AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., ...DAY, APRIL 3, 1897. VOL. 66--NO. 14.

CHAS. E. FINK, SOLICITOR.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A

Fine Residence,

Building Lots and Business Lots Fronting on Railroad, a Pass Over the Western Maryland Railroad and a Farm,

The undersigned, Trustee, by virtue of a deed of assignment for the benefit of creditors, made by Edward Lynch and wife, will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY, 20th day of APRIL, A. D 1897, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the following real estate: The HOME RESIDENCE of Edward Lynch, on the south side of Liberty street, in Westminster, Md., a three-story Brick House, washhouse, smokehouse and all necessary outbuildings, with large yard and splendid shade. This property will be divided into building lots and will be sold in parcels or as a whole, as may be deemed most advantageous.

SIX BUILDING LOTS fronting on George street, adjoining and near to the W. M. R. R.

ALSO A RAILROAD FRONT IN REAR OF MR. LYNCH'S RESIDENCE, FRONTING ALSO ON GREEN STREET, THE IMPROVEMENTS THEREON CONSISTING OF H. S. ROBERTS & CO'S OFFICE AND SEVERAL STABLES. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST RAILROAD FRONTS IN WESTMINSTER.

All of the foregoing property will also be offered as an entirety and will be sold in parcels or as a whole, as may be deemed most advantageous.

THREE PASTURE LOTS on the east side of the W. M. R. R., at the edge of Westminster, ranging from 1 Acre and 26 Perches to 3 Acres and 1 Perch.

☞ THE LOT CONTAINING 1 ACRE AND 26 PERCHES CARRIES WITH IT A PASS OVER THE WESTERN MARYLAND RAILROAD, FROM BALTIMORE TO WILLIAMSPORT AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS, TO THE OWNER THEREOF FOREVER.

ONE PASTURE LOT on west side of W. M. R. R., at the junction of the wagon road to Goodwin's Quarry, containing 3¼ Acres and 7 Perches.

ELEVEN BUILDING LOTS on the east side of Liberty street extended.

On same day and hour the undersigned will offer, as aforesaid, at Mr. Lynch's residence, in Westminster, a very desirable Farm, one mile from railroad depot, near the west end of the city, known as the Orendorff farm, containing about 53 ACRES OF LAND, with a good two-story basement Brick House, good stabling and other outbuildings. This is the most productive land in this vicinity; is well watered with springs and running stream through its centre.

Plats of the aforegoing property will be shown at the sale, and may be seen at any time by calling upon the Trustee.

Also at same time and place will be sold 75 Shares of The Westminster Gas Light Co. and 27 First Mortgage Bonds of the Emmitsburg Railroad Co., each of the par value of fifty dollars.

Terms of Sale.—For the Stock and Bonds, cash. For the Real Estate: One-third cash upon the the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof, with interest from day of sale; the residue in two equal payments, the one in nine months, the other in eighteen months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, with interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

GEORGE W. ALBAUGH, Trustee.
mr-27-4s Wm. T. Wilson, Auct.

NO. 3524 EQUITY.

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

Sarah A. C. Plank, assignee, &c., vs. Luther A. Martin, mortgagor.

Ordered, this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1897, that the sale of the mortgaged property made and reported in this cause, by Charles T. Reifsnider, attorney or agent named in the mortgage filed in this cause from Luther A. Martin to Jeremiah Rinehart, bearing date December 7th, A. D. 1894, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber B. F. C. No. 36, folio 68, &c., and subsequently assigned to Sarah A. C. Plank, wife of John E. Plank, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 27th day of April 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 19th day of April next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1705.00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
mr-27-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the estate of

ANDREW T. FLEMING,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 22nd day of October, 1897; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 22nd day of March, 1897.

JOSEPH GOSNELL,
mr-27-4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

RICHARD A. BARNES,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 23rd day of October, 1897; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of March, 1897.

RICHARD S. T. B. BARNES,
mr-27-4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

SAMUEL B. McKINSTRY,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 22nd of October, 1897; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 22nd day of March, 1897.

MADGE MYERS McKINSTRY,
mr-27-4t Executrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

EMANUEL WANTZ,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 8th of October, 1897; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 8th day of March, 1897.

WILLIAM H. WANTZ,
ROMANUS J. WANTZ,
m.13-4t Executors.

