AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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—OF A—
FARM,
Near Taneytown, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Milton D. Hawn to Edward E. Reindollar, dated June 16, A. D. 1877, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, Md., in Liber P. T. S. No. 10 folio 444, &c., the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 6th, 1895,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, all that parcel of land situate, lying and being in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, about three miles from Taneytown, containing

61 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 21 SQUARE PERCHES, more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a good Dwelling House, an excellent Barn, Wagon Shed and other outbuildings. This is a very desirable property for any one wanting a small farm, and is conveniently located for schools, churches and railroad.

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EDWARD E. REINDOLLAR,
Mortgagee.
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OF VALUABLE
Personal Property,
In Myers' district, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a deed of trust from Sarah A. Messinger to the undersigned, duly executed, acknowledged and recorded, I will sell at Public Sale, on the farm occupied by said Sarah A. Messinger, situate in Myers' district, Carroll county, opposite Black's schoolhouse, on the road leading from the Baltimore and Littlestown turnpike at John Foreman's, to said schoolhouse, on

SATURDAY, 6th day of APRIL, 1895,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., 4 Work Horses and 1 Colt, 6 Milch Cows, 4 Fresh; 2 Beeves, 1 Heifer, Sow and 9 Pigs, 3 Sheats, 3 Sheep, Binder, Mower, Drill, Plows, Harrows, Corn Planters, Threshing Machine, Horse Power and Separator, 3 Farm and 1 Spring Wagons, Buggy, Wagon and Buggy Harness, and many other articles usual on a well stocked and conducted farm. For further particulars see hand bills.

Terms of Sale:—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on all sums above $10 a credit of six months will be given, on note, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JNO. MILTON REIFSNIDER,
Trustee.
Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct. mr-23-ts

NO. 3310 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

David Cassell vs. Caroline Woodyard et al.

ORDERED, this 20th day of March, 1895, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Charles E. Fink, trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 22nd day of April, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 15th day of April, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $429.

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

Wanted.

A live, active man to represent The Tennessee Mutual Building and Loan Association. Good contract to the right man.

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CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.
mr-23-3t

Select Story.

Grandma's Easter.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

From Harper's Bazar.

But she was nobody's grandmother when our story begins—only a little rosy child playing in the fields or by the brook in the tiny village of Feeding Hills, where she was born.

Old Parson Burr, her father, had spent all his active life there, for in his day the wisdom of age was honored and trusted; a young minister or a young doctor was not trusted to deal with mortal pangs or sins. This was inconvenient; it would have been impossible if this opinion had existed beyond Feeding Hills, for people will be born young, "Do the best that ye may;" but here the parish held on to their hoary head, and seemed to think he could never die.

Then he had been to college, and not another man in the township could boast that proud distinction; and, to add to his superiority, he had married Judge Ludlow's only child, from St. Alban's: a delicate, dreary, good little creature, who faded out of life early, and left behind rosy little Hannah as a remembrance and token of her mother's short span.

Parson Burr did not try to educate his little girl to her mother's level; he hired a house-keeper, who saw to the child's clothes, and Polly Barton, who kept the school at the corners, taught her the elementary branches.

She was a simple, tender-hearted, pretty child, and grew up into girlhood little changed.

"I *should* think, Parson Burr," snapped Miss Lois Marvin, the spinster who took upon herself the censorship of this small town among the mountains, "that you'd have wanted to addicate Hanner some like her ma."

"And what good did it do my Mary, Miss Lois, that she could read Latin and the Greek tongue? Nay, I think rather that the close study enjoined upon her by her parents wore upon her frail body, and consumed its vital energies too soon. I would not have my girl removed from the duties of life in her prime. I hold that a woman can rule her house, and be a duteous wife and mother, better without abstruse learning than with it."

The parson's solemnity awed Miss Lois; she never interfered further with Hannah's training.

When she was twenty, Deacon Burr, the largest farmer in Feeding Hills, died suddenly; he was a widower with no children, and all that wide, well-stocked farm, with its stretch of meadow and mowing, its sweet hill pastures, and its acres of forest sweeping darkly up the mountain spurs, a treasure of lumber and fire-wood, was left to a nephew, Stephen Burr, of Rutland, a young fellow who had acquired some repute as a sign-painter already.

