.
jan 18 5t R. F. D. No. 6.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Little Farm!

In Westminster District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Conrad Schnabel to R. Virginia McCormick, bearing date on the 5th day of January, A. D., 1898, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 40, folio 548, &c., the undersigned mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, at the

COURT HOUSE DOOR, in WESTMINSTER, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1907,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable small Farm, conveyed by said mortgage, containing

18 ACRES AND 27 SQUARE PERCHES

of Land, more or less, improved by a log weatherboarded Dwelling House, small Barn, and the usual outbuildings. Well of excellent water at the door.



This property is in fair condition, located on Corbin's Mill road, about 1¼ miles from Westminster, and 1 mile from Reisterstown turnpike road, adjoins the lands of Mr. Turfle, Mr. Miller, Mr. Corbin and others. A fine opportunity for any one wanting a nice little home.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third to be paid on day of sale, or on ratification of sale by the court; one-third in 6 months, and the remaining one-third in 12 months from day of sale; or all cash, at option of the purchaser. A deposit of $150 will be required of the purchaser on day of sale, (certified check accepted).

R. VIRGINIA McCORMICK,
Mortgagee.
Geo L. Stocksdale, Solicitor. jan 4 4t

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Office of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore County, No. 416 East Fayette Street.

Baltimore, January 17th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the members of the Company will be held on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1907,

between the hours of 11 A. M., and 12 M., at the Company's office for the purpose of electing Thirteen Directors to serve the ensuing year.

JOHN J. REESE,
jan 18 3t Secretary.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

Office Westminster Cemetery Company, Westminster, Md., Jan. 10th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given to the Lotholders of the Westminster Cemetery Company, that the annual election for a President and Board of Six Managers of said Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the First National Bank of Westminster, on

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5th, 1907, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

P. S.—Notice is also given that the stated meeting of the present Board will be held at 6½ o'clock, P. M., on the same day, at which time a full report of the operations of the company for the last year will be given to the lotholders.

JOHN J. REESE,
jan 18 3t Secretary.

Private Sale.

Owing to failing health the undersigned will sell his farm containing

54 ACRES OF LAND,

one half mile from Klee's Mill, near Bethesda Church. Improvements consist of a 5-room Log Weatherboarded Dwelling, with well and pump at the door; Stable, Barrack, Hen House, all new; Granary, Smoke House, &c. Land in good state of cultivation and well watered. 10 Acres Timberland. 14 Acres growing Grain. Convenient to churches, schools, stores and markets, and a very desirable small farm. For further particulars call on or address,



JOHN T. PARRISH,
jan 11 3t* Westminster, Route No. 7.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Md.

December Term, 1906.

Estate of Albert Schaeffer, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 8th day of January, 1907, that the sale of the real estate of Albert Schaeffer, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Mary C. Schaeffer and George E. Schaeffer, 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 2nd Monday, 11th 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 1st Monday, 4th day of February next. The report states the amount of sale to be $9,000.00.

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

True copy.—Test:
jan 11 3t J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of

ELIZABETH SHAFFER ROOP,

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 31st day of July, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 31st day of December, 190.

CHARLES S ROOP,
jan 4 4t Administrator.

"THE NEW STORE"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

OUR

January Reduction Sale

Continues with Unabating Interest

This sale is remarkable for its great values. You can save a fourth to a third on better merchandise than can be bought elsewhere. This sale should command the attention of every prospective buyer. . . . . .

39c Underwear 25c

39c Ladies' Vests and Pants, full size garments, not seconds, strictly a $1 goods. Considering the market value in such merchandise they would be cheap at 39c. The price, 25c.

15c Bat Cotton 12½c

Strictly clean, quantity limited. Others ask 15c, our price 12½c.

12½ Flannelette 8c

About 1000 yards left of these extra heavy weight Flannelettes, various patterns, go at 8c.

8c Muslin 5c

2000 yards of regular 8c, yard wide, extra heavy unbleached muslin, 5c.

