AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 4, 1911. VOL. 80—NO. 31

AUGUST SALE

:-: OF :-:

China, Glass, Crockery and Lamps Of every Description

During August we offer you in our China, Glass and Crockery Ware department, including every piece of China and Japanese Ware and Dinner Sets, at prices that will astonish you. Every piece marked in plain figures as you will note by our window.

This department will offer you many advantages.
Its wares will be priced to you at and below cost.

Come see what 2½c, 5c, 7½c and 10c will buy

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

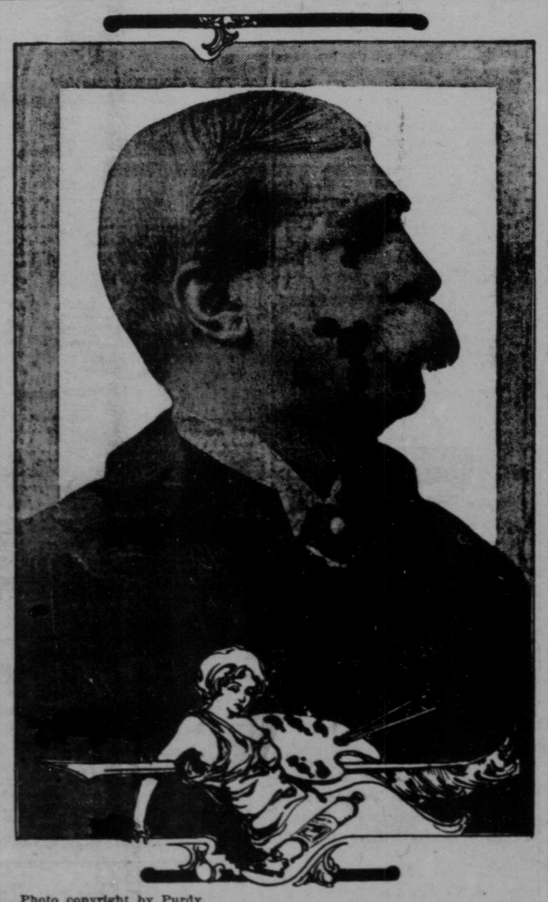


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F. HOPKINSON SMITH, ENGINEER, ARTIST, AUTHOR.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH thought he was intended for an engineer when he got through clerking in the iron works, but nature made him over into an artist and an author. As an engineer his works are almost as prominent as his books. He built the Race Rock lighthouse off New London, Conn., a highly difficult task. The foundation for the statue of Liberty in New York harbor and the sea wall around Governors Island close by are also his work. He has done much landscape work in water colors, but it is as a novelist that he is best known. "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" was one of his early successes. Not long ago Mr. Smith aroused some adverse criticism and still more commendation when he said that New York is the worst mannered city in the world. He has traveled a great deal and may be considered an authority on manners.

The Western Maryland Railway Co.

SOMETHING NEW

BI-WEEKLY - - EXCURSIONS TO

PEN-MAR

The Queen of Mountain Resorts.

Every Wednesday and Friday 10.13 a. m.

$1.00 Round-trip fare only $1.00
Children under 12 years 50c

Many New Attractions and Amusements

Libby's Coney Island Features.
Great Roller Coaster. 50 cent Dinners.
Miniature Railway. Music and Dancing.
Prof. Bohl's Peerless Pen-Mar Orchestra.
Shady Groves for Picnic Parties.
Lovely Walks and Drives.
Bathing and Boating at Lake Royer.

Until further notice, PEN-MAR EXPRESS will stop at Westminster on Wednesday and Friday of each week at 10.13 A. M
Returning leave PEN-MAR Park at 6.10 P. M. july 7 12t

Hunter and Taylor

:: WANT ::

Potatoes and Apples

Will receive them at
Ju30tf THE HUNTER MARKET, EAST MAIN STREET, Westminster, Md.

Now Is The ACCEPTED TIME
Opportunity Knocks At YOUR DOOR

I have a CHOICE LOT of high class BERKSHIRE PIGS for sale.

You will make NO MISTAKE if you buy one or more at this OFFERING.

They are PIGS OF QUALITY with SIZE SUFFICIENT and EXCELLENCE OF BREEDING.

The only favor I ask is that you compare my PRICES AND GOODS with others.

LOCUST STOCK FARM, G. LYNN COANE, Prop., Westminster, Md

John D. Bowers

Fancy and Staple GROCERIES

The place you all know of as to good treatment.
First class goods at the lowest possible p[illegible].
Do not be deceived in your coffee, b[illegible]e best for your money—HERE.

Whitman's Candy still ahead. Try it.

We give one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of one dollar, except Sugar

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47 E. Main Street. C. & P. Phone 72 F.

F. A. Sharrer & Son

UNDERTAKERS and CABINET MAKERS

A Fine and Assorted Stock of
COFFINS and CASKETS
always on hand.

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

Fine and Common Furniture

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON
East Main St. Westminster, Md.
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BICYCLES!

Agent for the Racycle Motors. Iver Johnson Racycle, and the Harvard Bicycles. Also second hand Wheels constantly on hand.

