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 14, 1907. VOL. 76--NO. 24.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in the last will and testament of James H. McQuay, Sr., and an order of the Orphans' Court of Caaroll county, Md., passed on the 18th day of March, A. D. 1907, the undersigned executor will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26th, A. D. 1907,

at 2 o'clock. P. M., all that valuable tract of real estate, containing

66 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 7 PERCHES

of Land, more or less. This property is situate on the Buffington road, about 2 miles N. E. of Winfield, and adioins the lands of Henry Knauff, John L. Freyman and others. It is improved by a two-story log weatherboarded House, Frame Barn, and usual outbuildings. Land is in good state of cultivation; good Well of Water at house, and two small streams pass through the property. About 18 acres is in young Timber. There are fruits of all kinds, and the property is convenient to schools, churches, stores, &c. It was recently surveyed and a plat of the same will be exhibited on day of sale.



Terms of sale as prescribed by the Court.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or upon the ratification of sale by the court, and the balance in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at option of the purchaser or purchasers.

DAVID N. McQUAY, Executor.
Geo. L. Stocksdale, Attorney.
Albert J. Easton, Auctioneer. my 31 4t

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

SUSANNAH H. TURPLE,

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 20th day of December, 1907, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 20th day of May, 1907.

ELLEN M. DANNER,
ABRAHAM S. R. DANNER,
my 24 4t Administrators.

$200 REWARD.

It is generally believed that the fire which occurred at Friedlburg, Md., on Thursday night, the 16th instant, was the work of an incendiary.

The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County is interested in this loss and will leave nothing undone to ascertain and punish the guilty party.

I am authorized by the Directors of said Company to offer a reward of TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons guilty of this outrage.

By order of the Board:
my 31 3t J. W. HERING, President.

To Horse Breeders.



The German Coach Stallion ASOW No. 3069, recently purchased by the undersigned, will make the season of 1907, at the following places:

MONDAY in each week at Mr. Wm. D. K. Leese's farm in Buchman's Valley.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in each week at H. H. Harbaugh's Palace Stables in Westminster.

WEDNESDAY in each week at Mr. Chas. F. Bell's (formerly Zepp's) farm near Carrollton.

FRIDAY in each week at Mr. J. Elmer Myers' farm on road leading from Frizellburg to Pleasant Valley.

TERMS.—$15.00 single leap, cash; $20.00 the season, payable at end of season; $25.00 insurance, payable when mare is known to be in foal.

OLDENBURG GERMAN COACH HORSE COMPANY OF CARROLL COUNTY,
BY H. H. HARBAUGH, President.
my 31 3t

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Line Bred for Exhibition Females.

Beauty and Utility Strain.

For well barred, large stock, up to standard requirements come to us. We have prize winners, won at Hagerstown, York and Washington shows.

Eggs for Hatching from $1.00 per 15 up.

You want the best, then write us.

HARTMAN SONS,
mar 29 1f Westminster, Md.

LOUIS SACHS.

SUCCESSOR TO A. C. STRASBURGER,

73 East Main St., Westminter.

I have the finest line of Liquors, Brandies, Gin, Rum and Wine ever offered in this city.

SPECIAL.—XXXX Rye Whiskey the

BEST $2.00 RYE WHISKEY

ever sold in Carroll county. The goods talk for itself. No solicitors in the county.

Give me a call and be convinced. No charge for Flasks or Jugs. Full measure guaranteed. A full line of Tobacco and Cigars.

LOUIS SACHS,
No. 73 EAST MAIN STREET,
WESTMINSTER, Md
my 4 06 1 y C. and P. Telephone.

J. W. SHUNK'S,

Leading Harness, Turf and Sporting Goods House,

opens the season of 1907, with an Up-to-Date stock of Goods, bought direct from Factory, in advance, at old prices for spot cash and will be sold on same terms. We name in part—

HARNESS

of all grades from fine Light Driving Harness to the Heavy Farm Teams.

Saddles and Bridles,

Collars and Pads, Halters. Whips and a full line of Fly Nets and Lap Dusters, Trunks, Suit Cases, Grips, Baseball Goods, Dressing Oils, Soaps, Leather, Hames and Chains and all accessories found in a first-class Harness Establishment, with no advance in price.