15c Fancy Table Oilcloth 2½c

A new shipment of fancy Table Oil Cloth, containing all the newest patterns; we offer at 12½c.

$1.25 Bed Spreads 98c

Do not fail to see our $1.25 Bed Spreads we are offering at 98c.

50c Dress Goods, Special at 25c

This is without a doubt one of the best values of the season in Dress Goods, 36 inches wide, all wool, and strictly new goods, none shop worn, only 25c yd.

7 and 8c Outings 5c

This is your chance to get heavy weight outings at reduction prices. Come and judge for yourself. Seeing is always believing. 5c yd.

$1.25 WRAPPERS 98c

Take your choice of 200 Wrappers, some Percale, mostly Flannelette, 98c.

$1.00 Ladies' Neckwear 50c

A special lot of Ladies' Neckwear, regular $1.00 offerings, prices cut to 50c.
A lot of 50c Neckwear for 25e.

50c Ladies' Belts 25c

5 Doz. assorted Belts, different sizes, kinds and colors, to close out, our reduction price says 25c.

Ladies' Coats, Suits and Furs

Our sale of Ladies' Suits, Coats and Furs during our reduction sale has been very satisfactory. In some styles and qualities we have closed every Garment and Fur out, while in other qualities we have some styles left. Remember on every piece left we have cut the prices nearly ¼ to meet the demands.

Special—$14 SUITS $9

10c EMBROIDERIES 5c

Endless varieties of good embroideries and insertions, worth 10c, our price 5c.
Great reductions in Laces and Insertions, to close out before inventory.

50c CAPS 39c

Only a few of a kind of men's and Boys' regular 50c Caps left, reduction price 39c.

39c KNEE PANTS 25c

Special lot of Boys' knee Pants, worth 39c, we offer at 25c.

$2 LADIES' SWEATERS $1.39

Only a few of a kind left of Ladies' and Misses Sweaters, in White, Black, Garnet and Navy Blue, our regular 2.00 grade, we make this special offer; it will pay you to anticipate your wants, 1.39.

$1.25 Quality 98c.

Your choice of any $1.25 Sweater in the store for 98c.

$3.75 Rubber Boots $2.75

Only 2 cases left of these famous Goodyear Snag-proof Boots, just the season for them, a saving of $1.00, go at $2.75.

Stylish and worthy Clothing at close to ½ price, for quick selling.

$10.00	Men's Overcoats	$6.75.
10.00	" Suits	6.75.
8.00	" " and Overcoats	5.00.
5.00	Children's Suits	3.50.
3.50	" "	2.50.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

—:o:—

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket which hangs in the well.

—Samuel Woodworth.

A Missionary's Daughter.

—:o:—

(By Julia B. Foster in the American Magazine.)

Geoffrey Clampett, the traveling missionary, detected at a distance, the train of three heavy wagons approaching across the plain. He held a loose rein, and his burning eyes continually roamed the horizon. A scant whisker clung to his chin, but all—even the straggling locks reaching to his shoulders—seemed charged with energy.

His daughter, Elizabeth, sat at his side in the covered light wagon. Her dark eyes smoldering above cheeks ripened by youth and health and weather, and a fringe of fine loosened hair slanted like a windblown rain across her face.

In the course of a half hour, the heavy teams drew close enough to hear the clumping of the horses' tread. The great wagons were empty and rattled, even on the smooth road. The two travelers drew to one side, and then, as Elizabeth looked at the man in the lead holding the lines, she felt turned to stone. A dark flush overspread the man's face, but without other sign he passed on, and his team followed him. 'It was Noyes Woodson!' Elizabeth said, as if to grasp at him.

'Father,' said she, affectionately touching the rigid arm near her, 'I'm glad that you take me now on these little journeys. I don't like staying at home since mother died. Don't think me ungrateful of your confidence in me—but I cannot forget Noyes. I have not murmured once; my duty and my respect belong to you before all, but, even before all—is memory! Ah, father, wherever you are is home now—whether in city, town or country. Yet—I may dream.'

