THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 26, 1907. VOL. 76--NO. 30.

Emory Grove Assembly and Camp Meeting

will hold its annual services August 3rd to 18th, 1907, at the Camp grounds near Glyndon, W. M. R. R., terminus Emory Grove Line United Railway and Electric Co.

Some of the special days are:—

Saturday, August 3rd, 1907.
Social and Concert "Uncle Sam in Dixey"
Monday, August 5th, 1907.
Lecture "Sky Wonders"
by Bishop J. F. Berry
Saturday, August 10th, 1907.
Lecture "Handful of Hits"
by R. K. Gilbert, D. D.
Monday, August 19th, 1907.
Concert by Cecilian Quartette.

An admission of 10 cents to these entertainments.

Sunday, August 4th, Bishop J. F. Berry, D. D.
" " " Rev. J. M. Gray.
" " " Rev. Vaughn Collins, D. D.
Sunday, August 11th, Richard Gilbert, D. D., Pres. Elder Danville Dis., Penn. Central Conference.
Sunday, August 11th, John A. Davis, Evangelist, N. Y.
Sunday, August 11th, John W. R. Sumwalt, Pres. Elder Wash. Dis., Balto. Conf.
Sunday, August 18.h, C. M. Boswell, Asst. Sec. Board of Home Missions, Phila.

Evangelists Davis, Mills and Carr will be present at every service. Prof. Mills will sing during the day and evening.

Monday, August 5th.
"Anti-Saloon League Day."
11 A. M., address by Rev. Roland W. Raymond, Supt. of Peninsula and Delaware Division.
3 P. M., address by Wm. H. Anderson, Supt. of Maryland.
"Woman's Home Missionary Society"
Tuesday, August 6th, 8 P. M.
Address by Rev. Wm. A. Frye, D. D., Pastor First Church, Trenton, N. J.
"Woman's Foreign Missionary Society"
All day Sunday, July 28th.
Addresses, Rev. W. P. Eveland, President of Dickinson Seminary, and others.
Epworth League Day, Saturday, August 17th. Three Baltimore Districts in charge.
Addresses by Gladstone Holm, Dr. C. M. Boswell and others.

W. M. R. R. will make special camp meeting rates on the following days:

Saturday,	August	3rd	1907.
Sunday,	"	4th,	"
Wednesday,	"	7th,	"
Saturday,	"	10th,	"
Sunday,	"	11th,	"
Wednesday,	"	14th,	"
Saturday,	"	17th,	"
Sunday,	"	18th,	"

These tickets will be good to return the days following days of sale. Rates will be published in due time.

The Union Bridge Band will render a sacred concert Sundays, August 11th and 18th, at one (1) P. M. and six (6) P. M.

With a new water supply and extensive improvements at the hotel, there is not a camp meeting ground or assembly that surpasses Emory Grove for comfort or convenience.

Arrangements can be made to have the W. M. R. R. trains go up as far as Thurmont, if a sufficient number will communicate with Rev. A. F. Campbell, 423 N. Bond street, Baltimore, Md., and indicate the day they desire to visit the camp.

For hotel rates, write to Emory Grove Hotel.

For tent rates write
DAVID ABERCOMBIE,
319 German street, Baltimore, Md.

Programme of Camp Meeting's matters,
REV. A. F. CAMPBELL,
423 N. Bond street, Baltimore, Md.

jy 12 tf

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF Valuable Real Estate,

In Uniontown District, in Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2363 in the matter of the trust estate of Clotworthy Birnie, deceased, Clotworthy Birnie, Trustee, the undersigned trustee will offer at public sale on the premises situate about three miles from Taneytown, and about nine miles from Westminster, on the road leading from Westminster to Taneytown, on

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, '907,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the said real premises known as "Thorndale," formerly belonging to Clotworthy Birnie, deceased, situate in said Uniontown district, county and State aforesaid, as follows, to-wit:—

Tract No. 1, containing
173¾ ACRES AND 20 PERCHES OF LAND,
more or less, being part of the same land of which the said Clotworthy Birnie died seized and possessed. This tract contains about
35 ACRES OF WOOD LAND.



