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, JULY 1, 1899. VOL. 68--NO. 27.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Fourth of July is near at hand. You may be pleased with the victories of our armies, or you may deplore the whole situation, but in either case here is a chance for a victory of your pennies, that you will surely rejoice over.

5-CENT LAWNS.

You will find them on center counter front. They are here in all colors and in black. Some of them are 12½ cent value, others worth less, but every piece a bargain at 5 cents.

5 CENTS.

TRUNKS and VALISES or SATCHELS.

Many are now thinking of their summer vacation and are planning trips to the mountains or the sea shore. You ought to have a trunk that you can depend on, for you know they will be treated roughly. We keep only the substantial well built kind such as will stand the roughest kind of handling, and we sell them as low and lower than the shoddy, carelessly made kind. They are here in all sizes and at prices to fit any purse.

In Canvas Telescopes and Satchels of all kinds we can fill all your wants and at a saving to you. It is difficult to describe them intelligently, better come in and let us show them to you. Whether you wish to buy or not makes no difference, we will be just as glad to show them to you.

HAMMOCKS.

Every week's delay in providing yourself with one of these now, means just that much enjoyment lost. At the prices we are offering them there is no excuse on that score.

Well made Hammocks, with iron stay at end and pillow, 79 cents.

Extra large Hammocks, with fringe, stretchers and pillow, actual value at least $1.25, our price 97 cents.

Extra large fine Hammocks, very handsome and strong, $1.75.

Working Pants for Men and Boys.

Just a word again about our Newburgh Never Rip Pants. No other pants that we know of give so much wear, such good fit, and are so sure to hold together as these Newburghs. We say this unhesitatingly because the experience we have had with them proves it. Popular price $1.00.

Also a very good Pants for boys, not guaranteed not to rip, as the above are, though they are made well for the price. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Price 25 cents.

Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Etc.

Whatever you need in this line will be found here, and at the right price. Also ice tongs and ice picks and other goods of like nature that are in demand just now.

Until further notice our store will close at 7 o'clock every evening except Saturday.

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
Department Store,
31 East Main Street, Westminster, opposite Catholic Church.
T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 27

Theo. Derr & Son.

INTERESTING SUMMER BARGAINS.

A Thousand and one items of everyday needfuls to Housekeepers are here, all marked at prices within the reach of everybody.

Special Prices on Fruit Jars.

Mason's best quality 1 Pint 35 cents, Quarts 45 cents, Half-gallon 55 cents per dozen. These are below market value.

Jelly Glasses, one-third Pint 18 cents dozen, half-pint 20 cents dozen.

Comfortable Serviceable Hammocks, priced very reasonable, 50 cents to $1.75.

You think of buying a Refrigerator. Our stock is complete and includes all the most reliable makers at very low prices. No house is complete without one.

LAWN SWINGS $5.00

This is the most useful article you can buy at so small a price. We have the best that are made. See them.

CROQUET SETS.

This is Croquet headquarters. All styles of sets at little prices. 4 ball sets 55 cents, 8 ball sets 85 cents, 8 ball professional sets $2.00.

The baby needs a carriage. Our stock is the largest and lowest prices prevail. Call and see them.

Open every night for the accommodation of the public.

Very Respectfully,

THEO. DERR & SON,

apr-1-99-1y 75 and 77 E. Main street, Westminster, Md.

THE UP TO DATE STORE.

HATS. HATS.

The Right Shape. This seasons Hats are more graceful in shape than ever. They are made for style and service, a better quality than ever, and more varied shapes. You'll be pleased with our $2 special, in brown and black. Large line of Straw Hats, from 25c to $2. Come and get one of those steel color ounce Hats, that you see so many wearing. Only $1.00.

SHOES.

Now (during the hot weather) is the time to buy Slippers and Oxford Ties.

We have the largest line in the city for Men, Women and Children. Special.—Oxford for Misses, from 9 to 12, in black, at 50c. All prices for Women's, from 50c to $2.50. All prices for Men's from $1.25 to $3.00. Children's at 50c and 75c. Don't forget that we also carry the largest and most complete line of Gents' Furnishings, Trunks, Valises, etc., in the city. Come and see us.

jan-7-99-1y WM. C. DEVILBISS, No. 22 W. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.

