CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

Clampett had stolen away from weariness, disease and pain.

'He is gone! I am alone!' Elizabeth said aloud in strange steadiness. She covered the unrecognizable face, even from her own sight. Tenderly she swathed him in the blankets until, upon the pallet, he lay like a long cocoon. And then she opened the door and met the early day.

She took her way toward the men's quarters, and the damp freshness in the air was like a cool hand touching her cheek. Her material senses seemed hushed, like hounds cowering at heel. The pressure upon this moment must cease, before the hounds of sorrow, fear, despair might rise.

Seizing a stick she struck with it upon the side of the house. 'Boys, wake up!' she cried in a hoarse voice. As their heads appeared at the window she retreated. 'My father died an hour ago,' she said briefly. 'Dig a grave out on the plain away from every human thing. When all is ready, by long ropes draw to my door a rough sled, that may afterward be burned.'

Taking deep breaths of healthgiving air, she loitered for a moment. She even gathered a handful of the little red berries that grew on low bushes crouching to the ground. Entering the shack, she ate the berries with her bread. Suddenly she stared at their peculiar stain upon her fingers, then hurriedly dabbed a berry on the back of her hand.

The sickening odor of a dreadful disease almost overpowered her, and in front of the shack, her face uplifted, she took up a tireless march to and fro.

She saw Honeydeyck and Charley drawing toward her the sled. 'Leave it, and I will come and get it,' she cautioned.

When they were at a safe distance she dragged the sled backward through the door to the pallet in the corner. She rolled the swathed and stiffened cocoon upon the sled and fastened it securely by tying it with the sleeves of her father's coat. Exerting all her strength, she drew the sled once more into the open air, and again retreated, while the men, muffled about the mouth and nose, and with hands wrapped in rags, seized the long ropes and drew the silent burden toward the place prepared for it.

The tense nerve upon which Elizabeth seemed to play twanged as she watched the funeral procession. 'Though He hath slain my father, I will still trust Him!' she declared mechanically. At last her head drooped, and almost blindly she felt her way within. Stumbling to the floor, she leaned against the frame of the door, where the blessed air could play about her, and fell asleep.

When she awoke it was noon, and at a little distance was her dish of fresh food.

Now her period of mourning began. Grief overpowered every care. Her father dead, alone in the cabin where he had left her, nothing that her hands must do, watched night and day, no way of escape! The straining hounds broke leash, and in full cry sprang at her heart. As they leaped hither and you within her breast, for a time she was crushed by their very weight.

Another night, another day! And then she thrilled with a sweet hope. With strong words said over and over, she hushed the baying hounds. 'Down, Sorrow! Wait, Grief! Be quiet, Despair!'

It was Charley that brought her next meal. She called to him as he turned to leave: 'How long before I have the smallpox?' she asked artfully.

'Maybe one week, maybe two,' was the positive answer.

'If I get well?' she asked tentatively.

The grin with which he answered was an offense. 'Honeydeyck got no wife, I got no wife. Which one you like best?'

'The best man!' she replied, smiling, to show the white and even teeth set between her red lips.

Charley drew himself to his full height, and smiled in return. Elizabeth knew that the white man in him was no fool, and that the Indian nature is subtle, but that both are slaves to that subtler thing—a woman's wile.

'Hark!' said she, still smiling. 'Both drink plenty of whiskey to keep the sickness away.'

'Yes,' he nodded understandingly, 'we know. We got plenty.'

'Drink plenty,' she admonished again, in an earnest tone.

The next morning she tied her hair and put a ribbon at her neck. From the low bush under her square of window, she gathered a spray of red berries and fastened it in her belt. She went out into the sunshine, and when Honeydeyck came with her breakfast, she walked up and down before him. She was smiling, and she was good to look at.

Elizabeth's eyes were bright and dark, her lips were parted, showing white teeth, and her hair piled high with locks drifting unevenly over her cheeks. This young woman was prettier than a picture. She saw that he looked at her as a dog might look at a bone.

Morning, noon and night Elizabeth tied her hair and smiled. Praying for time, she cultivated the flying moments. If coquetry were an art, she would learn it. Between whiles, she ranged the gamut of emotion. The hungry hounds leaped all but to her shoulders, but resolutely she put them back. 'Wait!' she cried, with writhing lips. In this strait, grief, sorrow and despair were but another name for luxury.

'Charley,' she said one day, speaking across the distance, 'any day, for all you know, I may begin with smallpox. You, too, may have it. You must still have a supply of whiskey in the store. Take more of it. Drink it, man as a preventive; drink it because—because I ask it!'

