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, AUGUST 5, 1899. VOL. 68--NO. 32.

THREE SPECIALS FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION.

These are goods such as you need just at this time. At the prices we name they ought to prove exceptionally interesting.

More 97c Hammocks.

We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to secure another lot of those splendid Hammocks that we advertised a short time ago at 97 cents. They are very wide with lap edges and fringe, two stretchers, made of very strong cotton and in pretty colors. We challenge any one to show a better hammock at $1.25. 97 CENTS.

Bargain in Bed Spreads.

Such a chance as this does not come every day. Large size, good weight, and very pretty pattern, in every way an 80 cent spread, but we are offering them at 59 cents. 59 CENTS.

Blown Glass Tumblers.

Here too is a rare chance. Nice blown glass Tumblers, never sold for less than 50 cents, and perhaps never will again after this lot is gone, for we cannot guarantee this price after this lot is exhausted. Take all you can use at 35 cents. 35 CENTS.

Supplies for SUMMER WANTS.

Sticky Fly Paper (Tanglefoot) 3 sheets for 5 cents.
Large Jelly Glasses, 2 cents each.
Mason's Quart Jars 45 cents the doz.
Ice Tangs, 10 cents.
Clothes Pins 1 cent the doz.
Tin Watering Cans, 15, 24 and 30 cents.
Brownie Overalls for boys, sizes 5 to 14 years, 25 cents.
Toilet Paper, extra large package, 10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents.

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

THE WHITE PALACE.
John D. Bowers.
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

I have started the old system of giving a glass of Soda Water with every CASH purchase of

ONE DOLLAR.

I have the largest line of
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,
and prices that will astonish you. Now, to be convinced you must call.

PRIDE OF WESTMINSTER
COFFEE.
15 CENTS A POUND;
no Coffee for 25 cents per pound any better.

Whitman's Confections.
The best Candy that is sold. Dried Fruits, Canned Goods and Delicacies a specialty.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange or cash paid; highest prices paid.
JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST.,
Opp. Catholic Church. Westminster.
TELEPHONE 11-3. an-23-99-1y-6

BRING IN YOUR HOUSE AND BARN BIDS FOR US TO FIGURE ON.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of
Lumber, Sash, Doors Blinds and Mill Work
ever before offered in this city. If you want a square deal figure with us.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.
Selling Agents for ECLIPSE WALL PLASTER and RUBEROID ROOFING.

Wm. F. Derr. | Wm. F Derr.
THE GREAT
Model Emporium.
Our Store Closes at 6 P M., Except Saturday.

Parisian.

THE MIDSUMMER Sale of White.

Several thousand pieces of new dainty muslin Underwear for ladies are prepared for this sale. The garments are made from fine muslins and cambric, trimmed with pretty laces and embroidery and made in a manner as you would make them at home, are here for your at a saving at least of the making. We furnish the garments as cheap as you could buy the materials.

NIGHT GOWNS 38 CENTS, of good muslin, Mother Hubbard style, yoke of lace insertion.

NIGHT GOWNS 55 CENTS, made of fine muslin, in several different styles, trimmed with either lace or embroidery, a usual 75c garment.

NIGHT GOWNS 69 CENTS, made of fine muslin, Empire style, yoke of fine embroidery and inserting, very cheap.

CORSET COVERS 25 CENTS, made of fine cambric in either square or V. neck, trimmed with lovely lace or embroidery.

EMBROIDERY CHEAP.
Lot 1. 1000 yards pretty embroidery, 2 to 3 inches wide, regular price 8c., to-day at
5 CENTS YARD.
Lot 2. 1500 yards handsome embroidery and insertion, on fine cambric, every yard 15c quality, to-day
AT 10 CENTS YARD.

WHITE SHIRTS 75 CENTS, made of fine muslin, yoke band and deep ruffle of embroidery or hemstiched lawn.

WHITE SHIRTS $1, of very best muslin, with handsome embroidery flounce, cut wide and full, a model garment.

DRAWERS AT 25 CENTS, of good muslin, hem and cluster of tucks, some trimmed with embroidery.