FOR SALE.

A seven per cent. ground rent in Baltimore city, also a six per cent. mortgage. Apply at this office. mr-20-3t

---

GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

WILLIAM F. DERR,

Babylon Building, near Rail Road,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

This Saturday is the Last Day

OF OUR

SPRING OPENING DISPLA[redacted]

WE ANNOUNCE

For the Coming Wee[redacted]

Many desirable bargains throughout the house, each dep[redacted] ment trying to outdo the other. As you enter the door [redacted] eyes are met by a big table full of Ladies' Fast Black i[redacted] (Hermsdorf dye) with double heels and toes—you'll pay 25 [redacted] anywhere for them—here they are 12½c. pair. Turn your [redacted] to the left you behold a brilliant array of all the season's no[redacted] ties in Dress Fabrics, both wool and silk, at all prices. Jus[redacted] little further down the center aisle a big table is filled [redacted] choice things in Ladies' Muslin Underwear; all garments on this table 48 cents each; they're worth full 75 cents. To the right of this table is a case full of all the newest things in Ladies' Belts, at 25 cents each, worth double the price, and so on throughout the house. Go to our second floor, you find a choice collection of Ladies' Wraps and Dress Skirts, Shoes and Slippers, Boys' Clothing in all the new Spring Styles. And last but by no means least, our Millinery department, which is exhibiting all the newest ideas in Paris and New York styles of Hats and Bonnets, for ladies and children; any price you want. Come to see us at the

The Great Model Emporium,

WILLIAM F. DERR,

Westminster, Md.

[redacted]97. SPRING OPENING OF THE LARGE 1897.

Furniture, Carpet and House Furnishing Stores

OF

Theo. Derr & Son.

We are now in business up to our eyes and want to get in it deeper, so we have decided to add to our already large stock the largest and cheapest line of House Furnishings ever exhibited in our beautiful little city, comprising

Chinaware, Glassware, Tinware,

and Enameled Ironware, and in fact everything pertaining to House and Kitchen Furniture. Will be on sale in about 10 days. We also have the largest and handsomest line of

FURNITURE IN THE CITY,

at prices that defy competition. We have all kinds of Furniture, from the cheapest to the finest. Do not let people make you believe that we do not want to see you because we strive to keep a nice line of goods. We have a nice line, but at very low figures, much lower than our competitors, also

Carpets and Mattings.

Drop in and see what Bargains we are offering in Carpets—and in fact all over our house. A call will convince you that we are headquarters for any and everything in the line of House Furnishings. No trouble to show goods. We are always delighted to see you and please you in every way. Everything that is not right we are here to make right.

VERY RESP,

THEO. DERR & SON,

mh-13-1y 75 AND 77 EAST MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER, MD. TELEPHONE 77 RING 2.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER,

26 WEST MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, Md.

—:o:—

Our yard is the most accessible in town—	Stick A Pin There.
We carry the largest STOCK OF LUMBER—	Stick A Pin There.
Our grades are the best—	Stick A Pin There.
Our prices are the lowest—	Stick A Pin There.
Our experience enables us to select the best grade—	Stick A Pin There.
Our COAL is Free from SLATE AND DIRT—	Stick A Pin There.
We can furnish any MATERIAL needed—	Stick A Pin There.
Business done at PEOPLE'S prices—	Stick A Pin There.
We are nice people to deal with and we don't care who knows it.	Stick A Pin There.

FOR SALE.

A desirable lot of land in Franklinville, Carroll county, Md., improved by a stone house and stone and now occupied by Mr. Roderick Dorsey. For further information apply to MRS. IRENE C. BENNETT,
de-25-tf Westminster Md.

ICE Cream Freezers, Window Screens cheap test, at GILBERT & GREEN'S.

FOR RENT.

A house with 6 rooms, and hall, fine cellar, out kitchen, stable and all necessary outbuildings, with lot containing 2¼ acres of land, more or less, with excellent water and fine apple fruit thereon, situated 1 mile from Carrollton Station, adjoining the lands of Azariah Oursler. Apply to MARTHA W. CHEW,
No. 141 Prospect Ave., Roland Park,
mr-20-3t Baltimore, Md.

Do you rid[redacted]?