He came as a stranger to Feeding Hills, and took possession of the small gray farm-house lying in front of its great barns in the early spring.

He was no relation to the old parson, though he bore the same name; but as was the custom of those days, he made acquaintance at once with his pastor, and asked his advice about the farm.

"My young friend," said Parson Burr, solemnly, "have you a prospect of marriage?"

"No, sir." And the shy silent youth colored to the roots of his crisp dark hair at this surprising question.

"Then I counsel you to look about you for a kindly young woman fitted to make a good house wife. Scripture saith it is not good for man to be alone, and I would add unto that word, as an exegesis, especially upon a farm." The parson smiled grimly, as if he had been jocose.

"But in the meantime sir?" stammered Stephen.

"I think there is a widow of Christian profession, and skilled at the dairy, whom you can get temporarily to help you."

But Steven did not hear. The window at the east side of the parson's study, and nearest to the young man's chair, looked full upon the barn-yard, which sloped toward the south. The barn doors were wide open, and upon the sill stood Hannah, as pretty a picture as one could wish, her dark stuff skirt short enough to show the delicate feet and ankles that she inherited from her mother, her blue calico short gown, with its sleeves rolled up to the elbow, displaying her dimpled milk-white arms, a slat sun-bonnet fallen back from her head so that a mass of waving silky hair showed its coils of dark chestnut gleaming in the full sun, and making fit crown for the fair, rosy, winsome face below. She was feeding the chickens from her apronful of corn, and the white and speckled host crowded about her feet and flew up against her, while she beat them back, laughing until every sweet dimple danced in cheek and chin, and the innocent blue eyes shone with mirth. Stephen felt that the parson's advice was very good.

So the Widow Larkin ruled over the Burr farm that summer, but Parson Burr found himself "hoist with his own petard" when Stephen came courting to the parsonage; and he was forced to admit that he could not object to such a personable and well-to-do son-in-law, and one so docile in the matter of taking his counsel.

One son was born of this marriage, and Parson Burr died shortly after he had baptized his grandson by the name of Philip Melanchthon—a name given by the parson's own wish.

A pretty boy Philip was, but so addicted to making charcoal or chalk pictures on any smooth surface he could find, and so little given to handiness at the chores of the farm, or to studies at the village school, that his mother's pride in her boy was wounded.

"Let him alone, Hannah," said Stephen when she poured out her secret. "He'll make a painter yet."

"A painter!—oh, Stephen!—and break his dear neck putting up signs? I so wanted him to be a minister, like father."

"I don' know as he'll be a sign-painter, wife, but he's always drawin' off things so, that it's of my mind he'll grow up to paint pictures. 'Tis a good trade too. I had a mind to follow it before Uncle Burr left me the farm."

Hannah's blue eyes grew round. "Pictures of folks?"

"Yes. I've known a man make a dollar a day and board and lodgin' at that—good pay for a young feller, and mabbe, 'twould be more after he'd learned the trade."

Hannah's apron went up to her eyes. Stephen saw it, but made no comment. Now was his time to say what he had been thinking of for months. "And, Hannah, if so be I should die before he's grown, and he sets his mind on studyin' that business, don't ye cross him; help him along; there's Uncle Burr's two thousand dollars in Rutland Bank, and I have always laid out that he should have that to begin with. Squire Curtis has got my will, and you're to have the farm for your livin' so long as ye do live."

"Oh, Stephen!" sobbed Hannah. "What did you go and do that for? I've always heered that folks that made their wills was sure to die."

"So is them that don't," dryly retorted Stephen; but to the day of her death Hannah Burr implicitly believed this old superstition; for within the year Stephen did die, and his wife never laid his loss to the fractious colt he would drive in spite of her remonstrance, and drove once too often, but to the harmless legal document that was tucked into one of the pigeon-holes in Squire Curtis's desk. And it fell out as Stephen had foreseen; the passion for drawing grew with Philip's growth and strengthened with his strength. He acquired well enough the elementary knowledge of a country school, but kept the new planks in the barn, the sides of the shed, the kitchen doors, adorned with spirited sketches of animals, great bowery trees, placid water, foaming waterfalls, each one washed off as he needed space for a new idea.