DRAWERS AT 48 CENTS.
Fine muslin in these, several styles, trimmed with handsome embroidery and tucks.

SUMMER BED SPREADS.
50 nice crocheted Bed spreads, full size, hemmed ready for use, special at
45 CENTS EACH.
One lot elegant 75c spreads, in marseilles patterns, all hemmed and handsome styles, at only
63 CENTS EACH.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,
Wm. F. Derr
Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

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.

CALL AND GET PRICES
AT
WM. N. KEEFER'S,
GROCERY and FEED STORES.

SUGARS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, GLASS JARS, JELLY TUMBLERS, JAR TOPS, JAR GUMS, JUGS, CROCKS, TIN CANS, WAX STRINGS, ROSIN, AND CORKS.

GROCERY SPECIALS:
A 7-piece Berry Set free with 1 box Baking Powder.
Snaps and Crackers 5c a pound.
Good loose Coffees 10 cents a pound.
Corn Starch and Puddine 5c a box.
Baking Powder and Mustard 3c a glass.
Try our 25c Syrup, 25c a gallon.
Syrup in Buckets.
R. T. Babbitt's Soap, 6 for 25 cts.
R. T. Babbitt's Lye, 3 for 25 cts.
R. T. Babbitt's 1776, 4 cts.
Ammonia 5 cents per bottle.
Clothes Pins 1c a dozen.
1 Can Corn, 1 Can Peas, 1 Can Tomatoes for 25 cents.

LEADING BRANDS OF FLOUR:
Ralston's Brain Flour, Pillsbury Best Flour, Gorsuch's Flour, Bab's Flour, Diamond Medal and Gold Medal Flour.

FEEDS OF ALL KINDS.
Shorts, Bran, Corn, Oats, Screenings, Baled Hay and Straw.
Selling off Queensware at cost.
Call and get our prices.
WM. N. KEEFER,
88 East Main Street, Westminster.
feb-27-1y

New Coach and Carriage Factory,
PFEFFER & SON,
Manufacturers of
VEHICLES of all KINDS
REPAIRING AND PAINTING
done in the best manner.
☞Thirty years experience.
☞We guarantee that all work entrusted to us will be turned out in the most satisfactory manner.
Call and see us, we will save you money.
LIBERTY AND GREEN STS.,
fe-6-1y WESTMINSTER MD.

Proclamation.

WHEREAS at a session of the General Assembly of Maryland begun and held in the City of Annapolis on the fifth day of January, 1898, a Bill was passed proposing an Amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding a new section to Article Four thereof, to be known as Section 31 A, which said Bill and Amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 193.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of Maryland by adding a new Section to Article Four.

SECTION 1. Be It Enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, three-fifths of all the members of both houses concurring, That the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the State of Maryland, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof, as hereinafter provided, the same shall stand as an additional section to Article 4 of said Constitution, to follow section 31 and to be known as Section 31 A.

31 A. In addition to the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, which by the preceding section the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore is authorized to pay to each of the Judges of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City, the said Mayor and City Council of Baltimore is further authorized to pay to each of said Judges annually, a sum not exceeding Fifteen Hundred Dollars; provided that the same or any part thereof, being once granted, shall not be diminished during the continuance of said Judges in office.

SECTION 2. And Be It Further Enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that the said foregoing section hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof, for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article 14 of the Constitution of this State; and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot, there shall be written or printed the words, "For the Constitutional Amendment," and "Against the Constitutional Amendment," so that the voter may elect; and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by the said fourteenth Article of the Constitution.

Approved April 9th, 1898.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said Bill proposing said Constitutional Amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the City of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election, (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the seventh day of November, 1899,) at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland. Done at the City of Annapolis on the 13th day of July, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
GEORGE E. LOWEREE,
jy-22-tc Secretary of State.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE,
In Hampstead District, Carroll County

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the subscriber, as executor of the last will and testament of John Payne, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

TUESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1899, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Valuable Real Estate, to-wit:

1st. The Home Farm of said deceased, lying near Shiloh Postoffice, in Hampstead district, Carroll county, on the road leading from Richards' Mill to Westminster, and containing

188 ACRES OF LAND, more or less.

The improvements thereon consist of a fine large two-story Stone Dwelling House, containing 10 rooms and surrounded by a beautiful lawn; good Bank Barn, Carriage House, Meat House, large Stone Spring House, Hog House, Blacksmith Shop and other outbuildings; also a one and a-half story Stone Tenant House. The buildings are all in good repair. There are two wells of good water, with pumps, in the yard and convenient to the dwelling house and barn.