Wm. F. Derr. | Wm. F Derr.

THE GREAT

Model Emporium.

Our Store Closes at 6 P M., Except Saturday.

TUESDAY, JULY 4th, our Store will be closed all day.

Occasion Extraordinary!

To open our great July special sales we shall give you some of the most remarkable money saving bargains it has ever been our pleasure to offer. Read this announcement very carefully that you may not go wrong.

All Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

One lot Kai Kai Wash Silks, in pretty stripes and colors, instead of 35c yard we say

18c yard to-day.

One lot lovely wide Embroidery on fine cambric and exquisite work, instead of 25c we say

15c yard to-day.

20 dozen Ladies' Swiss Ribbed Vests, with beautiful crocheted edge and ribbon in neck and sleeves, instead of 20c we say

12½c each to-day.

One lot of lovely Fancy Ribbons, all desirable styles and pure silk, 3 to 4 inches wide, instead of 25c and 35c we say

15c yard to-day.

One lot Ladies' Muslin Drawers, made of fine muslin and splendidly trimmed, instead of 39c we say

25c pair to-day.

One lot Boys' shoes, new styles and solid leather, either black or tan, all sizes, 8 to 2, instead of $1.50 we say

$1.00 pair to-day.

THIS YEAR'S GREATEST BARGAIN.

2000 yards extra fine wide India Linen, all perfect with the exception that some is slightly soiled, every yard we guarantee to be actual 25c goods, but while it lasts we say

ONLY 10 Cents YARD.

NOTE.—This great Bargain will be put on sale MONDAY MORNING until all is sold—but you better be on hand early. It will last probably the day out.

One lot pure bleached Table Linen, 66 inches wide, pretty patterns and good quality, instead of 65c we say

40c yard to-day.

Full size Crochet Bed Spreads, Marseilles patterns, hemmed ready for use, instead of 65c we say

45c each to-day.

One lot Ladies' Underskirts, in black satine and striped seersucker, with several ruffles, instead of 75c we say only

50c each to-day.

One hundred Ladies' Muslin Night Gowns, with lace insertion, yoke and ruffle around neck and sleeves, instead of 50c we say

38c each to-day.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

Wm. F. Derr

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

NO. 3712 EQUITY.

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

EX-PARTE

In the matter of the Trust Estate of George N. Fringer William B. Thomas, Trustee.

Ordered, on the aforegoing petition this 6th day of June, in the year 1899, that the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in Equity, take jurisdiction in the trust estate of the said George N. Fringer, and that the said trustee settle said trust estate under the supervision and control of the said Circuit Court for Carroll county, in Equity, and it is further ordered that William B. Thomas, the trustee in the above cause named, give notice to all persons having claims against George N. Fringer, to file said claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 11th day of August, A. D. 1899, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 11th day of July next.

I. THOMAS JONES.

True copy.—Test:
JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
ju-10-4t

NO. 3730 EQUITY.

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

The Westminster Savings Bank, (formerly The Westminster Savings Institution) a body Corporate of the State of Maryland, mortgagee, vs. George N. Fringer and Catharine D. Fringer, his wife, mortgagors.

Ordered, this 14th day of June, in the year 1899, that the sale of the mortgaged property, made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Charles T. Reifsnider, attorney or agent named in the mortgage from George N. Fringer and Catharine D. Fringer, his wife, to The Westminster Savings Bank, a body corporate of the State of Maryland, dated September 26th, A. D. 1884, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 21, folio 217, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 18th day of July next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 10th day of July next. The report states the amount of sale to be $3725.78.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
ju-17-3t

NO. 3729 EQUITY.

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

Charles T. Reifsnider, assignee, &c., vs. George N. Fringer and Catharine D. Fringer, his wife, mortgagors.

Ordered, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1899, that the sale of the mortgaged property, made and reported in the above entitled cause, by Charles T. Reifsnider, assignee of Lewis Green, trustee, under mortgage from George N. Fringer and wife to him, dated April 1st, 1876, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 9, folio 267, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 18th day of July next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 10th day of July next. The report states the amount of sale to be $2416.19.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
ju-17-3t

Commissioners' Notice.

HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster, EVERY MONDAY, for the transaction of business.

By order, JNO. E. MASENHIMER
an-2-1y Cler

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate,

In Taneytown District, and a Mountain Lot in Frederick county, Md.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the subscribers, as executors of Abraham N. Hess, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, 2 miles from Taneytown, on the public road leading from the Gettysburg road to Stonesifer's mill, and adjoining the village of Longville, on

THURSDAY, 20TH OF JULY, 1899,

at 12 o'clock, m., sharp, the following Real Estate, to-wit:

First, The Home Farm of said deceased, containing

222 ACRES, 3 ROODS and 27 Perches

of land, more or less. The improvements thereon are a Two-Story

BRICK DWELLING HOUSE,

with eight rooms and two halls; also a large BANK BARN, wagon shed, corn cribs, a large hay shed with a capacity of 50 tons, wash house, dry house, smoke house, bake oven, ice house, chicken houses, blacksmith shop, buggy shed, tool sheds, hog pens and other outbuildings; TENANT HOUSE, with necessary buildings, and a well of good water. There is a force pump on the farm-house porch from a never failing spring of pure water, a well at the barn, and a ram also that forces water from the spring to the hogpen and barn. The land is in an excellent state of cultivation, and is abundantly supplied with running water. There is 10 ACRES OF TIMBER LAND and a due proportion of good MEADOW LAND. There are FOUR ORCHARDS, principally of choice appies, and numerous grape vines and other fruits, in good bearing condition. The buildings are in good repair. The property is convenient to churches, school, markets and railroad communications, and is one of the most desirable in Taneytown district.

Second, A Mountain Lot, containing FIVE ACRES, Two RODS and Seven PERCHES of land, more or less, on the road leading from Emmittsburg to Eyler's Valley. This lot is well covered with young Timber, in condition to be cut.

Third, ONE ACRE OF LAND, more or less, in Longville, improved with a Frame Dwelling House, stable and other buildings; well of water close to the house.

Fourth, A lot of land containing EIGHT and THREE-FOURTH ACRES of land, more or less, lying on the Gettysburg road near Longville, and adjoining the home farm. This is an excellent piece of land without any buildings. This lot will be sold with a roadway reserved, never to be closed, from the home farm to the Gettysburg road.

Fifth, A lot of land, containing SIXTEEN and ONE-HALF ACRES, and ONE SQUARE PERCH of land, more or less, without improvements, lying on the Gettysburg road between Longville and Harney, Alloway's Creek runs along the line of this land.

Sixth, A lot of land known as the Walnut Grove Lot, containing NINE and THREE-FOURTHS ACRES and THIRTY-NINE and ONE-HALF PERCHES of land, more or less, near Walnut Grove schoolhouse, on the Littlestown road.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash, on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof; one-third in six months, and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, purchasers to give their notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchasers.

Possession will be given of the home farm for the purpose of seeding fall crops, and of the farm buildings, by December 1st, 1899; and of the tenant house, April 1st, 1900. Possession will be given of the other lots immediately, except the Longville lot, which will be given April 1st, 1900. All the growing crops and fruit will be reserved.

CLARINDA A. SHOEMAKER,
LAVINA A. LONG,
CLAUDIUS H. LONG,
ju-17-5t Executors.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Select Poetry.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Benny, beat the dish-pan!
Tommy, bring the drum!
Sammy, save your breath to blow!
Dick's harmonium!
Bobby, take your tin fife!
Sue, you're marching well!
Jimmy, keep in step there!
Alec, ring that bell!
Fire the cannon crackers,
Give a cheer now, boys!
What is this day meant for,
But to make a noise!
—[Frances Amory, in July St. Nicholas.

Select Story.

OLD GLORY.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

From the Independent.

She confided to her friend that "somehow, all the week, she'd felt just as worked up as she could be—she didn't know what 'twas, 'less 'twas 'cause Fourth of July was so near. She always did feel all kind of wrought up then."

