AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1897. VOL. 66--NO. 6.

Mortgagee's Sale
OF A
House and Lot,
In the village of Union Mills, Carroll county, Maryland.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Ann Maria Kelly and Thomas W. Kelly, her husband, to Milly Earhart, dated 25th April, 1892, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, Md., in Liber R. F. C. No. 32, folio 100, the undersigned, mortgagee therein, will sell at public auction, on the premises in Union Mills, Myers' district, Carroll county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1897,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that House and Lot, mentioned in and conveyed by said Mortgage, containing

104 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less, and now occupied by the said Ann Maria Kelly and husband. This lot is improved by a 2-story Frame Dwelling House and stable or barn, in good repair, and several other small outbuildings, and adjoins the lot of Jacob A. Humbert.

Terms of Sale are:—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court; the residue in two equal payments of six and twelve months, to be secured by the notes of the purchasers, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

MILLY EARHART,
Mortgagee.

Jas. A. C. Bond, Solicitor.
J. Wm. Earhart, Auct. ja-9-ts

Mortgagees' Sale
OF A DESIRABLE
Little Farm,
Near Tannery Station, Western Maryland Railroad.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from John B. M. Jenifer, and Jeannette C. Jenifer, his wife, to Louis A. Anderfuhren and Eleonore Anderfuhren, bearing date June 17th, A. D. 1895, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber B. F. C. No. 37, folio 37, &c., the undersigned, attorney or agent named therein, will sell at public sale, at the Court House Door, in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, A. D. 1897,

at 1 o'clock P. M., all that parcel of land described in and conveyed by said mortgage, containing

44 ACRES AND 4 PERCHES,

more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a large Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, Frame Bank Barn, 30x45, with threshing floor, granaries, ample stabling, Corn House, Wood House, Smoke House, Dairy and other outbuildings; spring of excellent water convenient to all the buildings. About 15 acres of wood-land. There is a due proportion in meadow and the balance of the land is in an excellent state of cultivation. There is a large and thriving orchard of standard fruit trees thereon. The buildings are in good repair. This property is in Westminster district, Carroll county, Md., is about one-half mile from Tannery Station, Western Maryland Railroad, and adjoins the land of Henry Sharp, Lewis Green and others.

Terms of Sale—CASH.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER,
Attorney or Agent named in Mortgage.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider Solicitors. j-16-ts

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF A
Valuable Farm,
In Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in two mortgages, one from Nathaniel B. Gardner and Fannie G. Gardner, his wife, and Susannah Gardner, to John C. Shipley, dated 21st day of March, 1890, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, Md., in Liber W. N. M. No. 29, folio 178, &c., and the other from Nathaniel B. Gardner and Fannie G. Gardner, his wife, to John C. Shipley, dated 21st day of February, 1894, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, Md., in Liber B. F. C. No. 34, folio 406, &c., the undersigned, mortgagee therein, will sell at public sale, at the Court House Door, in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, 1897,

at 1.30 o'clock, P. M., all that farm, consisting of

159 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less,

situate and being in Freedom district, Carroll county, Maryland, one mile from Gist P. O., and 3 or 4 miles from Freedom, adjoining the land of James Buckingham, John Parrish and Sebastian Bowers; improved by a Two-Story Dwelling House, good Barn, Stable and other necessary outbuildings, in fair condition. Plenty of water, excellent young orchard, spring at the door, convenient to churches, postoffices and mill.

Terms of Sale are:—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the court, the residue in two equal payments of six and twelve months, to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, bearing interest from day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

JOHN C. SHIPLEY,
Mortgagee.

Jas. A. C. Bond, Solicitor.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auct. ja-16-ts

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF A
Valuable Farm,
In Freedom District, Carroll County, Maryland, near Gist P. O.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James M. Shipley and Anna B. Shipley, his wife, to John C. Shipley, dated November 6th, 1886, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, Md., in Liber W. N. M. No. 24, folio 330, &c., the undersigned, mortgagee therein, will sell at public sale, at the Court House Door, in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, 1897,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that farm, consisting of

83 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 23 SQUARE PERCHES of land, more or less, situate in Freedom District, Carroll county, Maryland, 1 mile below Gist P. O., and adjoining the lands of Peter Miller and William Gibson. It is improved by a Two-Story Dwelling House, good Barn and other necessary outbuildings, is well watered, stream running through it; a fine orchard. It is convenient to churches, postoffices, &c.

