The Transcript.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
- -BY THE —
TRANSCRIPT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 PER YEAR.

R. H. COLLINS, T. D. BOWERS
EDITORS.

HOW ROSAMOND MADE UP HER MIND.

Rosamond had been trying to make up her mind for very nearly two years. Those who looked on thought she might have done it in a quarter of that time; but when they discovered that their own minds did not agree, they realized Rosamond's difficulties. If she had decided according to Miss Alice Reed's judgment, she would have disappointed half a dozen people who knew just as much about it as Miss Alice did. And if she had decided as Mr. Ray wanted her to, Miss Alice would have been disappointed in her. So she had a right to be puzzled, and even to take the two years, between twenty and twenty-two, to make up her mind.

Rosamond was a dear child; people said that who were no relation to her; indeed, none of the neighbors were related to the Gorhams. This was remarkable in a village where everybody was everybody else's second cousin. The Gorhams had come to live in this corner of the world because it was thought that the hill breezes and the quiet and the peace would be good for the judge's health. Rosamond was only three years old then; her father and mother adored her, which was only natural for she was all that was left to them; but everybody loved her. She was so pretty, and she had such gentle manners, and then—her voice!

Rosamond sang like a bird, as lightly as gaily, just as if she could not help singing! Indeed, David Ray, who was the organist, and who began to give her music lessons when she was six years old, said that she was a genius; and that was how it all began—David Ray's enthusiasm, and the music lessons, and then, by and by, the singing lessons.

She had to go into town once a week for those, for of course there was no one in the village who could teach her properly; although Mrs. Bailey, the doctor's wife, said that was perfectly absurd, for she had studied herself for a year under a fine teacher, and would have been perfectly willing to give the child lessons, to save her the trip into town, to say nothing of the expense; although it seems that expense is not considered by the judge and Mrs. Gorham, Mrs. Baily ended, severely.

But when she was twenty Rosamond came to the end of such instructions as she could get in town. She sang delightfully; it was not a powerful voice, but it was delicious. Mr. Ray could not properly express his admiration; it was not enough to say the child was a genius. He said she would be—at least, she could be—a great prima donna!

But not without study, David Ray said; not with this miserable two-penny instructions she has had. If she went abroad and had masters—I tell you, I know what I'm talking about! he said, pounding the table.

He had been playing whist, and the cards jumped up under the blow. I know what I'm talking about! You may think I'm a dried-up old foggy, playing that weezy old organ every Sunday as if I were as big a barbarian about music as the rest of you—but Rosamond has a voice, and she ought to go abroad and cultivate it!

If he said this at the whist table, of course he said it to Rosamond and to the judge and to dear, gentle Mrs. Gorham. So by and by, little by little, it began to be a thing to be considered. At first her friends considered it more than Rosamond did; but the summer that she was twenty she began to look thoughtful, and sometimes worried. Which meant that she was considering it, too.

I do love my music, Miss Alice, she said one June Sunday, as she and her old school teacher walked home from church. Miss Alice was coming home to have dinner with them, and Rosamond and she took a short cut across the fields, while the judge, with Mrs. Gorham on his arm, came more decorously along the road. If I could even have two years abroad, Rosamond said, slowly—O Miss Alice, just think what it would be!

Be to whom? old Miss Alice said, shortly.

Rosamond looked at her, a little surprised. Why, to me! she said. And then the color came into her face. That sounds selfish, Miss Alice, but I don't mean to be. After all if God gives me a voice—

Yes, my dear, Miss Alice said, patting her arm. I know you don't mean to be selfish, and you're not. You are a dear precious child. Only, Rosamond, what would your father and mother do if you left them? It isn't as if they could go with you. You know the judge never could get along in the poor kind of air that there is in other places—

I wouldn't think of it for a minute, Rosamond broke in, if they needed me. But in a big house like ours, with servants enough—

Now, Rosamand Gorham, said Miss Alice, do you mean to tell me that any servants—I don't care how good they are, even your old Ellen, who is a treasure; but that any servant can take a daughter's place?

O dear! said poor Rosamond.

It was really hard for Rosamond. As she said, God had given her a voice, and she wanted to use it. And so she ought, said Mrs. Baily. If her father and mother were poor or sick it would be different; but they'll just be lonely. And when it comes to a question of their loneliness or Rosamond's voice, why, they'd better be lonely! Mrs. Baily was emphatic, and she had a way of rolling her bright eyes that was silencing.

