Chopping Mill

AT

SMITH, YINGLING & CO'S

FACTORY.

Corn Chop, Corn and Cob Crushed, Corn Meal and Graham Flour made and on sale, Corn, Rye and Oats ground together.

Hominy made and for sale.

Grain of all kinds bought.

Your custom solicited. dec-11-tf

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1899. VOL. 68--NO. 5.

EVERYBODY INTERESTED.

Surely the men folk and we think many of the ladies too will be interested in this week's store news.

We expect in a few days our new Bicycle,

"THE WESTMINSTER,"

a wheel we are having built for us under our own name, and exclusively for our own trade, by one of the largest, oldest and best equipped bicycle factories in this country. We would like to tell you his name, but he won't alow it, for the reason that wheels just like our WESTMINSTER under his own name sell for $50.00, not because they are any better, you simply pay for the name. Now if our name and reputation is good enough for you we will sell you the same wheel with our guar-guarantee behind it for

$27.50,

with an extra discount of 5 per cent for cash. Think of it, a strictly high grade, up to date Bicycle, with all the latest improvements, one on which we stake our reputation as business men, for $27.50 or for spot cash, 26.13.

You know us and you know our business and what we have at stake, and you can readily see that we could ill afford to put out a wheel under our name and with our guarantee unless we knew, beyond all shadow of a doubt, that the machine was all right.

Such a wheel at such a price can only be possible in such a store as ours. We sell bicycles as we do any other article of merchandise, at a very small margin of profit. We can do this because it costs us almost nothing to sell them. No extra expenditure is necessary, such as rent, advertising etc. In their season they occupy space that is not valuable for other goods and when they go out of season that space is used for other goods. Then our position in the market brings us very close to the manufacturer, and our ability to use almost unlimited quantities, backed by our ready cash, enables us to go to these makers and say we want such and such kind of wheel and then dictate the price. Under no other circumstances could a wheel like the WESTMINSTER be sold at such a price. They will be here in a few days and we invite you to come in and see them.

CRESCENTS TOO!

Of course we are still selling Crescents, and to those who want the very best we reccommend that wheel. On Crescents we also offer a 5 per cent. discount for cash, making the wheel net only $33.25. Crescents at this price are certainly great values. No other bicycle enjoys such a world wide reputation for enduring qualities, speed or easy running, and no other wheel has such large sales. Crescents are sure to be winners again in '99.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,

Department Store,

31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.

T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 27

BENNETT & CO.,

NEAR THE DEPOT. WESTMINSTER.

LUMBER, COAL, SLATE,

Sash, Doors, Blinds and all Kinds of Mill Work.

Diamond Wall Cement for Plastering.

Agricultural Implements.

VULCAN CHILLED PLOWS. The best Plow on earth. These Plows are sold on their merits and every one is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction in the field or no sale. The only Plow made that will stick in dry, hard and stony ground. Sole agents in Carroll county of the celebrated and old reliable

SCHUTTLER WAGONS,

the best Farm Wagons in the world. Deering Harvester Company's

Binders, Mowers, Rakes,

Binder Twine, Oil. The Deering Ideal Binder is the lightest runiang and best constructed Binder on the market to-day. The only machine equipped with ball and roller bearings. Ball and roller bearings on main axle, main gear shaft and crank shaft; Deering jointed platform; Deering one lever reel; Deering binder attachment and the Deering balance double butt adjuster, all of which make it the most perfect and efficient binder in the world. Come and see it set up, before buying. Superior and Owego Grain Drills, Champion Wagons, one-horse Wagons, Steel and Wood Frame Harrows, Hoosier Corn Planters, Hay Forks put up complete, Hay Tedders, Field Rollers, Riding and Walking Cultivators, Single, Double and Triple Shovel Plows. Agents for Frick Co's Engines, Thrashers, Wind Stackers, Saw Mills, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed on every article sold. ap-2-98-1y

SAME OLD RELIABLE PLACE.

Copper distilled Whiskey, distilled in Maryland, where the best Whiskey are distilled. I have the following brands in barrels:

SHERWOOD, MONTICELLO, MELROSE, MT. VERNON, ORIENT, CABINET, RETURN, PRIDE OF MARYLAND, SOUTH MOUNTAIN, CEDAR VALLEY,

White Wheat, White Corn, Altamont, Chesapeake. All of the best brands in bottles.