The improvements thereon consist of a rough cast stone dwelling house with 15 rooms, basement kitchen and linen room; there is also a barn, hog house and necessary outbuildings, also well and cistern water. This property is well located and one of the most desirable country homes in the neighborhood of Taneytown.

Tract No. 2, containing
150 ACRES AND 37 PERCHES OF LAND,
more or less, is located contiguous to Tract No. 1, in said Uniontown district, in said Carroll county, and State of Maryland, and is part of the same land of which the said Clotworthy Birnie died seized and possessed.



This property has about 50 ACRES of growing timber thereon. The improvements thereon consist of a 7 room weatherboarded dwelling house with a basement kitchen, large stable, hog house and other outbuildings. There is also a well of good water at the house. Bear Branch, a never failing stream of pure water, runs through this Tract and Tract No 1.

Tract No. 3, containing
111¾ ACRES AND 32 PERCHES OF LAND,
more or less, is located contiguous to Tract No. 1, in said Uniontown district, in Carroll county, and State of Maryland, and is part of the same land of which the said Clotworthy Birnie died seized and possessed. This property is unimproved and contains about 25 ACRES of growing timber.

The aforegoing three tracts will be offered separately and then as a whole.

This property is well suited for farming purposes and has a good proportion of meadow land and especially well suited for stock raising.

For further information apply to the undersigned at Taneytown, Md., or to Eugene Althoff on the premises.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon ratification by the Court, one third in six months and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, or if desired by the purchaser or purchasers, all cash on the ratification of sale by the Court; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CLOTWORTHY BIRNIE,
Trustee.

Roberts & Crouse, Solicitors.
july27 is Wm. T. Smith, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE OF A FINE DAIRY FARM.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale his farm, situated on the road leading from Hampstead to Brilhart's Mill, about one-half mile from Hampstead, containing
120 ACRES OF LAND,
ON SATURDAY, JULY 27th, 1907,
at 1 o'clock, P. M. The land is all in a high state of cultivation, except 17 acres which is Woodland. There is a spring at the house, well at the barn and water in every field on the place. Terms made known on day of sale.



jy 5 4t* JOHN G. YINGLING.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at Public Sale, at 1 o'clock, P. M., ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1907,
12½ Acres of Land, 1 mile east of Union Mills, improved with a Two-story Log Dwelling, new Bank Barn and all other necessary outbuildings; a never failing spring of fine water, abundance of fruit, &c. Terms made known at sale.



JEREMIAH O. JONES.
jy 12 3t* Wm. Warner, Auct.

Commissioners Notice.

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,
feb 10 05 Treasurer.

20,000 TO LOAN

On Mortgages or Private Securities. Apply to
jy 12 3t E. O. WEANT.

"THE DAYLIGHT STORE"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Mid-Summer SALE!

Everything in Stock Shows Market Reductions

Glance at our Window Displays--a characteristic slashing of prices to accomplish quick Clearance. The emphatic reductions we have placed on everything involved, makes it the biggest bargain clearance of the season. An important feature is that the offerings are made up entirely of this summer's newest and best styles which we are forced to close out at great reductions to make room for early fall shipments.

The Biggest Bargains of the Season

Any Suit in the house—Men's or Ladies', (Wash Suits included.)

$20.00	Suits	$16.00
16.00	"	12.00
12.00	"	9.00
10.00	"	7.50
7.50	"	5.50

and so on down through the entire stock.
This is a golden opportunity—don't miss it.

Dress Goods

15 pieces regular 25 and 35c Dress Goods to go during this sale at - - - 19c
75c Silks - - - - 49c

Shirt Waists

We cannot well describe this lot, it being a large one, consisting of a great variety of both colors and patterns.
Every one new this spring. $1.25, your choice of the lot - - - - 89c

WASH FABRICS

This lot embraces madras, ginghams, seersuckers, organdies, batistes, etc. The regular prices of these goods were 12½ to 15c, this sale price 9c.