When Clara Wales had spoken thus she gave a little deprecatory laught. Then she readjusted her eyeglasses, which had fallen off when she laughed.

Her friend stopped her work and looked at "Clary," for Clary is what everybody called her. She saw a somewhat stout woman with a round face and thin, light hair, smoothed and pulled back. Clary looked forty; but she was really only thirty-five. She had so calm an appearance just now that her companion smiled, and remarked:

"I suppose you are excited, since you say so; but you don't show it."

Clary picked up her thimble from her lap and fitted it on her finger; she glanced round on the piazza floor.

"Where's that roll of red cambric?" she asked. "Oh, here 'tis." She reached forward and pulled off a few yards. The piazza was already billowy with red, white and blue stuff that sometimes fluttered in the warm west wind that swept around the corner. Borne on that wind, also, was the occasional sound of a fife and drum, very badly played; and sometimes the shrill "Halt! forward! march!"; then the fife and drum more continuously.

"I s'pose them boys will drill every minute till the Fourth," said Clary. "Id' know but hearin' them makes me nervous. Jane, I wish you'd hand me the star pattern. Be you goin' to try to cut out's many stars as there is states? It'll be a dretful job."

"I suppose there really ought to be; if there aint, somebody'll be counting them and finding that there are some missing."

All right; I ain't trying to shirk," responded Clary, cheerfully; "I might's well be cuttin' 'n' sewin' on stars as anything. How many States is there now, anyway? It never seems right to me to have more'n thirty-one, or is it thirty-three?"

Clary's shears went snip, snip around the pattern which she had pinned on to the white cambric.

The air came in sweet puffs; an oriole lighted on a drooping limb of the nearest elm, and swung there silently, looking sharply down at the two women below him.

The fife and drum drew still nearer, playing, "Yankee Doodle" with great vigor. Down the street, a few rods away, was the prim little building of the Congregational church. From its open window there now suddenly poured the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," played with great vigor and correctness.

The two women stopped their work for a moment and sat with lifted heads, listening.

Then one of them hummed with the organ:

"In triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and home of the brave."

"That's Effie Lincoln practicing for next Saturday," said Jane, resuming her sewing. "You know the procession is going to march down Union and up Spring Street, and round the square, and then march into the church; and when they come in, Effie's going to play "America," and our choir and the North Village choir are going to sing it. There's a man visiting the Digbys at the North Village that's going to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" alone—all but where the choirs join in, you know. They say he's got the best tenor voice that's ever been heard round here. I think it'll be grand, don't you?"

"Splendid!" said Clary. "And Effie Lincoln plays real well, don't she?"

"Yes; first-rate. She's been taking lesson's of Miss Kneeland, the same one that gave lessons to Ruth Winship, you know; and Ruth was the best player we ever had round here. And Squire Stead's going to give the oration; and then there's a collation in the vestry; we all make the cake and ice-cream, so it don't come hard on any one, you see; and fire-works in the evening. We all contributed. There's to be one set piece, George Washington on Horseback, with the figures 1776 over his head. It did seem as if we ought to make something of the Fourth once in a while. It's ten years since we've made any account of the day. I don't think we sh'll be sorry for celebrating kind of systematically. Where's that star pattern again? Oh, here 'tis. I really am 'shamed's I can be that I don't know how many States there are now. They add a State every little while, it seems to me. You know we're going to drape this cambric in the vestry where the tables'll be set. I told 'em I'd undertake that, besides a few other things. And you see if I don't have the stars just right in number everybody'll know how ignorant I am."

Jane's tongue ran even faster than her needle; she spoke in a placid, high voice that did not vary much.

Clary listened intently. She had not heard the particulars before. She lived six miles away on a farm, and had come in by special invitation to spend the week of the Fourth with her cousin Jane. There had been a great many arrangements to make regarding hens and pigs and cows and butter making before she could leave, but they had all been made, and here she was sitting on the piazza, in the quietest little village in New England, sewing white stars on to a blue background. But to her it did not seem quiet. It was stirring to be within sight of a meetinghouse and a store where the postoffice was.

And those strains of the organ, they moved her so that her hands began to tremble, and the point of the needle swerved and went into her finger. But she did not know it; she was thinking of something else.