But suppose they were to be taken sick, and Rosamond in Europe? somebody objected, faintly.

Taken sick? said Mary Baily. Well, isn't Doctor Baily here? I guess Rosamond wouldn't save their lives if James could not!

But it would be a comfort to have her, the objector dared to say.

Well, said Mrs. Bailey, there are a good many things which it would be a comfort to have, but I notice we don't have them. No; it will be very selfish if her father and mother interfere with her future just for their own comfort!

Of course this was one way of looking at it, although it was not Rosamond's way. It was, however, her father's and mother's way. They talked it over between themselves quite as earnestly as their neighbors, although nobody knew it—not even Rosamond just at first.

We mustn't be selfish, dear, Mrs. Gorham would say, again and again, in her gentle way. The judge, at first, had refused to consider it. What, his girl banging around Europe by herself? He guessed not! Besides, how could he get along without her? Who would walk with him every afternoon, rain or shine? Who would play cribbage with him, who would sing to him?

I wish, said Rosamond's father, that David Ray would hold his tongue! What does he mean by putting such cock-and-bull stories into Rosy's head! And—and what would you do without her?

But we mustn't be selfish, dear, Mrs. Gorham would remind him, gently. And then he would simmer down and stick out his lips and grunt to himself, and by and by agree. No, of course we can't look at it selfishly. And then Mrs. Gorham would smile and pat his hand softly, and begin to talk of something else.

Mrs. Gorham always dressed in gray, with the front of her frock made surplice, and filled in with wash blonde, which was fastened with a pin that had in it two little flaxen curls of the two children who had died before Rosamond was born. She wore a cap, with lace tabs that came down over her ears, and her hands were always busy with some kind of white knitting. She looked like a little gray dove and was always smoothing people down; it was this smoothing, no doubt, that by and by smoothed Rosamond's way to Europe.

Meanwhile Rosamond did not urge her cause, but the desire to go away and study took possession of her. She thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night; she read everything she could get hold of concerning the great foreign teachers; she talked of it a little to Miss Alice, who was not sympathetic, and a great deal to David Ray, who was very sympathetic. After each of her music lessons—although it was absurd to call them lessons, for by that time Rosamond knew quite as much as the old organist—David Ray would drift into music talk, while Rosamond listened enraptured. He would tell her of his old master in Munich, dead now these forty years, or of this man's method in Berlin, or of that man's method in Paris, and of all the eager, joyous, passionate student life that he himself, now a little wrinkled old man, had lived so many years ago.

If father and mother could go with me it would be simple enough. Rosamond would say, sighing; but that's not to be thought of. Mother would be unhappy away from home, even for two years; and father can't go traveling about because of his throat. No, I don't suppose I can ever go. O dear!

You can if you will! David Ray told her, emphatically. I am sure your father and mother would never stand in the way of your best good.

No, indeed they wouldn't Rosamond said. But it was not any easier to make up her mind on that account. Nor did David Ray's opinions help her very much. If his convictions had weight on one side, Miss Alice had just as much weight on the other.

Miss Alice and David Ray were good, quarrelsome friends. The old organist had been in the habit of taking tea with Miss Alice on Sunday evenings for nearly thirty years, but just as people began to smile and drop hints and make mild jokes, something would come up like this question of Rosamond going away, and there would be discussion, polite, indeed, but warm; and as a result, David Ray would spend his Sunday evenings at home for the next six months. As for Miss Alice, she would toss her head, and go out and take tea with people who were more apt to agree with her.

One cool Sunday evening in April Miss Alice came to Mrs. Gorham's sure of finding sympathy here in her views about Rosamond. They were sitting by the fireside, waiting tea until the judge and Rosamond came in from their walk, when Rosamond's mother said, in her soft, brave voice, Rosamond will be leaving us very soon, Miss Alice. Her father is going to tell her this afternoon that she can go. Very likely she knows it by this time, she ended, looking up at the clock

Miss Alice was so startled that she hardly knew what she said. But—O, Mrs. Gorham, what will you do without her?

Mrs. Gorham smiled and shook her head. Why, my dear, it would be very selfish in us to keep her. And her father and I will get along. It will be another honeymoon for us, all by ourselves, she said, smiling. She looked toward the window as she spoke, for it was growing dusk, and the judge and Rosamond ought to have been home by that time. She was smiling, and as cheerful as possible, but her hands trembled. You and Mr. Ray will have to make up now, she said, because it's all settled.

