AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1894. VOL. 63--NO. 25.

REDUCED RATES.

THE SENTINEL
John Wilson 21oc94

—FOR—

$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

It cannot be sent, however, at that rate, on credit, with the risk of loss.

To deal equitably with all the subscribers the new rate will be put into operation in this manner:

New subscriptions will be received at the rate of $1.00 per annum.

Old subscribers who are in arrears will be expected to pay up the amount due at the rate of $1.50 to the date when the year now running will expire, from which time, if paid in advance, they will receive the paper for $1.00. It appears due to subscribers who have paid in advance that those who are in arrears should not be given any further advantage over them.

Subscribers outside of the county will be required to pay $1.10 per annum in advance, to cover cost of postage.

ICE CREAM!

The Pleasant Valley Cream Co,

HAVING a large supply of 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, next door to Huber's Drug Store, and at his branch store, No. 87, East Main street, conducted by James M. Grimes, at both of which places all orders will be filled at short notice, and where orders will be received for Sunday delivery. Sunday orders received at 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. F. 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.

Good, fresh butter will also be supplied.

my-12-3m

ICE CREAM!

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

HAVING secured a 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 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.

may-12 3m

Ice Cream, Water Ice —AND— Pure Spring-Water Ice.

THE attention of the citizens of Westminster and vicinity is called to my well known Ice Cream and Water Ice of the best quality. Private families furnished by the gallon or half-gallon. Special attention given to furnishing Festivals or Picnics. Orders delivered in the city or at the railroad station free of charge.

I have a large supply of Ice from Pure Spring Water and free from all washings from the turnpikes or county roads.

☞ Send orders to Postoffice Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

Orders received at J. H. Tavenor's, No. 80 East Main Street.

I have cleared up the grove of Col. Longwell, adjoining my factory, and fitted up swings and a dancing floor, which parties and picnics can have the use of.

J. D. CROWL, Westminster, Md.

may 19-3 m

GREATEST FAMILY WEEKLY.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The National Tribune is now entering upon its 17th year of phenomenal success.

No other family weekly in the country has had such a growth, and maintained it so steadily.

It goes into every County in the United States, and has clubs of subscribers at nearly every Post-office.

It has gained this proud position solely on its merits as a highly interesting family newspaper.

FOR THE YEAR 1894

It will be made much better and more attractive than ever. While retaining all of its present popular features, it will constantly add new ones.

ITS FEATURES.

War History, by men who actually served and fought in the struggle. Short Stories of Romance, Travel, Experience and adventure, by leading writers. Editorials upholding the cause of the veterans, and maintaining the highest loyalty to the Government, and the promotion of the best interests of the whole people. Washington News. Full accounts of what is taking place at the seat of Government; careful reports of all important matters in Congress and the Executive Departments; gossip about public men. Household Department, Edited by a lady of National reputation. G. A. R., W. R. C., and S. of V. News, more full and complete than published by any other paper. Agricultural Department, carefully edited by practical men. General News, carefully compiled.

The National Tribune is strictly non-partizan, and thoroughly American. It believes in the greatest good to the greatest number of our people, and the highest development of our institutions—in National unity and exalted loyalty. Price

$1 a Year Payable in Advance.

It claims to give more and better matter for the sum of Two Cents a week than any other publication. Every line that appears in it is written for it, and has appeared in no other paper. It uses no syndicate or boiler-plate matter. Address—

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, 1729 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

W. H. MAGUIRE. JAMES R. MAGUIRE.

MAGUIRE & CO., PRACTICAL SAIL MAKERS,

House and Steamboat Awnings. Dray and Wagon Covers, Hay Covers.

No. 216 Light Street Wharf,

mr 31-1y BALTIMORE, MD.

Charles T. Reifsnider,

Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Westminster, Md.

Office, East Main street. Special attention given to collections and settling of estates.

no-11-tf

TO THE LADIES!

M. Schneeberger,

SUCCESSOR TO S. Kann, Sons & Co., 33 E. Main street, WESTMINSTER, MD., OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

"Wonderful Bargains" is the watchword for this week. Such low prices which I will present to you this week you have never seen in Carroll county before. The increase in my business in the last few days, leads me to believe that low prices are wanted. Therefore I shall again call your attention to this week's sacrifice in everything relating to Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Mattings and Oil Cloths, knowing that concessions made in prices will prove irresistible temptations to buy and insure sales if the goods are seen. Will give a partial list of these numerous Bargains, which will open your eyes.