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. We invite inspection. Respectfully,

J. W. SHUNK'S
New Store, Bowers' corner, 43 E. Main street, Westminster Md. mar 29 1y 07

John E. Eckenrode. Chas. E. Eckenrode

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BUGGIES, SURREYS, STANHOPES, RUNABOUTS, DAYTONS, TRAPS, STICK WAGONS, DELIVERY WAGONS, DEPOT WAGONS and all kinds of Vehicles.

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.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,
Cor. Liberty and George Sts.,
may 13 04 Westminster Md.

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,
Westminster, Md.
an-28.

SALE BILLS printed at this office cheap and in an attractive manner.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

For June Shoppers

Every article mentioned has a value far in excess of its price. Lots of reasons for this but reasons don't interest as much as price marks. Lots of goods here that we will sacrifice to clear them out. It will well pay you to drop in and see what they are.

Shirt Waists, Wrappers and Cambric Underwear

Every Garment Right--Every Price a Saving

Sacques or Kimonas -	50 to 98c
Wrappers - -	98c to $1.25
Satteen Skirts -	75c to $1.50
Genuine Heatherbloom Skirts	$1.98 to $3.50
Taffeta Silk Skirts -	$5.00 to $6.00

Summer Waists

Lingerie effects, fine Lawn, soft finish Batiste, short and long sleeves, tastefully trimmed in val. lace and in embroideries.

$1.25 values - -	98c
$1.75 values - - -	$1.39
$2.50 values - -	$1.98

Hosiery, Underwear, Ribbons and Parasols

Examine these extraordinary offerings.

35c quality at - - - - 25c

A great combination lot of Hose at one-third less than usual value. Children's Hose, Ladies' Black Lisle Hose, Ladies' Drop Stitch Lisle Hose, usual value 35c, we offer for 25c.

Small lot of 15c Children's Lace Hose 5c pair

Sale of Men's Trousers

This week we offer special inducements in Men's Trousers. Come and see them and let us explain why?

We have the best line in town.

7c Calicoes 5c

Special purchase of odd lots of Calicoes, more than 2,000 yards, assorted colors, kinds and qualities. We place same on center counter, and offer for one week only at 5c yd.

Some excellent values at reduced prices in Ladies' Collars and Belts

Household Specialties

Children's Bath Tubs, Foot Tubs, Brass Cottage Rods, Wash Boilers, Jumping Ropes, Chamber Pails, Crystal Lamp Burners, Tack Hammers, Steamers, Sprinkling Cans, Cuspadors, and Enamelware of every kind. It will pay you to look our kitchen or so-called Basement through on 2nd floor.

Shoes, Oxfords, Etc.

If there is anything in footwear you want you can find it here, as we have the largest and best assortment in the city at the lowest possible prices, and you know from past experience that we make every purchase satisfactory.

$2.50 Ladies' Tan Russia Pumps -	$2.00
$2.50 " " 2 eyelet Gibson Ties	$2.00
$2.50 Men's Black Vici Ties -	$2.00
$4.00 " Tan Russia Oxfords -	$3.50

Splendid Lines of Misses' and Children's Tan Shoes and Oxfords

Babylon & Lippy Company

Special Notice!

We are mailing bills to all subscribers to the

AMERICAN SENTINEL

who are in arrears and asking them to REMIT AT ONCE. By doing so they will confer a favor, as all expenses of publishing the paper have to be paid cash. Look at the label on your paper which shows how long you owe for.

WHITE PALACE GROCERY.

Said George Peabody, one of Philadelphia's foremost merchants:

"Any business that is not a benefit to the community in which it is located must fail, as it depends on it for support." He would not sell any one an article that would do them harm."

Says JOHN D. BOWERS, Westminster's FOREMOST GROCER:

"So long as we must eat, why not eat the best, and pay the least? 'Best for the least' is the motto of the WHITE PALACE GROCERY." We have complied with the statement of the great merchant, spending 20 years same place same business. Our purities are soaring high on the wings of the Pure Food Law, that has caused many stores to smother.

Quick Delivery.