Terms of Sale are:—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the court, the residue in two equal payments of six and twelve months, to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, bearing interest from day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

JOHN C. SHIPLEY,
Mortgagee.

Jas. A. C. Bond, Solicitor.
P. A. Gorsuch Auctioneer. ja-16-ts

Order of Publication.

NO. 3511 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Charles A. Cornell, plaintiff, vs. Sallie A. Cornell, defendant.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree *a vinculo matrimonii* by the plaintiff from the defendant.

The bill states, that on or about the 7th day of December, 1886, the plaintiff intermarried with the defendant, at Littlestown, Penna.; and that the plaintiff and defendant resided together as man and wife at Harney, Carroll county, Md., until on or about the 16th day of January, 1888, when the defendant abandoned the plaintiff, and that said abandonment is deliberate and final, and beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation. That said marriage ceremony was performed by the Reverend D. W. Sollenberger, a minister of the Gospel of the United Brethren Church, at Littlestown, Penna.

That no children have been born unto them.

And that the defendant is a non-resident of the State of Maryland.

It is thereupon, this 15th day of January, 1897, ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, in Equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of four successive weeks before the 15th day of February, 1897, giving notice to the said absent defendant of the object and substance of this bill, warning her to appear in this court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 1st Monday of March next, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
ja-16-4t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 3483 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Elizabeth Myers et al., Plaintiffs, vs. Jacob H. Dutterer and Austin D. Dutterer, extrs. &c., Defendants.

Ordered, this 28th day of January, A. D. 1897, that the account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of February next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
ja-20-2t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

GASOLINE Stoves and Ice Cream Freezers, at Cost at Gilbert & Gehr's, Main St.

THEY HAVE ARRIVED.
'97 CRESCENTS.

Such rare beauty of design,
such excellence of finish,
such superior workmanship
are rarely combined in any
one machine.
Our old prices remain—
$50 and $75.

—:o:—

GEORGE MATHER, Agt., at the New York Bargain House, Westminster. ja-23

Mightier Bargains
AT THE
GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,
WILLIAM F. DERR,
BABYLON BUILDING,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

This week our Second Floor offers some mighty and Irresistible Bargains in

Boys' Clothing and Shoes.

Greater Values have never been offered to the money saving people of this community. All Goods New, and the latest styles. 500 pairs Ladies', Girls' and Boys' Shoes, all solid leather and nobby goods, every size and all styles, worth $1.25 to $1.50 pair, on sale here at 98c pair.

100 pairs, our newest and best Shoes for Ladies, in every style—toe and tip goods, we sell readily at $2.50 to $3.00, in this great sale, at $1.97 pair.

Our entire stock of

Boys' High Grade Suits,

offered in two lots as follows:

All our $4.00 and $5.00 Boys' Suits, in every style and size, from 4 to 15 years, priced now at the sacrifice price of $2.75 suit.

Our entire stock of Finest Suits, Beautiful Materials and best workmanship, the regular price is $6.00 to $7.50, in every size, at $3.85 suit.

We have about a dozen Children's Reefers and Cape Overcoats left, in sizes from 5 to 8 years, our regular $5.00 goods, they're yours for $2.50 each.

The Great Model Emporium,
WILLIAM F. DERR,
Westminster, Md.

Remarkable Bargains.

To close out the remaining Stock of

OVERCOATS AND WINTER SUITS.

Sharrer & Gorsuch

Offer the following unheard of Prices:

For $4.—All our $5, $6, $7 and $7.50 Overcoats and Suits.

For $6.50.—All our $8, $9 and $10 Suits and Overcoats.

For $8.50.—All our $12, $13 and $14 Suits and Overcoats.

25 Youths' Overcoats, age 15 to 20, worth $4, $5 and $6, for $3. A few Children's Suits and Reefers at half price.

Remember, all these goods are new this season. No goods carried over for two or three seasons to work off.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, Opposite Catholic Church, Westminster, Md. se-12-1y

DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP.
THE BABY'S COMFORT. THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.
Once tried, always used. Will cure Colic in 10 minutes; cures cured of sour stomach, relieves all forms of indigestion, can be given to babies 1 day old. Will prevent Cholera Infantum and keep the baby in good, healthy condition through the period of teething. An over dose does no harm; nothing injurious in it. 25 cts. at druggists.
Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md.
Trial bottle sent free if you mention this paper.