Indeed, I won't make up! said Miss Alice, hotly. Not but what I think David Ray means to do right; only he doesn't understand that a girl's character is more important than her voice! And then Miss Alice cried a little to herself in the dusk by the fireside.

When the judge and Rosamond came up the path, Miss Alice thought it was time for her to go. It was not a moment for an outsider. But she glanced at Rosamond as she passed her; the girl was radiant, her eyes blazing, and her face full of delicate color, and her voice was almost a song, it was so triumphant and so joyous.

Her father and mother gave their consent; but after the first burst of happiness Rosamond did not find it so easy to get her own consent. It was in April that they said she might go, but she was not to start until September, and in those six months, when it was all settled, the child really suffered more than when she had thought her parents would not allow it. She changed her mind a dozen times; but by and by she came back to the old statement, that she had a right to her own life—to make it as full and rich and beautiful as she could. And useful, too, Miss Alice, she said.

You think you will be useful, do you, by being a great singer? Miss Alice said.

Well, Rosamond answered, with a troubled, honest look, I know I can give pleasure by singing, and—and I hope I may make money, too; and I can do good with that.

Rosamond, Miss Alice said, you can give pleasure to us, here; and you'll have money to do good with when your father dies. I've heard that very rich people, who are conscientious, find it a dreadful burden to spend their money properly; it's no easy job, but a very great responsibility; so I wouldn't go to Europe for three years—David Ray put three years as the limit, by that time—just to get more responsibilities on your shoulders.

Well, said Rosamond, with a little spirit, why do you think I go, Miss Alice?

Because you want to, my dear.

And why not? cried Rosamond. Why shouldn't I want to, and why shouldn't I go? If I don't, I bury my talent in the earth in a napkin!

Bury her talent in a napkin! David Ray put that in her head, Miss Alice said when she sat by herself at her little tea-table that evening. As if staying at home and doing her duty wouldn't be developing all her talents! As if to see a girl who is dutiful and sweet tempered isn't as good for the world as hearing a beautiful voice—that you've got to pay for, too.

However the arrangements for going abroad were made, and time went on; and what with dressmaking and letter writing and practising, Rosamond's days were pretty full; and by and by the day came for her to go away.

Miss Alice went up to say good-by to her the night before, and could hardly get a word in because David Ray was there, chattering away about the child's future.

Mrs. Gorham sat knitting, silently sometimes she ran her hand along her big wood knitting-needle, and smiled over at the judge, who looked flushed and nervous, but said nothing; and sometimes she looked at Rosamond, tenderly, yet, somehow, with a sort of pity. Rosamond looked everywhere and at everybody, her eyes shining, and a laugh bubbling over every minute.

Miss Alice thought she was hardly going to be able to say good-by to her, because everybody wanted to talk to her; but when she went up to her and kissed her, Rosamond held on to her hand with a nervous sort of a grip, and she said, right in her ear, I want to speak to you a minute, Miss Alice. And then, pulling at her hand, she slipped out of the room and out of the front door, into the darkness on the front porch. Miss Alice, she said breathlessly, I know you think I am not doing right; and—and I can't bear to go away, and have you feel that way, because you've always been so good to me! she said, with a sob.

Nonsense! Miss Alice said, very nearly crying herself. I haven't! And then she broke down, for it was dreadful to her to lose the child.

Listen, dear Miss Alice, Rosamond said. It's like this: I must explain, because I can't have you think quite so badly of me.

I don't! Miss Alice said, squeezing her pocket-handkerchief against her eyes

It's like this: I do believe it's a duty to make the most of my life in whatever way I can; to cultivate whatever gift God has given me. O Miss Alice, I believe that, truly I do! And I have a good voice, I know that. I don't mean in the way Mr. Ray says, but a good voice; I can sing in concert, if not in grand operas, and, oh, I love it! And—don't you see? I want to make the most of myself. Mother and father understand; and they have each other, so they don't mind letting me go.

Her father and mother did not mind! Well, of course Miss Alice was not going to get into any argument with the child at nine o'clock at night, when her trunks was packed and her tickets bought and the carriage ordered for half after seven the next morning; O Rosamond, do you think they don't? And then she just kissed her, and said, But there, there! I know just what you mean. She did now, for Rosamond was as sincere as a baby, and believed just what she said, it was only that the girl could not see the other side.

