CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep **natural. Castoria** contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y.
oc-24-91-2y

Valuable Farm
—AT—
PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned, agent for the heirs of John T. Wareheime, late of Carroll county, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises upon which he resided at the time of his death, in Bachman's Valley, about ¾ mile from Bachman's Mill, adjoining the farms of P. H. L. Myers, Jacob Shaffer, Henry B. Beigel and others, on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th, 1893,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp, a very valuable Farm, containing

138 ACRES OF PRIME LAND,

more or less, of which between 12 and 14 acres is fine Woodland, mostly heavy White Oak and Hickory. The farm is in a good state of cultivation, has a fine Apple Orchard and different kinds of other excellent fruit, with a due proportion of meadow land.

The improvements thereon consist of a commodious Log Weatherboarded House, large bank barn, wagon shed, hog house, wash house and all other necessary outbuildings, with excellent running water at house and barn and another never-failing spring of water at the spring house. The farm is well watered and laid off in convenient fields, and under good fencing. It is desirably located, in a good community, convenient to churches, schools, stores, mills, postoffices, &c., and is well worthy the attention of any one desiring to purchase a good farm. Persons wishing to view the farm, previous to the day of sale, can call upon J. Wesley Wareheime, now residing thereon.

Also, at the same time and place will be offered 2¼ Acres of Woodland, more or less, most of which is heavily timbered with Chestnut. It is located about ¼ mile from Melrose, adjoining land of Jeremiah Yingling, William Kretzer and others.

A plat of the farm, which has been recently resurveyed, will be exhibited on the day of sale. For further information call upon or address John W. Kephart, at Melrose, Carroll county, Md.

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

JOHN W. KEPHART,
Acting Agent for the Heirs.
Jacob Hoffman, Auct. au-12-ts

Mortgagee's Sale
OF A VALUABLE
LITTLE PROPERTY,

Situate in Manchester district, Carroll county, Maryland.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage from John T. Trump and wife, to Jonas Shaffer, dated the 17th day of April, A. D., 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber G. A. M. No. 23, folio 548, &c., the undersigned mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate 1½ miles from Manchester, on the public road leading from Manchester to Westminster, on

WEDNESDAY, 6th of SEPTEMBER,

A. D., 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that tract of land and premises, containing

20¾ ACRES OF LAND, More or Less,

improved with a Two-Story Frame Weatherboarded House, containing 5 rooms; log stable, with shed attached, nice granary, log house, and all usual outbuildings on a small property; well of water at the door and a good spring near the house. This property adjoins the properties of John Smith, John Wesley Shaffer and others. 3 or 4 acres is in Woodland. It is convenient to churches, schools, &c., a beautiful little home and worthy the attention of any one desiring the same.

Terms of Sale:—Cash; but easier terms will be given by the mortgagee if desired.

JONAS SHAFFER,
Mortgagee.
Geo. L. Stockdale, Solicitor.
Jacob Hoffman Auctioneer. 5-au-ts

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE,
Westminster, Md., August 14th, 1893.

In pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly, passed at the January Session, 1888, I hereby give the following Notice to Taxpayers:

This is to give notice that the County Commissioners of Carroll county have made their annual levy on the assessable property of said county, for State and County Taxes for the year eighteen hundred and ninety-three, and that all persons or incorporate institutions that shall pay their County Taxes on or before the first day of September, next, shall be entitled to a deduction of two per centum on the amount of said taxes. On State Taxes a reduction of five per centum will be allowed if paid on or before the first day of September; and if paid on or before the first day of October, next, a deduction of four per centum; and if paid on or before the first day of November, next, a deduction of three per centum; that said taxes will be in arrear on the first day of January, next, and bear interest from that date; that all persons or incorporate institutions failing to pay their State and County Taxes before the same shall be in arrears, will render the property and estate of such delinquent liable to be sold for the prompt payment of said taxes.

CHAS. BRILHART,
County Treasurer.
au-19-3t

ICE CREAM!

JAMES W. BEACHAM,
Manufacturer,
AVONDALE, - - MARYLAND.