Miranda Larkin, a daughter of the widow who had been installed as house-keeper to his father, a maiden of little less than Hannah's own age, had long served as "help" in the Burr farm-house, with the "Faithful service of the antique years," and though she resented the profanation of her clean doors and new wood-shed with chalk and charcoal, she owned to Phil's mother that th' boy was "a master-hand to dror out things. Why, he done our red bull as nateral as life onto the barn door; and them chickens out in the shed—you can a'most hear 'em crawkin' an' crowin'. I can't never abide black scratches onto my clean doors, but seems as though them hosses he done yesterday was alive; I sort of hated to scour 'em off."

But Phil appeased her wrath by a picture of her pet cat drawn on a paper box cover, with all its beauteous tortoise-shell tints displayed in color; for he ha' found a soft yellow stone in the clay banks, that he ground up on a bit of slate, taken some lamp-black from a piece of glass smoked for the purpose, and put a shadow of poke-berry juice in the centre of the yellow eyes that expressed to his rude critics the fire of the huntress.

"Oh, my land!" was Mirandy's delighted ejaculation. "Do look a' that, Mis' Burr! Don't Kit look ex-act as though she see a mouse?" And thereafter Phil had the freedom of the kitchen doors inside and out.

But the cat proved his friend otherwise. Mirandy's aunt, Mrs. Dimon, kept a country tavern in a town twenty miles from Freeding Hills, in one of the most picturesque corners of the Green Mountains. There Mirandy annually resorted for a visit, since Mrs. Dimon was her only living relative. So she carried the cat picture with her this year, and while she staid it was promoted to the parlor shelf in the aforesaid tavern, and there attracted the attention of an artist who was painting a picture for a New York millionaire of the latter's birthplace among the hills.

He asked Mirandy many questions about the picture when he found out it was her property, and was as much struck by the persistence and ingenuity of the young painter as he had been by the spirit and grace of the picture.

Mirandy was devoted to Phil, and knew all his father's wishes in regard to him, for she was Hannah Burr's friend and confidante as well as servant, and the fountains of her speech were loosed when once she began to talk about their boy.

Mr. Grey grew deeply interested, and at last volunteered to go back with Mirandy to Feeding Hills; and finding there a bright, handsome young fellow of seventeen, with a marked genius for painting, losing his time in the country farm-house, he used all his eloquence to persuade Mrs. Burr to let Phil go back with him to New York and study the profession for which he showed such great capacity.

But Hannah was slow to persuade; she had heard vague rumors of that vast and wicked city, which took rank in her own mind with Sodom and Gomorrah, and her conscience recoiled from sending her only boy into such temptations; but then there were Stephen's injunctions, and Hannah was primitive and simple enough to consider that she must obey her husband: she always had while he lived, and that innate reverence for death which is common to the race forbade her to rebel against his wishes now. She listened to Mr. Grey's fluent catalogue of the advantages this step offered to Phil; but her mind was perplexed.

"Oh," said she, with a pathetic inflection, "'taint that. I suppose 'twould be a great thing for his paintin'; but he isn't a professor, and 'tis like sendin' of him to Sodom. I don't know as there is ten good pious men in it, no more n there was in Sodom."

She looked into Mr. Grey's face with those childlike innocent eyes that still belied the early threads of grey in her hair, and a certain awe of such pure simplicity checked the smile that had almost curled his lip.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Burr, there are many good men there, I assure you; and I am sure Philip will remember his mother's lessons while he is learning what no one can teach him here about his art."

"I suppose he must go," she said, sadly.

"Land! yes," put in Mirandy, who had listened to the conversation, with her arms akimbo and her apron thrown over one shoulder. "'Twill make a man of him, Mis' Burr. Ef he staid here forever an' ever 'long of us, he wouldn't be worth shucks. What's he a-goin' to learn here, I'd like to know? 'Tisn't nothing of a pull to milk, an' hoe an' chop, an' sech; any fool can do that. Besides, 'twon't make him strong, as a man had oughter be, to putter along here with two women-folks like you an' me; an' our ways, I expect, is kind of old style. Why, when I was over to Aunt Nancy's the' was somethin' about a deed o' that five-acre wood lot mother left me. I sold it, ye know. Well, Lawyer Curtis came in with the dockyment, an' said I'd got to swear to it somehow. 'Why, man alive,' says, I, 'what do ye take me for—one o' the profane fellers? Why, I never did sech a thing in my livin' life!'