And that night, calling softly, she said, 'drink plenty, Honeydeyck, because—because I ask it!'

She knew that sowing brings, in due time, the reaping. She watched the seeds of suspicion and jealousy that ripened into open quarrel between Charley and Honeydeyck. She saw fiery liquor play its part! Sullen looks by day, and, once, at night, an oath, when the two men, by accident, met on their restless patrol about the shack! Since they were enemies, enough! But did they never sleep?

When a fortnight passed, the cabin door was shut. There was left but the memory of a smiling woman on parade in the sunshine. The food was untouched, and birds lit on the dish and picked out morsels of bread. The maddened men watched each other and waited.

The second day, at noon, a figure, feebly stooping, crawled from the door toward the food. Across the distance, a strained voice called for water. A blanket wrapped the head with folds loosely descending to the feet. Honeydeyck stared stupidly from the back of the store, and Charley, coming round the corner, gave an inarticulate click in his throat.

Staggeringly Elizabeth rose and looked toward them. One disfigured hand reached up, the hooded blanket fell back, and a blotched face looked forth,—a marred face, threatening in import, and terrible in suggestion. More loudly than the leper's voice, the silence cried, 'Unclean! Unclean!'

Elizabeth tottered back, and shut herself away from sight.

One day, when the sunshine spread the plain with glory, the shut-in woman peeped furtively from the square of window, and watched an approaching train of three laden wagons. The supply teams! They would pass on should they scent danger. But Honeydeyck and Charley were prudent, even in their cups, and allowed no danger of infection to interfere with business. All unaware, the teams drew up, unhitched and prepared for bivouac.

Elizabeth, wide-eyed, stood staring, staring. Her glance was piercing. With one purple hand clenching her shoulder, she watched the movements of a man directing the unloading of the goods. He was tall, with wide expanse of chest, and under the brim of his hat his face shone red in the sun.

What, Elizabeth—joy? Nay, child, nay; the four walls of a hut, with little, flitting, drifting creatures for company; the gaunt and springing forms of fancy, fears within and foes without!

Aye—but never more plainly spoke joy, than from out Elizabeth's face. She questioned, in a whisper, 'Noyes Woodson—Noyes, is it thou, indeed?' A rapturous light shone from her eyes, and her hand relaxed and lay softly against her shoulder. The yelping hounds, for a moment, crouched home, and then like playing phantoms, swept into the beyond country over the horizon.

An impulse bade Elizabeth to run out shrieking. Suddenly, a thought gave gentle advice. Her father's words, accompanied by the steady plod of horses' feet, returned to her. 'Try others by a supreme action—supreme as requiring sacrifice.' This was her opportunity, but what courage it required! How much easier to—but no. Her father was wise. Something he must have seen in Noyes—some immaturity, some lack. Now she would apply the test. Otherwise, a haunting breath of doubt would forever come in between perfect happiness.

At first, shyly, and then with sweet tremors, and finally with a going of her whole heart, Elizabeth watched her lover. She forgot her pustuled face, her blotched hands, and through her little square of window kissed her thoughts to him.

'Oh, my love, take me!' she exclaimed over and over. 'Noyes, I am here—Elizabeth—waiting! How can you fail to discover me? I will think you into knowledge of me before another day's dawn. Come, my dear, come!'

Light waned, and evening fell. The mice played in the corners, and waiting in the shadows, Elizabeth's heart grew cold. A soft tread caught her strained senses.

On tip-toe, Elizabeth lifted the little curtain to the window. The moon at its full, like a round, pale bubble, rested upon the horizon line. A gentle illumination silvered the world. Touched in outline with that frost-work of tracery, walked Noyes Woodson, tall, strong, and purposeful. The girl held her breath lest from her body her soul leap into his protection.

He paused, with the old movement of impatience. Coming to her door, he spoke. Her bands reached out and her eyes overflowed. 'Elizabeth,' he called, with the inflection that she knew, 'I am Noyes Woodson. I came, to-day, with the teams. I discovered your horses in the stable, and these creatures were forced to tell me your story. Oh, poor Elizabeth? Listen! One of the wagons is empty, now, and I can easily carry you to it. Once secreted there, you are safe, and can put no one in danger. It shall be yours to say where you will go. Wrap yourself well and come out.'

She unfastened the leather thong, and the door swung outward. She said in a trembling voice, 'Are you not afraid of me?' She came out into the pale light, and he could see the marks on her face.

'No man courts death or disfigurement,' he replied unfalteringly, 'but I could never endure to draw breath if I failed, at this time, to do what is best for you. Come, quickly.'

