REDUCED RATES.

THE SENTINEL

—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.

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,
my26-3m 47 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.

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. E. W. Devilbiss. Address all orders to

PLEASANT VALLEY CREAM CO.,
Pleasant Valley, Md.

They will receive prompt attention. Sunday orders received until 5 o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

Good, fresh butter will also be supplied.
may-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 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.
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,
may-19-3 m Westminster, Md.

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.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

John Wilson 21oc94

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894. VOL. 63--NO. 27.

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.

"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.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D.,
125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.,
jan 27-94 2y New York City.

Trustees' Sale

OF A VALUABLE

Tract of Land,

In Freedom district, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, passed in cause No. 3665, wherein Julia A. Waters and others are complainants, and John W. Oursler and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JULY 7th, 1894,

at 12 o'clock, noon. All that parcel of land containing

61 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

situate at Haight Postoffice in said county, being part of the land of which Wesley D. Oursler died seized and possessed. This land is nearly all under cultivation and is in good condition; a small part of it is Woodland. The fences are in good repair. There are no buildings upon it, but it is fine farming land, not hilly, and is convenient to school, churches and stores.

TERMS.—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, the balance in two equal payments, the one to be paid in six months and the other in one year from the day of sale, with interest, to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security.

JAS. A. C. BOND,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
CHARLES E. FINK,
ju-16 ts Trustees.

NO. 3254 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity.

Charles T. Reifsnider, Assignee of Frederick Helb, Mortgagee vs. John H. Hilker and Lydia C. Hilker, his wife, Mortgagors.

ORDERED, this 21st day of June, A. D. 1894, that the sale of the mortgaged property made and reported in the above entitled cause by Charles T. Reifsnider, by virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from John H. Hilker and Lydia C. Hilker, his wife, to Frederick Helb, bearing date July 1st, 1887, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county in liber F. T. S. No. 25, folio 490, &c., and duly assigned to him, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 25th day of July next; Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 16th day of July next. The report states the amount of sale to be $928.46.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.
True Copy—Test:
ju-23-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE CHEAP!

Located on Carroll St., adjoining Lutheran Church, Westminster, Md., a complete home, with all rooms heated by furnace; water in house; also, range; large stable, and an abundance of choice fruit. Now occupied by P. H. Babylon, who will show the premises.

Also following property for sale low: Large Store Property, at junction of Main street and Pennsylvania avenue; Block of Dwellings, on Main street, adjoining Jesse Shreeve; Double Frame House on Carroll street extended. Having removed from Westminster, I will sell any or all of above property very low and on easy terms. Address,

M. L. MAIN,
55 Antietam street, Hagerstown, Md.
ap-7 tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NO. 3182 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

In the matter of The Carrolltonian Printing and Publishing Company of Westminster, Maryland, John M. Roberts, Receiver.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of The Carrolltonian Printing and Publishing Company of Westminster, Maryland, who were such on or prior to September 16th, A. D. 1893, the date of the filing of the Bill of Complaint in the above entitled cause, to file their claims properly proven and authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 9th day of August, A. D. 1894.

JNO. J. BAUMGARTNER,
ju-16-4t Auditor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NO. 3229 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

George L. Stockesdale, Assignee of Mortgagee, against John Powder and Eveline L. Powder, his wife, Mortgagors.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of John Powder, late of Carroll county, State of Maryland, deceased, who were such on or prior to his death, to file their claims, duly proven and authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 16th day of July, A. D. 1894.

JNO. J. BAUMGARTNER,
ju-16 4t Auditor.

Dividend No. 156.

Union National Bank of Westminster,
Westminster, Md., June 16, 1894.

THE President and Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of National and State Taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1894. Baltimore City Taxes and County Taxes will be deducted from the Dividend.

J. W. HERING,
ju-23-3t Cashier.

FOR SALE.

A Two-story Dwelling, No. 156 West Main Street, in first-class condition, fine garden, stabling, &c. Will be sold cheap. For particulars apply on the premises.

MRS. JANE R. BUTLER,
ju-23 3t Westminster, Md.

Visitors to the Jail.

Owing to the annoyance of visitors to the jail at all hours, and particularly on Sundays, the public is hereby notified that after July 1st, 1894, visitors will only be admitted on Wednesdays, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ELIAS B. ARNOLD,
ju-23 3t Sheriff.