25c 40-in. white linen, sale price -	15c
15c 36-in. figured percales, sale price -	12½c
10c 30-in. figured lawns, sale price -	7c
25c silk tissues - - -	19c
25c french dimities - - -	19c
7c lawns - - - -	5c
7c calicoes - - - -	3c
75c white table Damask (all linen) -	59c
12½c cotton towels - - -	7½c

White Aprons

This lot alone is worth your consideration. Regular 50c white aprons, some bib aprons, some waist aprons - - - 39c
25c quality, assorted patterns - 19c

ONE WEEK ONLY

$1.75 Ladies' House Dresses $1.19. A limited quantity left in all sizes, worth today if we had to buy them more than we sold them at. This sale regardless of cost $1.19.

Gloves, Collars, Etc.

$1.00 ladies' white lace mitts -	25c pr.
25 to 50c ladies' white lace gloves -	10c pr.
25c ladies' embroidered collars -	15c
12½ ladies' vests - - -	10c
19c tooth brushes - - -	10c
5c torchon laces - - -	3½c
Children's rompers - - -	49c
$1.25 bed spreads - - -	98c
5c cotton crash - - -	3c
25c sun bonnets - - -	19c

10c TOILET SOAPS 5c

This lot embraces all the best makes of 10c soaps, the variety is large, we are closing out all our soaps and offer them at this sale for 5c.

5c TOILET SOAPS 3c

Your choice of any 5c soap, all put in one basket and offered during this sale at 3c.

RUGS

$1.98 Velvet Rugs 27x54 - -	$1.49
$1.25 Brussels " " - -	98c
69c Matting " 36x72 - -	49c

Household Goods

40c 10 qt. Enameled Buckets -	25c
25c 14 qt. " Dish Pans -	19c
35c China salt Boxes - - -	15c
25c Jardiniers - - - -	15c
19c Cuspidors - - - -	10c
50c Men's Negligee Shirts - -	39c
50c " Invisible Suspenders -	25c

SHOES AND OXFORDS

The sweeping reductions that prevail throughout the Dry Goods Departments show a marked decrease in our Shoe Department. We have collected all our small lots of different styles in Men's, Women's and Children's Oxfords and the prices show a marked reduction.
$2.00 Ladies' two-eyelet Tan Oxfords - $1.69

Babylon & Lippy Company

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, 45 E. Main street, Westminster Md. mar 29 1y 07

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(successor to John Beaver)
126 East MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER.
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MONUMENTS AND HEAD STONES
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We have formed a Co-partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery.
Office 110 East Main street, Westminster.
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HENRY M. FITZHUGH.
May 21st, 1907, my 24 tf

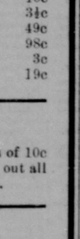
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MYERS BROTHERS,
Surgeon Dentists,
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We are prepared to do all kinds of
Dental Work. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Plate work and repairing will be given prompt attention. Gas administered.
J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week and in Westminster the remainder of the week.
J. S. Myers will be in Westminster every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month, when he will be in TANEYTOWN.
Maryland and C. & P. Telephone.
aug 23 02 tf

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.,
dec 15 06 1y Westminster Md.

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Surgeon Dentist,
WESTMINSTER, Md.,
Has opened an office opposite the Montour House, at No. 62 W. Main street.
He solicits your patronage.
Extraction, Plate, Crown and Bridge Work guaranteed.
Porcelain Fillings a speciality.
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SUCCESSOR TO A. C. STRASBURGER,
73 East Main St., Westminster.
When in town follow the crowd and it will bring you to L. Sachs', the oldest, the largest and the best equipped
LIQUOR HOUSE
in Westminster.
THE BEST $2.00 WHISKEY
sold in Carroll county.
No extra charge for Jugs or Bottles.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
Office with Chas. E. Fink, Esq., Court St. Residence New Windsor.