Our SODA FOUNTAIN IS NOW OPEN

with all the newest drinks. We give ONE SODA TICKET with every cash purchase of E DOLLAR, except sugar.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
feb 10 06 7 Both Phones.

Lynch & Steele,

Corner Green and Liberty Sts., WESTMINSTER, MD.

We have made our contracts for 1907, and as a starter will have on exhibition, for the inspection of the Farmers, the following:

International Gasoline Engines and Manure Spreaders,

the simplest machines that are made; Brown Wagons, Wiard and Oliver Plows, Perry Wood Frame Harrows, Steel Lever Harrows, Black Hawk Check Row Corn Planters,

Sharples Tubular Cream Separators, &c.

Many of these lines have been contracted for in car lots, which allows us to sell at close prices, thereby benefitting the farmer. Look us up, when in need, as we can save you money and will take care of your machines, after you have bought them.

CLOVERSEED is high in price, but we will have some on hand at all times, to accommodate those who want it. C. and P. Phone. nov 16 06 2

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"I thank you for recommending to me

DAVIS' 100 PER CENT PURE PAINT

It was applied in an excellent manner, and has turned out all you claimed for it. I consider it the first perfect job of painting I have ever had."

J. L. DOWNS,
Baltimore, Md.

Davis PAINT, properly applied, will please the most critical.

For sale by

The Westminster Hardware Co.,

Agents.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,

LEADING HARNESS EMPORIUM.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Summer Goods

now on display, consisting of

Buggy, Surrey, and Runabout Harness, Fly Nets, Horse Sheets, Lap Dusters,

SADDLES, BRIDLES,

TEAM HARNESS of all Kinds,

Soap, Oil, Collars, Halters, Whips, Chains, and in fact everything to furnish a horse complete.

Baseball and Turf Goods.
Repairing done at short notice.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,
opposite the Forks, 113 W. Main St.,
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JOSEPH L. MATHIAS,

(successor to John Beaver)

126 East MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER.

LARGE STOCK OF

MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS AND HEAD STONES



TO SELECT FROM.

PRICES MODERATE. GIVE ME A CALL

MANTEL AND TILE SETTING A SPECIALTY.

C. & P. Phone 70r. ap 13

DRS. HERING & FITZHUGH.

We have formed a Co-partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery.
Office 110 East Main street, Westminster.
Office hours 8 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 2 P. M.; 6 to 8 P. M.

JOS. T. HERING.
HENRY M. FITZHUGH.
May 21st, 1907. my 24 tf

PAROID ROOFING AND NEPONSET SHEATHING papers sold by Smith & Feifsnider and under their guarantee.