"'Well, the' must be a first time,' says he, 'an' you've got to do it, or you can't sell that wood lot.'

"We fit it quite a spell, an' fin'ly I give in. "'If I must, I must,' says I. 'Damn it!' If he didn't just roar out laughing'. Seemed as though I should give it up, I felt so wicked; but they don't mind it over there no more'n nothing, an' mabbe it's so to York. Idees is different in different places, I expect; but folks isn't wickeder 'n other folks because they haven't got the same idees."

Mr. Grey barely kept his countenance through this piece of confusing ethics, but Hannah seemed to derive a certain vague comfort from it.

"Well, sir, if it is to be, why, it must be; we can't fly in the face of Providential orderin', and it does seem as though a way had been made and prepared for Philly—and Stephen said so. You'll take good care of him, won't you?" and the pleading eyes filled with tears as she looked up at Mr. Grey.

"So far as I can, I will," he said. "But Philip is almost a man; he must and will learn to take care of himself."

So it was arranged that when Mr. Grey went home to New York he should come by stage to Feeding Hills, and there taking up Philip, strike across country to the nearest railway; the only way being to go by private conveyance, so remote from every public route of travel was the Hills.

When Hannah and Mirandy set themselves to diligent sewing, Mr. Grey had the foresight to tell them that Phil would get better and cheaper clothes in the city than Tempy Bassett, the tailoress, could make; but still there were shirts and other things that they could fashion well enough, and to stockings knit; and when his father's old hair trunk was fetched from the garret, Mirandy prepared to pack it herself.

"You go 'long and sit with your ma, Philly," she ordered. "I've packed trunks before now, an' it's quite a little chore, I tell ye. You haven't never done it, an' you won' know how."

So Phil left it to her, and Mirandy's innocent manœuvre was not suspected; she had determined to put in many a comfort and luxury for her boy that should surprise him and speak to him of home when he opened that capacious brass-nailed receptacle in the great city.

"What you bakin' all them little cakes for, Mirandy?" asked Luke Vedder, the "hired man," who had a taste for dainties.

"Don't holler so," answered Mirandy, dropping her voice; "them is for Philip to have down in York. I don't suppose he'll get a mouthful of honest vittles there; and I guess he'll be proper glad to find them when he opens his trunk."

"Sho! you s'pose they don't know how to cook vittles down there? Why, folks go there for to get the best, I've heered tell. Ships is a-sailin' in there continual, with all sorts of forrin truck aboard of 'em. 'Tis the greatest place for eatin' an drinkin' an' swearin' an' raisin' Ned gener'ly that the' is under the canopy."

"I don't believe a word on't" stoutly returned Mirandy, proceeding to remove the seive of savory ginger-snaps from Luke's admiring and longing gaze.

When the day came to go, and Mr. Grey was deposited by the stage—which went on in another direction—at the door, where Mrs. Burr's farm wagon, with Luke to drive it, waited to carry the two travelers over the river, Phil's trunk, evidently too full for lock to hold it, was fetched down the stair on Luke's back: it was tied round and round with a rope—truth to tell, one of Mirandy's old clothes-lines. Alas! wind and weather had rotted and frayed its taut strands, and when Luke whisked it over his shoulder with a gown, down it came on the stone steps, the rope broke, the tawny cover flew off, and out rolled a mixture of clean linen, red apples, ginger-snaps, woolen stockings, a loaf of frosted cake, a pair of carpet slippers, several dozen fat doughnuts, a knitted red nightcap, a box of butternut kernels, a slab of maple sugar, six silk handkerchiefs that had been Parson Burr's and served to carry his necessities from place to place when he "exchanged," and last of all a goodly bottle of cherry-bounce, that broke upon the steps, and exhaled an odor both spicy and spirituous.

