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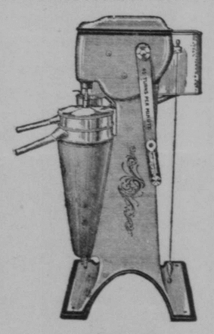
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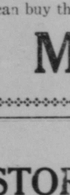
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The Granger's Mutual Storm Insurance Company of Carroll county, will insure your BUILDINGS AND CONTENTS AGAINST LOSS BY WIND STORMS AND YOUR CROPS AGAINST LOSS BY HAIL STORMS.

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We offer one of the most complete nursery stocks to be found in the east, consisting of
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Spring will soon be here and you should inspect the walls of your homes preparatory to having them papered or repapered. I have a full line of fine new goods. Give me a call.
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COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

HOKE KEFFER, 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
feb 10 09 O. EDWARD DODRER, Treasurer.

NEW MAJOR GENERAL.

Charles L. Hodges, Promoted From Rank of Brigadier.

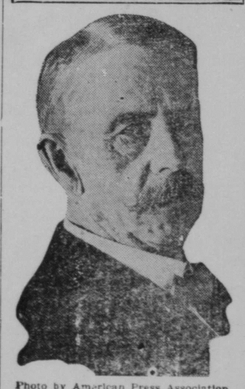


Photo by American Press Association

A DUPLEX PICTURE

By JOHN D. BILLINGS

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My family, the Moffetts, during the Revolutionary war were divided on the issue, some of them being Tories, some ardent patriots. The first Moffett who came to this country was British to the core. He arrived when he was thirty years old and was sixty when independence was declared. One would think he had had ample time to become Americanized, but nothing can depatriate an Englishman.

Not long ago, becoming interested in the family genealogy, I got into correspondence with a cousin of mine who lives in the identical house built and occupied by Cuthbert Moffett, the old curmudgeon Tory. I was invited to visit my cousin and inspect the homestead and certain heirlooms it contained. I accepted the invitation and found him quite ready to give me all the information he possessed about the family history. He said that our progenitor had been so wrought upon by King George's failure to establish his authority that it killed him.

"There," said my cousin when he showed me to my room, pointing to a painting hanging on the wall, "is a portrait of the second Moffett, James, our grandfather. It was painted when he was sixty-eight years old, or about the age at which his father, Cuthbert Moffett, died."

The face was a model of kindliness, the reverse of what his father's must have been.

After dining and passing an agreeable evening with my cousin and his family I went upstairs to bed. He had been telling me legends of the family, and my mind was quite full of them. However, I had been traveling all day and was tired. Getting out of my clothes as soon as possible, I turned off the light and jumped into bed.

There are certain nights when there is a deadness in the air that prevents persons from sleeping. I had struck one of these nights. An hour after going to bed I awoke, and after being awake another hour concluded to light the gas—it had been put in with much difficulty some years before—and read a novel I had brought with me. I read for some time and, becoming a bit sleepy or tired of my book, I laid it down on the bed beside me. Then I found myself looking straight at the picture of James Moffett. The gas jet shone full upon it.

Impressed as I had been with the stories my cousin had told me about the disagreeable makeup of Cuthbert and the genial disposition of James Moffett, the moment my eyes fell on the portrait it struck me that the natures of these two men were struggling with each other in it. If ever there was a mingling of a diabolical with a noble expression it was there. There seemed to be two pictures in one—two men of the same age, the one a devil, the other a saint. Their features were so much alike that they could scarcely be told apart.

I moved aside, when, behold, I saw only the benevolent features of James Moffett. I moved as far to the opposite side, and there on the same canvas was the devilish face of Cuthbert. I resumed my original position and there saw again the strange mingling of the two.

Now, I am not a superstitious man, but one must admit that after listening to the stories I had heard of these two men, my own progenitors, looking upon such a sight was not conducive to quiet nerves. I don't say that I was impressed with the probability of there being anything supernatural about the portrait, but I didn't know. A man is much more liable to give way to superstition at 2 o'clock in the morning, alone, than in the light of day with other persons about him. I wondered if the father and son had not quarreled in life and the son had unwillingly been implicated in the father's death. And was not this quarrel supernaturally perpetuated in the picture?