Suddenly, as the organ notes swelled on "the home of the free," Clary dropped her work and covered her face with her hands, sobbing as she did so.

Jane dropped her work too, from sheer amazement.

"Why, Clary Wales, what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Id' know; I'm 'shamed of myself's I c'n be," answered Clary, brokenly, from behind her hands; "but I've held out jest's long's I can. It did seem's if I should scream when that organ begun, but I told myself I wa'n't goin' to be hystericky. I do hate a hystericky woman." A pause to sob, to get her handkerchief from her pocket, and use it vigorously. "I ain't goin' to give way so. Id' know what's got into me. I told you, Jane, I was as excited 's I could be."

"Sha'n't I get some camphor or salts, or something?" inquired Jane, anxiously.

"No, indeed."

Clary breathed heavily two or three times. Then she had herself in hand so that she could rethread her needle. But she jumped violently when three or four crackers exploded somewhere at the other side of the house.

'If it hadn't be'n for 'The Star Spangled Banner' I guess I could have stood it," said Clary.

Jane grew still more anxious, but she wisely said nothing.

Clary pinned a star in place, and she exclaimed:

"I'm a good mind to tell you."

"I wish you would," said Jane, earnestly. She added, directly: "I guess we won't sew on any stars till I've found out about the States. I'll ask the minister to-night, and we'll finish in the morning. You're a lot of help to me, Clary. Now I wish you'd tell, if you feel's if you could."

Clary blushed, and her cousin, looking at her, wondered at the curious softness in her face; it was something that made it a different face.

"'Tain't much to tell," said Clary, hesitatingly. "It seems a good deal to me; but when I come to tell it, I guess you won't think it's anything. I s'pose"—hesitating again—"that you didn't know I ever had a beau, did you, Jane?"

"Why, no, indeed, I didn't," with a quickening of interest. "Is that so? He didn't go round with you much, did he?"

"No he didn't have no chance. It never did seem fair to me the way Waldo North was treated, anyway; 'n' I never blamed him for nothin' he did."

"Was he one of the Norths over beyond the east village?"

"Yes, he was," rather defiantly; "and he was jest as good a young man as there was anywhere. He was stiddy to work, 'n' he didn't drink, nor use tobacco. There wa'n't a thing ag'inst him."

"The Norths haven't ever been thought much of," remarked Jane, gravely.

"I know they aint; but Waldo wa'n't to blame for what his father done; now was he?"

"No, of course not; but I never knew very much about them—only what I heard; and you can't tell anything by what you heard," cautiously responded Jane.

"No, you can't," said Clary; "but I guess old Mr. North was a real hard ticket, 'n' deserved to be shut in jail, as he was. But Waldo was dif'runt"—

Clary was sitting very erect in her chair, her hands folded on her lap; tho she maintained this position, her lip trembled as she went on:

"Waldo used to go huckleberryin' with us girls when we were little things; 'n' we all liked him; 'n' if we ever wanted anybody to do our chores we got Waldo North. You don't remember that they used to live on the farm next to us, do ye? Well, they did.

"You know how hard 'n' set Mother always was? She's dead 'n' gone now, but I can't forgit that she was hard; 'n' I never could stan' out ag'inst her, even when I knew I was right. It does sometimes happen that daughters is right and mothers is wrong. Sister Sarah could stan' right up 'n' have her own way; but I couldn't. I wilted right down; 'n', of course, I believe you ought to obey your parents.

"When we all got grown up sister Sarah married and moved over to Groton. I was left alone there to home. I was nineteen, and I didn't see no young folks from week's end to week's end; only Waldo used to manage to see me real often. He was twenty-one and had got his time. He went right to work in the factory at the village. He was smart, and he earned good wages. They found out he had a nice tenor voice, and they got him to sit in the choir in the orthodox church.

"I never sh'll forgit that summer. Waldo used to walk over after his day's work was over. The days are long in June, you know. I'd get everything done up, and then I'd hurry across the pasture to meet Waldo, and we'd walk about for a little while and talk and plan. It seemed so strange that he should love me. I didn't never expect any one to love me. I was always so awful homely; and I hadn't no pretty ways. But Waldo did love me. He give me this ring, 'n' I told him I'd always wear it, 'n' I always shall."