Select Poetry.

NONE WILL MISS THEE.

Few will miss thee, Friend, when thou
For a month in dust hast lain.
Skillful hand and anxious brow,
Tongue of wisdom, busy brain—
All thou wert shall be forgot,
And thy place shall know thee not.

Shadows from the bending trees
O'er thy lowly head may pass,
Sighs from every wandering breeze
Stir the long, thick churchyard grass.
Will thou heed them? No; thy sleep
Shall be dreamless, calm and deep.

Some sweet bird may sit and sing
On the marble of thy tomb,
Soon to flit on joyous wing
From that place of death and gloom.
On some bough to warble clear;
But these songs thou shalt not hear.

Some kind voice may sing thy praise,
Passing near thy place of rest,
Fondly talk of "other days"—
But no throb within thy breast
Shall respond to words of praise,
Or old thoughts of "other days."

Since so fleeting is thy name,
Talent, beauty, power and wit,
It were well that without shame
Thou in God's great book were writ,
There in golden words to be
Shining for eternity.

Select Story.

HAWORTH'S BABY.

Miss Nobles reached the station in ample time. With a deliberation which pleased her she selected a seat in the rear car of the morning train on the shady side. She was on her way to visit Mamie. Grant, her intimate friend and former schoolmate, who lived in the metropolis at the other end of the State. Miss Nobles, however, was more self-reliant than self-sufficient, hence she had disdaine an escort; hence, too, she had ensconced herself on the wrong train, that is, on the accommodation which followed the special, like a jackal humbly picking up the leavings of a lion.

Miss Nobles' Christian name was Catherine, but then everybody called her Miss Nobles, she was deemed so dignified, so severe—an erroneous inference, it is here vehemently protested, resultant from her eyebrows, which, though elegantly arched, were heavy, and from a singular habit she had tried to acquire of thinking before she spoke. Mamie Grant, indeed, called her Catherine, and spelled it "Kathyryn," too—that eccentric form fulfilling her idea of style. Rodney Grant, Mamie's big brother, had approved the change, saying that doubtless her friend couldn't be too wise. He had also furnished a chart of his witticism for his sister's simplicity in this manner: "2 ys;" for Prof. Rodney was Head Master of the famous boys' school at Grafton, and when he condescended to joke the universe must respond as if at Jove's smile.

Miss Nobles confidently settled herself with her satchel by her side, her watch and purse in her satchel, and the latest Educational Review on her lap; and her wrong train started on its intermittent trip. One cause of her error had been a determination not to take a drawing-room coach, for she was anxious to study life, and had shrewdly argued that the ordinary car would contain more diverse specimens than the dull domain of opulence. After a few moments and a half-dozen stops, she laid aside the periodical for this proper investigation.

The field which presented itself was surely not one of still life, for its principal exhibit was a child in arms directly in front of her, screaming its war cry in discordant vowels. Now Miss Nobles knew far more about the Amoeba than she did about babies—indeed, she had quite a respect for that primary organism on account of the business-like yet unostentatious way it performed its duties. As for this human possibility she was quite wicked enough to wish it a good way off, say at Inverary, for then there would be a far cry.

And yet, it was a nice-looking little baby, too, in the intervals between spasms, when its features momentarily lost their india rubber properties, and richly attired, with all that lavishness which proclaimed it a Reuben and not a Benjamin. Evidently the woman that held it was nurse, not mother; for she wore the cap and manner of motherly wages and found. Miss Nobles regarded this personage with more curiosity than acuteness. A singular looking creature she was indeed, livid, almost colorless, with great bulging eyes furtively glancing hither and thither, and thick, silly lips, incessantly but mutely articulating. "An honest daughter of the soil," concluded Miss Nobles, "not intelligent, but loving and faithful unto death."

After a little, both child and attendant subsided into fitful dozes, and then Miss Nobles glanced at the other occupants, of the car. There was nothing fruitful for ethnological research; a cluster of yokels intent on euchre, two or three elderly couples with baskets, a lad with a strap of books. Miss Nobles inverted her gaze to her inner consciousness, where she felt more at home. Would she ever be able to realize her ideals, which were just as vivid as they had been a year ago at graduation.