A full line of Sundries also constantly on hand.

F. A. LOGUE, Fair Ground Hill. Westminster, Md.
my 28 09 tf C. & P. Phone 6-W



Having installed a Pneumatic Tool Plant at my new place of business, opposite Court street, I am now better prepared to serve my patrons, at short notice.

Come and inspect my plant and see for yourself. It is the only one of its kind in the county.

I also carry one of the largest stocks of GRANITE

MONUMENTS AND HEADSTONES

in the county to select from. Give me a call.

Yours for business,

Jos. L. Mathias.

C. & P. Phone 127 pp 13

Special Notice

The feed business heretofore conducted by me, near Frizellburg, will be discontinued after March 31st, 1911.

WANTED
Milk or Hand Separator Cream
Highest price paid.
H. E. KOONTZ

THE MAIN-COURT GROCERY.

I have disposed of all shop worn goods and moved into my new quarters in the **Main-Court Inn,** and am now prepared to furnish my customers with the

Best Fancy and Staple Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Bottled Beer

for family consumption. Also a full line of

Headley's Chocolates. Cigars and Tobacco.

FREE DELIVERY in City. East Main St.

C. & P. Phone, 205-R.

Respectfully,
HARRY GOSNELL.

March 25 1910 6 3

NO TRESPASSING.

I hereby warn all persons, whether by themselves or with a dog, not to trespass upon my premises, as I will enforce the law. For some time I have been bothered by dogs running over my premises and by persons tramping over the same, both doing considerable damage, and I will stand it no longer.

jul 21-tf CHAS. W. KING.



It Is In The Back

order of our customers that we prove the popularity of our coal. Some of them have been ordering it years and years, for they have found that it gives them the most dependable heat and the most heat for the money invested. Our coal is clean.

The Lumber, Coal & Supply Co.
june 30-tf

Try Pineapple Snow At

New Sanitary Soda Fountain

:: :: AT :: ::

ROSE'S DRUG STORE.

The Truth About Maisie

She Proved That Sometimes "the End Justifies the Means"

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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The boyish looking young pastor of Trinity church frowned darkly and removed a footstool which stood in his way in a very unclerical manner, while the sweet faced old lady who sat near by folded a letter which she had been reading aloud.

"Well, David," she asked, "what shall we do about it?"

"There is just one thing to be done, of course," her son answered promptly; "we must send for my brother's child and ask her to make this her home."

The old lady readjusted her spectacles and referred again to the letter. "Richard was ambitious to be a great artist," she said slowly, "and I can picture the lifelong struggle which ended only in defeat. But at the last he remembered his mother.

"'Take care of my little girl,' he writes. 'She is an irresponsible, thoughtless creature, sound and good at heart. Watch over her, I entreat you, and use your influence, if possible, in persuading her to leave the stage. A letter addressed to her proper name, "Miss M. E. Randolph, Golden Butterfly company, New York," will be forwarded wherever she may be.'"

And so it happened that Miss Randolph, sitting in her dressing room at the theater a few days later, was handed a letter, and her large dark eyes grew wider and brighter still as she read this kindly invitation to become a member of the parsonage household.

"Your grandmother and I will do all in our power to make you happy," the note read, and the girl smiled at the superscription—"David Paul Randolph, pastor of Trinity church, Eastville, N. Y."

She leaned forward and made a little face in the glass, then turned to get a better view of the golden wings suspended from her shoulders. "My dear uncle-minister," she confided to her charming reflection, "I don't really believe you could make me happy—in Eastville."

Telegrams in Eastville were usually associated with death or disaster, so when David Randolph received a yellow envelope his mother waited in suspense as he read the brief message.

"What is it?" she asked impatiently, while his puzzled expression changed to one of amusement.

"The Golden Butterflies have arrived in New York," he answered dryly, "and I am to meet 'Maisie' at Eastville station at 9 o'clock tonight."

"Maisie," the old lady repeated doubtfully.

Rain came pelting against the study windows, and the wind, screeching down the garden path, threw wide the door. A girl stood there in the aperture, wearing a fur trimmed scarlet cloak, whose hue rivaled the firelight; she tilted back her head in order to glance from beneath the huge brim of a plume decked hat.

"You did not hear me knock," she announced. "I'm Maisie."

The young pastor came forward quickly. "Your telegram has just reached us," he explained. "I expected to meet you on the 9 o'clock train."

Maisie laughed. "I intended to leave New York later," she said. "When you know me better you will learn that the unexpected usually happens where I am concerned."

With a sudden impulse the elder woman took the other, scarlet cloak and all, into her embrace.

"Granddaughter, don't go back to that life," she said. "Stay and take your father's place in our home."

The girl drew in her breath sharply. "I will stay as long as you wish," she replied, "if you will like me for my own sake."