Clary held up her left hand; on the third finger was a thin chased gold band. She looked at the ring an instant in silence. Her cousin Jane also contemplated the trinket. She had never suspected this. As for herself, no man had ever given her a ring. She was tolerably sure that no man ever would do so. But such a gift must be extremely interesting. There were very few men in the town. When a boy grew up he went somewhere else; but the girls usually remained. It was rather dull, to be sure; but then you expected life to be dull. Sometimes the Fourth was celebrated; and it was exciting to prepare yards and yards of red, white and blue cambric, and to be uncertain how many stars to sew on.

"Why, Clary!" exclaimed Jane, in a hushed voice. She gazed at her cousin with a new interest, and Clary was conscious of being soothed by this attention.

"How did it turn out? What happened?" asked Jane, just above a whisper.

"I did'nt know's I could git so 'tached to any one," responded Clary, in the same tone, "tho I guess I always did love Waldo. We saw each other a good deal through that June. I s'pose Mother must have suspected something; but she didn't say nothing. She was terrible cross, tho. I used to do the work the very best way I could, and she couldn't find a word of fault.

"It was the first day of July that I met Waldo the last time. I was up in the pasture and I heard him comig 'n' singin' 'The Star Spangled Banner' at the top of his voice. It sounded just splendid. He was all dressed up. He said work had shut down till after the Fourth, 'n' he was goin' to be at home; and he said he was tired of sneakin' round 'n' seein' me on the sly. He said we wa'n't doing anything wrong, 'n' we needn't be underhanded.

"He looked so strong 'n' han'some that I was as proud of him's I could be. But I was afraid, all the same.

"I asked him what he was going to do, 'n' he said he'd got to hurry home then, but he was comin' the next night to the house 'n' ask to see me; 'n' he was goin' to invite me to go to Providence with him the Fourth. There was goin' to be a great celebration there, 'n' a procession, 'n' eight bands marchin' 'n' playin'. How I did want to go! Providence was twelve miles away, and fellows sometimes took their girls there. Waldo said he had engaged a horse 'n' buggy. But Father 'n' Mother'd got to know that we went, of course. I knew he was right, but I couldn't have be'n as brave as that, no way.

"Mother looked sharp at me when I got home before dark that night. I s'pose my face showed something. But she didn't speak.

"I was so nervous all the next day that I didn't know what I was doin.' I poured cream into the swill-pail and the skim milk into the churn. Mother caught the big bowl out of my hand and laughed.

"I sh'd think you was in love,' she said.

"I tell you, her words 'n' voice went right through me, 's if they was knives. I d' know what always did make me such a coward.

"Well, we'd just been to supper that night, 'n' I was washin' the dishes. The door was open but the screen door was shut. Father was settin' in his shirt sleeves outside, smokin'. I heard a quick step turn into the yard and come up the path.

"'I knew who 'twas well enough. Mother looked at me. I tried to meet her eyes, but couldn't.

"'Hullo, Waldo, that you?' I heard Father say; and then Waldo's voice:

"'Good-evenin', Mr. Wales. Folks to home?'

"'Yes; walk right in; 'less you want to have a smoke with me.'

"'No; I don't smoke. Good 4th of July weather, ain' it?'

"Waldo came in and took off his hat. Mother didn't speak, but I managed to say:

"'Won't you take a chair?'

"Waldo stood, and took hold of a chair back.

"'I called to see you, Clary,' he said.

"'I guess you can see her right here, then,' said Mother, up loud.

"'You know it's the custom for young men to call on young women, and there ain't no harm in it; 'n' Mother didn't think there was, either. 'Twa'n't that.

"Waldo didn't speak for half a minute. Then he said:

"'I come to invite Clary to go to Providence with me the Fourth. They're goin' to have a great time there.'

"'She can't go,' answered Mother.

"Waldo turned to me.

"'Don't you want to go, Clary?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'That don't make no difference,' said Mother. 'Tain't fittin'. I don't want any girl of mine round with Timothy North's son—if you will have things plain.'