The land is laid off in convenient fields, with running water in every field. Twenty-five acres is good Black Oak and Hickory Wood Land and about thirty acres superior Meadow Land. The arable land is in a high state of cultivation. There is an abundance of choice fruit on the place.

This farm could be made one of the best dairy farms in the county, and is, in every way, one of the most desirable, as a home and for agricultural purposes to be found in this section of the State. It is convenient to railroads, churches, schools, mills, postoffice, &c.

2nd. A tract of land containing

20 ACRES, more or less,

separated from the home farm only by a public road. Four acres of this tract is in valuable Timber, the residue being in a high state of cultivation. There is a fine spring with running water on the premises. Both the aforegoing tracts are under good fencing.

3rd. A wood lot containing

7 ACRES, more or less,

lying on the road leading from Richards' mill to Westminster, and adjoining lands of David Leister, John Basler, Jacob Brehm and others. This land is well timbered, principally with Chestnut. It is easy of access and is valuable.

The Home Farm and the twenty acre tract will be offered separately and as a whole, and will be sold as may be most advantageous to the estate.

Persons desiring to view the aforegoing properties, or wishing further information are requested to call upon Mr. Edward T. Honck, tenant on the home farm.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money cash, on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the court, one-third in six months, and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, and bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

Also at the same time and place a lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture will be sold at Public Sale. For particulars see hand bills.

WM. B. THOMAS,
jy-29-ts Executor.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
JUNE TERM, 1899.

Estate of Abraham N. Hess, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 25th day of July, 1899, that the sale of the real estate of Abraham N. Hess, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Clarinda A. Shoemaker, Lavinia A. Long and Claudius H. Long, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this court by the said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 18th day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 21st day of August next. The report states the amount of sale to be Eighty-five Hundred and Eighty-six Dollars and Fifty-five cents. ($8,586.55.)

JACOB RINEHART,
ALBERT SCHAEFFER,
WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL, } Judges.

True Copy.—Test:
JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
jy-29-3t Register of Wills.

MICHAEL E WALSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office No. 17 East Main St., Westminster.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate and Personal Property,
In the City of Westminster, Md.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, as executor of the last will and testament of Rachel S. Tankard, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on Charles street, in the City of Westminster, on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23rd, 1899, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to-wit: A lot or parcel of land, lying on Charles street, in said city of Westminster, containing about

8625 SQUARE FEET MORE OR LESS,

and being the same land purchased by said Rachel S. Tankard, from Francis H. Orendorff and wife. The improvements thereon consist of an eight-room frame Dwelling House, with necessary outbuildings, all in good repair and making a very comfortable home.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash upon the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the court, one-third in six months and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, on notes, with approved security, with interest from the day of sale; or, all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

Also at the same time and place a lot of Household and Kitchen Furniture will be sold at Public Sale. For particulars see hand bills.

WM. B. THOMAS,
jy-29-ts Executor.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
JUNE TERM, 1899.

Estate of William Meyer, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 25th day of July, 1899, that the sale of the real estate of William Meyer, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Jonas D. Myers and William H. Myers, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this court by the said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 28th day of August, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 21st day of August, next. The report states the amount of sale to be Eighteen Hundred Dollars. ($1800.)

JACOB RINEHART,
ALBERT SCHAEFFER,
WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL, } Judges.

True copy.—Test:
JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
jy-29-3t Register of Wills.

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 Clerk

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Select Poetry.

THE LAND OF ANYHOW.

Beyond the isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be when I was young,
The land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm—
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully!

When boys and girls their tasks would slight
And cloud poor mother's brow
He'd say, "Don't care! It's good enough!
Just do it anyhow."

But when in after-life they longed
To make proud fortune bow,
He let them find that fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plow,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the land of Anyhow.