Then all the teachers and pupils, who called her Miss Nobles, had pronounced her thesis, subject, "The Jericho of Suffrage," an event of the century, and had proclaimed her the Joshua of her sex. Ah, that was something like. And yet Mamie Grant, who called her Kathyryn and Kathie and Katie, and a score of other pretty diminutives, had laughed and shaken her curls and insisted: "Oh, you're just the same as the rest of us, you know you are, only handsomer and sweeter and more lovable. And you will be loved, Kittie, and the walls of your Jericho will be around your husband's heart." Absurd! when she felt so strong and reliant. Just as soon as this visit was ended, she would prove in dead earnest, by her pen, and perhaps her voice, that her ideals were very real, and far nobler in achievement that such a commonplace fate, even, as the Amœba was more admirable than that fretful infant in front of her.

Meanwhile she would enjoy being with Mamie so much; with all her frivolity the dear girl did understand her much better than those others did, though she never once had analyzed her character. Perhaps it was love which made the difference, love which is blind to faults, indeed, but eagle-eyed in detecting good qualities. Ah, if one only didn't have a mission, a specific, sacred responsibility, the reason, doubtless, for one's being, how pleasant it would be to take life as Mamie did, as if its natural boundaries were joy and merriment.

Miss Nobles caught herself wondering whether by any chance Prof. Rodney Grant would be at home. No, she thought not; it was termtime, and so much the better. And yet in this aggressive relief there lurked a disappointment. She had wanted to meet him after all, to see whether that hateful expression of superiority which his picture wore was merely a thing of occasion. She had often studied the photograph when at school; it had nerved her to renewed toil by its disdain. Perhaps everything she did would be so easy for him, and perhaps not. Women had often shown strength and endurance and intellectuality far surpassing those whom prejudice and ignorance set up as their lords. She could tell him that there had been ages, and again would be, when woman was the head of the family, the phratry, the clan, as exalted in station as the queen bee was above the drone. She could tell him—alas, had not Mamie once explained her views and aspirations to Rodney and his friend Haworth, and had they not been rude enough to ridicule what they could not comprehend?

Miss Nobles felt herself growing quite hot over this recollection, a mortifying sensation, since tranquility is an attribute of genius. The day was warm and sunshiny; she wondered whether she might not have the window opened. But her intuitive look for assistance was in vain. The yokels had abandoned euchre and gone to the smoking car to consume the product of their soil. The elderly couples, basket-laden, were asleep, dreaming of poultry and truck, if perchance they were unfortunately so mentally acute as to dream. Miss Nobles was forced to help herself, resolving in the struggle that during her era windows should work on springs.

The train slackened and stopped at a station. For some time its habit of so doing had gradually become apparent to Miss Nobles to such an extent that she had formulated the axiom that "a start is the shortest distance between two stops." A dim apprehension, too, had come to her that if Mamie were awaiting her on her arrival, Mamie would be very tired. But this qualm disappeared in the blaze of disaster, for as a preliminary jolt indicated another ineffectual advance, the nursemaid in front awoke with an imitative twitch, glanced around with an expression of infinite cunning, noticed the open window with a grin of maniacal joy, and coolly tossed the baby through it as if showing it the way to Banbury Cross!

For once, Miss Nobles acted from an unphilosophic impulse; without even considering that she would not take such a risk for all the Amœbae of the most fruitful paleozoic period, she dashed headlong and heedless through the aisle, out the door, and off the steps into the whirling dust of the departing train!

That good angel whose duty it is to guide the feet of women in getting off cars must have been able just then to give his undivided attention, (perhaps the Amalgamated Union of Horse-Car Conductors had struck,) for Miss Nobles alighted in safety. Beyond the roadbed ran a little brook, and there on its bank, in the sedges and soft mud, she found the child, smiling up into its rescuer's face.

"You dear little fellow!" cried Miss Nobles, as she clasped the baby to her breast—ah! how natural that soft, secure strain even to Hypatia or Portia!—and then she viewed and contemplated her environments. The train had gone on, and to such an unwonted distance as to be out of sight, and there she was, in a strange land, a forlorn waif, bearing a waif yet more forlorn. Well, the only thing to be done was to give over her burden into some safe keeping, and then to resume her journey. Doubtless she could find a kind woman who, for a moderate sum, would take charge of it, and lucky—ah! ah! her purse was in her satchel and the satchel on the train, and the train—no, she could not further follow such a distressing train of thought!