MEMORIES.

I.

I love to think of the days gone by when I, barefooted, free,
Would wander wherever I wanted to go, lazy and aimlessly.
I love to think of the path that led thro' woodlands cool and sweet,
To the dear old stream where I used to go to free myself from heat.
And I love to dream of the river bank and the placid swimming place,
Where the willows swayed by the breezes kissed the water's breast with grace.
But I hate to think of the day when all my dreams were put to rout,
When mother discovered my hair was wet and my shirt was inside out.

II.

It's a long way back to the dear old days, the days of long ago,
When I was a kid with freckles and a head of tousled tow.
I don't suppose I would recognize the scenes that then were mine,
The swimming hole, the meadows, and the pathway for the kine.
I love to dream of my dreams of then, as onward creep the years,
But ever there's one thing steals in them that stops my flow of tears.
And that's the thought of the day when I was flogged with a paddle stout,
When mother discovered my hair was wet and my shirt was inside out.

—Will F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

"THREE CONFESSIONS."

BY GRACE SHEETS.

From Maryland Magazine.

When Jno. Halliday Dodge, B. S., A. M., M. D., was appointed Professor of Chemistry for the last half of the year in the Warrenburg University for Women he considered himself fortunate in securing the position. The Professor's four years at Yale and his two semesters in Germany had left his pocket-book pretty well depleted.

On the morning of his arrival the President called him into his private office before the classes began.

'Mr. Dodge,' he began, surveying rather anxiously the six feet of good looking manhood before him, 'I wish to speak to you a few moments about your classes. Professor Burdges, whose place you take, I am afraid was a little lax during the first half of this year. He was getting old as you know, and though one of the best known professors of chemistry in this country, I have reasons to believe his work was not up to the usual standard during this year. Owing solely to his advanced age and ill health, you will understand me to mean.'

The professor bowed.

'I would like you to bring the classes up to the standard, if possible, especially the seniors, and to preserve good discipline. This class was Prof. Burdges' favorite one, and as I observed before, I am afraid he was a little lax. Young ladies of that age are sometimes a little hard to—er—manage'—he looked up interrogatively.

'I think I understand the situation perfectly,' replied young Prof. Dodge, and the interview was ended.

He went up the stairway to his class-room. Several of the giggling and chatting young girls met him and did not hesitate to look back and make free comments among themselves, the older girls glanced at him out of the corner of their eyes as they passed. It was a terrific ordeal for the professor, he stumbled over the last two steps of the stair and was conscious of a suppressed titter from a group of freshmen girls. He finally got into his room and closed the door. Pulling a chair up to the desk he sat down and wiped the perspiration that had started on his face. The professor began intensely regretting that he had accepted the position. The smaller girls he felt he could get along with, but how he was to face the groups of young women he had passed on the grounds and in the building was beyond him. He sat abjectly passing his handkerchief across his forehead until the bell rang and the first class filed into the room. It was a class of younger girls and he got through fairly well.

At the second bell the seniors came sedately into the room. The professor felt his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth and his eyes were glued to the floor as he heard the swish of their long dresses as they took their places. They were discreetly silent at first and he could feel twenty pairs of eyes upon him; they evidently expected him to begin. He could think of absolutely nothing to say; he pulled open the desk drawer desperately, took off his glasses and wiped them put them back and appeared to be anxiously searching through the drawer. There was nothing inside but a broken lead pencil and two pieces of dusty paper. The girls waited a moment and then began busily whispering. Judith Mercer and Ellen Bently sat on the two back rows, Judith on the chair immediately in front of Helen. They were roommates and chums and there was method in this arrangement of seating.

'He's good looking all right!' whispered Ellen over Judith's shoulder.

'Yes,' answered Judith behind her hand, 'but he don't look happy. You tell me the answers when he asks me a question. I haven't looked inside that old chemistry.'