Nonsense! I would turn out the light and go to sleep.

I did the first at once; the second I could not do till daylight came and the picture lost its duplex condition.

At breakfast I did not propose to give away my midnight trepidation to my cousin.

"Sleep well?" he asked.

I didn't like to lie about it, so I admitted that I was wakeful.

"See anything unusual in the room?"

"I know what you're driving at. There's something strange about that portrait of our grandfather."

He smiled. "I wondered if you would be looking at it when your gaslight struck it. I hope it didn't disturb you."

"I'll forgive you if you'll explain the matter."

"Done. Not long before James Moffett's death—that was during the early part of this century—a wandering painter came to the house and asked to be permitted to paint his portrait. There was no canvas available, but in the garret was an old picture of Cuthbert Moffett, so disagreeable looking that the family would not have it on the wall. A daughter of James, who detected the old portrait, gave it to the painter, asking him to use it if he could and in any event 'paint out the horrid old man.' The artist used the canvas for the new picture. Whether it is in some transparent paint he put on or whatever it is, in certain lights one sees Cuthbert, in other lights James, and in certain other lights sees a mingling of both."

THE HALL OF FAME.



LOUIS AGASSIZ—Celebrated Swiss-American geologist. Born Motier, Switzerland, May 28, 1807; died Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 14, 1873. Educated at Zurich, Heidelberg and in other German universities. Became a disciple of Cuvier. Was a professor at Neuchatel and there issued two of his great books. Studied the glaciers of the Alps, and some of his most brilliant work was the result. Came to the United States in 1846 to lecture and was made professor of natural history at Harvard. Henceforth devoted his life to the development of science in America with signal success. Lectured extensively and established summer schools; also led parties of scientists in investigations in various parts of this country and Brazil.

Captain Jack and Captain Ben

By MARGARET FOSTER

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Margaret Swift was born and brought up on the New Hampshire coast among seafaring people.

When Maggie grew old enough to have a lover there were two candidates for her favor. Both were assistants on fishing smacks. Jack Cady was a wild youngster who promised no good, and no good ever came out of him. Ben Wharton was a steady young fellow, whose parents never had any occasion to worry about him. Maggie at first preferred Jack, but as soon as she came to an age to see the difference between the two young men she found Ben the more acceptable of the two.

Both Jack and Ben went to sea, and both became masters of vessels when they were still very young. Both were much in love with Maggie, and each strove to accumulate the means whereby he might be enabled to claim her, though this is rather true of Ben than Jack, for while the former progressed steadily the latter did so by fits and starts, now and again getting into positions where any money he had saved was needed to help him out.

Maggie's father was interested in her marrying a man who could give her a home and comforts. He believed she would wed with one or the other of these two young captains and used to say to them:

"The man that gets my daughter with my consent must be able to take care of her."

This at once caused a rivalry between the two men for something more mercenary than love. Ben in a few years owned a part of the vessel he commanded, but Jack, owing to his unsteadiness, was in about the same condition as at his starting. Maggie really began to love Ben, and Jack, thinking that his rival was favored because he had more means than he, became very much disgruntled.

Toward the end of one of Ben's voyages he was approaching the coast of New England when what seemed to be a derelict appeared ahead. Nearing her, she was found to be a vessel lumbering in the waves half full of water, part of her cargo soaked and ruined, but the rest in good condition. The name on the stern was so blurred that it could not be made out, and it was supposed that it had needed freshening when the vessel had been abandoned, and since, the waves beating upon it, had rendered it still more faint. One man who examined it closely said that it had been scraped.

The ship not being greatly damaged and half the cargo in good condition, Captain Ben saw a chance for prize money for himself and his crew. He attached a hawser to her with a view of towing her into the nearest port, about 500 miles distant. After a good deal of trouble, the cable parting several times, he succeeded in getting her into Boston.