REMOVAL SALE!
We have Outgrown our Present Quarters.
On or about APRIL 1st,
WE MOVE TO THE
ARNOLD BUILDING,
No. 31 E. Main street.

Our large and rapidly increasing business having compelled us to seek a larger building, we take pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements to occupy, after April 1st, the building formerly used by Mr. Elias B. Arnold as a hardware store, No. 31 E. Main street, opposite the Catholic Church.

We wish to thank our many friends for the liberal patronage that has made this action necessary on our part. In our new building we will have one of the largest and most commodious store rooms in this part of the State and we shall endeavor to make our establishment the foremost one of its kind in the county.

It will be distinctly a Department Store, where you may find almost anything you may wish for, and at just a little less price than you can get it elsewhere. We shall make every effort and spare no pains on our part to please you, and hope to merit a continuance of your custom.

For the next 60 days we shall conduct a grand Removal Sale, as we cannot afford to move our present stock. We shall offer it at cost, much of it below cost. Visit us at once and you will see how dead in earnest we are. We insert a few items below:

SHOES.

One lot of Women's and Misses' Shoes, all styles and all fresh goods, but odds and ends, removal sale price 69 cents.

Another lot Misses' Shoes, all sizes, removal sale price 50 cents.

HATS.

Any Stiff Hat in the house 98 cents, worth from $1.50 to $2.50. No old stuff but all the latest and best styles, 98 cents.

Lot of Boys' and Children's Hats at greatly reduced prices.

PANTS.

We have two pairs Cord Pants left, one 38, one 40, they are worth $3.50, removal sale price $1.98 each.

Lot Men's heavy Wool Pants, have been selling at $1.50, removal sale price 98 cents.

BOOTS.

Any Gum Boot in the house $1.98, most of them worth $3.50. Leather Boots at little more than half price.

Gloves, Underwear, Heavy Shirts at greatly REDUCED PRICES.
Every one must be sold.

These, of course, are only a handful of the many of our stupendous reductions for this sale. A visit from you and the sincerity of this sale will at once be apparent.

All goods displayed and marked in plain figures.

Yours to serve,

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
T. W. Mather. 44. W. Main Street, Westminster.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE,
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EVERY member of
EVERY family on
EVERY farm, in
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FOR Education,
FOR Noble Manhood,
FOR True Womanhood.

IT GIVES all important news of the Nation.
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IT GIVES entertainment to young and old.
IT GIVES satisfaction everywhere to everybody.

We furnish "THE SENTINEL" and "New York Weekly Tribune" (both papers,)

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Cash in Advance.

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Address all orders to THE SENTINEL, Westminster, Md.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to GEO. W. BEST, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!
AT
BIGGS' FURNITURE STORE,

Westminster, Md., where can be found goods to suit the times, both in price and quality. Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits, Dining Room Sets, together with all other different kinds of goods, such as Fancy Rockers, Cobbler Seats, Upholstered Spring Seats, Brocatell, Corduroy, Tapestry, &c.; also all kinds of Wood and Cane Seat Rockers in all the different styles and at prices that will compete with the lowest. A call at my place will convince you of what I set forth in the above. Yours Respectfully,

de-12-1y J. WESLEY BIGGS.

CASTORIA

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

CASTORIA

Select Story.

BETWEEN LOVE AND CREED.

BY SARAH FARR.

CONCLUDED.

"We are forgetting everything," cried Dorothy, starting from John in blushing dismay. "It is Sunday, and—Oh, John!" suddenly breaking into eager entreaty. 'Do not go to Solebury to Friends' Meeting this morning. Let us worship side by side on this happiest day of our lives. I have often gone to meeting with you. Come with me to my church to-day. Will you?"

The charm of those deepening blushes and pleading eyes! But go to church? Listen to a "hireling minister?" He had never once thought of doing such a thing. He could not do it. His innermost conscience forbade it.

"Thee could not attend thy church alone, sometimes?" he faltered, "or—or, Dorothy, go with me always? Could thee do this, Dorothy?"

She gazed at him in startled, grieved surprise.

"Go without you? Give up my dear church altogether? Oh, John!" Then impetuously, "No, no, no!" She broke off, recoiling before a simultaneous flash and crash that made her cover her eyes. The storm-cloud had swept upon them unnoticed.