Miss Alice woke early that next morning, and lay listening for the wheels of the carriage going up the hill to the judge's for Rosamond. It was gray and misty, and the scent of autumn was in the air; and by and by it began to rain in a vague, hesitating way. But when the carriage was coming down again, with Rosamond in it, it was raining hard.

Miss Alice jumped up, to peep out between the shutters for a last glimpse of the child; but it was pouring, and the carriage curtains were buttoned down and the driver had fastened the rubber apron up in front of him, so that only his eyes showed. She went to bed, and felt very forlorn, partly because she knew how she was going to miss Rosamond, but mostly because of what Rosamond was going to miss.

It was a long, dark rainy day; nobody came in, and Miss Alice had not the energy to go out, so she sat by the fire and did her tatting, and followed the girl with her thoughts. Sometimes she shook her head, and said to herself that David Ray had something to answer for! and once she wiped her eye, and then looked around fiercely to see if any one had caught her. But there was no one to look; the rain beat against the windows, and then came again with a dash, tearing the leaves from the gate, and making the windows shake and clatter in their frames. So it was no wonder that about noon, as she still sat brooding over the fire and trying to read, she did not hear the old carryall go splashing by in the rain; but if she had, she could hardly have guessed that Rosamond was inside.

Afterward Rosamond told her all about it. It seems that half way to town something went wrong with one of the wheels. It stuck, Rosamond said. The driver got out and stood in his rubber coat in the pouring rain, and pulled and pushed, and said naughty words. Rosamond told the judge, who chuckled, and said he wou'd like to see the human man who would not use language under such circumstances!

Then the man made his way to a farmhouse, across half a mile of freshly plowed land—Used more language then, I guess, the judge said, when he heard the story—and brought back a boy with a carriage jack and a wrench, and they worked over the thing for an hour.

And all the while Rosamond sat in the dark caryall and heard the rain pour on the roof, and thought and thought and thought. There was nothing to see, except the gray square of rainy hills and the drenched back of the horse, with the water dripping in beads down his mane and tail. The men outside tramped squashing through the mud, and wrenched and pulled and kicked in their wet impatience.

As for Rosamond, at first she sat dully waiting; by and by she began to look at her watch; she had reckoned on two hours in town before the train started that was to take her out into the world—and an hour and a quarter had gone! Once she leaned out over the rubber apron and asked the driver when he thought he could start.

Don't know, miss, he said, 'less we might swim!

Rosamond laughed, and then sighed with impatience. An hour and a half gone? She told Miss Alice afterwards that she did not know why she was impatient, whether it was to catch the train or miss it, and have one more night at home.

She began to think—not of her music and her voice and her new life; all those glowing, golden thoughts, which had been like wine in her young heart for all these months—but of her father and mother, old, and not very strong, and a little lonely, of course, and—and—who can tell? sick, perhaps. Perhaps even—But Rosamond would not face that possibility, even in her imagination She took out her little watch again, and held it in trembling fingers—but she did not see the time.

Then there was a great wrench and the wheel came off, and she heard the men congratulating each other, and the driver called out, all right now miss! We'll start in five minutes!

Then it seemed to Rosamond as if the kingdoms of this would lay glittering at her feet; and behind her, silent, gentle, the two people who loved her. Oh, I can't! said poor Rosamond She did not say what it was she would not do; but she stood up in the carriage and touched the driver's shoulders as he gathered up the reins, and said breathlessly, Go home!

The man looked at her, startled and not understanding. We can make it miss. This horse'll fly now!

I want to go home, said Rosamond, brokenly.

Go back? said the man. Why, we got time to catch the train, miss. We can do it and have ten minutes to spare.

I'm going home, Rosamond answered briefly. Turn, please; I've changed my mind.

Well, I swanny! said the driver. But he turned.

It was noon when they got back. Rosamond, sitting leaning forward in the carryall, was panting with excitement. Oh, to get home, to get back to her father and mother—to say, Forgive me! For I want to go! she thought, her heart beating hard and her hands grasping the back of the seat in front of her.

So Rosamond came home—so she made up her mind. Of course it made talk. Some thought she was right, some declaring she was wrong. Mrs. Baily said it was evident that Rosamond did not care so very much for her music after all. Old David Ray, when he heard it, said, after a minute's astounded silence, Rosamond is bigger than her talent! and the very next Sunday night he went to Miss Alice's to tea. Miss Alice, of course, was perfectly happy. The judge and Mrs. Gorham—well, one need not say how they felt it.