Best Wines $1.00 per gallon. Brehm's, the best Beer, on draught and in bottles. Best Cigars in the State. Largest stock of Smoking and Chewing Tobacco.

LEFFERT'S DOUBLE STORES,

ap-10 tf 5 and 7 E. Main St., opp. Depot, Westminster.

THE GREAT

Model Emporium.

Wm. F. Derr

THE GREAT SALE CONTINUES

A few days longer. Every hour brings it nearer the end.

$3,000 WORTH

of good seasonable merchandise to be sold in the next few days

AT HALF PRICE AND LESS.

Every dollar's worth of goods will be sold for strictly CASH to one and all. No goods charged, but we give you more goods and better goods for your money than ever before.

JUST A HINT FROM THE MANY SPECIALS:

MILLINERY BARGAINS.

Handsome trimmed Hats, in newest styles, reduced from $3, $4 and $5 to only $1.50 and $2 each.

Children's Tamoshanters reduced from 25c to 10c.

SHOE BARGAINS.

$3.00 Ladies' Fine shoes reduced to - - - - - $1.75.

$1.25 Children's School shoes reduced to - - - 75c.

One lot Ladies' Dress Skirts worth $4, $5 and $6, reduced to Half Price.

COAT BARGAINS.

A few Ladies' and Misses' Coats left, but not all sizes, reduced from $6 and $8 to $2.00 each.

UNDERWEAR BARGAINS.

All Winter Underwear at less than cost.

Ladies' Half-dollar Vests and Pants reduced to - 37 1-2c.

Ladies' and Children's Union Suits reduced to - $35c.

Dollar Underwear - 65c.

Children's 25c Underwear 15c.

Black Dress Goods at Half Price.

One lot handsome Black Goods, including Fine English Mohairs, in Bayadere and Brocade Patterns, regular price 75c, reduced to

ONLY 38 CENTS YARD.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

Wm. F. Derr

Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

BARGAINS. BARGAINS.

THEO. DERR & SON,

Intending to discontinue the Furniture and Carpet business, will offer some of the greatest Bargains ever offered to the public, beginning

MONDAY, January 16th,

and continue until every dollar's worth is sold. This is no fake sale to get rid of some hard stock, but a genuine closing out sale. Everything in the line of

FURNITURE and CARPETS,

reduced to cost and many below cost. Do not fail to be on hand early as everything in the line must and will be sold without reserve.

Bed Room Suits at Cost.	Stands at Cost.
Parlor Suits at Cost.	Chiffoniers at Cost.
Buffets at Cost.	China Closets at Cost.
Couches at Cost.	Wardrobes at Cost.
Baby Carriages at Cost.	Medicine Cases at Cost.
Lounges at Cost.	Carpets at Cost.
Extension Tables at Cost.	Mattings at Cost.
Chairs of all kinds at Cost.	Oil Cloth at Cost.

And in fact everything in the Furniture and Carpet line will be closed out at cost, and a great many things below cost. We are also offering great Bargains in the Housefurnishing line. Do not fail to come early and get choice of the bargains. No goods charged during this sale. Everything to be sold for cash and at less than cash prices. Thanking you all for past favors, we are,

THEODORE DERR & SON,

mh-13-98 75 and 77 East Main Street, Westminster, Md.

YOU ARE INVITED

to consider the inducements we offer you to purchase your

LUMBER FROM US.

Call in and find it out. We carry in stock a full and complete line of

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, CASINGS

and MOULDINGS, and will make you an estimate on any amount or class of MILL WORK.

We handle nothing but the best grades of

Steaming and Domestic Coal.

Try us with an order and find out such is the case. Special Agents for Ruberoid Felt Roofing. Universal Building Paper. Eclipse Prepared Wall Plaster. Long Distance and Western Md. Telephones.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER.

Save Your Money.

One box of Tutt's Pills will save many dollars in doctors' bills They will surely cure all diseases of the stomach, liver or bowels.

No Reckless Assertion

For sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

OF A

Desirable Property,

NEAR WESTMINSTER, MD.

BY virtue of the power contained in the mortgage from George W. Long and Caroline C. Long, his wife, to the Westminster Savings Bank, dated November 8th, 1894, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 36, folio 30, &c., the undersigned, attorney or agent therein named, will sell at Public Sale, at the Court House Door in Westminster Md. on

MONDAY, the 6TH DAY of FEBRUARY, A. D., 1899, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all the land by said mortgage conveyed.