'Yes, yes,' interrupted Mr. Clampett, nervously clapping the reins against the horses' flanks. 'And this Northwest, in which we live, is a great country. I claim it as the Lord's as step by step I travel it. In beauty and richness it is fit for His kingdom. Some may see the vison before it is realized, and Marcus Whitman and Jason Lee—hallowed names!—in mind saw the establishment here of a spiritual worship akin to that set up by Moses in the wilderness. Now the vision is mine. It needs a clear sight to see by faith a great vision. After me shall come others and perhaps others still, but the day is dawning when here, as everywhere, men shall live and teach the truth.'

'But, father,' remonstrated the girl—not rebelliously, but perplexedly—'but, father, all this is far away, while near at hand is money-getting, and all our work-a-day life. Must one give up, then, the everyday life, everyday love? Dr. McLoughlin, in the interests of the Hudson's Bay, came, as well as Whitman and Lee, and, too, with difficulty and hardship. They lived their lives day by day, they married wives, they dwelt in homes, children rose to call them blessed.' A maiden blush suffused her face.

Her father's voice took on a broken tenderness that stung in upon the girl's emotion. Ever afterward she remembered the moment and the voice as accompanied by the plodding of horses' feet, and by the sigh that soughed over the plain.

'Elizabeth,' he answered, still farther stooping his bent shoulders, 'you lost in your mother a soul adviser. A man discerns the inner consciousness of few women, but he knows men through and through. Your father tells you now that, unless a man can be a money-getter, home-maker, and all earthly things, and yet see through all the vision of what these honest things lead to, he is a clod and only fit to mate with a clod. Try yourself and try others, by a supreme action. The action may be heroic or it may be common-place, but still supreme, as requiring sacrifice. Whitman's long ride saved Washington to the United States, and pulled this Western civilization several stpes up the spiritual ladder; yet as you say, Whitman had a wife and home and earned bread. It is a great mind that keeps the vision while cumbered with with material cares and temptations.'

Elizabeth absently crushed upon the back of her hand one of the berries that she had gathered by the roadside, and, half attentive, noted the dark red mark that it made. Times of trial seemed for old men and women and for those destined to live in history. Was it possible that this dull pain about Noyes could dominate her? What should happen to her or to her future, and she a missionary's daughter, with sympathy from Boards of Missions in Boston and New York? Her obedience to her father should be implicit, and she trusted him when she could neither reason nor believe. Two years ago, at his bidding, she gave up her friend and lover, young Noyes Woodson. Then Noyes, unreproachful, but chafed with sorrow, sold his patrimony of seines and traps and boats down on the Columbia River and went, until today she knew not where. At thought of meeting him and passing on, something deeper than regret shivered in the bottom of her heart like the sun's reflection in a well.

Her inner sight recalled one moonlight night when shadows and light danced on the river and the air was redolent with odors of earth and woods and sweet dampness. Then Noyes had declared that, although he had pleaded with her, his love was greater because she held duty above affection. And then he—oh, folly, folly! She was resigned to her father's leading. She looked at the clouds mounting the sky, and at the great parlor over whose velvet carpet she rode, and she said mentally that she would accept her father's judgment until the opportunity to prove it mistaken.

'Another half hour, father, will bring us to this wayside house,' she remarked composedly. 'Do you suppose it likely that you can get a preaching here? It doesn't look a promising spot. No children play about, and no women's garments hang on the clothes-line. A little dwelling, a store-house, a barn, and nothing more.'

Her father's eager gaze verified her description.

At the approach of the travelers the house bestirred. It was many miles from a neighbor, and the green plain stretched on every side. Two men came leisurely to the door and leaned against the frame. Cowboy hats, dark flannel shirts, and low-belted trousers tucked into boottops, together with glittering black eyes and coarse, black hair, gave to each the same general appearance.'

'Clahowya, Bostonman! Clahowya, Klootchman?' the two men hailed as the missionary wound the lines about the brake and Elizabeth sprang over the wheel.