"O-o--oh!" shrieked Mirandy. Luke stood astounded, scratching his tow head; Mr. Grey roared with laughter; while Mrs. Burr, simple and practical, set about rescuing the clothing from the drip and stain of the dark fragrant fluid trickling every way on the stone.

Phil was mortified to his soul. "How came all that trash in my trunk?" he asked, angrily.

Mr. Grey laid his hand on the boy's arm; he had read poor Mirandy's face. "Never mind, my dear fellow. I'm lucky enough to have an empty valise at your service. It will hold your linen; and we must hurry."

Soon as the clothes were huddled into the leather bag, and the travellers had gone with the hurried farewels caused by this delay, Mirandy gathered up the fragments. "There!" said she, spitefully; "you an' me, Mis' Burr, hev got cake enough to last one while. As for that Luke, he won't get a crumb on't. I believe to goodness he dropped that trunk a-puppus. He'd been hankerin' after them snaps ever sence I baked 'em, eyin' of 'em as a pig eyes green corn; but they're meat for his masters now, I tell ye. He can live on mush jest as good."

Philip went into Mr. Grey's studio in New York, ready and glad to learn his art. The pictures that haunted his brain were at last to find adequate expression; but, like all true geniuses, no method or material could satisfy him. He was never weary of studying tints and forms; but the mocking shades of nature that demand texture in their production, as well as color and shape, the lucent spaces of atmosphere, the dancing beryl lights of water, the million phases of verdure—all these defied and baffled his deft brush, his varihued palette.

He despaired a thousand times, but he had the patience of genius as well as its divine despair, and worked steadily toward the ends he designed and desired. Twice in the course of four years he went home for a summer's rest, and once painted for his mother so lovely a picture of her cows standing under a great oak in the pasture, kneedeep in the tiny pond over which the wide branches spread verdant shelter, that Mrs. Burr thought it miraculous.

"Looks as though they stomp and splash, every minit," was Mirandy's comment, as she eyed it with her head askew and her arms akimbo.

But after four years the artist fever came upon him; he must go abroad. And having sold a few pictures, and said good-by to his mother, he sailed for Italy in a returning fruit ship, and for years Feeding Hills saw his face no more.

But Mrs. Burr and Mirandy went on in the old routine; the great farm was leased to a neighbor; Luke still did "chores," and at odd moments courted Mirandy, who neither refused nor accepted him.

"Well," she acknowledged, when he reproached her with her uncertain replies, "what ef I be whiffle-minded? But I ain't. Truth is, that ef I said I wouldn't never have ye, you'd go flyin' off the handle, and you're sort of handy to hev round; you know the ways, and you're a master-hand to keep up a wood-shed, an' I don't want to see ye a-danglin' after that shiftless Poll Shaw; but as for marryin' of ye, an' bein,' so to speak, tied up so 't I'd hev to foller where you went, mabbe to leave Mis' Burr for good an' all, why, I wouldn't think on't. She ain't no more fit to be left alone here than nothing, an' I won't do it."

"Well, I don't ask ye to, do I? Why can't we settle down right as we be? An' I'd take the farm then."

"Yes, an' fetch a lot of men into my clean kitchen hayin-time to gobble vittles five times a day, say nothin' of weakly lambs to coddle, an' barrels of milk to strain and skim. It's too much pork for a shillin," Luke Vedder. Ef you can't wait, I can; an' I'll stick to Mis' Burr. I ain't none of your rovers."

But Luke waited. He knew well how comfortable a position had fallen to his lot,

So Mrs. Burr lived on in peace; there were no innovations on the routine of life in Feeding Hills. The *Puritan Recorder* was the only newspaper known in that quiet homestead, and only the religious columns interested Hannah Burr. She had letters from Philip once a fortnight; knitting, sewing, house-keeping, to do; and her simple, practical, placid nature neither craved excitement nor knew its pleasures. Her hair gradually whitened, her face lost its bloom, her eye its sparkle, but she was lovely still; for the peace of an autumnal sunset rested on her calm countenance, a tint of lingering rose crept over her cheek if wind or sun chilled or warmed it, her eyes wore yet the innocent open look of earlier years, and the slight, trim figure, in its old-fashioned garments, was neither bent nor made gross by age.

But Philip was leading quite another life. Eager in his zeal to attain perf