1st. A parcel of land containing

56 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 12 PERCHES, more or less. The improvements thereon are a Log Dwelling House, Stable, Hog House, Hennery, Dairy and other outbuildings; water convenient to the buildings. There is due proportion of wood and meadow land. This property is on the county road leading from the Tannery Station, Western Maryland Railroad, to Hampstead, is in Hampstead district, Carroll county, Md., about 1 mile from Tannery Station, adjoins the land of Lewis Green, Miles Long and others, and is known as the Lovell property.

2nd. A wood lot containing

6 ACRES, 1 ROOD and 16 PERCHES. This lot is about one-half mile north of the above property and adjoins the land of John Reindollar and others.

3rd. A parcel of land containing

18 ACRES and 35 PERCHES, more or less. There is a large frame barrack on this parcel. The land is chiefly in thriving young timber. It is on the road leading from Carrollton Station to the turnpike road. It is in Woolery's district, Carroll county, adjoins the farm of the late William Long, and is well located. All the above described properties are conveniently located to markets, schools, Churches &c.; all the above property is within three miles from Westminster.

Terms of Sale, Cash; or credit terms will be given as follows: One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in 6, and the other one-third in 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

A cash deposit of $100 on the first parcel and $50 on the second parcel will be required to be made on the day of sale.

This property is offered with the concurrence of the parties concerned.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER, Attorney or Agent named in Mortgage.
Wm. T. Wilson, Auct. ja-14-ts

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Farmers and Mechanics' National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1898.

The President and Directors have this day declared a Dividend of

THREE (3) PER CENT.

on the Capital Stock, out of the earnings of the past six months, payable to the stockholders of this date, on and after January 10th, 1899, clear of Federal, State and County Taxes.

JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM, Cashier.
jan-7-4t

DIVIDEND NO. 165.

Union National Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., December 31st, 1898.

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, State and County Taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 9th, 1899.

J. W. HERING, Cashier.
jan-7-4t

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Westminster, Md., Jan. 9th, 1899.

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Farmers' Fertilizer Company of Carroll County, a dividend of six per cent. was declared on the capital stock of said company for the past year, payable at the First National Bank of Westminster, on and after the 16th day of January, 1899.

By order of the Board.
JOHN T. DIEFENBAUGH, Secretary.
jan-14-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LYDIANN C. BRUMMEL,

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 27th day of July, 1899; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1898.

GEORGE GUMMEL,
ELIZABETH A. SHAFER, Administrators.
dec31-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

REUBEN POOLE,

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 3rd day of August, 1899; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of January, 1899.

B. PEYTON POOLE, Executor.
jan-7-4t

ANNUAL ELECTION.

Office Westminster Cemetery Company, Westminster, Md., Jan. 12th, 1899.

Notice is hereby given to the Lotholders of the Westminster Cemetery Company, that the annual election for a President and Board of Six Managers of said Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the First National Bank of Westminster, on TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7th, 1899, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

JOHN J. REESE, Secretary.

P. S.—Notice is also given that the stated meeting of the present Board will be held at 6½ o'clock, P. M., on the same day, at which time a full report of the operations of the company for the past year will be given to the Lotholders. JOHN J. REESE, Secretary.
ja-14-3t

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A large Brick Dwelling House, with back-building, water and all modern conveniences, Stable, a large lot of ground, choice fruit, &c., corner Green and Centre streets, Westminster. Possession April 1st. Apply to

DR. CHAS. BILLINGSLEA,
jan-14-3t Office of Smith, Yingling & Co.

Headache and Neuralgia cured by Dr. MILES' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose."

Select Poetry.

THE SOWER AND HIS SIGN.

The nations are the fields of God,
And from His mighty hand,
As seed-grains men are flung abroad,
In good or barren land.
His purposes we may not know
Until, the harvest past,
The crops that through the centuries grow,
Are reaped and threshed at last.

As those went forth from Israel's host
To spy upon the land,
There landed on our rugged coast
A little pilgrim band.
Behind them lay a trackless sea,
Before a land unknown—
That day a nation yet to be
God's fairest field was sown.

The seeds of freedom sowed that day
Sprang up as soon as sown—
The Sower sows what time He may,
The seasons are His own.
The field was wide, the crop grow free,
Across uncounted miles,
Until it reached from sea to sea,
And to the Utmost Isles.