—Union Signal.

Select Story.

Nathan Schack's Wife.

BY CORNELIA KANE RATHBONE.

From the Independent.

Nathan Schack's wife leaned out into the raw March wind and looked down the road, holding the door half shut behind her. Nothing was stirring between the gray rail fences of the muddy highway, except the melancholy, brittle stalks of last year's golden-rod, which bent stiffly before the wind, like the creaking back of an octogenarian.

"I guess I'd better go down to the tavern and fetch him," she said, coming back into the kitchen, and dropping down heavily into a wooden chair against the wall.

"It's early yet," mumbled her sister-in-law. She was trimming her old hat with fresh ribbons, and her mouth was full of pins.

"No, it ain't; it's going on three, and there's no telling when he'll get home if I don't—nor how. The dinner I've kept for him will be burned to a cinder. I'd better go, I guess. Keep the children out of his way, Luce; like as not he'll be ugly."

"You're an awful fool to go; you'll catch it if you do."

"I'm used to it," said Mrs. Schack. "Seeing as I've married him, I'll do my duty by him the best I can."

Luce laughed. It's a pity all the men don't know what good wives the poorhouse turns out."

"Hold your tongue! I can't stand any of that to-day," said Mrs. Schack, turning on her fiercely.

The poorhouse was a sore subject to Mrs. Schack; she had been born there. Her mother, who had died in giving her birth, had given no name and told no story; but after she was dead a small gold locket, marked "A. M. S.," was found around her neck, and the baby was named Anna Maria Smith, after the letters.

The locket filled little Anna Maria's head with some foolish hopes and fancies; but Mrs. Bidwell took all that nonsense out of her, as she said, while she was still too young to quite understand why a ring and not a locket was needed to make her dreams realities. When she did understand she hid the one, sweet, cherished imagining of her life, her idea of her mother, deep in her heart, shielding it tenderly from every cruel or irreverent touch.

"Whatever they say she was, she'd have loved me!" she cried, with a sudden chilling sense of utter, irremediable loss.

She was twelve when she left the poorhouse, and went to live with Mrs. Elisha Bidwell. Mrs. Bidwell did her duty by her conscientiously, looking upon her, as she told her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Pringle, as a brand to be snatched if possible from the burning. Snatching is not a gentle process, and Mrs. Bidwell's hands were rough. When she was twenty-five Anna Maria married Nathan Schack to get away. Mrs. Bidwell, for her part, said she was glad enough to get her taken off her hands.

"She's got the very devil in her," she said to Mrs. Jackson, the doctor's wife. "I don't believe if you was to baptise her once a week you could drowned him out."

She's a queer girl," said Mrs. Jackson; "she doesn't seem to get on with folks. She's pretty lucky to get a husband, when all's said."

"I don't know much about him," said Mrs. Bidwell; "but she's lucky to get any sort of a one; that's the way I feel about it. He's from Bloomville, that's all I know; he came to see 'Lisha on business once or twice, and stayed all night, it being such a way to Bloomville, and I guess he liked Anna Maria's cooking. I must say she's capable, I'll miss her that way."

So Anna Maria married Nathan Schack, and got away. She thought that now, perhaps, she was going to be happy. She had always had a secret longing for happiness, in spite of Mrs. Bidwell's percepts, and the Rev. Mr. Pringle's dreary sermons. She knew they would have called her unregenerate had they known it; but she did not care much. She jeered at herself unsparingly, however, for her foolishness.

"You're a fine one to think about anything like that, when you're as homely as a hedge fence, and folks hate you," she cried.

But when Nathan Schack asked her to marry him, she began, not exactly to hope, but to wonder whether, after all, some happiness could be coming to her.