THE'RE COMING GRANDDAD.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

'Neath the ruins of a rustic porch paulioned o'er with vines,
Through which the sunshine slanting down, made strange, grotesque designs,
Made dancing shadows on the floor and like spirit hands caressed
The hoary locks of an aged man who sat him there to rest.
From the open door there came no sound of song or pattering feet,
No tender murmuring tones of home his weary soul to greet;
Under the eaves the swallows chirped, the bees droned on their way,
But for him, that aged man, his house was desolate that day.
The household cat that used to fawn and doze upon his knee,
The refuge she was wont to seek from children's stormy glee.
Stole past him now with furtive tread and crept into her lair,
While the sunshine creeping through the vines caressed his snowy hair.
Silent he sat and motionless, supreme amid the wreck,
Where blackened rafters told of flame of blood each crimson fleck;
Where the grain, down trodden in the field, told of the hoofs
Of rebel troopers' wild foray and of shell the splintered roofs.
But of all the ruin there was nought that crushed the old man lone,
Of all the dear lives blotted out the dear hopes overthrown,
Of all the loss in gold and goods and his weary, woesome age
As did the blow that traitors' hands struck Freedom in their rage.
Through his thin and tattered garments his wasted limbs appeared
And the quivering of his hungry lips, shook his white and tangled beard;
His blood stained feet his shoulders bowed betokened misery.
But an untamed spirit flashed like fire from his dark and sunken eye.
"God reigneth," thus he mused, "and in His mysterious way
That the darkest blackest hour at night comes just before the day.
Now is the gall and bitterness, the passion of our pain;
Lord! strike the fetters from our limbs avenge our loved ones slain."
Fierce was the gleam that lit his face while the sunshine on his head
Made him like a hoar prophet there just risen from the dead.
When, lo! swift footsteps echo near, in clasping arms he's pressed,
And a young wan face is hiding with wild sobs upon his breast.
"Is the dawn near?" he murmured low, as in a long embrace
He held the ragged urchin close and gently smoothed his face.
"Are they coming boy, the serried hosts, the legion of the Free
To hunt the traitors from the soil of our dear Tennessee?"
They're coming, Grandad, sobbed the boy, my father with them too,
My mother sent me from the cave to bring this news to you.
They set the blood hounds on his track not knowing of his flight
But they tore my little sister's throat, and oh, she died last night.
Oh! Grandad, I was sore afraid, their eyes were fierce and wild
And a red froth glistened on their fangs when they tore down the child.
Her face was like to frozen snow and she screamed in sad affright;
The rebels then called off their hounds—too late, she died last night."
The old man gasped, a shuddering sob shook him from head to heal,
He spoke no word but his soul cried out to God in strong appeal.
"Then," said the boy, "of dogwood flowers and leaves we made her bed,
And I came and left my mother in the cave beside her dead.
For Grandad, someone brought the news that at the dawn of day,
Full fifty-thousand Union troops were marching down this way.
Oh! Grandad, when I hear their drums and see against the sky
The old flag waving in the wind, I think of joy I'll die!"
"Lord! Thou hast smote Thy servant with affliction's burning seal,
With fire and sword and martyrdom, my faith thou dost anneal."
The old man slowly murmured. "Now I only ask of Thee
To live to see the Stars and Stripes wave o'er fair Tennessee.
Boy, in the cushion of my chair is the old State House Flag
That I stole off the night before the rebels raised their rag
That shadowed all the air around with its rebel bars
Where had floated like an angel's wings the blessed Stripes and Stars.
If my heart breaks before they come, stand thou upon my grave
And with the old flag in thy hand above me let it wave,
Speak out for me in loud huzzas, that our brave troops may know,
No traitor's blood is in thy veins, no Judas sleeps below."
While the old man spoke the sound of hoofs came tramping down the lane,
And three fierce rebel troopers soon drew up around the twain,
And swearing in their savage mood as from their features grim
They wiped away the sweat and dust their leader questioned him.
"Where are thy sons old grey beard? We're recruiting, dost thou heed,
For the South demands her stalwart men in this her hour of need."
"My sons," quoth he, while a crimson spot, flamed on each pallied cheek,
"One shot they down sir, like a doe, for the brave words he did speak;
Before his mother's frantic eyes and his blazing house that day;
He fell and his life blood crimsoned deep the sward on which he lay."
"Fit doom," the captain said, for a traitor to the South;
They should have smote him with their heels upon his traitor's mouth."
"My other son," "Aye, what of him" the rebel trooper said;
"Its the living one we want, you're welcome to the dead."
"He has been hiding in the mountain clefts, but now he'll soon be back;
If not call out your blood hounds and set them on his track.
I hear you have them of a breed so savage and so wild
That when they can't bring down a man they'll tear to death a child."