Dress Goods.

38 inch Crepe in all the newest shades, sold anywhere at 60c., cut to 45c. .... 45c.

36 inch Henrietta, in all the most desirable colors out, from 45c. to 37c. .... 37c.

WASH GOODS.

10 pieces fine Dimity Lawns, in stripes and figures, worth 15c., cut down to 12½c. .... 12½c.

10 pieces 36 inch wide India Lawns, fast colors, cut down to 11½c. .... 11½c.

25 pieces light shades Dress Ginghams, positively worth 10c., cut down to 7½c. .... 7½c.

WHITE GOODS.

A card so full of the rarest values, I submit it without comment, merely to set you thinking.

Fine Lace and Grenadine stripe effects, worth 18c. at 12½c. .... 12½c.

3 pieces French Revering for Yokes, worth 35c. and 40c., cut down to 25c. .... 25c.

Small and large Check Nainsook, worth 12½c and 15c., cut down to 9c. and 10c. .... 9c. and 10c.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.

Nothing but the best Goods—everything for the least money. It is made to keep the trade on the jump.

10 dozen large size extra heavy Hemstitched Huck Towels. Regular price 25c. at .... 15c.

10 dozen Silk and Linen Mixed Mats, all colors, size 8x8, regular price 12½c. at .... 5c.

62 inch Turkey Red Damask, fast colors, regular price 45c. at .... 25c.

M. Schneeberger,

Successor to S. KANN, SONS & CO., 33 E. MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

my-12-94

TO THE LADIES!

M. Schneeberger,

SUCCESSOR TO S. Kann, Sons & Co., 33 E. Main street, WESTMINSTER, MD., OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Department.

10 dozen pair Ladies' Corsets, in sizes from 18 to 28, a great Bargain at 39c. regular. Will enclose for this week at the remarkably low price of 25c. a pair .... 25c.

20 dozen Ladies' Handkerchiefs, lace effects, worth 5c. at .... 2c.

5 dozen Men's fine Percale Outing Shirts, regular price $1.00, at .... 69c.

5 dozen Percale Shirts, 2 collars, in stripes and figures, regular price $1.39, at .... 98c.

25 dozen heavy solid colors Half Hose, worth 12½c. a pair, this week at .... 6c.

100 dozen Gent's 4-Ply Linen Collars, worth 15c, at .... 5c.

LACE DEPARTMENT.

Great Preparations—Great Bargains Naturally Follow. Here are broad Hints for the entire week.

9 inch butter color Point de Irlande Lace, regular price 50c., cut down to .... 25c.

Assorted Patterns, butter color Inserting, regular price 12½c. at .... 5c.

Assorted Patterns, Black Bourdon Inserting, regular price 25c. and 30c. at .... 15c.

9 inch Black Bourdon Lace, regular price 75c. at .... 50c.

REMNANTS, REMNANTS.

Last week I made a contract by which I will have the entire control in this county of all the Remnant outputs from the largest producers in this country, and several Mills abroad. You save just one-half by buying these Remnants. They are equally as good as whole pieces, and the selection ten to one larger.

Serpentine Crepe, best quality, worth 18c. at .... 9½c.

Plain Black French Sateen, worth 30c. at .... 18c.

Printed Duck, fashionable, worth 12½c. at .... 8½c.

Creponetts, in Pink, Blue, Green, and all the new shades in Plaids, Stripes, Figures, etc, new goods this season, worth 18c. at .... 12½c.

Fine Dress Ginghams, suitable for children's dresses, positively worth 18c. at .... 9½c.

Organdie Lawns, very pretty styles, worth 12½c. at .... 6½c.

Challies in light and dark styles, worth 8c. at .... 2¾c.

6000 yards Pacific Prints in Dress Patterns, worth 8c. at .... 5c.

Percales for Waists and Dresses, worth 12½c. at .... 8c.

1000 yards 4-4 Bleached Muslin, worth 10c. at .... 6¼c.

SPECIAL.

This week I made another cut in CARPETS, MATTINGS and OIL CLOTHS, and if you only take the time to examine my prices it surely will pay you.

M. Schneeberger,

Successor to S. KANN, SONS & CO., 33 E. MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

Trustees' Sale OF A DESIRABLE FARM,

Near Hampstead, Maryland.