Nathan Schack took her home to a cheerless, neglected-looking house on the outskirts of the village. It rained when he lifted her out of the buggy, and the water stood in puddles on the uneven brick walk to the door. The rain dripped drearily from the dark, straggling lilac bushes which thrust themselves through the spaces in the dilapidated fence, and spurted noisily from the broken gutter above the porch, down over the stone step below. Anna Maria's wedding dress was quite ruined, and it was the first really new dress that she had ever had, her gowns always having been made over before out of Mrs. Bidwell's old ones. This had been Mrs. Bidwell's wedding present. It was gray merino, with a ruffle round the bottom; scant to be sure, but still a ruffle, and had two folds of satin which did not match running down the front of the rather shapeless waist on either side of the crochet buttons. There was a full ruching of coarse white tulle around the neck, fastened with a pink bow, and there were pink ribbons and a rose on the bonnet. And all this was spoiled! The color ran out of the ribbons, and the rain spotted and wrinkled the thin, cheap stuff. Anna Maria, who was not much given to tears, cried over that wedding dress the next day. She had been so proud of it, and she had looked forward to making such a fine appearance in it, walking up the aisle on Sunday, for the first time in her new home.

As they came up the walk through the rain a thin, sharp featured girl threw open the door and stood in it.

"Here's Luce," said Nathan Schack, "I didn't tell you about Luce, did I? I hope you will get on with her; nobody else can."

"How d'y do," said Luce, with a shrill laugh. "What a fool you were to marry brother Nathan; not a girl round here would have him for a farm."

Then Anna Mary stopped wondering.

She had been married ten years now, and had long since learned that there was no such a thing as happiness for the wife of Nathan Schack, tho the people who knew him best said there was a good side to the man when he was sober. Her intense, repressed nature chafed and rebelled against her misery; but she did her duty faithfully by the man she had married, half from the stern religious training of her youth, half from a fierce pride which sealed her lips against all complaint. Luce's presence in the house had been an added trial. There was something impish and uncanny about the girl, and she seemed to take a reckless delight in goading and exasperating her sister-in-law past endurance. She only laughed now when Mrs. Schack bade her hold her tongue, after her taunt about the poorhouse.

Fortunately little Dan Schack ran in just then and created a diversion.

"May Johnny and me go up to Tom Trainer's," he cried; they're going to"—

"Oh yes, yes," cried Mrs. Schack, pushing the boy nervously out of the room; "run away, Danny, and don't bother me; I'm all on edge to-day!"

She took her dusty straw "flat," and tied it slowly under her chin, looking through the window at the boys, as they ran down the rough brick walk.

"I'm always expecting Danny'll break his neck on those bricks," she said; "he never looks where he's going."

"Yes, he is clumsy," said Luce, pleasantly.

"He ain't, he's jest heedless," said Mrs. Schack, shortly. "Here's Mrs. Pettis coming in."

Mrs. Pettis had come to borrow a flour seive, her's being broken.

"You'll bring it right back, won't you? I'd a mind to make some pies," said Mrs. Schack.

"I won't keep it any time; I'm real obliged to you," said her neighbor. "I won't keep you, as I see you're going out."

"Well I was," said Mrs. Schack. "I was going down to Dr. Holmes'; Annie ain't jest right, somehow."

"What was the use of saying that about Annie?" said Luce, when Mrs. Pettis was gone. Don't you suppose she knew where you were going? She's seen you often enough to, I guess."

"Well, Annie ain't first rate, and likely I will stop to the doctor's, so 'twasn't altogether a lie. Anyway I couldn't help it; I had to say it."

Luce stuck the last pin in her hat and went toward a foggy little glass to try the effect. As she passed her sister-in-law she paused and eyed her reflectively with an irritating smile. She was in one of her worst moods to-day. "I don't see how you come to be so proud and thin-skinned, Anna Maria," she said, still smiling. "You couldn't have got it from your folks, could you?"

"Luce Schack, you make me jest hate you sometimes!" cried the other, passionately.

She struck the girl accross the mouth with the back of her bony hand as she spoke. The blow was a light one, but so sudden that Luce started backward. Behind her the door of the cellar stairs stood open. She tried to seize at something as she fell, but could not save herself.

"Luce!" cried. Mrs. Schack, springing to her; but she was gone.

Mrs. Schack, giddy with horror, clung to the doorway, listening to the thud of the girl's body as it struck the stairs.

"Luce, Luce!" she called, peering into the blackness below, her voice shrill with fright.