Thus spake the old man's bitter wrath, as with outflashing scorn
His eye swept from the traitor's brow adown his garments worn.
The taunt shot home and while the trooper's swarthy visage glow'red,
He sprang upon his aged foe and smote him with his sword.
Smote him upon his hoary head where the sunlight softly gleamed
Where soon amidst the silver hair a crimson fountain streamed.
The ragged urchin shrieked and fled and then the troopers three
Swore he should "take the rebel oath or swing on yonder tree."
"Didst ever hear?" he calmly said, "in ages long remote,
Of a Christian priest named Polycrap—nay, do not grasp my throat.
Who when the proud proconsul bade him to curse God or die,'
He said, 'My Lord hath harmed me not, I will not him deny?'
I'll take no oath. I've loved my country through her weal and woe,
I've fought beneath the Stars and Stripes from Maine to Mexico.
And now that dastard sons have pierced her in her hands and side,
Shall I deny her whom I worshipped in her days of pride?"
"You'll have less breath for treason, when with hemp your throat is drest,
But tell me first old dotard why you gaze toward the west."
"The Jews, proud rebel toward the east, watch for the coming king.
I gaze towards the glowing west for the succor it will be bring."
"Ho! ho! look not for succor there, 'tis the sunlight on the pines,
And not the gleaming bayonets of the serried Yankee lines."
"Well! well!" the old man bravely said, "it may not be to day,
But with God and Andy Johnson's help they'll soon march down this way."
"Come, comrades," cried the swarthy chief, "one of you gag his mouth,
And we'll hang him up—a warning to the traitors of the South."
Then they dragged him from his old arm chair and bound him with a cord,
When there came a sound upon the wind and he whispered "Thank Thee Lord,
'Tis not the wind among the pines as the sound still nearer comes
But the blare of trumpets and the deep fierce utterance of drums,
And the stately rythm of a tramp as of ten thousand feet
And the thundering tones of loud bassoons and cymbals clashing sweet."
"They're coming, Grandad," screamed a voice that from a tree top rang.
"The Yankees are upon us boys," cried the rebels as they sprang
Into their saddles and swept down the thickly wooded lane
While the old man shouted wild huzzas forgetful of his pain.
"They're coming Grandad," still he bawled—that urchin from his roost,
Then leaping o'er the furrowed field his Grandad's arms unloosed.
And with a wild light in his eyes and rapture on his face
He hauled with glee the State House Flag from its quaint hiding place.
Up to the roof he swiftly sped and to a rafter clung
As out upon the golden light the Stars and Stripes he flung.
And when the veterans caught its gleam as they marched through the pines,
A shout from full ten thousand throats rolled out along the lines.
Then out upon upon the peaks and cliffs the hunted refugees
Came from their caves with Union Flags flung wildly to the breeze,
Their cries of joy the thundering shouts while the music madly roared
Roused the eagles from their eyrie, fiercely shrieking as they soared.
Then adown the purple hillside, where the sun rays lingered yet,
In long array of blue and gold and glistening bayonet,
With the Old Flag waving far and wide, the symbol of the free,
Came Burnside's legion sweeping down into East Tennessee.
"Halt!" thundered down the weary lines and the General said, "just there
Where that old man sits so silently with the sunshine on his hair
Where that tattered urchin waves his flag from such a dizzy height
We shall find right loyal welcome and we'll rest us there to-night."
"That's my homestead" said a private as he bared his heated brow,
Though nought is left of its old cheer, for tis a ruin now.
You're welcome, General, to its use and my father waits to clasp
Your hand sir with a blessing in his warm and loyal grasp."
But the old man's soul had passed away, his last exultant sigh
Had mingled with his country's strain and the music of the sky.
Then they wrapped him grandly in his Flag when they heard his story told
And the General said, "a soldier's grave we'll give this patriot bold."
"They're coming Grandad," sobbed the boy, on the old man's silent breast,
"With little Minnie on a bier with dogwood blossoms drest.
They're singing 'Blessed are the dead' as from the mountain height
The sunshine's golden torrents roll to crown her head with light.
In the Old Flag wrapped she'll sleep with you, beneath the daisied sod,
Oh Grandad! blood like yours and hers like Abel's cries to God."
Said the General, as beside the dead, he sternly bowed his knee,
"Take heart my brave, such blood will bear rich fruit in Tennessee."
Then ere the golden sun had swept morn's crimson blush away,
While the mocking bird among the vines still sang his roundelay,
They laid the old man and the child together on the bier
Her brown curls streaming in the breeze twined with his snowy hair;
Her fair white cheek lay close to his, her little dimpled hands
Folded together like a saint's were bound with daisy bands,
With the Old Flag draped about them both the martyred ones were borne
Unto their rest, with sound of muffled drums and the plantive bugle horn.
The sound of women weeping and the sterner sobs of men
And the moaning of the pines above made their sad requiem.