As for Rosamond herself, she came to understand certain deep words:

He that loseth his life shall find it.

DISTRIBUTING DEPOT FOR

"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCES,

ALL GALVANIZED STEEL WIRES.

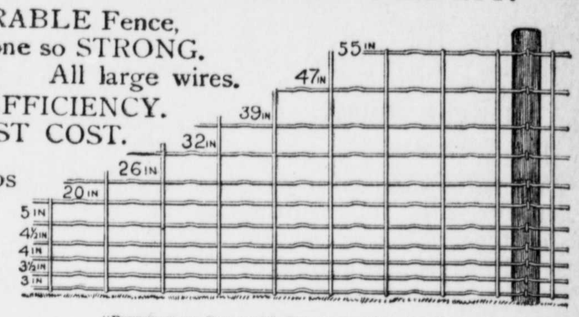
FOR FIELD, FARM AND HOG FENCING.

THE ONLY ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE.

EVERY ROD GUARANTEED PERFECT.

The DURABLE Fence,
None so STRONG.
All large wires.
Highest EFFICIENCY.
LOWEST COST.

No Wraps to hold Moisture and cause Rust.



"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCING. (Special Style.)

Absolutely STOCK PROOF. We can SAVE YOU MONEY on Fencing.

CALL AND SEE IT.

CRANE, HYNSON & LALLIANT,

Dec. 6, 1902. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Shoes Given Away!

By WROTH,

THE SHOE MAN!

A REMARKABLE OFFER TO THE PUBLIC.

Commencing with December 2, 1902, and ending April, 1, 1903, I will distribute among my MANY PATRONS, ABSOLUTELY FREE, every hundredth pair of shoes A careful and accurate record will be kept of each sale made for the cash, and after the ninety-ninth pair has been sold, the person desiring to purchase each hundredth pair of Shoes, Boots or Arctics will be presented with the article which he or she desired to purchase, free. It matters not whether it be a pair of twenty-five cent shoes or a five dollar pair of Boots, Shoes or Rubber Goods, if it be the hundredth customer it goes

FREE.

This is a perfectly fair, legitimate offer, with none of the 5-cent prize-package blanks and numbers about it.

T. G. Wroth,

THE SHOE MAN.

Under Stam's Hall, Chestertown, Md.

THE COAL FAMINE.

How to Meet it.

GO TO

J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s

and buy the Excelsior or Wizzard

WOOD AIR TIGHTS,

Save money in the use of fuel, and enjoy solid comfort when the mercury reaches zero.

WE ARE OFFERING

the most perfect line of Cooks, Ranges, Double Heaters and Base Burners ever seen on the Peninsula The Excelsior Cooks, Royal, Washington and New Magic Ranges are sold on their merit and fully guaranteed. Purchaser runs no risk.

"Spears' Golden Sun Fire-Place Heaters" are prize-winners everywhere. Do not experiment with other makes.

Oil Heaters: Puritan, Perfection, New Process and other makes, at bottom prices.

Finest Line of

cissors, Shears, Razors and Razor Strops, all made to our order, ever offered in Chestertown, Every article Guaranteed.

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY a specialty.

FODDER YARN,

Bushel Baskets, Grain Scoops, Husking Gloves and Pegs as low as the Lowest.

Largest Line of

Guns, Pistols, Gunning Coats, Gun Leases, Leggins, Loaded Shells and General Sporting Goods, we have ever carried in stock.

Don't miss the opportunity of calling on us.

J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Horse Shoeing.

Remember,

when shopping in Still Pond to call at our place and have your horse Shod. We give this part of our business our personal attention. Having had nineteen years experience in this line, we think we are in a position to attend to your horse's wants. We have shoes, both side and toe weights, for your horse that needs special attention, and we have shoes for horses that throw dirt in your face when driving. Special attention to cutters and forgers. We will be glad to have you call and see our work.

WAGONS AND DEARBORNS

on hand and built to order. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

HACKETT'S

Blacksmith and Horse Shoeing Parlors, Still Pond.

NEWS and OPINIONS OF National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, - - $6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail, $8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

PRICE 5c. A COPY.
BY MAIL, $2 A YEAR.
Address THE SUN, New York.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8213-0468