Getting no answer she crawled down the steep stairs, feeling along each step with her shaking hands, lest she should tread on Luce in the darkness.

"Don't let her have struck the stone floor! O God, don't let her have struck the stone floor!" she kept praying aloud, in a wild, unreasoning way.

Luce was lying in a motionless heap at the very bottom. Mrs. Schack wrenched open the wooden cellar shutter, and let in a dim light. Then she went back to Luce and tried to lift her, but the girl groaned.

"Here's Luce," said Nathan Schack, "I didn't tell you about Luce, did I? I hope you will get on with her; nobody else can."

"How d'y do," said Luce, with a shrill laugh. "What a fool you were to marry brother Nathan; not a girl round here would have him for a farm."

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"May Johnny and me go up to Tom Trainer's," he cried; they're going to"—

"Oh yes, yes," cried Mrs. Schack, pushing the boy nervously out of the room; "run away, Danny, and don't bother me; I'm all on edge to-day!"

She took her dusty straw "flat," and tied it slowly under her chin, looking through the window at the boys, as they ran down the rough brick walk.

"I'm always expecting Danny'll break his neck on those bricks," she said; "he never looks where he's going."

"Yes, he is clumsy," said Luce, pleasantly.

"He ain't, he's jest heedless," said Mrs. Schack, shortly. "Here's Mrs. Pettis coming in."

Mrs. Pettis had come to borrow a flour seive, her's being broken.

"You'll bring it right back, won't you? I'd a mind to make some pies," said Mrs. Schack.

"I won't keep it any time; I'm real obliged to you," said her neighbor. "I won't keep you, as I see you're going out."

"Well I was," said Mrs. Schack. "I was going down to Dr. Holmes'; Annie ain't jest right, somehow."

"What was the use of saying that about Annie?" said Luce, when Mrs. Pettis was gone. Don't you suppose she knew where you were going? She's seen you often enough to, I guess."

"Well, Annie ain't first rate, and likely I will stop to the doctor's, so 'twasn't altogether a lie. Anyway I couldn't help it; I had to say it."

Luce stuck the last pin in her hat and went toward a foggy little glass to try the effect. As she passed her sister-in-law she paused and eyed her reflectively with an irritating smile. She was in one of her worst moods to-day. "I don't see how you come to be so proud and thin-skinned, Anna Maria," she said, still smiling. "You couldn't have got it from your folks, could you?"

"Luce Schack, you make me jest hate you sometimes!" cried the other, passionately.

She struck the girl accross the mouth with the back of her bony hand as she spoke. The blow was a light one, but so sudden that Luce started backward. Behind her the door of the cellar stairs stood open. She tried to seize at something as she fell, but could not save herself.

"Luce!" cried. Mrs. Schack, springing to her; but she was gone.

Mrs. Schack, giddy with horror, clung to the doorway, listening to the thud of the girl's body as it struck the stairs.

"Luce, Luce!" she called, peering into the blackness below, her voice shrill with fright.

Getting no answer she crawled down the steep stairs, feeling along each step with her shaking hands, lest she should tread on Luce in the darkness.

"Don't let her have struck the stone floor! O God, don't let her have struck the stone floor!" she kept praying aloud, in a wild, unreasoning way.

Luce was lying in a motionless heap at the very bottom. Mrs. Schack wrenched open the wooden cellar shutter, and let in a dim light. Then she went back to Luce and tried to lift her, but the girl groaned.

"She ain't dead; I ain't killed her!" she cried. "I got to get the doctor quick! I can't stir her."

She laid the girl's head down again upon the stones, and stumbled up the stairs, pursued by Luce's groans, and the dreary banging of the shutter as it swung to and fro in the wind. She snatched her shawl from its nail and flung it around her as she ran out through the door. She changed her pace to a rapid walk after she passed the sheltering lilac bushes; for under no circumstances could Mrs. Schack forget the eye of her world.

She thought hours must have passed since Luce had stood looking at her with a maddening smile, but in reality only a few minutes had gone by; stout, slow Mrs. Pettis had only just reached her door.

"I hope Dr. Holmes'll set the baby all straight," she called out.

"I guess there ain't much the matter," answered Mrs. Schack. "I'm easy scared."