To Cure a Cold.

Anything that will set the blood into active circulation is good for a cold.

Bathe the feet in hot water and drink hot water or hot lemonade on going to bed. Take a salt water sponge bath and remain in a warm room.

Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour or so.

Snuff hot salt water up the nose every hour or two.

Four or five hours' exercise in the open air is often effective.

"After all," said the philosopher, "the real joy of a thing is in the anticipation of it." "Well," replied Henpeck, "if there's any joy in matrimony that must be it."

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

It's easier for a married man to stop a runaway horse than his wife's tongue.

The best language to swear in is the one that sounds the loudest.

When The Treasure Scored.

BY DELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

From National Magazine.

Stanley glanced sidewise at his companion. 'Raymond, sit down,' he said sharply. 'If you stand up again I shall put you out, and let you walk the rest of the way.'

'I won't walk,' said Raymond. 'I'll sit right down here and wait till you come back.'

Stanley watched the road gloomily without arguing the matter. He had enough to think of. It seemed likely that this boy would keep his happiness from him. He recalled what Lois had said only two days ago. 'If you and Raymond loved each other, I shouldn't hesitate a moment. But you don't. He thinks you try to rule him, and I can see that he makes you impatient. He is my one treasure, John, and I don't feel that I ought—' Stanley had started to explain that there was another treasure right at hand, but the boy had burst right in and spoiled it all.

No, he was afraid he didn't like the treasure. He had brought him out today with some vague idea of conciliation, and already the boy was bristling with defiance.

When Stanley turned into the club grounds, his friends were waiting for him. He had just returned from a two year's cruise, and the old fellowship was to be renewed. With a few general injunctions, Stanley turned his charge loose.

But he tasted that afternoon the woes of step-fatherhood. First there was a farmer who came to complain the treasure was chasing his chickens, then, in rapid succession, Rider discovered that his paper had been used to make sailboats, and Woodly wrathfully exhibited his broken eye-glasses. There was a lull, during which he hung on the back of Stanley's chair, and teased to be taken for a row on the lake. When it dawned upon him that Stanley's decision was unalterable, he was quiet during the time it took him to shred to bits half a dozen of Ashe's choice cigars. He slid over the railing, and disappeared, before his guardian could call him to account.

'I don't like to disturb you, Stanley,' said someone a little later, 'but that kid of yours is out alone in a row boat. I don't know that you care much, but his mother might object if he were drowned.'

Stanley rowed out and brought the treasure in, leading him up the walk with a determined hand upon his shoulders. The boy looked up into his face, and tried to evade the wrath to come.

'I want you to take me right home,' he demanded.

Stanley reflected that the imp was probably young enough to cry, but nevertheless, he answered, 'We're not going yet, and you're not going yet, and you're not going to make any more trouble.'

The boy did not cry, and Stanley felt his first impulse of liking for him when he drew in his under lip and winked back a gathering tear.

'Put him in the cellar,' suggested Woodly, when he saw Stanley looking about for some means to enforce his dictum. 'It's empty since they moved up to the new building, so there's nothing for him to meddle with, and he'll be quite safe.'

Stanley examined the cellar, and finding it both dry and light, he locked the treasure in for safe keeping. It was the first time in the boy's life that punishment had been meted out to him, and he had something to think of as he sat on the lowest step. This was what happened to boys who had fathers. Billy West had told him of such happenings more than once, but Billy was very proud of his superiority in possessing a father.

At half past six Stanley stopped his auto at Mrs. Gail's door. She was going out to dinner with him.

'Where's Raymond?' she questioned looking out on the driveway.

A look of horror overspread Stanley's face. 'I forgot him,' he said, with desperate calmness.

'You forgot him! Oh, John! Where is he?'

'I left him at the old club house.'

'But who was with him?'

'No one. I was the last to leave.'

'Oh! but he'll not stay. He will run up to the new house, and there is sure to be some one there who will look after him until we come,'

'You stay here, Lois. I'll go and get him.'

'No, I must go. I can't trust you. You might forget him again.'

There was nothing for it, but to confess his crime, and Stanley confessed as they were flying along the road to the club house.

'Oh my baby!' wailed Lois, 'shut up in that dreadful cellar alone, in the dark, John, you might have had pity on him, no matter what he did. He's only seven years old.'

'But, dearest, you know I never meant to leave him there. I just forgot all about him.'