HAVING secured a good supply of Ice, I am now prepared to manufacture Ice Cream in any quantity and to furnish Parties, Picnics, Excursions, Celebrations, Fairs, Festivals, Hotels, Boarding Houses and Private Parties with a first-class article on reasonable terms and at short notice.

☞Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

Highest cash price paid for cream. I will run a wagon to Westminster every Sunday morning and deliver cream in quantities to suit. Orders for Sunday cream should be sent in by 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Telephone call 262-2. Address,

JAMES W. BEACHAM,
Avondale P. O., Carroll Co., Md.
ju-3-3m

Cider Making.

I will open my Cider Mill, at Pleasant Valley, on Thursday, 17th inst., from and after which I will be prepared to manufacture cider daily from 6, A. M. to 6, P. M., except Friday afternoon and Saturday. My machinery has greater power and capacity than most mills and can handle a large trade promptly. Barrels and Cider constantly on hand, at market prices. Highest cash price paid for good sound apples.

an-12-3t* JOS. P. YINGLING.

MICHAEL E. WALSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office No. 11 Albaugh Building, Court St., Westminster, Md. feb-9-tf

A. H. WENTZ,
Jeweler and Optician,

IS NOW PREPARED TO EXAMINE THE EYES AND PRESCRIBE THE PROPER GLASSES. PERSONS HAVING HEADACHE CAUSED BY EYE STRAIN, OR WHOSE EYES ARE CONSTANTLY ACHING, HAVE NO IDEA WHAT RELIEF PROPERLY ADJUSTED GLASSES WILL GIVE THEM.

EYES EXAMINED FREE OF CHARGE.

fe-4-tf

To Housekeepers!

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

The undersigned, having taken the old stand at the junction of West Main street and Pennsylvania avenue, at the West End of Westminster, formerly conducted by Mr. Ezra Zepp, offer to the community a full line of pure fresh Groceries, consisting of

Sugars, Syrups, Spices, Teas,

COFFEES, FLOUR, FISH, BACON, LARD,

Salt, &c. Also a large line of

Queens, Glass, China, Woodenand Tinware.

CANNED GOODS AND DRIED FRUITS OF ALL KINDS;

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

We also carry a large line of

French and American Confectionery,

which we sell at bottom prices, and to which we invite the attention of purchasers, as we feel sure we can save you money. A full line of

Raisins, Nuts, Fruits, Cakes, Crackers, &c.

Give us a call. No trouble to show goods and quote prices.

Yours Respectfully,

F. S. GRUMBINE & BRO.,
WEST END, - - WESTMINSTER, MD.
no-19-1y

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Having a large supply of Good Ice and being just far enough away from railroad to get all good Plain Cream, is prepared to furnish Celebrations, Fairs, Festivals, Weddings, or Private Families with a fine article of Cream at a very low figure and on short notice.

We will run a wagon to Westminster, Sunday and every day, to deliver to families in quantities to suit.

Cream can be had by the plate or any quantity at J. P. Wohlgemuth's Bakery, No. 241 East Main street, and at his branch store, No. 87, East Main street, who will also fill all orders at short notice and receive orders for cream for Sunday, and deliver the same. Sunday orders received at J. D. Bowers', or Fred. H. Myers', at the market at Zeiber building, on Saturday afternoons.

We also invite our customers to see our factory at Pleasant Valley, where they will be waited on by Mr. E. W. Devilbiss. Address all orders:

PLEASANT VALLEY CREAM CO.,
Pleasant Valley, Md.

They will receive prompt attention. Sunday orders received until 5 o'clock, Saturday afternoons. ju-3-3m

Dr. J. W. Helm, Surgeon Dentist,

(Graduate of Md. University, Baltimore),
New Windsor, Carroll County, Md.

OFFERS his professional services to the Public in all its branches. He will visit TANEYTOWN—on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

☞Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

A liberal share of public patronage solicited
Respectfully,
jy-20 1y J. W. HELM, D. D. S.

SALE BILLS, and all kinds of Job Printing done at this office, on reasonable terms.