IF NOT [redacted]

We think if you knew how much time, how much labor, how much expense it would save you; if you knew what lasting benefits were to be derived from it in improved health, hardened muscles; if you knew how much pure, unalloyed pleasure there is in spinning along on a "Crescent," free as a bird and swift as the wind, we think you would not hesitate a moment. If you don't believe this ask any Crescent rider what he thinks about it.

There are many reasons

why you should select a Crescent. We invite you to call and examine them carefully, critically. Bring along the best machinist, the best bicycle expert you can find, and take the wheel piece by piece. That's what we like. We don't intend to merely say we have the best wheel in the world for the money and then expect you to take our word for it, when any other bicycle agent in existence will tell you the same thing. We want you to see and judge for yourself. We still have a few '96 model $50 machines that we are selling at $30.

[redacted]t., at the New York Bargain House, ja-23

[redacted]r Business!

[redacted]ur new quarters, and are getting down to [redacted]ill be distinctively a department store. [redacted]e people want and at prices they can af[redacted]t by handling a dozen different lines of [redacted] the same store rent, the same clerk hire, [redacted] afford to sell goods for a smaller profit [redacted]lent on one single line of merchandise for [redacted]es and a saving of money to you.

[redacted]. Books.

[redacted]r Book Department, and while it is not [redacted] make it, yet we are prepared to show [redacted]are not ashamed, and at prices which we [redacted]s line of cloth bound 12 mos., in the [redacted]ular titles by standard authors, choice

Window Shades.

First quality Felt Window Blinds, mounted on spring rollers, 10 cts. Holland Shades 25 cents.

Stationery Bargains.

Box Paper, 24 sheets paper, 2 cents. Envelopes, splendid quality, every box has our name on it as a guarantee of its worth, 10 cents. Extra thick Ink Tablets, the 10 cent size, but we sell them at 5 cents.

Negligee Shirts.

We are prepared to offer you a choice selection of styles in Spring Shirts, at popular prices, 50 cents, 69 cents, 75 cents and $1.00.

Hats. Hats.

The newest spring styles in Derbys and Alpines. Men's new Alpines, 47 cents, 98 cents, $1.25. Men's new Derbys, $1.50, $2.00.

Enameled Ware.

We can offer you rare bargains in these goods. 10 quart Enameled Dish Pans, strictly first quality, 29 cents. Enameled Ware Preserve Kettles, Sauce Pans, Tea and Coffee Pots, at 39 cents for choice.

Special Soap Bargain.

Laundry Soap, made by Armour & Co., large size cake and the price only 2½ cents a cake.

Yours to serve,

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,

31 East Main Street, Westminster,
T. W. Mather & Sons. Opposite the Catholic Church.

Feed Cutters Repaired.

KNIVES GROUND.

REPAIRING OF

Engines,

Boilers,

Steam Pumps, Mill Work,

THRESHING MACHINES

AND

Agricultural Implements

of every description, in the best manner Shafting and all kinds of Brass and Iron Castings furnished. Bicycles Repaired. BRASING A SPECIALTY. GIVE ME A CALL.

L. A. HALLER, Machinist,
Cor. Green and Liberty Streets,
ap-13-1 Westminster, Md.

Protect Yourselves from Loss BY WIND-STORMS.

Wind-Storm Insurance Policies Issued very low and losses promptly adjusted. No charges for Policy to persons who have their Fire Insurance in this Agency. Drop a postal card to or call on

JAMES E. SMITH,
General Insurance Agent,
No. 7 Court Street,
sp-28-tf Westminster, Md.

MUSIC SCHOLARS WANTED.

MRS. LETITIA PARKE WOOD, UNION BRIDGE, Piano and Organ Instructress, will take pupils at her home or will give lessons at their residences, as they may prefer. Prices very moderate.

IRON FENCE!

ALL IRON (POST, RAILS AND PICKETS NOT WIRE

From 15 cents to 50 cents a foot, according to variety and weight.

Send for circulars, giving full description, or call on the undersigned in person. AGENTS WANTED.

D. F. SHIPLEY,
un-7-1y Westminster, Md.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Special and prompt attention given to collections and settlement of estates.

OFFICE—Albaugh Building, Court street Westminster, Md.

☞ Will be in Union Bridge, at Reisler's Hotel 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month. Can also be seen professionally at his residence in New Windsor after 6 p. m., every day.