'Don't worry,' Ellen breathed in her ear. 'Have I ever deserted you? I know the lesson perfectly and I'll tell you every answer.'

Which explains the method of the otherwise inseparable pair in their arrangement of Judith sitting directly in front of Ellen.

The professor turned over the two pieces of dusty paper several times, picked up the broken lead pencil, appeared to be vainly searching in the back of the drawer, and there being nothing else to do picked up his book and tried manfully to face the forty bright eyes before him.

By the end of the week he had brought himself to a numb acceptance of the situation and was trying heroically to do his duty.

John Haliday Dodge, B. S., A. M., M. D., had been a most excellent student, had graduated with honor, and gone through his two semesters abroad with credit; and came home, as Dudney, his old college chum and roommate, expressed it, 'with half the alphabet tacked onto his name.' His book learning was extensive; but his knowledge of the world outside of books, especially the feminine world, was limited.

'Put away your book, you old grind and come along with me,' Dudney would often say during the year they roomed together, and the 'Professor,' as the boys even then called him, would look up and ask, 'Where are you going?'

'Over to Mrs. Harrison's. She asked me to bring the crowd around; good supper and plenty of good looking girls; get your 'glad rags' and come along.'

'I think I'd rather stay here,' replied the 'Professor' slowly, 'I don't seem to get on with those girls. I never know what they like to talk about.'

Dudney was over at the bureau drawer selecting a necktie.

'Ask 'em,' he replied cheerfully, 'draw 'em out and find what they want you to talk on.'

'I did,' replied the 'Professor,' 'at the Burke's dance the other night they gave me Emily Burke to take into supper and after we came up, I don't dance, you know, so we sat down in a corner and I asked her what subject she was most interested in; and she gave a little gigle and cried, 'Oh, chemistry! Mr. Dodge, I just love chemistry! They say you are the best chemistry student in college.' I thought I was all fixed then and as we'd had an interesting experiment that afternoon I started in telling her about it. She kept saying, 'How funny!' 'How dreadfully dear!' when it was purely a scientific demonstration all the way through. I hadn't been explaining more than fifteen or twenty minutes and was right in the middle of the most interesting part when she gave a little scream and cried, 'Oh, Mr. Dodge, how odd you are, won't you please take me to Mamma.' Catch me telling that girl any more chemistry!'

Dudney grinned from ear to ear; he had a mental picture of frivolous Emily Burke listening to a dissertation of any kind.

'Well, try again,' he said encouragingly, 'they're not all like Emily.'

'No,' returned the 'Professor' soberly, 'that's the trouble, there're no two of them alike.'

'Sure, that's one of their chief charms, keeps you anxious and guessing. Variety is the spice of life you know.'

The 'Professor' shook his head.

'Try making love to them, they nearly all like that,' suggested Dudley, surveying the fit of his coat critically in the glass.

'What!' said the 'Professor' with horror. 'I hope I shall never make love to but one woman.'

And Dudney got into his overcoat with a grin and went by himself to Mrs. Harrison's party.

* * * * *

After several weeks at the University had passed the 'Professor' gradually became a little more accustomed to and less nervous over his daily trial; the senior class interested him most purely from a teacher's standpoint. The twenty young women themselves he regarded impersonally and with awe; if asked about them he would have probably picked out Ellen and Judith as the ones that interested him most, they seemed unusually bright girls and always had an answer for the question put to them.

He did not know that Ellen prompted, over Judith's shoulder, when failure seemed certain, and was faithfully at her elbow during experiments. Judith's big brown eyes may have had some effect, for several times he said 'That was an excellent answer,' or 'I like that definition, Miss Mercer,' entirely overlooking Ellen's better recitation, and the little imp of jealousy awoke in Ellen's heart; besides the professor was remarkably good looking.

One evening Ellen was sitting on the window seat looking out over the campus while Judith promenaded up and down the room to get the effect of a new trained skirt. After a while Ellen turned her head, 'Judith, I'm not going to help you in the chemistry lesson any more; it isn't right.'