"The rain will be down in a minute," cried John hoarsely, his ears filled with the thunder of that terrible "No." "Come, come!"

He hurried her to the porch. Rachel was there watching the storm.

"John," she called after him in consternation, as Dorothy ran past and up-stairs, and he made for the barn. "John, thee is not going to meeting?"

A thunder-clap drowned her voice. But presently John's buggy dashed by the porch and out to the turnpike."

"In such a storm!" exclaimed Rachel, "And no one will be there. If some have started they will turn back!"

But the hurly-burly of the elements was naught to the wild storm evoked by Dorothy's triple "No." For the first time in his life John Carew was face to face with the unsuspected passion of his own nature. The sweet human love was in arms against the sacred, lifelong convictions that refused to be silenced. In a tumult of rebellion he dashed into the old grove that sheltered the Solebury Meeting House and its long row of carriage sheds behind. The sheds were empty. He scarcely noticed it. The meeting house benches were empty also. A blank glance passed over them. From the "men's side" to the "women's side," beyond the partition of unclosed wooded shutters it swept the two aisled rows and the facing seats of the gallery unconsciously. Still the solitude was felt; and turning in the doorway he stood there gazing without. The rain was falling in torrents. Beyond the grove, across the road, the pathetic little white stones of the "Solebury burying-ground" were barely visible. Beyond the burying-ground's stone wall the lovely rolling landscape, with its dotting farm-houses and stretches of wooded hills, was altogether blotted out.

John Carew was blind to all; even the quick thunder-bolts flamed and crashed unnoticed. Like the outer tempest the inner was at its height.

"Take up my cross," he thought in vehement protest. "Why should my pure, deep love for Dorothy be made a cross? Since we follow the same Master why should my conscience be pinned to one mode of worship? Since Dorothy cannot come to me why may I not go to her? There is no earthly bar to the mounting soul. Even in the midst of man's useless forms I could worship in spirit and in truth as Dorothy does. Why, then, may we not go hand in hand through life? Why? Why?" breaking into sudden passionate speech and quick, echoing strides.

Up and down the uncarpeted aisle, straight from the door to the gallery, he went. Suddenly all was still. John had stopped. The battle was over. Love had won. For a moment he stood in ecstatic quiet. Then, every feature, instinct with a great human joy, he walked swiftly to the door in eager haste to return to Dorothy.

As he reached it a heavy foot was set on the one broad stone step outside. A venerable Friend entered. He was large and bony, with high, strong features and rather long, snowy hair, that lent a patriarchal majesty to his whole person. His eyes were gray, penetrating and deep-set under shaggy white brows and the broad brim of his hat. He looked at John in quick wonder.

"Why, John!" he exclaimed, involuntarily.

Abner Dutton had often heard John Carew preach, and often seen the beautiful spiritual glow that irradiated the young minister's face at such times. But this glow of almost defiant gladness? It was as new to him as the features of a stranger. It startled, troubled him. John perceived only a natural surprise. He answered hurriedly:

"Yes, I came, Abner. But what a pity thee turned out. I am just starting home. Excepting ourselves, nobody is here; and it's too late now for friends to gather, though the storm is over, I judge. Yes, it is over; see the sun. Wait, and I'll fetch thy horse round for thee."

But Abner checked him, touching his shoulder as he stepped outside.

"We are gathered, John," he said gravely.

"We!—two of us!" exclaimed John.

He gazed up at him in amazement.

Such a meeting of worship had never been heard of in all Bucks County.

"'Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them,'" answered Abner with slow, gentle emphasis.

John was touched. But he hesitated. Neither his judgment nor his wishes favored the proposition. But after a moment, he suddenly and silently went in again. He could, at least sacrifice his selfish desires.

So he opened the windows to the fresh south breeze, and followed his aged companion to the gallery where they ware accustomed to sit side by side. But no thought of worship quieted his mind. There was no devout waiting; no humble effacement of self before the Most High. All Nature was in glad commotion after the storm. Yet, in the deep, pervading stillness of the roomy house, the gay twitter of birds, and the rythmic dripping of the wet foliage sounded almost weird.

But a sudden gush of song drowned the stillness in richest melody; a rollicking outburst, clear, vibrant sparkling—the daring, jubilant mimicry of a catbird swaying and prinking near the windows.