Columbus Discovered
America in 1492,

but the farmers of Carroll county have

Only Recently Discovered

that the place to get best value for their money in

FERTILIZERS
—IS AT—
H. S. ROBERTS & CO'S.,
WESTMINSTER, MD.,

and at the same time patronize a

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They not only have about a dozen brands of their own, made from careful study and experience, but also have all the material to make any formula suggested by any of their customers, or can duplicate any formula made by any manufacturer and will

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The Vine and Vegetable,
THE CELEBRATED
Potato and Trucking Manure

has been tried side by side with the celebrated

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and has given as good and better results in every instance. Also whenever it was used it not only more than paid for itself in the increased yield but the quality was very much superior than when stable manure or cheaper fertilizer was used. They have another special brand for potatoes, cheaper than the above, also special brands for PEAS, CORN, OATS, PEACH TREES, AND GENERAL TRUCKING; also for FLOWERS and SHRUBBERY. Remember they always

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of the goods to give as good or better results, in the chemical analysis or in a crop contest, as any other goods in the market for the same price. Farmers, give them a trial and be convinced. Call or send for one of their Farmer's Manuals to

H. S. ROBERTS & CO.,
Westminster Md.
ap-2-tf

J. T. Anders,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

34 WEST MAIN ST., - - WESTMINSTER, MD.

Calls special attention to his line of

SPRING GOODS,

having the most complete assortment ever offered to the people of this county and at prices that cannot fail to compete with any house in the city or county. We have the

Finest line of Fantaloons

ever offered in the city. Look at our $5 and $6 Pants, and see if not in the swim. We also have better goods at higher figures. Special attention is called to

Our line of Shirts,

as we make a specialty of this. Also shirts made to order. Our line of

NECKWEAR

cannot be surpassed in the city. We are always looking for the latest.

OUR LINE OF GLOVES

is complete and everything in

GENT'S FURNISHING LINE.

All we ask is that you call before purchasing and we are sure you cannot fail to select from our line of goods. If you want a suit, shirt, necktie, collar, cuffs, suspenders, gloves, underwear, hosiery, gent's jewelry, do not fail to call. Fit always guaranteed or no sale.

oct-25 J. T. ANDERS.

GRAND
DISPLAY OF GOODS.

My storeroom having been enlarged, thereby giving me better facilities for displaying goods, and having selected a beautiful line of

SEASONABLE GOODS,

I invite you to call and be convinced that I have the largest and best stock in town. You can be supplied with anything you want in our line at very lowest prices.

Our stock of Goods surpass any we have ever shown. Such beautiful

China, Vases, Ornaments, Lamps, &c.

Lamps of all kinds and styles.

The Grocery Department

is stocked with the finest

Fancy and Staple Groceries.

All kinds of

FRUITS AND CANNED GOODS,

NUTS AND CANDIES:

JUST EVERYTHING YOU WANT.

Very respectfully,
G. W. MORNINGSTAR,
38 West Main St., Westminster. Md.
no-28-90

A LETTER.

I find that many people are of the erroneous opinion that the office of STATE'S ATTORNEY will prevent me from attending to any other legal business than that pertaining to said office. I therefore adopt this method of informing my clients and friends that, EXCEPT IN CRIMINAL CASES, I am as free as any other attorney to attend to any legal business that may be entrusted to me.

CHARLES E. FINK

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 62 NO. 35. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Select Poetry.

THEY ARE NOT LOST.

—:o:—

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood,
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for in thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal; and we shall surely know
These are not lost.

—Richard Metcalf, in Christian at Work.

Select Story.

"THE ETHEL LYNCH."

W. B. Disbro, in N. Y. Ledger.

Ira Lynch was the agent at a little station on the Silver Creek railroad, called Halfway. Why the station was called by that odd name is impossible to state, unless it was because it was located about the center of the road. It was not much of a station either, the only building being the shed that contained the engine and pumps which pumped water to the tank that supplied the road engines with water.