"'Lucy!' said Father, from outside the door, 'Don't be so ha'sh.'

"'I mean to be understood,' said Mother.

"'I ain't to blame for what Father's done,' said Waldo.

"His face was red and his eyes burning. I longed to go to him and put my arms 'round his neck; but I kep' still.

"'No,' said Mother, in a louder voice; 'she can't go—'n' that's the end of it!'

"Waldo turned short about and flung out of the kitchen. I heard Father say:

"'Lucy, what made you so ha'sh? Waldo's a good feller.'

"'I can't help it; his father's a jail bird.'

"I made a motion 's if I'd run after Waldo, but I didn't; I didn't really dare to. Mother pushed me down in a chair, and said:

"'I've made b'lieve blind long enough. I knew you was goin' on with Waldo North; but I thought the time would come when I could put my foot down; 'n' it has. Now you c'n git up and finish them dishes; 'n' be done with your nonsense 'bout Waldo.'

"I finished the dishes with the tears droppin' from my eyes all the time. I s'pose it's wicked, but I never felt the same to Mother ever after. I did everything in the world for her when she was sick; and one of the last things she said was, 'Clary, you're a good girl.'

"I prayed about it, 'n' I really do think I forgave her. Mebby she didn't know how much I thought of Waldo. I don't think she could."

Here Clary paused so long that her companion wondered if the story was done. So Clary had had a lover—and lost him, and that was his ring that she wore.

"What's the rest of it?" inquired Jane at last.

"Oh," rousing herself, "there ain't much more. I ain't never seen Waldo since that day. I used to go up in the pastures where we used to meet, but he never came. How I did long to see him! He was so cheery and bright, 'n' jest as if he could do anything; and he loved me. No, I never expected to be loved. I never asked questions of anybody 'bout the Norths, 'n' I didn't happen to hear till toward fall that Waldo'd got a job in Boston. They said he didn't never come out, but he sent money to his father sometimes. Then the Norths moved away. No; I don't know nothing 'bout him. I expect I sh'll stay to home 'n' take care of Father's long's he lives. Father seems real well, 'n' we git 'long first rate, 'n' I have a cat; 'n' I take a lot of interest in the young things Father raises; we 'most always have a colt growin' up."

Clary reached absently forward and took up a scroll of blue cambric.

Just then the fife and drum started up so near that both the women jumped. A file of half-grown boys marched out from the rear of the house and halted in front.

"We're going to have them dressed in Continental style and call the company 'Young America,'" said Jane proudly. "Don't you think it's a good idea? They've got so they do finely."

"Three cheers for the Continental Congress!" called out the leader.

The cheers were given with a will, and sounded far down the road. The troop marched away to the fife and drum.

When the two elderly girls rose to go into the house, Jane put her hand on her cousin's shoulder, as she said, gently:

"I'm real sorry it happened so, Clary; but I s'pose it's all for the best; and perhaps you wouldn't have been happy."

"But he loved me," said Clary in a half whisper.

There was the organ in the church at the strain, "in triumph shall wave."

Clary stifled her inclination to cry. The two gathered up the cambric and carried it into the house.

That night Jane saw the minister and asked him about the number of States, and the next day she and her cousin had the stars sewed on, and took the cambric over to the vestry and draped it; and while they worked the company of boys was drilling outside, and the girl was playing the organ on the floor above; and an occasional cannon cracker was let off as a sort of safety valve; and the smoke and powder was on the air mingling with the scent of clovers and honeysuckles, and a few late roses that always lingered beyond the rest—and to-morrow would be the Fourth.

Nobody expected to sleep that night, for the boys were going to make up in noise for what they lacked in numbers; and there was to be a procession of horribles at daylight the next day.

When Clary rose from her knees, by her bed that evening, she told herself that she didn't believe she had ever been so excited in her life, and she shouldn't sleep at all.

There was reason enough as to why she shouldn't sleep, and she left her couch as soon as she could see to dress. She felt as if she were in a great city where many things were happening. Her excitement continued. It was as if she were gaining a large experience of life in a

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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