The Sower sowed, so shall He reap,
And then—the harvest o'er—
Shall bring His sheaves to one great heap
To His own threshing-floor,
And with the flail of His truth beat
The sheaves till close of day,
Save for Himself the perfect wheat
And cast the chaff away.

The Sower set this sign on high:
White from a cloud fleece-white,
Red from where the sunsets die,
Blue from the skies of night.
A token that men shall be free
Where'er i:s shadows fall—
That His decree makes liberty
The heritage of all.

INVOCATION.

O! Thou who sowed that this might be
Of all the earth the land most free,
Help us to live worthy Thy sign,
The praise and glory shall be Thine.
—Miller Purvis.

Select Story.

THE ALTERED JUDGMENT.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

From the Independent.

The secretary had pencil and notebook ready, and a typewriter beside him. The Bishop of Windermere sat in the window, in a straight-backed chair, for it seemed that he could not even allow himself the luxury of resting when he might have rested.

He was a tall, austere looking man, this bishop; with firm mouth and square chin, and gray eyes that looked out from under frowning brows. A just man, priding himself on his justice; a good man, striving to win the world to Christ, and setting his face like a flint against temporizing of every kind. With him there were but two words: yes, and no. There were arguments on but one side of a question; and there was nothing to be said for the other side under any circumstances. The secretary sometimes paused in his work and looked at him, and wondered if he were altogether human.

An austere man, who had the income of a prince and lived the life of an anchorite, giving all his goods to the poor; an unsympathetic man, who educated youths at his own expense; the strangest anomaly to be found in many a day's journey—this bishop, who sat in his straight-back chair, dictating to his secretary.

"A note of thanks from the president of the board of managers of the Home for the Homeless," said the secretary, opening another letter, with a little sigh of relief, for he was near the end of the pile. "He says that your magnificent contribution has saved the Home from serious difficulties, and that this will enable them to go through the winter comfortably."

"No answer needed," said the bishop briefly.

"A request from Mr. Dawson for help for a poor family. He says he has found a family in great distress, and he looks to you for advice and asistance."

"He doesn't need advice. He needs assistance. Tell him to draw on me and do what he thinks necessary."

"A letter from Mr. Millard in reference to young Montgomery, the theological student. He has married, and so has forfeited his right to continue his course and enter upon his career, unless you are willing to make an exception in his case."

The bishop's face flushed, and his lips set in a line like iron.

"Write Mr. Millard," he said in icy tones, "that he will please convey to the young man my compliments and tell him that since he has put his nose to the grindstone he may keep it there. He is to tell him from me that he can seek out some humble employment for himself and go to work at it. We are done with him."

"Perhaps there may be extenuating circumstances," said the secretary hesitatingly. "Excuse me for suggesting it, but wouldn't it be well to wait awhile and investigate——"

He had spoken with the utmost deference, but even the bishop's angry turn did not disconcert the secretary.

"Investigate!" exclaimed the bishop angrily. "Why is it necessary to investigate? The young man had his career before him, and he has diliberately thrown it away. He has sacrificed the dignity and honor of the Church for some foolish girl, who never had a thought in her life, perhaps, and who will be like a millstone around his neck. No, let him go his way. Men who make mistakes like that must suffer the consequences. Marry before he had completed his theological course! What man who had his work at heart would think of doing such a thing? Thank Heaven, I have never married. I have given my life to the Church; and no man can do that who has a wife to divide his affections."

The secretary bowed and took up his pencil again. Having received his instructions, there was nothing but to obey them. And after a little, the dictations for the day being finished, the bishop surrounded himself with his books and plunged into the abstract studies which were to him like wine to the bacchanal, which stood in the place of the love of wife and child.

The bishop lived like an anchorite, and there was no service too hard for him. No work that he could do for the Church was ever refused. The wintry wind was howling at the blinds that evening, but he drew on his overcoat and gloves, and prepared himself for the street.

"Are you going out sir?" asked the secretary.

"Yes," replied the great man simply. "I promised to give a talk to the workingmen to-night at the McMinnville mission."

There was a world of personal history in the simple answer. It was a cold and dismal night, and the fire was burning cheerily in the grate; yet this man, who might have taken his ease, was going to the furthest extremity of the city to talk to grimy working men. The secretary watched him with wonder and curiosity in his face. The hard, stern, unbending man, the self-sacrificing sympathizer with the poor;—what contridictions were in this man's nature!