Few trains ever stopped for any other purpose, unless they were flagged, as there wasn't a house within two miles of the station, with the exception of the little cabin occupied by the agent and his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, daughter and her little baby brother. Ethel, the daughter, was a sprightly little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age, and pretty enough for an artist's model, as she sat upon the back of her milk-white pony, man fashion, her legs bare to her knees, and dressed in a gray plaid skirt, a tight-fitting velvet jacket, and a train-boy's cap resting jauntily upon her beautiful auburn curls. Ethel Lynch was a prime favorite with the trainmen and regular passengers on the Silver Creek road, and they were always on the alert to get a glimpse of the red-headed girl and the white horse.

Mr. Lynch was formerly engineer on the engine that pulled the train known as the Thunderbolt—a limited express upon the main line of which the Silver Creek road was a branch. But one night train robbers removed a rail from the track, and Ira Lynch (who saved the lives of the passengers intrusted to his care by standing faithfully at his post of duty) was dragged from under the pile of broken and twisted iron and steel that once formed a part of his beloved engine, a burned and bleeding mass. Of all the many people who witnessed the terrible sight, not one thought it possible for him to live; but by careful nursing and a strong determination on his part to live for his wife's and little daughter's sake, he so far recovered as to be able to take charge of the little station at Halfway.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Lynch was standing at the open window of the pump house, gazing intently at some object in the direction of his cabin.

It was at the close of a lovely day in June. The rays of the setting sun (for it lacked but an hour of sunset) shone full in his face. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked long and earnestly.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "it's our Ethel! Ma must be feeling better, or she wouldn't leave her alone!"

Being satisfied that everything was all right, he again gave his attention to his work, so as to have things in shape to leave for the night. By the time the task was completed, Ethel had approached to within speaking distance. The pony was walking along very leisurely, under a loose rein, "so as not to scare pa," Ethel had said to herself, as she checked the pony down to a walk.

"Well, how's ma and the baby been, to-day?" inquired Mr. Lynch, as Ethel slid from the pony's back to the ground.

"Oh, they've been splendid all day! Mamma wanted to get up, she felt so well."

"I'm glad to hear that, for it don't seem very much like home when ma is sick. Does it?"

"No, indeed; but do you want to know what I came over for?"

"Why, yes, to be sure!"

"Well, listen, and I'll tell you: This afternoon mamma fell asleep and she had an awful dream. It worried her so that she told it to me, and I came over to be sure it wasn't so; but you couldn't make mamma believe it wasn't so, for she said she never could until she had seen you with her own eyes."

"Why! it must have been something terrible to frighten your ma. She isn't a very timid woman. But tell me, and then I'll know for myself."

"Well, mamma said that she saw five men walking up the track. They all wore big bushy whiskers and carried guns. She said she didn't think anything strange about it, but thought they were hunters, until one of them said: 'It must be that he is in the pump-house.' So she just watched them, and, sure enough, they came directly here, the big man that spoke being in the lead. They approached the window very cautiously; the big man put his gun through the window and fired. Then she saw you throw up your hands and fall to the ground dead!"

"That was quite a dream, and it's no wonder it frightened her. But you go right back and tell her that I am well and she will be satisfied."

"No, she won't either, pa, for she said that she could never believe that it was only a dream, until she had seen you with her own eyes. You must go home. I'll stay and give water to 41's engine, and signal No. 9."

"All right, Ethel, if you think that she will feel any better for seeing me. Here are the keys. You be sure and don't stay longer than is necessary, for it will be dark long before you reach home."

"Yes, pa, I'll do just as you say, only do make haste so that ma won't worry. Good-by."

"I guess I had better tie Snowflake behind the pumphouse," said little Ethel, as her father disappeared from view, "because the soot from the engines makes him all speckled."

That done, she went to examine the switch, to see that it was thrown right for No. 41, the through freight, which was already due.

She had but just returned when the whistle sounded for the station, and a moment later the huge m[illegible]ster came in sight. Ethel waved white flag, to signal all right, the [illegible]gineer answered with two short sh[illegible] whistles, and an instant later ca[illegible] for brakes, in order to stop at [illegible]station for water.

"Why, there are two sections run 41, to-night!" Ethel exclaim[illegible] as she saw the two red flags on [illegible]engine.