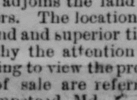
By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 3231, wherein Annie Shafer and David Shafer, her husband, are plaintiffs, and Sarah A. Gardner and others, are defendants, the undersigned as Trustees, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27th, A. D. 1894,

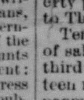
at 2 o'clock, P. M., all the land of which John Wilhelm died seized and possessed, being parts of tracts of land called "Green Visenburgh" and "Shilling Meadow," containing

ABOUT 76 ACRES.

(The correct amount will be announced on the day of sale.)



The improvements thereon consist of a Log and Stone Dwelling House, Log Barn, Granary, Smoke House, Dairy, Hog Pen and other outbuildings. There is a never failing spring of excellent water near the house.



There is a due proportion of meadow land and a considerable portion of the land is in CHOICE TIMBER; the balance is in a good state of cultivation. This farm is desirably situated on the county road leading from Hampstead to Beckleysville, in Baltimore county, is about one mile and a half from Hampstead and adjoins the land of Ephraim Murray and others. The location of this property, quality of land and superior timber thereon, make it worthy the attention of purchasers. Persons wishing to view the property previous to the day of sale are referred to Thos. Tipton, Esq., Hampstead, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof; one-third in nine and the other one-third in eighteen 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 day of sale.

JAS. A. C. BOND, CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Trustees.

ju-2-ts Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct.

PUBLIC SALE —OF— Corporation Bonds OF TANEYTOWN, MD.

The Burgess and Commissioners of Taneytown, Md., will sell at Public Sale to the highest bidder, at the Banking House of Geo. H. Birnie & Co., in Taneytown, Md., on

SATURDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1894, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

SIXTY BONDS OF THE COPORATION of Taneytown, par value $100, payable in thirty years and redeemable ten years after date, at the pleasure of the Burgess and Commissioners. Said bonds bear interest at the rate of five per centum per annum, payable semi-annually, on the first day of January and July in each year, at the Banking House of Geo. H. Birnie & Co., and are not subject to county or municipal taxation, and are issued in pursuance of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at its January Session, 1894, Chapter 560; and also in pursuance of Ordinance No. 35 of the Burgess and Commissioners of Taneytown, passed May 21st, 1894, and approved May 22nd, 1894. No Bonds to be sold for less than par value thereof.

Terms and Conditions:—Ten Dollars cash on the day of sale on each bond of one hundred Dollars, and the balance on the 2nd day of July, 1894, when the Bonds will be delivered. Payments to be made at the Banking House of Geo. H. Birnie & Co., in Taneytown, Md.

By Order of the Commissioneas

HEZEKIAH D. MEHRING, Burgess.

LEVI D. REID, Clerk.

Taneytown, Md., May 24, 1894. my26ts

J. Milton Reifsnider, Attorney.

Administrator's Sale OF VALUABLE BANK STOCK.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, administrators of Jacob Myerly, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, will sell at Public Sale, at The First National Bank of Westminster, Md., on MONDAY, THE 25TH DAY OF JUNE, 1894, at the hour of 2 o'clock, P. M., the following named stock:

Forty Shares of the Capital Stock of The Union National Bank of Westminster.

Twelve Shares of the Capital Stock of The First National Bank of Westminster.

Terms of Sale.—CASH.

AMANDA R. MYERLY, JACKSON MYERLY, Administrators of Jacob Myerly, deceased.

R. C. Matthews, Auctioneer. m-9-ts

Special Notice.

After June 4th, 1894, summer schedule on the Rapid Transit Line to the Westminster Steam Laundry. Why wait all week for your Laundry? Send it in Tuesday A. M. you get it Wednesday P. M. Also on Thursday A. M. you get it Friday P. M. Free call and delivery. Agency at Mr. H. B. Grammer's store.

WESTMINSTER STEAM LAUNDRY, 149 W. MAIN STREET, JOHN C. SHREEVE.

Wagon leaves Laundry at 7.30 Tuesdays and Thursdays. ju-2-1m

COME AT ONCE!! TO T. W. Mather's,

If you want the best at the Lowest Prices.

We are leading all our competitors.

Gent's Fine Percale Shirts, with two collars. They are all the rage. Don't fail to see our immense line.

Straw Hats, all the latest styles, at rock bottom prices.

Ladies' Slippers, at 50 cts.

DON'T MISS IT.

Ladies', Gent's and Misses' Shoes.

Stock larger than ever before and prices lower. Examine our line of tan shoes. It is unsurpassed. We're selling lots of them.