'That shows that you have no interest in him. A father wouldn't have forgotten him. And he'll be hungry, and perhaps he'll die of fright. Oh, my baby! How could you be so cruel! No I cannot forgive you, not now. Oh, why did I trust you with him? Oh, why did I trust you with him?'

At length Stanley gave up trying to comfort her. It didn't matter now what he did.

The old club house was dark and deserted. Stanley felt a creeping fear, as he unlocked the cellar door. Suppose—

'Raymond, are you there?' he called.

'Yes. Can I come up now?'

'Sure, old chap,' and Stanley sprang down to meet him. He came back with the boy in his arms, and Louis waited, checking her sobs, for the light from the auto showed her that the child had his arms around Stanley's neck, and Stanley's voice had a caressing note.

'I never meant to leave you there alone, my boy. I forgot you, and went home. You see I have not got used to taking care of you yet. But I won't forget you again. Can you forgive me?'

'Sure,' said the boy grandly. 'And, say, I didn't cry. When I couldn't hear you talking any more, and it got dark, I didn't like it very much; but I wasn't going to cry' cause I'm too big.'

'Of course you are; we're going to be chums, because I like a fellow with grit.'

'Are we, honest? Billy is his father's chum, but you're nicer.'

Lois kissed her son, but she was not tearful over his recovery, nor did she express pity for his suffering.

They got into the auto and drove to a little country inn that served famous fish suppers, and Raymond's hunger was soon a thing of the past. He chattered gaily, his perversity all gone, and Stanley answered him, but Lois sat strangely silent during the supper, and all the way home.

When they reached the house, Stanley came in uninvited, but quite as a matter of course.

'Now, old chap,' he said. 'It's late, and you've had quite an exciting day, so I think you'd better kiss us good-night and go straight to bed.'

'Yes, sir,' said Raymond, with a new note of respect in his voice.

'I'm going to take you out for a swimming lesson tomorrow. It's time you were learning some of these things.'

'That's dandy,' said Raymond, with feeling emphasis.

'Lucy will help you with the buttons, dear,' said Lois, kissing him good-night.

'Aw, I don't need anyone to do the buttons, unless my shoe strings are in a knot,' he added, in prudent if rather confused after thought.

'And now, Lois, what will you do?' demanded Stanley.

'Why, I don't know what I can do. He's counting on having you, and he was all that made me hesitate. You know, John, I cared—'

'Bless the treasure!' said Stanley, without waiting for the rest.

Vermont's Two Seasons.

One winter when Thaddeus Stevens had come back to his Vermont home he was the victim of a severe cold and could not leave the house for many weeks. One of his callers was Lewis Clark, a man of short stature, who in earlier days had been a playmate of the 'Old Commoner,' and was a near neighbor of the Stevens family in their Peacham home.

Vermonters had just begun to wear buffalo coats, and Mr. Clark arrived at the Stevens home almost lost in a coat which reached to the ground. His upturned collar completely covered his ears and face, while a fur cap completed the disguise.

'Is that you, Lewis?' asked Mr. Stevens in an incredulous tone.

'Yes, Thad,' he replied.

'Well, skin yourself and sit down,' exclaimed the other.

During the interesting conversation which followed, Mr. Clark asked Stevens if he wouldn't come back to his Vermont home and live.

'No,' replied Stevens. 'You have but two seasons here—winter and late in the fall.'—Harper's Weekly.

Had Price of One Only.

Lord Dunmore, the Scotch earl who has been touring American, talked at a dinner about people willfully misunderstanding, and said:

'They are like a certain soldier who served in my regiment. This soldier's chaplain saw Donald making for a public house one day.

'"Donald,' the chaplain shouted. Donald, oh, Donald!'

'Donald turned, gave him a hasty look, frowned and darted into the bar.

'The chaplain loitered outside the door till Donald came forth again.

'"Donald,' he said reproachfully, 'didn't you hear me calling?'

'"Yes, sir,' Donald answered, 'I did bnt—I had only the price of one.'

Schoolmaster—'Anonymous means without a name. Give me a sentence showing you understand how to use the word.' Small boy—'Our new baby is anonymous.'

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