Then the train drew up at the station, the engine was cut loose and switched over to the tank for water, after which the train proceeded on its way to Placer City, six miles distant, to sidetrack for No. 9, the fast limited express.

After the second section had gone through the same operation as the first, Ethel entered the pumphouse, to make sure that the fire under the boiler was properly banked for the night.

She desired to start for home as soon as No. 9 passed, so as not to alarm her parents by any unnecessary delay. She had been inside but a moment or two, when her attention was attracted by a slight noise at the window.

Imagine her surprise, upon turning around, to see a man standing at the open window, with his gun, which was resting upon the window-sill, aimed directly at her.

"It's mother's dream!" she said to herself; but not a muscle moved to show that she was surprised.

"Say, little gal," said the man at the window, "where's the station agent?"

"He is not here, sir. He went away some time ago."

"Where to?" demanded the man, gruffly.

"He went to Keely's Bar, with supplies for the company's men," replied Ethel, and added, in an undertone: "But that was a long time ago."

"When is the lightning express due?"

"In thirty minutes," said Ethel, as she glanced at the clock above her father's rude desk.

"Well, we want to board her. Can we do so?"

"No, sir: they do not stop here for water."

"Can't you flag her?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"We have orders not to flag No. 9 unless there is danger ahead."

"Then there will be danger ahead," said the ruffian, as he turned his back to Ethel, and addressing the men, said; "Get to work lively, men, and take up a couple of rails; the express is going to stop here to-night, and don't you forget it!"

Ethel glanced through the window which the conductor ordered her carried to the baggage car, but she refused, saying:

"No, I will not go without Snowflake."

"All right, little girl," replied the conductor, "the pony shall go, too."

So they took both horse and rider into the baggage car, where a bale of matresses was hastily broken open, and one procured for the little sufferer to lie upon, and a roll of blankets, belonging to one David Carson, of Dead Man's Gulch, but more commonly known as "Dare Devil Dave," was brought forward to serve as a pillow. The owner of the blankets was there in person, kneeling on the floor beside her.

"Poor little girl," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand. "This is more than I can stand." His huge frame shook with sobs, as he picked up her cap, and, turning to the by-standers, said: "Fellow-citizens, let us do something."

The miners gave liberally. Both bills and coins were tossed into the cap. One miner contributed a small leathern bag containing a couple of ounces of gold dust. Nor was David Carson the only man that wept for the uncomplaining little sufferer. Tears coursed down many a sun-bronzed cheek unused to such a visitor, and not one of them, rough as they were, but would willingly have taken her place and borne the pain in her stead, were such a thing possible. A few moments later the man from the gulch again knelt beside Ethel, and as he placed her cap upon the floor beside her said: "Here, little girl, this may make you feel better. It's to buy you a new gown;" which remark plainly went to show his ignorance regarding the value of dress-goods. He had collected enough money to purchase a fair-sized dry-goods store.

When the doctor that had been sent for arrived the train proceeded on its way. Half a dozen miners armed with Winchester rifles were stationed in the cab of the engine, under the command of "Dare Devil Dave," and the only order that that individual gave was this:

"Fellow-citizens, I hope you know your business. Don't shoot unless you get the word; then shoot to kill."

The train approached the station at Halfway at a very high speed, all on board seemingly unconscious of any impending danger.

A light was swung across the track, signaling the train to stop. The engineer obeyed promptly and the train was brought to a standstill less than a hundred feet from where the robbers stood with guns leveled at the train.

"Hands up!" demanded the leader.

There was a flash of fire from the cab windows, followed by the report of a half dozen rifles, and it was all over.

It was a sorrowful little procession which wended its way down the bridle-path that led to the station agent's humble home. Nearly all the passengers were there. The conductor, accompanied by the doctor, had gone on in advance to prepare Ethel's parents for her home-coming. The patient little sufferer was reclining on a car-seat, borne by two stalwart miners, while David Carson brought up the rear, leading the badly used-up pony.