A trush caught up his stolen note as if challenged. Bluebirds, orioles and robins followed. It was a mad emulating chorus. But at its height, a gust of wind threshed into the grove.

Beaten and crushed by the wind's rough usages the wild grapevines trailing their scented bloom about the thicket, behind the sheds, sighed out a most delicious fragrance. It floated in soft puffs through the open doors and windows. The place was redolent of its divine breath.

John sat in dreamy delight. He was penetrated by a sense of Nature's jubilant charm. All was joy, perfume and melody. And yet in so glad a world he had thoughts of murdering his own gladness for all time. It was preposterous. He wondered at himself. He smiled at himself with a touch of pity. And when a wren all at once burst deliriously upon the gurgling song of a blackbird pecking in the grass around the doorstep, he smiled again, so fair was the swift vision of Dorothy, rose-crowned and blushing, before him. But suddenly there was a gentle, familiar stir.

Abner Dutton, sitting with clasped hands, and chin sunk upon his breast, slowly raised his head, slowly took off his hat and put it beside him on the bench, and as slowly rose.

John dropped his gaze to the floor in reverent attention.

For a little Abner stood motionless, his long, shriveled fingers lapping the back of the lower bench. Then, suddenly, his slow, fervid, half-intoning voice filled the empty house with strange, murmurous echoes.

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me," he began—paused abruptly with parted lips—stood a moment as if smitten into changeless stillness, and then went on:

"'He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind.' 'Turn ye! turn ye!' saith the Lord. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' 'No man can serve two masters.' 'If thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and cast it from thee.' 'If thy right hand ogend thee cut it off and cast it from thee'; for 'he that taketh not his cross and follweth after me is not worthy of me.' Then 'turn ye! turn ye!' 'Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where in the good way, and ye—shall—find—rest—to—your—souls.'"

He ceased; standing motionless, like one waiting. Then, as the murmurous echoes died away he slowly turned, and, with relaxing features, put on his hat and sat down.

Not a sound broke the intense silence. Without, Nature had fallen into sudden stillness. Within reigned a great solemnity. John Carew sat bowed to the dust.

These quaint sermons of Abner Dutton's breathed an indescribable fervor and impressiveness. Framed always from the word of God, the word struck home. As a two-edged sword it had pierced John Carew's soul. In fierce self-seeking he had battled down his conscience, and now his conicience rose against him, a giant in arms.

A touch aroused him. It was Abner Dutton's extended hand. Like one in a dream he put out his own. They shook hands and rose. The meeting was ended.

"We are likely to have cooler weather, for a day or two," said Abner, as they went out, and round to the sheds. John answered mechanically. But as Abner was driving off he stopped him, leaning hastily across the wheel.

"How was it that thee came through the storm?" he asked with unconscious emphasis.

"I was constrained, John," answered Abner simply. "Farewell."

"Farewell," said John in hoarse response, stepping back.

With the one clear thought that he must go home he brought out his buggy. Arrived there, he found visitors—meeting-folk driven in by the storm. When they left it was middle-afternoon.

Dorothy had strolled into the big, dim, rose-scented parlor, and Rachel was just ascending the stairs for her afternoon nap. John glanced toward the parlor. He heard Dorothy moving about there. Should he go in and have it all over at once? He shook his head. He could not. It would be plucking out his right eye—cutting off his right hand: he must first gain strength in solitude. He hastened through the hall to the back porch. But at the foot of the steps Dorothy's voice turned him about.

"May I speak with you a minute, John?" she asked, coming from the doorway, and looking down at him.

Her cheeks were red, her eyes full of trouble.

A terrible impulse came upon John Carew to take her in his arms and cast Heaven and its peace behind him forever. Why should he torture himself and grieve her? Had he not seen the folly of it in the musical silence of the meeting-house? Had not all nature shown him his right to happiness? And what happiness to call Dorothy his own—to have her always at his side!

The blood coursing his veins hotly, he bounded up the steps. But as he seized her hands his face blanched.

"Oh my God!" he cried.

It was no profane expletive, but the cry of a tempted soul. With it he wrung Dorothy's hands.

"Not now, after a while. I am going to the barn now, I'll come back. Indeed, I have something to say to thee."

The hurrying words were almost inaudible. Before Dorothy quite understood them he was gone.

Very gravely and sadly she sat down behind the screening vines. At last she rose.