In Notions and Gent's Furnishings we are up with the times.

Bicycles at $70.00.

Have you seen the Broadway Bicycle at $70? Pneumatic tires. Fully guaranteed as good as any wheel on the market. Write for particulars.

T. W. MATHER,

au23-91 44 W. Main St., Westminster Md.

Select Poetry.

A WILL AND A WAY.

BY F. P. T.

There's an adage that no one should ever forget,
As he travels through life's rugged road,
And, encumber'd with care, looks around him in vain,
For a hand to help on with his load.
Let him never despond, let him never despair,
Nor aside from the path ever stray;
Let him buckle his armor, and gird up his strength,
Singing, "Where there's a will there's a way."

There are foes to be conquer'd and fields to be fought,
There are traitors without and within,
And the toil may be hard, and the battle be long,
But the one who endureth shall win.
For the goal is at hand, and the clouds shall disperse
When he least looketh out for the day;
So there, looking and hoping, still let him press on,
Singing, "Where there's a will there's a way."

Select Story.

A GAGE OF LOVE.

Richard Bulkley, M. D., or, as he was generally known in his native town of Pergamos, "young Mr. Dick," was a skillful and successful physician, well liked and respected by his fellow-citizens, with one exception; but oh, what a mighty test of the rule that exception was!

"Dr. Dick" was tall, slender, erect and replete with nervous energy. His face was pleasant and sympathetic, and his brown eyes more expressive than ingenuous, for they were near-sighted. In the sick room he was intent and solicitous, like a thoroughbred hound on the scent, but in his recreations he was apt to be vague and distraught, as if his mental acuteness also required the adjustment of his professional spectacles. Probably the aimable failings resulting from this absence of mind were more potent aids to his popularity than his ability could have been had it been aggressive, for we laugh most with the friend at whom we oftenest laugh.

Outside of such trivial eccentricities, "Dr. Dick" had no detriments. He was a bachelor, alone in the world, unrestrained by either the demands or the jealousies of relatives, and hampered by neither debt nor vice. His future was a broad, rich meadow, growing more expansive and fertile as he advanced. What wonder that many an anxious matron of Pergamos believed that she possessed just the one ewe lamb fitted to gambol on such a green.

Now, Dr. Dick, at heart, was ardent and romantic; his dreams of love were universal, except that tame sort which comes when one beckons. Hence, the mute proffers of such well-trained browsers were unnoticed by him. And, indeed, his reveries at the present sufficed for reality. When he smoked at night in his easy-chair, before the cheery hearth, he could see the tender eyes of his ideal in the glow, and could well nigh feel the stroke of her little hand in the heart's soothing vibrations. Such imaginary companionship was very grateful after the labors and worries of the day, and then, by the time his pipe was exhausted and the embers were teaching the melancholy of all fervor, how exceedingly sleepy he had become!

Then his recreations, though dimly shared, were keenly appreciated by Dr. Dick. There was the club, of which he was a founder, and perpetual member of the House Committee. Its list afforded as many various types of comradship as it did of good fellows. Besides, every month or so he was called on important business to the metropolis, which exigency, in truth, consisted of his yearning for some old college friends there divergently engaged in clambering Parnassus, and of their yearning for him.

It happened, one day of such pleasurable outing, that Dr. Dick came dashing down thestairs of nis hotel in a tremendous hurry, for it was natural for him to be always behind time and never to give in to the fact. In a word, he was ever doggedly chasing the train of an engagement out from its station. He was now on his way to a bachelor dinner, which was to adjourn for digestion to the thertre. As he reached the bottom step, plunging his hands the while into various pockets in search of what he had forgotten, he discovered that that inevitable something was his handkerchief. As the elevator was old fashioned, and hence more suave than brisk, he abandoned its wabling inertia to the impish children haunting the different floors, and breathless, yet determined, turned about and sped up again towards his room. As if his physical gaze was also fixed, he saw nothing save impatiently waiting friends.

Alas for the proverbial leisure of haste. As Dr. Dick, headlong and heedless, swung around the angle of a corridor, he ran full against a young girl hurrying from the opposite direction; with such force, too, that despite his confusion he was constrained to recall his professional skill. For an instant the maiden lay half unconscious in his arms, while he frantically endeavored to count a pulse, to the quivering of which his own heart responded. Then she recovered sense and possession at once, and shaking away his grasp stood a little apart, gazing mockingly upon him as he strove to express the thousand apologies which he so poignantly felt. Ah! how could one be collected before such a pretty stranger with such merry gray eyes, so filled with light; with such tantalizing lips, seemingly re[illegible] words, and with swayi[illegible] so admirably m[illegible] by her dark-blue gown? Poor Dr. Dick panted and stammered, nor did his fair adversary's fluent ripple of blithe laughter lend him its fluency.