We may, perhaps, never know just what took place at the agent's cabin. The only remark was made by the big-hearted giant from the gulch. When the party had returned to the train he drew a sigh of relief as he exclaimed: "Fellow-citizens, I feel better."

The trainmen soon replaced the rails which the robbers had removed, and No. 9 went on her way an hour and twenty minutes late.

It was several months before Ethel was able to again ride Snowflake. But one day her father told her that there would be a new engine on the lightning express, and he would like very much to have her see it. So she rode over to the station and sat gracefully upon her pony as the train approached.

The first thing that attracted her attention was a beautiful, miniature, milk-white pony, standing upon the front of the engine, one foot poised in the air, nostrils dilated and neck proudly arched, for all the world like her own beloved Snowflake, and seated upon its back was a very small girl, that was dressed and looked very much like herself.

Then her eyes fell upon the name of the new engine, painted in gold letters beneath the cab window. There could be no mistake, for the letters were very plain and read like this:

THE ETHEL LYNCH.

Then, as the train swept past, the passengers, who had been informed of Ethel's ride, cheered heartily in honor of the little mountain heroine.

Surely, it is not to be wondered at that the trainmen on the Silver Creek road have a warm place in their hearts for the little girl out in Colorado or that the president of the road has hanging in his private office an oil painting of "A red-headed girl and a white horse."

The Tramp's Revenge.

Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

Farmer Leslie sat smoking in his doorway in the most contented frame of mind possible to a man, for he was at that moment basking in the warm sunshine of prosperity. It gave him a great content, but it was purely an animal content—no chord of his higher nature was touched. As far as the eye could see the hills and the flocks on the hills were his. The excellent woman attending to his corporeal comfort within the dwelling was his. The bright girl sewing at an upper window and the handsome boy galloping along the valley on his new pony were his children. The great barn filled with harvested grain was his. He did not look up and claim the sky, but all else about him was of value as a part of his domain. "Me and mine" was the refrain of his song.

At that moment something came around the corner of the house that did not belong to him, and it gave him a shock—a very disagreeable thrill, that was mostly disgust, and no quality of fear in it. The something was a ramp. The name is synonymous with obloquay, and this specimen did not belie the name. He shivered in the sunlight as if he had the ague. His rags stood out like splinters of distress, telling of a long friction with time. His limbs had that flaccid, relaxed motion which is typical of the drunken vagabond. His eyes were bloodshot. The only redeeming features were his voice, which was musical and pathetic, and his manner, which was that of a man who had not always tramped the thoroughfares of the world.

"Sir," he said, touching the rim of a despoiled hat, "will you be so kind as to give me a bite to eat—I am very hungry!"

One would suppose that sitting there in the sunlight of his own happiness Farmer Leslie, the prosperous man, would have given a generous meal to this off-scouring of humanity—but he did nothing of the kind.

"Be off," he said, "or I'll set the dog on you!"

"I will work—" began the tramp.

"Oh, you will? I don't need your help. I have men to work for me, and not such cattle as you."

Ah, it cut to the quick, as he intended it should. The tramp made a savage spring forward, and a look of vindictive rage crossed his features—then he stopped, swung around and walked away.

"Cattle!" He flung the words out with bitterness. "You're right, friend—only cattle that are made in God's image, and human!"

"So the fellow's had a schooling," was all the comment the farmer made. He did not see a humanitarian episode that was transacted at his back door when his good wife, who had over-heard the dialogue, handed out some bread and meat to the tramp.

No, Farmer Leslie knew nothing of that. He was watching a speck far down in the valley that was a whole world to him, his boy galloping about from farmhouse to farmhouse, where his playfellows lived, showing them his new possession, the pony his father had given him for a birthday present.

Farmer Leslie did have soft spots in his heart, but as I have said, they were for "me and mine." He gave no further thought to the wretched, disheartened man he had repulsed. He did not stop to gently scan his brother man, and he did not believe that to step aside is human. So he put the object out of his mind and gave himself up to the contemplation of pleasanter themes.