Of one thing Miss Nobles was morally certain; if ever a poor girl felt like Hagar in the wilderness with Ishmael, she was that poor girl. What a barren waste surrounded her! A level stretch of sparcely-cultivated country, through which a dusty highway ran, like a yellow ribbon unraveling into a thread, until it twisted around the hills in the far distance. But there was the station—a little brown box like a Noah's ark. Doubtless it had a master, and perhaps, like Noah, he would know a thing or two about coming in out of the wet.

With some such agonizing clutch after the straw of a joke, Miss Nobles strove to keep her head above the waters of panic as she advanced. Yes, there was a man, leaning against the doorpost, and eyeing her from under a ragged straw hat; a tall, gaunt, cadaverous man, whose butternut trousers were bounded on the south by dirty boots and on the north by dirtier shirt. His mouth was a crescent, jagged with fangs, which the faded whisker drippings from his chin seemed particularly to continue.

"Please, Sir, will you kindly tell me," began Miss Nobles.

"G'lang! Be off!" interrupted the man with a gyrating hand. "If so be I hadn't to flag the noon train I'd gev yer in charge, that I would. Glang now!"

"But won't you inform me where I am?" pleaded Miss Nobles, feeling more helpless than the baby.

"Inform nawthin'. Don't make no difference where you am, you'll be in the lockup in a jiffy ef yer don't make tracks. Didn't I seed yer at the identical winder a heavin' out the babby? G'lang now, you trollop!"

Miss Nobles hurried down the dusty road with the crying child in her arms. The sun beat heavily on her head, the sand clung tenaciously to her feet, and they seemed the forces of outraged authority. From the meadows came the twitter of birds, out from the cloudless sky wafted a faint breeze, but neither the voice nor the touch of nature comforted her. She was shocked, she was overwhelmed. The world was not that world ready with sympathy, with compassion which she had imagined. She herself was not that proud young goddess advancing, fancy free, into ever-widening vistas of noble deeds. Alas! she was rather some poor lost creature, trudging through the byways of life overburdened with shame.

Her aspirations, which but an hour since had been so reasonable, so necessary to her, now seemed like imaginings about magical power. Ah! there was no Aladdin's lamp for her; nor, were there one, would she have the energy to rub it. Independence meant misapprehension and insult and helplessness. If there were only some stout heart to cheer, some strong arm to support, how willingly would she abdicate her title to it forever! And yet, a thousand times more worthy of pity was the little estray that the ruthless waves of humanity had tossed within her grasp. The press of its tiny hand over her heart stirred within the girl the holiest instincts of her sex. She would save it, though why or how she knew not, and so on and on she toiled, in a blind, dumb doggedness, until the endless road made a bend and shot around a spur of hills jutting with crags and crowned with thick gloomy verdure.

Meanwhile a youthful attempt at similarity had approached the station agent. It was the telegraph operator.

"They've been callin' yer up along the line," said the master.

The operator tapped the key and listened to the responsive clicks. "Here's doings! Haworth's nuss gal has gone clean off her base and sloped with his kid. Jim Haworth of Zabina, you know, millionaire in ile."

"Sloped? Which direction?"

"How kin I tell? She took the local this A. M."

"I know it," cried the agent, slapping his thigh. "She went around the bend not ten minutes sence, crazier'n a loon, by gum! She throwed the child out the winder and then lept arter, like a partridge. Thar be a reward I reckon—"

"Sartin."

"Dom the noon train for a belated nuisance. But go, Jim, and seize her, and we'll whack up equal."

"Likely she's dangerous," hesitated the operator.

"I should say so; you just orter see her eyes, the size of sassers. But thar's Si and Reuben down the swamp and the Granger boys and the Deacon's folks. They're bound to lend a helpin' hand for the public welfare, and 'twill be rare sport for the lads. G'wan, now!" and Jim, taking a rusty musket from the wall, went, again and anon looking behind him.