Elizabeth returned into the hut to make preparation. Going to the pail, she plunged her hands into the water, then passed her wet palms over her face. Turning slowly, she took farewell of the shadow-haunted room, and of the scurry of tiny feet.

Passing into the moonlight, she saw that the pale round bubble was detached from the horizon and was slowly floating into the sky. It was moonlight—as on that other night—and Noyes Woodson again was near. There was nothing, now, to part them; even her father could ask no farther test.

She said with a ripple that was almost like laughter in her voice, 'Touch me not, Noyes, until my clothing can be purified; but fear me not. When I was a child I had this sickness in a mild form, and I can now bring to you no harm. Nevertheless, believing, you have risked your life for me. Look!'

She lifted her face, cleansed from the stains of the berries, and lo! the face was fair as of old, and without blemish.

Cause of Colds.

'No, it wasn't carelessness so much as ignorance that caused your cold,' said a West Philadelphia physician, whose patient was explaining that he caught a cold by getting chilled because he neglected to wear his overcoat on a recent frosty evening. 'If you'd only realize,' continued the physician, 'that deep breathing is a perfectly successful substitute for an overcoat in an emergency the chances are ten to one that you wouldn't have gotten chilled. About this time of the year colds are frequent because people get caught just as you did and can't think of any way to keep warm except running a race or getting up a brisk fist fight with someone, which isn't always convenient. In such a case deep breathing is the best substitute for an overcoat there is. I was going up State by trolley the other day minus an overcoat because it didn't seem cold and the closed cars were on. After a time I struck a line which was still running open cars and it wasn't many minutes before I was wishing good and hard for warmer clothes. Instead of sitting there and absorbing a cold, however, which I'll bet most of the few people on the car did, I simply began to take long, deep breaths. When I got off the car instead of being stiff from cold, I was warm and comfortable from the extra oxygen I'd drawn into my lungs, combined with the extra physical exertion involved. Just remember when you get caught in such a situation that a regular, deep breathing exercise will save you a cold.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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

'Poor man!' exclaimed the good-hearted old lady, 'to what do you attribute your craving for drink? Is it hereditary?' 'No, ma'am,' replied Weary Willie; 'it's thirst.'

'De sayin' is,' said Brother Dickie, 'dat what you give ter de poor you lends ter de Lawd, but you mustn't spend all yo' time figgerin' how much interest will be comin' to you!'

'Poor Miss Sere! She spent 50 cents yesterday for a dry old scientific book called, 'Best Methods of Filtration.''

'The idea! What did she want with it?'

'She thought it was 'Flirtation.''

In a Chicago school a class was studying irregular plurals of nouns when it was asked by the teacher to give the plural of 'child.' Then it was that little Edgar, who knew how it was at home, promptly answered, 'Twins.'

'Here is an account of another beggar who died in apparent poverty, and after his death it was found that he had several bank books and some valuable securities.' 'The moral of which is, never be disrespectful to your poor relations.'

'Pop!'

'Yes, my son.'

'What is a grass widow!'

'A grass widow, my boy, is one who makes hay while the sun shines.'

'Pa, what's a philosopher?' 'A poor man who is trying to make other people believe he doesn't want to be rich.'

Mrs. Knicker—'Does your husband say things behind your back?'

Mrs. Bocker—'Only when he buttons my waist.'

Taking all crimes, more are committed in the autumn than during any other season of the year.

Benevolence is the tranquil habitation of man, and righteousness is his straight path.

Don't long for the good things that other shave instead of going to work and earning them for yourself.

Orphans' Court.

Monday, January 14th, 1907.—Letters of administration on the estate of Alonzo Maus, dec'd., granted unto Asa E. Pittinger and Edward O. Weant, who received warrant to appraise, also order to notify creditors.

Sarah D. Staub and Edgar M. Staub, administrators of William H. Staub, dec'd., received order of court to pay to John Staub amount deposited in his name in the Westminster Deposit & Trust Co.

Philip B. Snader, executor of Deborah A. Baile, deceased, received order to transfer mortgage.

Hattie L. Weaver, formerly Hattie L. Markel, guardian of Paul H. and Helen V. Markel, settled her third account.

Benjamin F. Bowers, executor of Margaret J. Baumgardner, dec'd., returned inventories of personal property, money and debts, and received order to sell personal property.

Elias G. Shipley and George A. Shipley, administrators of Grove A. Shipley, deceased, returned report of sale of personal property.

Tuesday, January 15th, 1907.—Asa E. Pittinger and Edward O. Weant, administrators of Alonzo Maus, deceased, returned inventory of personal property, and received order of court to sell same.

Dora L. Zepp and Wilbur H. Zepp, administrators of John Wesley Zepp, deceased, returned additional report of sale of personal property, and settled their first and final account.