HARRY M CLABAUGH. JOHN M. ROBERTS

CLABAUGH & ROBERTS,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

ALBAUGH BUILDING,

COURT STREET, WESTMINSTER, MD.

MICHAEL E. WALSH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office No. 175 East Main street, Westminster

CASTORIA

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

CASTORIA

Select Poetry.

BROWN AND BLUE.

Oh, the brown, brown streams of March
And the blue, blue streams of May,
And they lilt along with a lighter laugh
As they carol on their way.
They sprinkle the bowlders brown
With golden, shining spray,
They are artists, gilding the old gray world,
These sunlighted streams of May.

And the brown, brown woods of March
And the green, green woods of May,
And they lift their arms with a freer swing
And shake out their pennons gay.
And the brown, dead world of March
Is the living world of to-day;
Life throbs and flushes and flushes out
In the color and fragrance of May.

And the heart I carried in March,
Under sullen clouds of gray,
Is another heart in its singing joy
Under blue, blue skies of May.
For sorrow has vanished like mist
Which fresh winds blow away,
And love is blooming with all bright things
In the light and glory of May.

—Harper's Bazar.

Select Story.

LYDIA.

A Daughter of the Revolution.

BY HELEN MACKUBIN.

From the New York Tribune.

I.

When the Barringtons filled out the papers which entitled them to join the society of the "Daughters of the Revolution" last year, old Mrs. Barrington put a shabby book and a package of yellow letters into the hands of her son's wife.

"We hear much talk just now about the claims of our ancestors to consideration," she said. "It seems to me that the women of those days possess also some right to our remembrance. This journal and these letters were given to me, in trust, by my husband's mother, as I give them to you. They have been read by my daughters, and must be read by yours. They contain the story of a real 'daughter of the Revolution,' and are to remain an heirloom in her family so long as the paper on which they are written will hold together."

And this is the story:

Mistress Lydia Barrington was eighteen when the lighting of that lamp in the belfry of the Old North Church in Boston set ablaze the fire with which our country burned its ancient fetters.

Her home was one of those stately Colonial houses, whose pillared portico fronts the Delaware River between Philadelphia and Wilmington. Her father, from the outbreak of the Revolution, was among its stanchest supporters. He had been a soldier in his youth, and had struggled through Braddock's disastrous campaign beside Washington. But in his middle age, and when his country needed him so sorely, an incurable malady held him prisoner, and he sent his only son to represent him on the staff of his old comrade.

When the British captured Philadelphia they ravaged his estate, and laid every resource under constant contribution. Yet they respected that grim warder, Death, who watched the patriot's door, and they permitted his departure from house and lands to be postponed until that summons which none can disobey.

Barrington's wife rarely left him, and the ordering of their household fell into the capable pair of hands of their daughter Lydia. She brewed, and she baked, and she spun. She managed the dairy and supervised the poultry-yard, as became the mistress of a large and isolated establishment in those days. But the while her thoughts and her prayers were for her country's strife with the same ardor which kept her father alive until he should behold that country's freedom.

Barrington Manor was set in the midst of the lovely district across which, backward and forward, the tide of war swept continually. Now the beloved bluecoats were warmed at its firesides and welcomed to every comfort it could supply. Then the abhorred redcoats clamored for the hospitality which would have been taken by force had it been refused.

Thus it happened that no surprise stirred the heart of Mistress Lydia when, on an autumn afternoon, she was summoned as her mother's deputy to receive a British officer so desperately wounded in a near skirmish that his troopers dared not carry him further.

A dozen scarlet-clad horsemen waited under the leafless trees of the avenue, and Captain Pelham lay supported by a comrade's arms upon the topmost step of the portico.

He had been shot near the lungs and was speechless. But he was conscious and his letters bear passionate record that from the moment she appeared within the high Colonial doorway, he became Mistress Lydia's prisoner forever, as well as her patient for a time.

A time which proved to be for him and for her that brief stay in Paradise which a tender old proverb promises once in a life to each child of Eve!

Through the ensuing winter of Valley Forge, Captain Pelham dwelt in the guest-chamber at Barrington Manor. He was visited occasionally, when the movements of the American troops permitted, by his brother, who was a member of Lord Howe's staff, and by an eminent surgeon from Philadelphia. For the most part, however, according to the custom of a hundred years ago, he remained the charge of his young hostess.