So the Golden Butterflies packed up and left New York, while Maisie remained at the quiet parsonage. The hitherto silent house now rang with her gay songs and laughter, and the creases and lines which "dull care" had traced upon the tired pastor's face vanished. Maisie laid aside the scarlet cloak and monstrous hat at his bidding, and with a sigh of regret folded away the orange silk which had caused such a tumult of criticism among his congregation. She even endeavored to smooth back the riotous curls which had been her pride and appeared at church one day with neatly banded hair and attired in a gray gown of severe simplicity. It was pleasant to remember, as the pastor went about his duties, that Maisie would be there to welcome him when he returned, and he would hasten his steps in anticipation. It was pleasant also for the old lady to sit resting in the twilight as Maisie sang the half forgotten songs—ending up, perhaps, with a very modern burst of ragtime. But gradually a cloud appeared upon this happy horizon; the girl herself grew restless and dissatisfied; she spent afternoons in the city, returning at evening silent and depressed.

"Do you think," the young minister asked haltingly, "that it is the old life calling her back?"

His mother hesitated a moment. "David," she said presently, "did it ever occur to you that Maisie may have a lover?"

His face turned strangely white. "You mean"—he asked abruptly.

"A letter came for her this morning with the name of a theater stamped upon the envelope," the old lady replied. "Maisie gave a glad cry when I brought it and ran up to her room. Later she came down and, bidding me goodby, left for the city, making no explanation." The old lady paused again.

"Mrs. Thayer saw her coming from the stage entrance of a vaudeville theater after a matinee performance a few days ago," she added impressively.

"She is not acting fair," he exclaimed passionately. "If she has grown tired of our quiet ways why doesn't she say so? We would not force her to stay. I am going to find Maisie now," he cried, "and make her own the truth."

His mother followed him to the door, and her voice trembled. "Oh, David," she said, "it will be hard indeed to let her go."

He was just in time, no more. The great crowd came flocking through the doorways of the theater, and the young minister grimly stood waiting beneath a sign which informed him that this was the stage entrance. He was conscious of many questioning glances from various members of the company who passed laughingly on their way. Maisie came last, and his heart hammered painfully as he saw her. She carried a sheath of crimson roses in her arms, and a distinguished looking man accompanied her. She stopped in astonishment at sight of David.

"You?" she breathed.

"Yes, Maisie," he answered quietly. "I have come to take you home."

She held out her hand to the man at once. "Goodby, Tom," she said gently, then turned to walk obediently at David's side. In silence they traversed the streets and boarded a waiting train; then he leaned toward her.

"Oh, little girl," he said earnestly, "why did you not tell us you longed to go back to the stage—that you were tired of our simple home life?"

She looked up at him with tear bright eyes. "Because," she answered distinctly, "I have never been on the stage; because the hours spent in your home have been the happiest ones of my life."

"My dear niece," he was beginning when she interrupted him wildly.

"That is also untrue," she said; "I am not your niece. Oh, let me tell my disgraceful story quickly, and when it is over and you have bidden me goodby believe that your kindness has not been wasted, even upon an impostor. Can you think what it means to be homeless, utterly friendless? That was my condition. My father, a poor professor of music, left mother and me years ago to struggle on alone; she sewed day and night to earn our bread, while I attended school. When she died a year ago I suddenly realized my own helplessness. A modiste for whom mother had sewed finally agreed to give me small parts to embroider, and it was a happy chance which led me thus to meet that little theatrical favorite, that warm hearted girl, your niece, Marion Randolph. She kept me busily employed, paying generously for my work and later declared that we had become too necessary to each other to be parted, so we traveled on together, while I made myself useful to her in various ways. Marion had a faithful lover, manager of the company, and when her father died in Chicago he insisted upon taking care of her at once, and they were married, with myself the only attendant. Soon after came your letter offering this greatly admired and petted little actress the shelter of a peaceful home.

"Oh, how desperately I wished that the offer had been made to me!

"'If we might only change places, Marion,' I said regretfully. And in a moment she was urging, suggesting delightful possibilities. 'Why not?' she insisted. 'You will suit them much better than me. Tommie can provide all the home I want. Go for a time, anyway, and when they have learned the truth, Maisie, they will love you too well to let you go.'

"Marion can persuade, indeed, when she tries, and, carried away by her enthusiasm, I recklessly entered into the plot and followed the telegram she had sent, even wearing the clothes she had provided."

Maisie's voice faltered.

"I have been happy, happy, until my numbed conscience awoke to reproach me continually. When the Golden Butterflies came to New York I sought out Marion, telling her that I must confess, and she sent a note saying that if I was determined in my purpose she would be waiting, ready to take me away with her. The man whom you saw me with a short time ago is Marion's husband."

The faltering voice broke into a little sob.

"Please," the girl begged, "do not tell your mother all until I have gone away."

She followed the young minister blindly down the aisle, and when the train rushed panting on again he turned to her eagerly.

"Oh, Maisie, dear," he said. "Do you think we could let you go?"

"But I have deceived you," she repeated wonderingly. "I am not your niece. Do you not understand?"

"I understand many things now," he replied. "Man can get along without a niece, little girl. What he really needs is a wife."

And a little old lady sitting alone in the firelight looked up as the two figures appeared in the doorway, a sort of subdued happiness seeming to infold them both. The girl's eyes shone starlike above an armful of strangely crushed and drooping roses.

"Maisie," the mother cried, "you have come home?"

"Yes," her son answered joyously. "Maisie has come home to stay."

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