"Pray think no more about it, doctor," at length she said. "I feel highly honored, I'm sure, to have been attended by so distinguished a physician. For you must be successful you know; you have such a pushing way," and again she laughed, and then flitted down the corridor leaving a haunted echo of merriment behind her.

And an hour later this jocund unknown was on her way with her parents to her Western home, where, doubtless, she received the homage due to her beauty, met and married the Prince Charming, and lived happily forever after.

But this was not the future that Dr. Dick had arranged for her as he hurried to his appointment; no, indeed, for already had his romantic fancy named him as the guardian of it. Yes, it had come, the great, mysterious love, which had so often fascinated him with half-glimpses in the hearth's chiaro; at a single wave of its magic wand his eyes had opened and seen; in one entrancing instant he had passed from existing into living!

"I shall find her," he soliloquized, "I know I shall. There is a mystic magnetic influence which will guide me more accurately than the needle turns to the pole. At last, at last, have I found my fate!" Poor young doctor, so foolish in thy sapience; through experience thou shalt learn that one does not find one's fate, but is rather found by her whenever she deigns to seek!

As Dr. Dick sat in the theatre box gazing at the stage, but in reality viewing the sharp end of the hotel corridor, after a nervous wont, he fumbled his watchguard. His fingers caught a strange little object entangled in its meshes, which furtive observation revealed to be a golden charm in the shape of an anchor. His companion's absorption allowed him to examine the trinket. On one side was the inscription: "St. Griselda's, '93," and on the other the bold original legend, "Hope on, hope ever."

"Aha!" murmured Dr. Dick, after the singular, yet veracious, habit of the war-horse, "I have a clue." He had, indeed, and hence was likely to become involved in the labyrinth of false influence. Certain it was that the next day the affable hotel clerk was either Spartan or Beotian in his inability to recognize the fair guest from her admirer's impassioned description, and when at length Dr. Dick returned to Pergamos to resume his round of professional calls, he took with him a heart so heavy with disappointment that his gig creaked and his faithful horse looked back in pained surprise. And yet the little jewel in its own bold and original language bade him not to despair. Its possession was such an advantage, if only he might encounter its owner. It gave him the rights of an acquaintanceship which certainly his adventure did not vouchsafe. If only—ah, what a high fence around felicity that little proviso can be; and yet the steadfast of heart may climb and peep and finally gain an unbroken view!

One Sunday, as Dr. Dick was passing out of church, he caught a glimpse of a face a little in advance which gave to his feet the wings of impatience, instead of the clogs of decorum. Was he dreaming? If not, then there she was, that fair, bewitching girl, not smiling, indeed, but even more charming in her sweet seriousness. Dr. Dick pressed forward, until only one obstacle intercepted his pursuit; but this body was bulky and important, with its swaying gait, and alas! it was animated by the fiery soul of John Knox McPherson, M. D., the exception aforesaid; by that one soul, in a word, that felt a bitter, unextinguishable hatred toward him.

Dr. Dick cast off impatience and resumed the steady tread of decorum. Too well he knew that his ancient enemy would embrace the most inoffensive chance and squeeze it into a deliberate insult. Were not their relations already sufficiently strained? Besides, this was hardly the time or place for an elaborate explanation. He would restrain his ardor and hope, since the "on" and the "ever" seemed so near a glorious fruition.

The following afternoon, while Dr. Dick and a friend were standing at the club window, two ladies passed by; one elderly and matronly, the other young and sylph-like. And on the "other" Dr. Dick stared with eyes which blinked with uncertainty, which glowed with assurance. Yes, it must be she; there was the identical blue dress; and could he mistake the outlines of that radiant smile, once more asserting its superiority over sweet seriousness?

"Who is she?" he gasped.

"Why, old Dame McPherson, of course," answered his friend. "Don't you know her?"

"The wife of my mortal enemy? Pshaw, of course I do! But I mean the other?"

"Why, their daughter Evelyn, their only child; you must remember her?"

"Yes, as a little girl; but where has she been, to grow like that?"

"Away at boarding school, receiving her instruction. She's a hummer, isn't she?"