The mission stood in the midst of a thickly settled district, populated chiefly by the workmen from the foundries and mills which abounded there. The house was small and plain, and not too comfortable, as the bishop knew, for he had preached there before. To his surprise the doors were closed and the place was dark.

"Strange?" he said to himself. "I did not think I was so early."

Nothing stirred about the house except a little white kitten, which sat on the steps and rent the air with an agonized howl. Its voice had been audible to him while he was still some distance down the street, but as he approached the kitten did not change its tactics except to look up at the bishop and howl straight into his face.

"Mercy, what a voice!" exclaimed the bishop uneasily. "Are you cold, poor little kitten?"

And looking up and down the street to see that no one was coming, he took the tiny kitten up and stroked its head.

It looked him in the face, and opened its mouth wide, and wailed for something it missed, and could not explain. It surely must be almost frozen. No one was coming yet. The bishop unbuttoned his overcoat a button at the top and thrust the kitten in.

"If I see any one coming, I can take it out," he thought, "Perhaps one of the workmen will take it home to his children."

Lulled by the warmth, the kitten was quiet for a moment, but all at once it realized that there was something else needed. It crawled up and put out its head and howled louder than ever.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the bishop. "It must be hungry. If the men would only come——"

Sure enough, there was some one, walking up the street with a rapid swing. But he was about to pass, when the bishop stopped him.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said, "but I expected there would be service in this house to-night. Can you tell me——"

"You're mistaken. It's to-morrow night," said the the man, hurrying on.

He had mistaken the night; and all this long journey and this waiting in the cold for nothing.

"Too bad, kitty," he said to the head which was just beneath his chin, and which was giving utterance to the wildest and most hopeless howls. "As I have nothing else to do, though, perhaps I might find a place where they would give you a little milk, and maybe adopt you."

He put a protecting hand on the kitten's head, and tried to pet it into silence, and he walked down the street, looking for a house that looked promising. A little distance away he saw a house where there was a light, and some one moving about.

He rang the bell hopefully, and, presently a woman came to the door, and opened it a little way, and evidently had her suspicions.

"Pardon me, madam," he said courteously; "but I have found a poor little starving kitten in the streets, and I called to ask you if you would give it a little milk."

The kitten shricked and wailed in confirmation of his report, but the woman was not to be deceived. "You git out o'here, an' do it double quick," she commanded, at the same time shutting the door and bolting it on the inside.

The bishop found himself walking with mortification. "What could she have thought of me?" he questioned of himself.

A little distance on was a house where there was a fire in the front room, and he could hear a man's voice whithin. Ah, here was the place. A man would understand the situation. There was never anything to be done with a woman anyhow, but with a man it was different.

A ring at the bell, and the door was flung open and the man stood on the threshold.

"That you, Jack?" he asked, peering into the darkness.

"No, it is not Jack," replied the bihsop mildly, and then he repeated his formula.

"See here, my man," said the gentleman in the door; "I don't know whether you're crazy, or just on a jag, but you'd better hurry on, for it's mighty nigh time for the copper on his beat to get aroun'."

The bishop drew his splendid figure erect and walked on. "All men are becoming pessimists," he said to himself and the kitten.

Perhaps it was this gloomy thought that made the kitten open its mouth and surpass all its previous efforts in the way of soul-stirring wails. The bishop set his lips in their hard line.

"I'm going to find something for this kitten to eat," he said half aloud, and when the bishop said things in that way it was as well for circumstances to yield.

A tiny cottage stood at a street corner; such a tiny cottage that it seemed to have been crowded into the corner as an afterthought, when the place was already full. There was a light in the front room, and the bishop had grown desperate. He rang the bell.

A young man opened the door. There was an electric light a few feet away, and the bishop saw by it that the young man had a pale face and that his hair was tumbled, as tho by restless fingers. While he was noting these things he was telling about the kitten.

"I have applied to several people," he added, "but they all seem to look on me as a dangerous and suspicious character. I hope you will be more generous in your judgment."

The young man had started at the sound of his voice, but he opened the door wider.

"Come in," he said. "I think we will be able to find the kitten something to eat.