Miss Nobles rested in the shade against a sheer ascent that cut off the brow of the hill. Above her overhanging boughs and bushes formed a canopy. At her feet the descent was very gradual, revealing a clearing of considerable extent, which the dark wood line bordered into an amphitheatre. She was resting, for she could go no further, and why, indeed, had she come so far? Were reason and self-possession so fragile that the first emergency of life could thus shatter them? Oh! how ashamed she was but yet how frightened! That man had been so fierce, so uncouth, his very voice had seemed a profanation. And then the change wrought by her impulse had been so complete; one instant, and from the security of a definite position of wealth and comprehension she had plunged into utter ignorance and destitution. And yet she did not regret her mad dash; that dear little child, sleeping so peacefully on her lap, doubtless had a fond mother distracted from its loss.

If she could restore it to those longing arms, would she not have achieved a deed noble for a mortal, since it was a duty of the angels? Ah! yes, in a little while she would be sensible and provident, she would seek out some kind person and tell her story and be advised. In the meantime, she was footsore, and oh! so weary. The sunshine was pleasant, and the rock at her back reflected its warmth. There was something consoling, after all, in the voice and the touch of nature. They brought the balm of dropping lids and tranquil thoughts. As peacefully as that little child, so, too, did Miss Nobles sleep.

On the brow of the hill there stood a man, young, athletic, well made, revealing in every lineament of his face and movement of his form the signs of well-controlled power. Across his shoulders was strapped a wallet, in his hand was that little hammer that taps so intelligently for geologists; but now his attention was not concentrated on the wealth of specimens around him. It was fixed on the valley below, through which a motley crew of men and boys armed with guns and scythes and sticks, was hastening. What had aroused the country side? The descent of a wildcat or an incursion of tramps? Whatever it was, it behooved him as a man of authority to meet and direct these people so visibly excited, for they were a hardy, simple race, as rough of deed as they were blunt of speech.

The man swung lightly from bush and branch down the face of the cliff that had seemed so impassable to Miss Nobles. He was about to speed across the clearing when his eyes caught the flutter of drapery. He approached; he stood with head reverently bared before the slumbering pair. Ah! what a fair, what a touching sight! Had some nymph of the mountain snatched a child from a satyr, and was she guarding it through her innate, invincible purity? What a picture of sweet and moving innocence, consecrate in infancy, yet far more holy in immaculate maidenhood!

Like Acteon, this man drew away abashed, but naught of Acteon's bold, eager gaze inflamed his eyes. Like Acteon, indeed, he was stirred, but it was in those thoughtful depths of the soul where dwells tender and devoted chivalry. As if stealing over tapestry, he glided away. Near by was a little elevation, the terminus perhaps of a forgotten race. Here was a point of vantage from behind which he could view every approach. Here like a knightly sentinel he took his stand. Let the excited rustics range far and wide, he cared not for their senseless wrath, his the evident duty to protect such sacred helplessness.

A sober, earnest man this was, intent from vocation and purpose on serious things. But now a gentle, joyous influence swayed him. A thousand soft and simple reminiscences of home recurred to his mind; trifles absurdly trival to a stranger, yet which join in forming the stoutest strand of life. Where had he seen this girl before, and why did her face recall his sister's bright and merry smile? Linked with his past, she was in a way of which he was ignorant; linked with his future, she should be in a way which he must discover.

There were shouts in the surrounding woods. Out from the coppices rushed men and boys. They crowded toward the face of the cliff, they screamed in triumph, and shook their rude weapons in the air. Miss Nobles sprang to her feet, and with the child, tightly clasped, confronted them. Her eyes were widely extended, her cheeks were pallid, but her lips were firm. Whoever these cruel people were, they should not take that dear little baby from her. The press of that tiny hand over her heart threw back the springs of maternal heroism. She could endure, she could die! The breeze spread out her raiment, and revealed her gracious outlines against the rock. Like Andromeda, she was enchained; like Andromeda, she dauntlessly faced the monster.

Then out from his post stepped the knightly sentinel, cool of manner, determined of gaze. "'Tis Mr. Grant," the men exclaimed, and drew back respectfully. "Hurrah for the professor!" yelled the boys.

"Well, friends," he began, "what is the trouble?" and he smiled as if encouraging children. Then an uproar responded. "She's a witch." "She's crazy." "She's stolen the child." "'Tis Haworth's baby." "Drive her out!" Lynch her"—an uproar as ruthless as when centuries agone pitiless voices cried "Crucify?"