Judith stopped short in her promenade. 'Why, what's the matter with you, Ellen Bentley, when did you get a sudden attack of conscience?'

'Well, it isn't right and I'm not going to do it,' answered Ellen determinedly.

'Whatever will I do!' cried Judith, 'I haven't hardly looked in that old chemistry this year, and I've got to keep my daily average up to ninety or I'll have to take the final exams.'

The next morning when they filed into the chemistry class Judith and Ellen took their accustomed seats.

'Miss Mercer,' said the professor, when he got to Judith, 'We have already treated of the Crude Carbonate of Ammonia; the pure is prepared from salammoniac and chalk by sublimation. You may give me the symbol of pure Carbonate Ammonia.'

Judith twitched her shoulder, the usual signal to Ellen; but Ellen simply tightened her lips.

The Professor waited a moment and repeated the question.

'Yes, sir,' replied Judith confusedly, twitching her shoulder more violently; but receiving no answer.

The Professor looked at her, 'Did you understand the question, Miss Mercer?'

'Yes, replied Judith, with her eyes on the floor, 'but I don't know the symbol.'

He checked her and passed the question.

After school Judith went up to her room and sat silently by the window. Ellen came in, and giving her a quick look, picked up one of her books and went down to the library. Judith sat quietly awhile, then she took her chemistry and went down to the class room and knocked on the door. The professor was still there. 'Come in,' he said, and looked up in surprise and embarrassment as Judith opened the door; she walked over to the desk. 'I wish to see you for a few minutes, Prof. Dodge, if you have time,' she began.

He got up, tipping over his chair, catching his shoe in the end of the desk somehow, got across the room and brought her a chair, setting it firmly down on the train of the new skirt. Judith smiled a little, and pulling her dress away sat down. The professor's embarrassment was evident; collectively he had gotten somewhat used to these young women, but individually they represented mental torture. Judith folded her hands over the book and looked at him.

'I have come to make a confession, Prof. Dodge,' she said clearly. The professor looked his surprise and amazement. 'I have been cheating in chemistry all this year. I don't like the study, but it isn't elective, and I had to take it to get my degree. I suppose you are surprised and disappointed in me; But Ellen Bently has either told or prompted me in answering nearly every question you have asked me.'

She stopped and looked at him; somehow the professor had forgotten his usual embarrassment, and was looking straight into her brown eyes. Judith flushed under his glance.

'I know it was wrong and despicable of me,' she went on firmly, 'I never did it in any of my other studies. I hope you will believe that. I didn't like chemistry and Prof. Burdgess was old and never seemed to see or care for anything that went on in the class. I don't know what you will think of me,' she ended, looking at him appealingly.

'I think well of you for wishing to end such a deception and coming here and voluntarily confessing it.'

Judith felt her cheeks get crimson. 'But I didn't wish to end it, I must not let you believe that, and I wouldn't have thought of confessing, only Ellen made me see what I was doing by refusing to help me any longer.'

The professor's lower lip pulled in between his teeth, and he looked at the floor for a moment.

'What do you wish to do?' he asked at length.

'Anything you say, professor. I'll confess before the class if you wish, and take the year's chemistry over; of course, I know that means not graduating until next year.'

A light came into the professor's eyes, somehow it came to him, and there was great joy in the thought, that here was a woman he could understand and feel and talk with in common fellowship.

'There is no need of your doing that, Miss Mercer,' and Judith looked up at the sudden ring in his voice. 'If you have time and wish to come to me every evening after school for a half hour we can easily make up the half year you have lost.'

Judith held out her hand. 'Thank you,' she said, and her lips trembled. 'It is kind of you, and I owe both Ellen and you a debt of gratitude.'