It was not long before the prize was identified and not much longer before it became evident that there had been fraud in her abandonment. The water was pumped out of her and a hole was found in her bottom, indicating that she had been scuttled. She was overinsured and, the two taken together, indicated that it was a case of attempted fraud on the insurance companies. When Captain Ben was told the name of the vessel he was thunderstruck. It had been for several years commanded by his rival.

The next news Captain Ben learned was that Captain Cady had arrived at home, reporting that after a frightful storm, finding his ship in a sinking condition, he had considered it necessary to take to the boats. All the crew were saved. Proofs of loss had been made to the insurance companies and payment was daily expected.

It was evident to Ben that in order to overreach him in the wherewithal to marry Maggie his rival had been tempted to commit a fraud which would land him in state prison. Leaving his first mate to sail his ship into her destined port, Ben went home by land. As soon as he arrived he sought out his rival and told him of the finding of his ship, the towing her into port and the discoveries that had followed.

"I don't wish to see you punished for your crime," said Ben, "and have come to enable you to get away."

It was evident from the culprit's demeanor that he was already severely punished in the loss of the girl he had hoped to win by fraud. But whether there was thankfulness in his heart to the man who had given him an opportunity to escape a prison, Ben did not feel assured. Certain it is that Jack Cady was never again seen in New England after that interview.

When Captain Ben met Maggie Swift he found her much disturbed. His rival had shown that he was about to receive considerable money for his last voyage and had made application to her father for her hand. She did not wish to marry Jack, but she idolized her father. Ben told her of his finding a ship and that considerable prize money was due him, which he would receive in time. But he said never a word of Jack's attempt to defraud. However, it was not long before the whole matter came out and Maggie—and her father too—learned that if it had not been for Ben's find, had her father prevailed, she would have married a swindler.

And so it was that a dishonest man's rascality was turned to his honest rival's advantage.

How the Mills Were Saved

By ELLEN F. MORSE

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Mine was a case of stepmother and one of the worst cases of the kind on record. Stepmothers are not all bad by any means, but when they are it's mighty hard on their stepchildren. Boys, when they become old enough, can go away and fight the world for themselves, but that's not so easy for girls. Nevertheless, I did that very thing.

After mother's death father took into the house to take care of me—he said—a woman about his own age. He saw the folly of this plan when it was too late. There was something about the woman, or perhaps some weak spot in father, that enabled her to dominate him. And as for me, she made my life one of misery.

When I was seventeen, having stood well in my classes at school, I was offered a position as governess in the Opdyke family. I accepted it to get away from my stepmother. I taught the younger children of the family. There was a son, Harry, a year or two older than I, who was a clerk for his father, a manufacturer of paper. The Opdyke family considered themselves very well off when I went to live with them. They were dreadfully afraid that Harry would fall in love with me. They had no objection to me except that they wished him to make a good match, which, being interpreted, means one with money.

I didn't know it at the time, but my father had considerable property. It was in securities in which he had invested what money he had after a panic. When I left home he still had these securities, but they were not available. He was keeping them for a time when the commercial depression had passed and the property they represented would resume the payment of dividends. Therefore either he was not in a position to give me any income, or if he was his wife prevented him from doing so.

I remained in the Opdyke family five years. Meanwhile Harry had become his father's right hand man at the mills. He had permitted himself to fall in love with me, but I knew that although the family thought a great deal of me they were looking higher for him; consequently I would not yield to his wishes for a betrothal.

Several matters of importance to us all came about at very near the same time. In the first place, Mr. Opdyke, who had been carrying a debt on his mills, found himself unable to provide for it any longer. In the second place, my father died and my stepmother produced a will leaving all his property to her. Harry told me confidentially of the condition of the family affairs and said that, now we were on the same financial basis, we had better join our fortunes. "What a pity," I said to him, "that my father didn't leave me some of his property; I might have helped your father and you through your difficulties."