A slender slip of a girl arose from her seat near the fire and went into the other room. She came back presently with a saucer of milk, and set it and the kitten down on the rug, and then the bishop sat down, too, at their invitation; and they all laughed with one accord at the enthusiastic manner in which the kitten crawled bodily into that saucer of milk, and lapped and choked and strangled and lapped again, as tho it would never have enough.

"The poor little thing was hungry, very hungry," said the bishop pityingly.

While the kitten drank, the bishop was looking around the poor, neat little room, with its bare floor shining white and its pitiful little adornings. And from the room his eyes wandered to the girl, who was down on her knees by the fire, wiping the milk from the kitten's paws, and making it fit for decent society. She was a lovely girl, with large tender, brown eyes, and her hair was filled with gold in the firelight; and there was a dimple in the midst of the bloom on her left cheek.

When had the Bishop of Windermere ever noticed the bloom on a woman's cheek before, or the dimple in the midst of it?

"Really, this is very pleasant," said the bishop, warming under the genial influence of the neat little room, and the lovely girl, and the fine young man with the intellectual face. "I am glad that I found the kitten, for it has been the cause of my making some pleasant friends. You must give me your name, for I have no disposition to lose friends so pleasantly found."

Something had been weighing on the mind of the young man ever since his guest had come into the room. Now he arose and stood before the bishop, his eyes kindling.

"My name is Montgomery," he said with an intrepidity which the bishop could not but recognize, even in the midst of his amazement. "I am a student of theology. I lack a year of finishing my course. A month ago I married, and to-day you sent me word that since I had put my nose to the grindstone I could keep it there. You—you, a bishop, the head of my Church, have decided that I must lose my career, that I am to throw away the one work for which I am fitted, that I must never give my message to the world, that I must walk in alien paths all my life! And why? Because I have married the sweetest girl that ever breathed; a girl who would stand side by side with me in my work, who would make it better work, broader, more effective. We had expected to wait, sir, but she lost her mother a few weeks ago, and was alone in the world; and I acted just as you would have done, under similar circumstances. She was afraid she would spoil my life, and a little while ago, after your message came, she was crying because she thought she had spoiled it; and now, in walks the man who sent me such a message as that, and he has been walking blocks in the cold to find some milk for a lost kitten. There must be a kind heart behind such conduct as this, but why do you keep your kindness for dumb animals alone?"

It was unprecedented—it was amazing! And to his own bishop—the man whose will had always been law to him!

The kitten, having eaten all it could, retired from the saucer in a dignified manner, and finding the bishop seated in front of the fire, calmly climbed up to his shoulder, where it curled itself down and went to sleep.

The bishop did not take his eyes from the fire. The trembling girl who watched him saw a change come over his face. Somehow the hard lines melted; the eyes, under the frowning brows, grew wider and darker, and were all at once filled with tears. There was silence in the room for some moments. Then all at once the biship arose and began to button his overcoat.

"I am so glad I came in," he said gently, looking at the young man. "And so you have been married a month! Have courage, my boy. We all have our grindstones, and our noses are kept at them pretty constantly in the course of the years; but no matter, so they don't grind away any of our hearts. And this is the little wife who was more and better that a career? Well, perhaps she is. She reminds me of a girl I knew long ago. You won't mind my taking the kitten home with me, will you?"

And the two young people in the tiny cottage stood amazed while the bishop put the kitten inside his overcoat, and then shook hands with them warmly before he moved away.

The next morning, when the secretary entered the study, he paused and leaned against the door a moment, and passed his hand across his eyes. Could that be the Bishop of Windermere, sitting in his accustomed place, with a white kitten climbing over him and biting his ears and bumping its head against his chin?

"Oh, you're here, Daniel," said the bishop, catching sight of him. "Sit down there for a moment, and take this for Mr. Millard.

And the secretary steadied his reeling faculties, while the bishop dictated.

"DEAR MILLARD:—I have reconsidered my decision in regard to young Montgomery. I have some evidence which goes to show that he will make a useful man; and you may assure him, from me, that he will be allowed to continue his course. Also please ascertain if he is at all cramped in his circumstances; and if so, consider me your banker, and help him as he needs it, without letting him know to whom he is indebted. You can manage this, I know."

"I must be dreaming," said the secretary to himself; but as he looked again, to convince himself, there was the Bishop of Windermere smiling at the kitten, which was clawing at the leaves of one of the abstract books on the table, and turning somersaults down the open pages.

New Orleans, La.

Choose right, and God will help you to do right.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2300-0233