It was plain that these unpromising hosts were near descendants of 'blanket' Indians, and were of the three-fourths civilized type scattered throughout Oregon and Washington.

'This one Honeydeyck—that one Charley,' said the taller of the two, by way of introduction.

'And you've both been to Lapwai Government School,' returned Mr. Clampett, smiling. 'All of which is enough to make us old acquaintances.'

'Not like school; both run away after little while,' Charley answered frankly. 'This is our store—me an' my pardner's. we mos' sol' out now, but bime by we look for our freight man to come' long with new goods. With heavy load he travels very slow. Once every two weeks he goes up, an' in two weeks more comes down. Jus' now gone down. Always we sell out before he brings fregiht to us.'

'Away off here, who buys?' asked Elizabeth, putting back her hair.

With a feeling of repulsion she caught the look of admiration that accompanied the reply: 'This one—that one—here—yonder, everywhere—like bird, like fish, like deer—take everything. Come like buzzards for new goods. Jus' now business throughout the country. All very much afraid of the sickness, y' know.'

Elizabeth cast startled look upon her father. 'Smallpox!' she repeated in a tone of fear. 'Why, father, you remember the Indian that pressed close to us? But he was sick—and yet do you think that it might have been—oh, father?'

The travelers' few belongings were bestowed in the little shack behind the store. While the store was set near the edge of the highway, the so-called store-house, consisting of one small room used for holding the bulky sacks of grain and flour, was built away from the road. It was pervaded with the stale odor of musty stores.

A light scurry, like the drifting across the floor of bits of fluff, betrayed the presence of field mice. A sudden gleam sprang to Geoffrey Clampett's eyes, but it was immediately followed by a look of anxiety.

'Elizabeth,' he said, passing his hand over his forehead, 'I—I have not for several days been exactly well, and I fancied, perhaps—that I saw field mice—I was afraid that—oh, I shall be well after a little rest. A slight fever, with a dreadful aching of bones, is all. Make me a shake-down in the corner and I will go to bed at once, Elizabeth.' Surprised and full of dread, the girl sorted the blankets that were given her and over them arranged the bedding from their own wagon.

But Geoffry Clampett found no rest. All night he turned and muttered. Again and again Elizabeth was aroused from troubled dreams. Weary with travel and stupefied by heavy sleep, she crept to her father and felt of his hot hands. Once she thought that some animal brushed against the poorly-closed door. She almost caught the sound of its breathing. The night seemed in length a thousand nights.

The morning light at last crept through the draped clink of the window, and Elizabeth sprang to her feet with the guilty consciousness of having slept through cockcrow. Her father's face was crimsoned with fever. With a shudder she bent over him. She rose again with dilated eyes and distorted lips. 'The smallpox!' she whispered. 'Oh, my father, my father! What shall I do? I am all alone! What can I do? I am all alone! Our own simple medicines! No help,—Yes, there is—there's Gods! What shall I pray? People die every day while others pray for them. What precious words can win a hearing? Oh, my God, help, help!'

Her father opened his bewildred eyes and saw the horror in her face. His weaving thoughts caught back at his epigrammatic saying: 'Elizabeth,' he stammered, 'Elizabeth, the best that we can do is the best that we may do! There, my dear—there, there!'

Elizabeth Clampett was the child of a border missionary, trained to upbear in desperate straits. Now, she shed no tears. True, she had no food, but carrying the pail standing outside her door, she went many times to the well behind the store, and, to assuage her burning thirst, drank cold water.

As she sallied forth, she was conscious of surveilance. More than once, one or the other of the two men made occasion to cross her path. But, for the present, her father's extremity was her great anxiety. Every hour that he battled with the disease was an hour safe in the past. She sat upon a box under the window, and leaning her head upon her breast, at last fell asleep.

A cautious movement from without woke her. She was alert on the instant. Some animal,—but no! Above her head she saw the curtain sway, and she felt that bold, dark eyes were looking in. There was a fumbling at the door and two fingers felt cautiously to unfasten the leather string.