I gave way to Harry's persuasive efforts and we became engaged, although we kept the engagement a secret. Under these conditions Harry took an interest in my personal affairs. I told him a great deal about my stepmother, and he suggested taking legal steps to break the will. But after talking the matter over we both agreed that there were no grounds for breaking it—at least none that we could prove. My father was probably of sound mind at the time he made it, and I could not prove that his wife had used undue influence to induce him to make it in her favor. The only objection I could bring up was that my father had told me shortly before his death that my stepmother had tried to force him into making a will in her favor, but he was firmly resolved to make no will.

I made up my mind to have a look at the document. I took Harry with me to the court where it had been filed, and it was shown to me. It was not in my father's handwriting, but I was familiar with his signature, and it seemed to me to be genuine. I noticed that the witnesses and and the notary were all of my stepmother's choosing. At least, there were none of father's friends among them. The document had not been executed on a regular form, but on a sheet of ordinary paper. After examining it thoroughly I handed it to Harry.

Persons in the paper business are apt to acquire a habit on taking up a sheet of paper of holding it up to the light and looking at the watermark on it. Harry did this, at the same time rubbing the surface with his thumb and finger. I saw by the expression on his face that he had made a discovery. Hurriedly looking at the date on which the will was made he turned to me and said:

"That will is a forgery."

"How do you know?" I exclaimed, catching my breath.

"The paper was made in our mills not a year ago, and the will was made three years ago. In other words, the will was made two years before the paper."

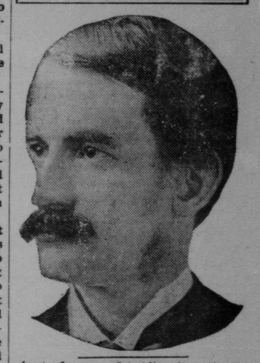
"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and we have the date in the mills to prove what I say."

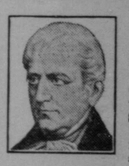
Though I was delighted, I was mad and resolved to send my stepmother to state prison. But I afterward compromised by her signing off her widow's dower and my not prosecuting her for forgery. I saved the Opdyke paper mills, which my husband now owns.

EDWARD M. SHEPARD.

Candidate For Senator From New York to Succeed Depew.

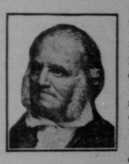


THE HALL OF FAME.



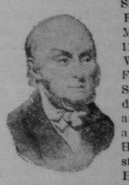
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER—American novelist, author of "Leatherstocking Tales." Born Burlington, N. J., Sept. 15, 1789; died Cooperstown, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1851. His father was a congressman and founder of Cooperstown. The son received private instruction and afterward entered Yale, but was expelled in his third year. He was a midshipman in the navy for three years, when he resigned, married and began farming. It was ten years before he published his first novel, which was practically a failure. His next venture in fiction was "The Spy," which was a prodigious success. Other great tales, such as "The Pioneers," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "The Pathfinder" and "The Deerslayer," followed and established his fame.

THE HALL OF FAME.



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON—Artist and naturalist. Born near New Orleans May 4, 1780; died New York Jan. 27, 1851. Educated in France and studied under the artist David. At age of eighteen settled in America, unsuccessfully tried to establish himself in business and lost all his money. Took journeys on foot throughout the country, making paintings of birds. Started in 1827 publication of his "Birds of America," consisting of colored plates, each copy selling for $1,000. Later issued five volumes of "Ornithological Biography." Assisted by his sons and John Bachman, he next published "Quadrupeds of North America." While not a technical scientist or perhaps a great artist, Audubon ranks as America's foremost ornithologist.

THE HALL OF FAME.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—Sixth president of the United States. Born Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767; died Washington Feb. 23, 1848. Son of President John Adams. Graduated from Harvard and studied law. Had a long and distinguished diplomatic career, serving as minister to The Hague, minister to Prussia, commissioner to negotiate the treaty of Ghent, minister to Russia, minister to England and finally eight years under Monroe secretary of state. In 1824 elected president, but four years later was defeated by Jackson. He then was elected a member of the House of representatives, in which he served until death.

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