"At boarding school?" repeated Dr. Dick. "Oh, do tell me where, at once."

"Why, old man," said his friend, in surprise, "I'm not a vinegar nosed spinster. But let me see; yes, she's been at St. Griselda's Female Seminary, at Hilldale.

Ah, here was confirmation stronger than proofs of holy writ of that ineffably dear identity!

"Why, you act as if you were very much struck," continued the friend. But Dr. Dick said not a word. He turned abruptly away, and, in the deserted smoking room, sought his favorite seat before the hearth. He broke the coals into a joyous blaze, and gazed; but, alas he could not share in the vehemence. He was struck, struck in a heap. To think that this bewildering unknown should prove to be the daughter of his adversary, and such a prejudiced, redoubtable adversary, too. If he were only a foe of the ordinary sort, then he might well persist; but against that hard, stubborn head, the keenest blade would turn its edge. He remembered her now, oh, yes, the little Evelyn; how had she, indeed, ever passed from his memory, that dear little child, so eager for his word and smile?

In his student days, when her father, that grim, unrelenting one, had been his friend and mentor, she had been a great pet of his. Why had he not realized that five can change fourteen from immaturity into goddesshood? Ah, those old days; there was something inexpressibly tenderabout their memory, after all. Then the one stout champion of his pupilage had been the same Dr. John Knox McPherson, his dead father's friend, his own guardian and tutor. What pride that old man had taken in his success, with what daring hyperboles had he pictured his future! Even now, as Dr. Dick recalled those fierce irascible features, he seemed to see regard peering out at him, as if from a mask. Oh, the pity of it, that he should ever have become estranged from this pugnacious yet noble nature! But could he blame himself? Come, let him see:

Dr. John Knox McPherson was a Scotchman typifying to the ends of his fingers the strength, the reason, the frailty, and the absurdity of his race. He was stout of heart and of intellect, but over-sufficient in his confidence in each. Mankind was generally wrong, with one unchanging exception, and the exception was Dr. John Knox McPherson. He was called a doctor of the old school, a title he would have repudiated with scorn, for there was but one school to him, and without it lay the utter darkness of quackery. He had a practice as extensive as his desires in Pergamos, for his dress suit and ruffle, his ponderous watchguard, his snuff-box and red bandana, the latter of which waved at the snap of the former, exhaled a tonic of confidence in a sick-room; but more, and vastly more, too, he was President of the Pergamos Medical School. Here, indeed, centred his interests, for here were taught the pure principles of this craft as they had been transmitted through an unbroken line of adepts from Hippocrates even unto himself. For one, shut out from this source of learning, Dr. McPherson felt the sincerest pity, but he who after attendance there dared to seek strange gods, was to him Anathema Maranatha, and the Abomination of Desolation, combinel and infinitely intensified.

It followed, then, when young Richard Bulkley, his prime favorite and hope, after graduation, had gone abroad, and to Germany, of all places, and had there studied in despite and contravention of professional ethics, that Dr. McPherson shook the dust of friendship off his feet and bestrewed his head with the ashes of hatred. Thereafter Dr. Dick was an accursed thing to him, the more accursed because reason would often approve of his industry and skill, and memory reflect his nature in soft, pleasing colors.

Little wonder, then, that Dr. Dick had well-nigh forgotten the little girl whom in his student days he had so petted and admired; little wonder, too, if in this maiden's heart every fond word and deed of his had not only been preserved, but also enhanced. For in trouble, man's panacea is oblivion and woman's remembrance.

Just off from the smoking room, separated by heavy curtains, was a apartment popularly called "The Den," for there sundry fierce old members were wont to gather and quarrel over their cups. As Dr. Dick sat reviewing the past and conjuring from it aspirations and passions long since unheeded, there came from this quarter sounds of a wrangle so unusually virulent that perforce he had to listen.

"Of course," said a voice, oily, insinuating, exasperating, "of course, you boast now so far ahead of the event; but when it comes off and your precious proteges are so much out of the race as to never have been in it, why, you will have so thoroughly swallowed your words as to swear you never even chewed them."

"It's a lee," rasped another voice, tremulous with wrath; "a domned, unmannerly lee! I'll bet my head and my boots that a graduate of the Pregamos Medical School takes the prize without half trying. I could name a thousand fine young men who could do it, and, let me tell you, when this particular fine young man, whoever he may be, has done it, he can own anything I've got, from a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage. Meanwhile, Sir, I conceive your doubts are meant in no friendly way, and so good day to you."