The professor waved his hand. "Order is the shortest road to explanation," he said. "Here you, Jim, you are the great news centre; tell me what is this all about," and the telegraph operator told the story of the station agent, and the message of the wire.

"So this is Haworth's baby," reflected the professor. "Then you can safely leave it in my charge. I am Haworth's dearest friend, you know, and the child's godfather."

"But the woman, the nurse," urged the rabble, demanding its victim. "She must be locked up, she must be committed."

"I am a magistrate, you know," replied the professor, serenely. "I will examine the case; and do you disperse to your homes. The sun is shining brightly; what better time to make hay? And, Bob Granger, just get your pony cart, will you, and drive to the base of the hill? Away, then, good people!" And the monster slunk off discomfitted.

Once more Prof. Grant approached, and stood with head reverently bared. "My dear young lady," he said, "if you will permit me to escort you to my home at Grafton, not far distant, I have a motherly old aunt, who will be delighted to minister unto you and your charge. And then you can confide to her what you like regarding the cruel misapprehension of these rough folk, and tell her how I may serve you. And, really, she is the dearest old lady in the world—"

"Aunt Sophy," softly interrupted Miss Nobles.

"Aunt Sophy, truly!" exclaimed the professor. "But how could you know her name? Can it be possible? Yes, you must be my sister Mamie's friend, Miss Nobles—"

"Catherine," corrected Miss Nobles, yet more softly—

"With 'two ys,' eh? I should have thought so strong-minded a young woman too wise to get involved in such a maze. How lucky it was I met you, and how strange!"

"I was on my way to visit Mamie," faltered Miss Nobles, and then she told her disheartening experience.

"But I wouldn't have given up this sweet little fellow," she flamed in conclusion.

"Of course not. We'll telegraph to Mamie and to Haworth, and explain everything. And it so happens," added the professor, in a burst of chivalric mendacity, "Aunt Sophy and I are in readiness to make a trip to the city to-morrow. So when you are thoroughly rested we will all have a pleasant journey together."

A pleasant journey, truly. How grateful the nearness of the ready hand and the stout arm that had supported the weary girl down the hill! Too pleasant, indeed, to be terminated by the narrow limits of the railway, for sympathy and love can outlast the longest journey of life. Mamie laughs and shakes her curls, and insists: "Oh, you are just the same as the rest of us, Kittie."

And certain it is that however great a favorite Haworth's baby is with his godfather, he is far more apt to be spoiled by the fervid petting of his godfather's wife.

Mars Ringing Us Up.

From the New York World.

Can we open up electric communication with the inhabitants of Mars? That is a question recently considered at a meeting of the Society of Arts in London, where Mr. W. H. Preece, engineer to the telegraphs department of the British postoffice, read a paper on "Electric Signaling Without Wires." Mr. Preece explained how he had recently demonstrated that wires were not at all necessary to establish telephonic communication.

Under the supervision of a royal commission appointed to inquire into electric communication between the shores and lighthouses, he had conducted a series of experiments which amply demonstrated this fact. There was no difficulty in speaking between the shore and Flat Holm, three miles distance from the place of experiment. Mr. Preece then went on to say that "strange, mysterious sounds" are heard on all long telephone lines when the earth is used as a return, especially in the calm stillness of the night. "Earth currents," said he, "are found in telegraph circuits, and the aurora borealis lights up our northern sky when the sun's photosphere is disturbed by spots. The sun's surface must at such times be violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations are set up and radiated through space in sympathy with those required to affect telephones it is not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunderstorm in the sun."

After further describing the mysterious sounds which had attracted his attention in the still watches of the night Mr. Preece said: "If any of these planets be populated with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to and fro in telegraphic order, it would be possible for us to hold communion by telephone with the people of Mars."

These mysterious sounds which so puzzle Mr. Preece seem to correspond with those noticed by Thos. A. Edison, who has turned Ogden mountain in N. J. into a great magnet and coiled miles of wire about it. At the time of the last opposition of Mars he noticed an increase of the seismic mutterings, which have recently been so violent. Mr. Edison and Mr. Preece are only two of the scientists who are now experimenting along these lines, and the whole scientific world is watching the progress being made. Neither Mr. Edison nor Mr. Preece has been so bold as to say that the strange sounds referred to are messages sent by the inhabitants of Mars to those of earth, but they have not otherwise explained them.