She came faithfully to her lessons; at first the professor's confusion and timidity was forgotten in his interest in the student; but after awhile the thought of Judith came between him and his books, often when he was reading he would suddenly become conscious that he was not seeing the printed words on the page before him, but seeing a pair of brown eyes, and thinking of the girl who worked so faithfully at her chemistry. When he recognized this fact his old timidity returned and he was afraid to look in Judith's eyes for fear she would read the truth in his and feel only pity for him; and the professor was proud. He avoided looking at her in the class room and asked her as few questions as possible. Judith felt the change. 'I suppose he dislikes me, and hasn't any faith in me,' she thought remorsefully, and sometimes when he directly avoided asking her a question she could feel the tears fill her eyes.

Finally his constrained manner during the lesson after school made it almost unbearable to her, and she resolved to ask him that afternoon if she could not stop them. During the chemistry class she was at a retort making an experiment; she felt nervous and miserable, and the fumes made her sick and faint; she recklessly put the glass retort over too hot a flame, there was a quick report and the glass burst, sending its fragments over the room; and for the first time in her vigorous young life Judith felt her head reel and herself falling.

The professor was standing near her with his back turned, putting up a symbol on the blackboard. He heard the report, and turning caught her in his arms. For an instant the old timidity and embarrassment almost overwhelmed him, he had not recognized who it was he had saved from falling, then he looked down and saw it was Judith.

The professor had been the best half-back on the foot ball team, and his presence of mind had never been known to desert him in a emergency. He held her on his right arm and was conscious of a thrill of joy as he thought what a strong right arm it was. Some of the girls crowded anxiously around him.

'Please stand back,' he said with a calmness that surprised even himself. 'Miss Bently, open the window, and Miss Evans bring some water as quickly as possible.'

He began stroking her forehead and face with his free hand. Now, the professor knew from his study of medicine that the patient should be laid down and the head should not be kept higher than the body; but somehow he wanted to keep the brown head with the white face turned up to his there on his shoulder, and although the voice of conscience shouted loudly, 'Lay her down!' he only held her closer, smoothing back her hair with his hand. And suddenly Judith opened her eyes and looked straight up into his. The color came with a rush into her face, she lifted her head and the professor's arms fell helplessly to his sides.

Ellen helped her to a chair: 'You fainted, Judith,' she said anxiously.

'Did I?' said Judith, wonderingly, and sat silently while they bathed her head, and then Ellen went with her to their room.

After it was all over the professor's conscience awoke again and cried still more loudly. He had not done his duty as a physician and a man. He had made no effort to revive her, and because it had been the sweetest thing to him in his life to hold her in his arms and feel the little brown head on his shoulder, he had simply stood and held her when it might have meant life or death. He blamed and reproached himself exceedingly, for almost the first time in his life he had forgotten his duty.

Judith did not come down the next morning nor for the rest of the week. The time was torture for the professor. Friday he summoned up courage and called Ellen into the room.

'How is Miss Mercer? I—I hope she is better,' he stammered Ellen looked down! 'She is—I think she is well now,' she replied evasively. The truth was Judith was perfectly well, but when questioned only hid her face among the sofa pillows on the window seat, and refused to come back into school.

The professor remained late at his desk that afternoon, and Judith, from her window seat, where she watched for his departure every afternoon before venturing out, concluded he had gone, and taking her chemistry text book went down on the campus. The professor saw her pass down the stair, he thought she looked pale and weak; remorse was in his heart, it was probably his fault that she had not recovered sooner, he thought. He got up from his desk and followed her hesitatingly and slowly.

She went down the drive under the budding trees and across the grounds to an old arbor that stood on the edge of the campus. There was a bench and a table inside where the girls sometimes came of an afternoon to study. Judith sat down, placed her book upon the table and folding her hands upon it looked with unseeing eyes straight before her though the open door. Suddenly the professor stood there, the book fell to the floor and she stood up flushed and trembling.

The professor came straight up to the table and stood opposite her.

'Miss Mercer,' he began, and she could hear that voice trembled, 'I feel that I owe you a confession. When you fainted the other day, for almost the only time in my life I forgot to do my duty as a man and a physician. I made no effort to revive

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