Dr. Dick crouched in his chair, and just in time, for through the room stamped Dr. John Knox McPherson, red-faced and furious, through the room and out, with a tremendous emphasis of the door.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" came from the inner room. Dr. Dick entered and found, as he expected, Prof. Eben Meade, Dean of the Pergamos Law School, perpetual crony and occasional foe of the irascible President, and hence this young man's advocate and friend.

"At it again, hey?" said Dr. Dick. Pray what is it all about?"

The professor beat his sides for several minutes before he answered. "That impossible old idiot," at length he gurgled, "went off in a fury just because I ventured to say that it wasn't an absolutely sure thing that one of his confounded graduates would take the prize offered by the State University for the best essay on 'The Idiosyncrasies of the Medulla Oblongata.' As if he hadn't turned out a perfect pestilence of numskulls and quacks, by Jove! Why, even you, my son, had to clear away the cobwebs with a German brush, and yet he'll wager his head and his boots on his paragons, and give to the victor his daughter. I swear if I wasn't just as old as I used to be, I'd have a try for it myself. Ha! Ha! Ha!" And away waddled the professor.

Dr. Dick stood and pondered like one who has heard the voice of the oracle, yet is doubtful of interpretation. "I'd have a try for it myself," he repeated. Ah, why, oh why, shouldn't he, a graduate of the Pergamos Medical School, take the President at his word, and, in winning the prize, win also a bride? Would not the old man's gratification in his triumph do away with all remembrance of his apostasy? Would not the former regard revive enhanced by this later respect? At least he would have a try for it. Yes indeed! At the worst he could hold the doctor at his word, and who more scrupulous than John Knox McPherson? At worst —ah, this worst would be rapture, even if the obdurate sire should burst with chagrin! Have a try for it? Of course he would, and gain it too! For weeks thereafter the places that had known Dr. Dick's recreations knew them no more, and the round of his professional engagements became in comparison his resting spells.

There was a general rejoicing in Pergamos, and amusement, too, when it was known that Dr. Dick had won the great prize offered by the State University. Not only was popular pride tickled by this success, but also the popular sense of incongruity, and many were the surmises as to how the old President would be able to assimilate so bitter a pill. Dr. Dick wondered also, and uneasily, as he wended his way to his antagonist's house, where the mead of victory was awaiting him. He was resolved to endure verbal, aye, even physical, abuse, if only, ah! if only, he might be permitted to see his beloved. But what then? Would he be allowed to begin where he had left off? Poor Dr. Dick did not realize that Evelyn didn't know that he had ever left off.

John Knox McPherson, M. D., received Dr. Dick with theawful, austere dignity of his namesake. "It behooves me, Sir," he began, "by virtue of my official position, to present to you the prize which you have so unexpectedly—ahem! so meritoriously won. I am constrained, to, express my personal sentiments of gratification—no, dom it all, I mean amazement—I swear, mon, I dinna ken what I mean. I've lost my head altogether!" and the red bandana frantically waved like a signal of distress.

"Not at all," said Dr, Dick, with the pleasant, captivating smile of his boyhood. "I've saved your head, and your boots, too."

"What!" roared the old man. "Was it you snuggling before the fire? Well, it was lucky I didn't know you, I was that enraged! But you did maintain my words, me boy, and right scienteefically, too; and the Dean may put that in his pipe and smoke it. And you are a graduate of my school, and an honor to it besides. There, there, I've always loved you, and I'll not only forgive, but I'll forget," and Dr. Dick was inclosed in a snuffy and sticky embrace.

"My success is due to your instruction, Sir," said Dr. Dick, adroitly. "All else is but—"

"But an idiosyncrasy of your confounded, conceited medulla oblongata," interrupted the delighted President.

"And now may I hope," continued the young man, "that you will wish to keep your word—"

"Me word! I'll have you understand, Sir—"

"'From a partnership to my daughter's hand in marriage,' "quoted Dr. Dick.

"So it's Evelyn you're after, and 'twas not a sneaking fondness for your old preceptor that moved you? Weel, weel! its natural, I suppose, and the mother says she has ne'er forgotten. But, no secrets out of school, you shall just ask her yourself. A partnership, though—that requires deliberation. There'll be no potencies, no triturates, will there, now?"

"Come on then," and a moment later this medical knight was alone in the drawing room with his lady love.