On the other hand, there are many scientists firm in the belief that the next few years will witness the opening up of communication between the people of the two planets. This conviction has been enormously strengthened by the strange lights seen at the Lick observatory when Mars was under observation during its opposition over a year ago. The three lights were arranged in a triangle. Nightly as the great red orb rose from her ocean bed to the vault of heaven the lights flashed out as soon as darkness had set in, and in the immense lens of the Lick telescope they glowed with steady and continued effulgence. Was this an effort of the inhabitants of Mars to attract the attention of those on earth?

Such had been the opinion of Flammarion, who had argued in favor of earth signaling back with a triangle of lights 30 miles across. It was shown that the conditions of Mars were more nearly those of earth than of any other planet. Both of the snow caps could be plainly seen and may be seen now in any first class telescope, for Mars is now to be observed in the morning about 30 degrees west and 14 degrees south from Venus in the constellation Capricorn. The well defined atmosphre of Mars is also plainly visible, and astronomers can tell by the increase or decrease of its snow caps and its position in regard to the sun the progress of its seasons and whether or not the Marsians are having a cold winter. The canal theory of Schiaparelli has likewise many believers, who assert that the strange straight lines on Mars are canals built by its highly civilized inhabitants.

Mr Preece says he has kept a record of the strange, mysterious sounds which have attracted his attention while Edison has done likewise. These will require much study to decipher if they are messages from Mars. The Preece discovery, on the other hand, puts it in the power of the people of earth to send direct electrical currents to Mars, whose inhabitants are so much in advance of ourselves that they may be able to help us out in the work of opening up converse. A pantomimic electrical interchange will be necessary for some time, but what will be the emotion of the scientific world when the message is sent out that communication has been established?

There are those who firmly assert that this is an experience of the immediate future, that electricity is the universal force and the one whereby the planets will come into communication with each other, if they ever do. The mystery of electricity is the strange fluctuations it undergoes. If it were an earth property solely, it would be steady, as it would be were it common to all the universe and not interfered with. But its strange goings and comings, its apparent relation to the sun, and yet its known sympathy with other heavenly bodies, seem to show that somebody somewhere is fooling with the dynamo and cutting off and turning on the current.

HELPING PAPA AND MAMMA.

Planting the corn and potatoes,
Helping to scatter the seeds,
Feeding the hens and chickens,
Freeing the garden from weeds,
Driving the cows to the pasture,
Feeding the horse in the stall,—
We little children are busy;
Surely there is work for us all,
Helping papa.

Sweeping and washing the dishes,
Bringing the wood from the shed,
Ironing, sewing and knitting,
Helping to make up the bed,
Taking good care of the baby,
Watching her lest she should fall,—
We little children are busy;
Oh, there is work for us all,
Helping mamma.

Work makes us cheerful and happy—
Makes us both active and strong;
Play we enjoy all the better
When we have labored so long,
Gladly we help our kind parents,
Quickly we come at their call;
Children should love to be busy.
There is much work for us all,
Helping papa and mamma.

Sensitive Horses.

Harsh treatment, though it stop short of inflicting physical pain, keeps a nervous horse in a state of misery. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, as a besotted but intelligent stable keeper once observed to me, "A kind word for a hoss is as good sometimes as a feed of oats."

A single blow may be enough to spoil a race. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a 3-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely sensitive.

His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen in America, once made the mistake through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness and remained so for the rest of his life.

In dealing with a horse more than with most animals one ought to exercise patience, care and above all the power of sympathy, so as to know if possible the real motive of his doing or refusing to do this or that. To acquire such knowledge and to act upon it when acquired is a large part of the ethics of horse-keeping.

Better Than A Joke.

It happened that an old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man; but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. The horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman too—lifted his cap and said: "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" Very easily, John," replied the nobleman; "whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

Mr. Drywinter sat by the stove, with his face bandaged, groaning, horribly, and his wife endeavored to console him.

"Have patience, Charles; murmuring and fretting will do no good. Remember Job; he had patience."

"Yes; but he never had his teeth extracted by the painless process."

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