Outside was cold and hunger, the deadly strife of those dear to both, the hope of struggling people sinking almost to despair. But within was love that made happy the present, and assured the future with the fervor of their youth and the conviction of their mutual faith.

When he was able to walk so far, Captain Pelham made his way to that other sickroom, where Lydia's father lay dying, and told his story. It was kindly heard. Endowed with the clear tolerance which the neighborhood of Death bestows on some just souls, Barrington promised his daughter to her British lover when the war between their factions should be ended—whichever cause victory might adorn.

II.

Spring, though long delayed that year, arrived all too swiftly for those two.

Pelham was convalescent. His brother came no more. The surgeon's visits had ceased. Lord Howe desired him to resume command of his troop. Yet a few days and he must depart, unknowing when he could return to claim his bride.

It was at this time that Lydia one midnight, wakefully confronting the clouds which overhung the future, was hurriedly called by her mother to her father's bedside.

He lay propped up among pillows, and he spoke with difficulty as he bade his daughter draw near. But she perceived that anxiety rather than pain oppressed him while he explained his need of her.

Owing to the situation of the Manor, on the territory disputed by both armies, they were not unused to tidings by secret messengers from the younger Barrington in the American camp. The messenger, who had been received half an hour since, was, however, the herald of a visitor whose safety during his stay would be of vital importance to the infant nation, for whose existence his life was the guarantee.

Washington himself desired to see his former comrade in the ensuing night, to take council with him concerning measures whereon he and his immediate advisers were at variance.

"The danger is great," Berrington said, wistfully regarding his daughter. "Yet less great than at first it seems. Your mother and you can contrive that none other shall guess his presence here. Even should our servants discover what guest is with us, we can rely upon them not to betray him. There remains Captain Pelham who"—

"For him I answer," Mistress Lydia interrupted haughtily. "His honor is mine own."

"Nay, my child, there might be in his mind some uncertainty as to which way his honor directs."

"Shame, father!" she cried. "You who know so well that the instinct of a gentleman's honor is as certain as is that wonderful needle to whose guidance sailors trust!"

And Barrington, infected by the enthusiasm of her bright eyes acquiesced.

The following day would be that on which a market was held weekly at a village within the British lines, where Philedelphia tradesmen brought such goods as the farmers could not supply from their own resources. It had been Mistress Lydia's custom, when the roads were safe, to vist this market attended by Augustus, an old negro servant, and it was agreed between her and her father that, to avert suspicion of unusual anticipation, she should proceed thither on the morrow.

Accordingly she was arrayed for this expedition when she sought Captain Pelham on the terrace, in the next morning's early sunshine. A fair picture she made in her dark green habit with brass buttons, and her large many-plumed hat—a picture he described with tenderest detail years afterward.

She found him pale and despondent as she hung over his armchair, loathe to leave him for one of the few hours which remained of his stay at the Manor. But he sent her resolutely from him, giving to her a letter for his brother, as was his wont on these market days—a letter which she was to deliver to a trooper who would be dispatched to receive it.

She rode forth, while Augustus, mounted on a tall horse and carrying a huge basket, paced soberly behind. Spring rains had broken the avenue into alternate courses of mud and water, and, as she bent to lift her habit, yet further from the probable splashing, Pelham's letter slipped from her waistband.

With such haste as years and stoutness permitted, Augustus descended from his saddle, and restored the packet to her.

Alas, it was wet and stained!

"It will be the delay of merely ten minutes to return and bid Captain Pelham address another wrapper," she murmured, glad of this excuse to behold the welcome in her lover's eyes.

She tore off the drenched envelope hurriedly, lest the damp should have penetrated, and looked at the inclosure with keen daintiness. Her look changed. Her color faded. Her lips set sternly. Happiness went out of Lydia Barrington's life while she stared at the letter confided to her transmission by the man for whose honor she had pledged her own.

Yet presently she lifted her head and, turning her horse toward the Manor, she rode up the avenue at a speed Augustus found difficult to emulate.

Beside the high oak chimney in the entrance hall stood a massive writing-table. There she tore Pelham's letter to tiny pieces, and sealed them carefully within a fresh envelope, upon which she inscribed her name.

"Explain to Captain Pelham the mischance to his packet," she said; though her lips were white her voice did not falter. "Inform my mother that I have ridden forth again unattended. Ask her to prevent my father from hearing that I have done so until I return."