"The sooner we end it, the better—for him," she murmured. And fetching her sun-hat she walked quickly to the barn.

One of the broad leaves of the abutment door was ajar. She pulled it open and stood transfixed. John's voice had stopped her. Its changed tones were hardly recognizable; but in a flood of sunlight, slanting through the little door at the far end of the great haystrewn thrashing floor, he was kneeling with back toward her and head thrown up, in broken supplication.

"I sell all to follow Thee. I take up my cross. Her path may not be my path. I see it now by the pure light of Thy Spirit. I give Thee my best—my right hand and right eye—my Dorothy, O Thou, who hast borne a heavier cross, help me to bear mine."

His voice choked—failed.

With a rush of blinding tears, Dorothy woke from her awed stupor and impetuously stepped inside. As impetuously she retreated and pushed to the door. What right had she to intrude there?

She was in her room when John returned to the house. As his slow, heavy step crossed the hall and entered the parlor, she as slowly left her chamber. But near the stairs she paused suddenly, looking through the open doorway of the "little spare room." On the bed lay the cap, neck-kerchiefs, and gray silk which Rachel had hastily spread there when called down to her unexpected guests.

Dorothy regarded them curiously, from where she stood, and after a moment began to go nearer, little by little, like one fascinated, till close to the bed. With gentle hand she straightened the gown, then she smoothed a wrinkle from the under-kerchief, and then daintily lifting the cap she turned it thoughtfully round and round. As she did this, a quick brilliant smile flashed to her grave eyes and lips. In a trice she had gathered up ker-chiefs and gown and was in her room.

Presently she reappeared, and like some old picture from its frame, went softly rustling down the stairs to the parlor. Slowly, hesitatingly she crossed the doorsill.

John, erect as one of the old carved, claw-footed chairs, sat near an ivy-shaded window. He held an open book, and was vainly trying to read. Deceived by the slow silken rustle, he looked up expecting to see Rachel. The book slipped from his starting hand to the floor. His pale face grew paler still.

"Dorothy," he faltered hoarsely.

Smiling and mute, Dorothy advanced. Rachel's transparent cap covered the nutbrown, riotous waves tucked behind her ears. Rachel's gown, deftly pinned in to her own slight proportions, clung around her in long, straight folds, and from the prim plaits of the transparent under-kerchief about her shoulders, peeped a pale, pink rose, just as Rachel sometime wore one.

"How does thee like me in this dress, John?" she asked brightly, as she stopped before him.

The impassioned love in John's gaze kindled to a mastering flame. Then a great agony swept his white face. He sprang up staggeringly with averted eyes and repelling hand extended palm outward. She was so adorable in her simple garb.

"Don't!" he gasped chokingly. "Go, Dorothy. I am the weakest of the weak in my great love. The battle has been hardly won. I must renounce thee, Dorothy. The straight and narrow path of Friends is the only safe path for my halting feet. I must walk in it, or stay from the Great Shepherd forever. In pity go dear love!"

Dorothy stood motionless. Her eyes shone on him like tender stars.

"Go!" repeated John faintly, "'Tis more than I can bear—just now."

"Oh! John, I can never go."

It broke the moment's silence with choking vehemence.

"Thee can never go, Dorothy?" His hand fell. He looked at her in breathless questioning.

"As if I could be deceived, John! As if my first glance at your face, when you got home, could fail to read your trouble! I stopped you on the porch to end it. I have chosen. I shall always worship with you—with thee, John."

She corrected herself with ineffable softness.

John felt himself trembling. But could it be—could she really mean it? he asked, his voice trembling too.

"Thee is coming to Friends by conviction?"

"Yes, the conviction that Dorothy Wayne can never live apart from John Carew. There is but one Saviour—thy God is my God, John. Oh, John, the pity of it, so much suffering for naught!"

"My Dorothy!" But on a sudden he stood up straight and tall, his eyes shone with a beautiful light, his voice was sweet in its deepened tones.

"For naught? Oh, no. Until this day I have never sounded the depths of my own evils. From this day a new, a Christ-given tenderness for the weak and erring must fill my heart and strengthen my helping hand. And from this day I shall walk more steadfastly in the narrow path set divinely before me."

"And I with thee, John, I with thee," said Dorothy, softly whispering.

John bent over her with hushed, broken voice. "My Dorothy! 'Dorothy, gift of God.' Truly is thee named, dear heart."

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