CASTORIA.
for Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.
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We invite you to call and examine our stock of Winter Goods now on display, consisting of
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OUR STOCK OF
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is complete and at prices that defy competition.
A full and complete line of
TURF AND BaseballGoods
constantly on hand at lowest prices. We have a full line of Collars, Saddles, Whips, Fly Nets, Halters, Chains Traces, Hames, Oil Soap and Dressing, in fact everything to be found in a first-class Harness Store.
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Manufacturers and Dealers in
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NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.
We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.
We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.
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I will be in TANEYTOWN, 1st WEDNESDAY of each month. Engagements can be made with me by mail, and at my office in New Windsor, at all other times except the 3rd Saturday, and Thursday and Friday, immediately preceding that day. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.
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so cheap that anyone can afford to Paint, this season.
Ice is plenty. We have a large stock of the best make of
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for summer cooking? We have them; they are cheap.
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For Dinner: SOUPS, PEAS, CORN, STRING BEANS, TOMATOES, BAKED BEANS AND DELICATE DESSERTS.
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ON THE SIDE: FRUITS of many kinds, Mince Meat and Cakes. Hot and Cold Drinks at Fountain.
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HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster, EVERY MONDAY for the transaction of business.
By order, FRANCIS L. HANN,
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Sickness makes a light purse.
The LIVER is the seat of nine tenths of all disease.
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go to the root of the whole matter, thoroughly, quickly safely and restore the action of the LIVER to normal condition.
Give tone to the system and solid flesh to the body.
Take No Substitute.

WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

An old man, as the shadows fall,
Telling that eventide is nigh—
That mystic time when thoughts enthrall—
Sits musing on the end of all,
And trustful waits his summoning cry—
The trumpet-call.

For each of us the time must be
When we look back adown the years,
And all our old-time conflicts see,
Past happiness and misery,
The record of our hopes and fears—
Such time must be.

How happy then if, as we look,
A dreamy sense of quiet rest
Steals over us, and as a brook
That babbles on through quiet nook,
Life ripples with unruffled breast
Where'er we look.

And when the shadows gather round
That guard the valley all must tread,
How well if we the gate have found,
And trustful bear the trumpet sound,
And know that though the way be dread,
We're homeward bound.
—George Wharton.

THE HEN BIRD.

Behold
The Hen bird,
The modern mistress of the barnyard,
The great talker,
The gabbler, gossiper,
And producer of fruit,
The renowned originator of the prehistoric
Omelet.
The creator of the 'sunny side up,'
The purveyor of the rare delicacy
Which accompanies
'Hamand—'
The celebrated inventor of the lump
Of indigestion, known as
'Hard-boiled,'
I salute you,
Take off my hat to you.
I have met your cold storage children,
Ancient and modern,
Many times.
Fresh from the Stork they are
Delicious.
But lying forgotten and in disuse
Peradventure.
May your days be enlightened.
May you walk in the ways of the
Inspired.
And some day may you learn
That the mission of true Henhood
Will be fulfilled
When you can lay a poached egg
On buttered toast
Fresh
Every
Morning.

A Cure for Nervousness.

An American scientific journal published recently timely remarks on what it calls 'house nerves,' that is to say, the low spirits and brooding, irritable, morbid habit of stay-at home or sedentary people. Women, especially women who are delicate and afraid to go out owing to the weather, are those who suffer most from this malady. They grow anxious for their husbands, and conjure up accidents, analyze their feelings and lose their power of will. 'A woman who studies herself, her wants and desires, her ailments and loneliness, is on a fair road to an asylum, did she but know it.' Imaginative children have a tendency in the same direction, and should be sent to play with merry companions. The cure of 'house nerves is very simple if people would only follow it does not lie in medicine or doctors, but in visiting others, long walks in the open air and sunshine, repression, of every morbid thought as it arises or expulsion of it by thinking of a neccessary duty, and gaiety, or innocent amusement.

"Honey" Wasn't There.

They were newly married and on a honeymoon trip. They put up at a skyscraper hotel. The bridegroom felt indisposed, and the bride said she would slip out and do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that looked all alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

'I'm back, honey, let me in,' she whispered.

No answer.

'Honey, honey, let me in!' she called again, rapping louder. Still no answer.

'Honey, honey, it's Alice. Let me in.'

There was a silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

'Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom,'

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

'Mr. Smithers?'

'Well, Johnny?'

'When you were a little boy an' fellers come to see your sisters did they ever give you a quarter to go out an' play?'

It is a common fault to be never dissatisfied with our fortune nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

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