III.

Of that bitter journey, which led her by devious ways, through rough country lanes, dangerous alike from maraunding bands of friends or foes, there is slight mention in her journal. Nor is there more than the mere statement that she reached Washington's presence and delivered the warning she had brought.

"I told him that our roof sheltered a spy," she wrote; "that I knew not how far his treachery extended, but that the visit with which the General intended to honor my father must be abandoned. I found him," she added, briefly, "so courteous in trusting my information and in abstaining from question as shall make my memory ever grateful to him."

Even of her interview with her father upon her return there is scant account, save of its conclusion.

"When I informed him of the treachery of our guest, and how I had been enabled to warn the noble man whom that treachery would have doomed, my father drew me down within his arms," she wrote—and the tear blisters show upon these lines after a hundred years. "My father blessed me." "The honor of our name has always been well guarded," he said, "but it has never been safer than with you, my daughter! Go now, and bid your wretched lover farewell."

Mistress Lydia has recorded every slightest detail of that final meeting with Captain Pelham to which her father sent her, as though impelled by terror of the future, in which love might reproach disdain with too stern a cruelty.

They met in the withdrawing-room where a pair of candles and a dying fire made flickering light. There those two gazed at each other's pale faces, with eyes through which humiliation and scorn burned that passion which would survive either.

"The one grace you could have bestowed upon the house whose shelter you desired to betray, was to leave it when your treachery had been discovered," she said, "yet you are here."

"Could you conceive that I would depart before your return?"

"How could I conceive correctly the moods and motives of a spy?"

"Twelve hours ago you loved me!"

"I never loved you, Captain Pelham! The man I loved was the creation of my dreams."

"Take not the past from me! You loved me—me!" he cried, sinking to his knees. "What I have done was for love of you—to bring nearer the day when I might claim you—nay, but you shall listen! With that great rebel free, the war, which parts us, may drag on for years. With him a prisoner, his cause would fail! Peace would come, and with its coming I should win my wife!"

"Your wife, whom you would have dishonored by making her the unconscious means through which you betrayed her father's friend!"

"I never intended you to guess my share in his capture, nor could dishonor reach you!"

"No, God be thanked! Not so much as by the touch of your finger!" she said, withdrawing from his grasp the fold of her habit skirt.

She walked to the door. There she looked back.

Still kneeling, Pelham had flung his arms across a table and laid his head upon them.

She returned swiftly to him. She drew his fair, bowed head to her bosom and passionately kissed his white face, wet with a man's agonizing tears.

"I lied!" she gasped. "I love you—you always—you eternally—as you love me. In so much falsehood this is truth! Yet better the width of the world between us than that you read daily in mine eyes the memory of your dishonor—and so farwell."

There are other records in that journal of Mistress Lydia's—her father's death—her mother's grief, the triumph of that cause for whose safety this daughter of the Revolution paid so dear a price—but no further mention of her lover.

Yet the dozen letters, which were found after her death treasured with the history of her youth, are all signed with Pelham's name. Tenderest, most reverent of love letters, they cover a space of as many years, and close with one whose frail characters bear witness to their writer's words.

"I am near the end now, sweet mistress! The end which is to be the beginning," Pelham wrote. "It will not seem long when I come to meet you in that country which belongs to both of us. That country where each penitent receives pardon, and where you will not turn away from him who, with all his sins, has been ever your loyal lover."

AMUSING ADVERTISEMENTS.

A *London* periodical recently offered a prize for the best collection of unintentional amusing advertisements. Here is a part of one list. It embodies illustrations of the curious effect which the misplacing of a comma, or of a word or two, often has upon the meaning of a sentence: "Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here." "A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame." "Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad." "Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar around his neck and a muzzle." "Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York, willing to take care of children and a good sailor." "Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday." "For sale a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs." "M. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin." "A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference." "Bulldog for sale, will eat anything; very fond of children." "Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same." "Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter." "Lost, near Highgate archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentlemen with a bent rib and a bone handle." "Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons." "To be disposed of, a mail phæton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new."

Doctor (to Irish patient)—Do you sleep with your mouth open? Irish Patient—Shure Oi don't know, doctor. Oi've never seen myself whin Oi've been asleep, but Oi'll have a look to night.

The month of January is said to have been named by Numa Pompilius in 672 B. C.

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