The tramp lay on the side of a hill far enough from the house to be unrecognizable, and ate Mrs. Leslie's bounty in a semi-savage mood. These were not his real table manners—he had not forgotten them, but if each mouthful he devoured had been the head of an enemy, he could not have been more ghoulish or vicious. Every few moments he would burst into anathemas of speech:

"Cattle! Curse him! What is he! I'd like to make him suffer—yes, I would. Oh, I could die happy just to see that man in my place."

He lay and watched the man he hated, but he divided his attention. His bloodshot, agonized eyes were fixed now on the splendid barn that had cost the farmer so many thousands of dollars, and was the pride of the surrounding country. The fellow writhed with impatience.

"I hope he'll read the writing on the wall, and recognize the tramp's hand. I hope he'll—ha—it's working!"

He saw a thin spiral of smoke rising like a crooked forefinger from the roof of the barn. The farmer sitting now with his back turned did not see it.

The tramp watched it and smiled as Cain might have smiled when he slew Abel. He gesticulated fiercely as if to sustain himself in some awful deed; then another look came into his face as he saw a boy ride gayly up to the barn, turn his horse loose, and carrying the saddle on his arm, disappear inside.

One—two—three minutes passed. Nothing had changed except the aspect of that thin spiral of smoke. It was now a column cut off from the roof by a blaze that the sunlight shielded. Farmer Leslie was asleep in his chair.

The tramp rose to his feet. His expression and the evil purpose that had possessed him changed to a look of disreputable virtue. His form expanded and grew taller, but he stood as if rooted to the hills.

Farmer Leslie was aroused now. His wife and daughter were running here and there, shrieking fire, and he was wildly calling for help, to which summons his men working in the field responded. But there was no help that could save the smoldering mass, and no man that could enter that fiery furnace.

"Let it burn," shouted the farmer; "thank God, we are all here."

And at that moment his eye fell on his son's pony grazing in the field near by.

"Alfred!" he shouted. "Is he in the house? Where is Alfred?"

A man darted past him and disappeared in that seething mass of flame and smoke. The group paid no attention to him, but ran distractedly about, calling the name of the boy who was the pride of their lives.

Then there was a cry from within, a smothered cry, taken up and re-echoed by those outside as they recognized his voice.

"It is my boy—let me get to him!" shouted Farmer Leslie, struggling in the hands of his men. "I will save him or die with him."

But they could see the shadow of a man who walked like Shadrach of old in the fiery furnace, but unlike him there was the smell of fire on his garments, and if the Saviour of men walked with him, their eyes were hidden that they could not see. He carried a burden that he had covered with his tattered coat. The fire fought for him and wound its long tendrils around him. It put out the light in those bloodshot eyes forever. He was literally blazing when he gathered up the last remnant of his strength, and threw his burden to those who met him half way. Then there was a roar and a crash, and never had man a more magnificent funeral pyre than this would have made. But he stumbled just outside, and a fallen beam pinned him to the earth.

"He saved me, father—I was asleep and he just caught me up in his arms and ran with me, and, oh, father, you will give him money and clothes, and he shall have my pony, and everything."

"Yes, yes, please God, I will make a man of him," said the farmer, as he bent anxiously over the tramp, who, blind and broken, was coming back to consciousness.

"Father—mother," he murmured, "are—you—you—both—here? Take—my—hand."

Mrs. Leslie, and her husband sank sobbing on their knees, and each took a hand of the poor outcast.

"It's—getting—light," he said, "I—must—get up."

He tried to rise but the effort was useless. His poor head refused to move.

"I know," he said in a clear voice, "it's—the—boy. Is—he—safe?"

"Safe, and it is you who saved him. Live, my friend, that we may show you how grateful we are," said the farmer, suddenly humanized.

"Yes—I—saved him—and lost—myself. Perhaps God will know, and take this into account. Forgive me."

"What! For saving my boy's life?"

"No." There was a brief death agony, then a look of peace as life's latest breath drifted with the words: "I would have been a murderer if I had let him die in the flames that—my hand—kindled!"

Say nothing, do nothing, which a good mother would not approve, and you are on the certain road to happiness.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment, but is a very bad one for constant wear.

Mark this: You don't have to be disagreeable to be good.

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