For an instant her heart quailed. Then she reasoned with herself: In her helplessness the co-operation of these men was a necessity; she could not stare, neither must she be further weakened. With something like triumph she remembered that she held a safe, sure weapon.

Stepping softly, she passed across the room. Unheeding the door that now swung wide, she lit the end of a candle that in its own tallow was glued upon a shingle. She lifted high the shingle, and turned.

'Come in, Charley,' she called in a strong voice, 'come in, Honeydeyck.'

The flickering candle sent its feeble rays but a little way yet they served as with a nimbus to circle her head and light her face. Her tall, slender form; her upheld arm, and on its tip the candle like a shining finger; her dark, disheveled hair falling along her cheeks and down her shoulders; her negligent attire; her expression of conscious power and daring—all made her a striking figure.

In the shadow outside, a lumbering shape moved past the open door; then, the hands grasped the frame, and a grinning, sheepish face peered in.

'Come in, boys,' invited Elizabeth, and suddenly from out the shadows, Charley forged past Honeydeyck on the threshold, and the latter, not to be outdone, like a cat leaped in half way of the little room.

With a quick movement, Elizabeth lowered the candle, and its beams shot across the sick man's face. 'Look!' she whispered, 'look, and come as close as you will!'

For an instant the two men paused with craning necks and bulging eyes, and then they turned and fled.

Fearless, now, Elizabeth followed at their heels and called into the dark: 'Bring me food—food every day, or I must come and get it. Remember that my hands, my hair, my dress, may carry the smallpox. Do not come near me, and above all, do not make it necessary for me to enter your house. By God's favor, my father will get well; then we will leave you, and you can burn this shack and escape the disease. For the present, furnish me light and food, and leave us to ourselves.'

She spoke bravely, but she staggered as she took a few steps backward, and then she sank to the floor beside her father's pallet. She heard footsteps as they came and receded, and with the eagerness of starvation, she went out to find food. She returned with a pan containing bread, a cold potato, and beans.

Softening some of the bread in water, she put it to her father's lips, and by endearing words induced him to take it.

'Get well, father,' she begged, stroking his hair, 'then we'll steal away from here. Let us quit traveling about, go home, and stay at home. Father, dear, you are brave and noble as the missionaries and pioneers that opened up this country. You have earned rest and quiet. And I—I want now, to live with you in the house where mother used to be. After all, women folks like an abiding place. See the extremity to which you and I are now brought! But I'll never once complain of it, if you'll get well. Look, father! I will eat—I will indeed—that I may day and night nurse you.'

She took the bread into her mouth and no sooner had she tasted it, than, in a frenzy, she seized the loaf. Hunger got the better of nausea, and soon no food had ever been sweeter. Comforted, in spite of the situation, she prepared for the weary watch through another night.

Her face felt stiff and hard, and it seemed to her that she was an old woman. Trouble? No, she had never, till now, known trouble. Let her father but get well, and then—

With one hand upon the sick man's arm, she nodded and, half drowsing, dreamed a sweet dream. She dreamed of the cold, large current of the Columbia River and of its still lapping against the banks. Floating upon its broad bosom was Noyes in his boat. She was at home again,—Oh, sweet home!—and her father came in to supper. The table was spread by her mother's hands, and she could smell the tea, the biscuits fresh from the oven, and broiling salmon.

Geoffrey Clampett, long quiet, stirred now.

'Father, dear,' Elizabeth murmured, dimly remembering his poor hands and his blotched and swollen face. Even as she spoke she dreamed again, and this time of a moonlight night, and a pair of slow wanderers,—Noyes Woodson and a tall, slender girl, so like herself that it was herself.

She awoke, and her father still lay quiet. He had ceased to mutter, but breathed as if in heavy sleep. She could not rouse him. The fever was eating his life from his body. The fangs of agony set in Elizabeth's heart. The dawn came on, and she could find no longer any likeness to her father's face. Nor was it any longer her father. Lighter footed than any rabbit and more delicately that the butterfly on wing, Geoffrey

CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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