Her eyes were so full of that motionless figure on the cellar floor that she did not see her husband reel out of the tavern and stagger up the road.

The doctor lived at the further end of the village, a long walk from the Schack's house, and when she reached there he was out.

"I guess he's gone down to the Karneys'; Jim's sick," said Mrs. Holmes. "I'll send him up to your house when he comes in. What's the matter?"

"Nothing much," said Mrs Schack. "Annie ain't quite right. That's all." She could not bring herself somehow to say more than that.

"You look real bad yourself," said the doctor's wife.

"Oh, I'm well enough."

Mrs. Schack turned down the road to the Karneys', walking with feverish haste, and running when she thought nobody was in sight. But the doctor had come and gone; so she turned homeward. There was a group of men and boys around the gate when she reached it, and the doctor's horse was tied to the fence. Mrs. Shack's knees seemed to give way beneath her.

"She's dead, and they've found her; they know I killed her," she thought.

"Here she is," somebody said.

Mrs. Pettis met her at the door: "Oh, you poor soul, I've awful news for you," she said, drawing her in.

Mrs. Schack let herself be led into the kitchen where other of her neighbors were gathered, and seated in the rocking chair, like a child.

"Don't look like that, you poor creature," cried kindly Mrs. Pettis; "the children are all right; it ain't them. I know you're thinking it's them, but it ain't; it's Luce. Bad news is best broke quick. Mrs. Shack—Luce is dead! Nathan knocked her down the cellar stairs in one of his rages. When I got back with the sieve I found him lying dead drunk at the top of the staire, and Luce groaning at the bottom. I ran for folks to help and we got her up, but I couldn't do nothing; she died most as soon as we brought her up. Ain't it awful?"

Mrs. Pettis took one of Mrs. Schack's cold hands in her soft, fat grasp, and patted it gently.

Mrs. Schack struggled to speak; but it seemed as if a hand were clutching at her throat and choking back the words.

"It's awful for her; ain't it?" said one of the neighbors.

"Where's Nathan?" gasped Mrs. Schack at last.

The women looked at one another.

"Well, I hate to have to tell you, you poor soul; but I suppose you'll have to know—they have took him to jail," said Mrs. Pettis.

"He never done it!" Mrs. Schack started upright in her chair, her lean hands clutching the wooden arms of the rocker, and forced the words through her stiff lips.

Mrs. Pettis shook her head lugubriously.

"My Johnny says that when he went by the house a little while before I got here he heard Nathan swearing at something or 'nother, and there he was, right at the top of the stairs, with a great club of a stick long side him. I always said Luce was crazy the way she used to rile him. I guess she did it once too often, poor thing."

"He never done it," said Mrs. Schack again, more faintly. She was going to tell them in a minute, she explained to herself—just in a minute.

"It's jest like you to stick up for him; you've been a first-rate wife," said Mrs. Pettis, soothingly; "but you got to face the truth, you poor thing. I've been looking for something to happen this long while, Mrs. Schack. I've been scared out of my life for those children sometimes; I have, honest. We know Nathan well round here, you see. I've said to Mr. Pettis times and times: John, I've said, if Mrs. Schack was to be took what would become of those children of hers, unless Nathan Schack mended his ways, which he won't. Sheriff Brown says 'tain't likely they'll hang him for it; and jest think how much better off you and the children'll be without him. Think of it that way, do, now, you poor soul!"

Was it Mrs. Pettis rambling on in her clumsy, well-meaning way, thought Mrs. Schack, or was it the Devil who was whispering to her?

"It might have been you instead of Luce, and then think of those children left. There's something to be thankful for, my dear, like there is in most things," Mrs. Pettis was saying, piously. Was it Mrs. Pettis?

Suddenly Mrs. Schack put aside her neighbor's soft, stroking hand and rose to her feet. With her hand on the knob of the parlor door she turned and looked at the neighbors.

"You've been real kind," she said, in a hoarse, strained voice; "but don't anybody come near me, please—I want to be by myself."

Then she went in and shut the door.

The chill of the unused room, or the thought that Luce would be laid out in it soon, made her shiver slightly.

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