How pretty she was, and how altogether desirable in her unfeigned joy!

"I have never changed," Evelyn murmured, in response to his impassioned protestations, "and I have always believed in your constancy."

"Ah! well you might," vowed the shameless Dr. Dick. "Your long absence has been purgatory, and the three glimpses I have caught of you since your return revelations of a heaven cruelly denied."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Evelyn. "But it's only twice, isn't it?"

"Twice?" repeated Dr. Dick in wonderment.

"Why, yes. Twice that you have seen me; once in church, and once from the club."

Dr. Dick was quick and accurate in diagnosis. Evidently there was some mistake about that encounter in the metropolis; but whose mistake? Why, his own, of course; this young girl's nature was too simple, too clear for any doubt as to that. Instead of following an ideal he had merely blundered into felicity! But should he explain? Well, hardly; love was too subtle for analysis. An explanation might possibly separate, it could never bind.

"Twice, of course," he assented.—"But I didn't think you saw me, you looked so demure."

"That ought to have told you," said Evelyn.

"See," continned Dr. Dick, after a moment's reflection, displaying the little golden anchor on his watchguard, "see, I found this is the city, and I've kept it ever since, it reminded me of you."

"How sweet of you," cried the enraptured Evelyn. "It is our class badge; one of the girls must have lost it. I alwaws wear mine on my chain around my neck. And you will always wear that, won't you, as a token of your devotion, as a gage of love?"

Let Us Take Time.

Let us take time for the good-by kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet, foolish words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our foolishness will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read our Bible. Its treasures will last when we shall have ceased to care for the war of political parties, the rise and fall of stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we have coveted, or the fame for which we have struggled.

Let us take time to get acquainted with our families. The wealth you are accumulating, hardened fat[illegible] may be a doubtful blessing to the son who is a stranger to you. Your beautifully kept house, busy mother, can never be a home to the daughter whom you have no time to caress.

Let us take time to get acquainted with Christ. The hour is coming swiftly, for us all, when one touch of His hand in the darkness will mean more than all that is written in the day-book and ledger, or in the records of our little social world.

Since we must all take time to die, why should we not take time to live—to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?

Mules Delirious With Pleasure.

From Philadelphia Times.

"I saw an odd sight in Luzerne county a few days ago," said Eckley B. Coxe. "Six mules that had for four years hauled cars in the lower workings of a coal shaft to and from the foot of the shaft had to be brought up owing to the flooding of the mine on account of fire. The mules in all that time had seen no light stronger than the flicker of the little Davy lamps the miners carried. The sun was in its zenith when they reached the surface, and the atmosphere was as clear as crystal.

"The astonished creatures closed their eyes to shut out the flood of strong light, and kept them tightly closed while they were being driven to a pasture lot a mile distant and turned loose. There they stood t[illegible]bling as if they were afraid something evil was about to befall them. Presently they half opened their eyes and peered around in open-mouthed amazement. It was clear they couldn't understand it.

When they had become accustomed to the sunlight they elevated their heads and slowly swept their gaze over culm piles, sky, mountains and horizon again and again. Toward sundown they broke into a chorus of joyous brays, the like of which was never heard from mules before.

After a quarter of an hour of that music, they took to kicking, jumping, whirling around like teetotums and rolling on the sod as if they had gone mad. For four days they spent their time gazing at the new sights of field and sky, refusing food or water, not even nibbling at the grass, and not as much as blinking an eye in sleep.

As soon as you read this, without waiting a moment, and without saying much about it to any one, look about you and see if you can find something to do for somebody else. To your surprise you will probably have a chance inside of two minutes. No matter what it is, or how trifling or unpleasant it may be, do it. Keep this up until bedtime, and you will find that you have had the pleasantest day of your life.

"Why was their engagement broken off? Did they quarrel?" "No; that was the trouble. They were both so amiable that they got tired of each other."

The British Museum has now more than 10,000,000 books, and additions are being made at the rate of 50,000 a year.

There is no grief without some beneficial provisions to soften its intenseness.

The trials of life are the tests which reveal how much of truth there is in us.

Nothing contributes so much to the duration of life as moderation.

To gain wealth does not make us happy, to lose it makes us miserable.

Bound to get ahead—The man who takes ten drinks in half an hour.

Covetous men need money least, and yet they most affect it.

How to know a racing prophet—By the tip of his tongue.

A boy's idea of a he[illegible] boy who runs off.

What sti[illegible]
—A p[illegible]

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