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, DECEMBER 2, 1899. VOL. 68--NO. 49.

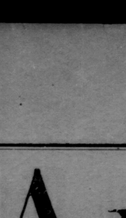
BUSY DAYS.

This store is a busy place just now. Aside from the throngs of customers, which during the busy hours press us, every member of our force is toiling early and late to prepare the grand display of Christmas goods which is soon to greet you. In fact we have already begun, but we have only made a beginning, just given you a glimpse of what is to follow, just a hint of our great stocks, to set you thinking. Watch us closely from now to Christmas.

LAP ROBES.

You need these now. We have some rare beauties, and the prices are just as attractive. We bought them very much under their real worth, one of those sharp little bargains which our buyers frequently pick up, and we are selling them the same way. Ask to see them.

NEWS FROM DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

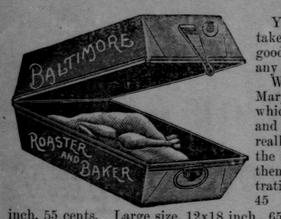


We have still a few pieces of those fine Dress Plaids advertised at 39c, they will not last much longer. They are rare bargains and you should not miss them.

Canton Flannel is going very rapidly and you should not delay your purchases if you wish to get it at the old price.

We have a special value in Bat Cotton, at 10c the pound; worth, and cannot, we feel sure, be bought anywhere else for less than 12½c. It is perfectly smooth and fine, free from lumps or black specks. 10c the pound.

FROM HOUSEFURNISHING DEPARTMENT.



You know what an advance has taken place in all kinds of iron goods, it has been greater than on any other kind of goods.

We have a lot of the celebrated Maryland Double Roasting Pans, which we bought at the old price, and which we will sell you at really less than they are worth at the factory today. You all know them, they are just like the illustration. Small size, 10x14 inch., 45 cents. Medium size, 11x16 inch, 55 cents. Large size, 12x18 inch., 65 cents. We have only about 50 of them and no more can be had at this price.

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.

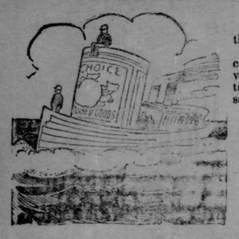
T. W. MATHER & SONS. Telephone Call 24

THE WHITE PALACE.

John D. Bowers.

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

SHIP AHOY!



Just in—the finest and most delicious things in Cans, Jugs, and Jars.

If your appetite needs whetting, just come in. Summer markets are at your service all the year 'round—the choicest vegetables, fruits, preserves, etc., a big stock, selling at low prices.

Whitman's Confections--

NONE BETTER.

PRIDE OF WESTMINSTER COFFEE, none better, 15c lb. Citron, Currants, Raisins, Figs, Prunes, Apricots, Peaches, Malaga Grapes; Mince Meats, Heinz goods—best—Loose Pickles Sweets and Sour, Staple and Fancy Groceries, Hominy Grits, Pillsbury Vitos, Ralston Breakfast Food, Petty John. Patent Medicines—none fresher in town.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 E. MAIN ST.,

Opp. Catholic Church. Westminster.

TELEPHONE, C. & P., 11-3. ap-23-99 1y 7

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 MODEL STORE NEWS.

THE TOY STORE

is open to-day, bring the children in. This is the most elaborate showing of Toys and Santa Claus things we have ever had—Soldiers, Guns, Boats, Drums, Horns, Dolls, Games, Tool Boxes, etc., every-thing new and attractive. The little ones will be delighted. Never have they seen such a fine display. All the articles are well made and the prices are very little. Goods can be purchased now and delivered when wanted.

Remember we specially invite the children to Santa Claus' headquarters. He will be here later in person.

WOMEN'S SUITS

a half and more below actual value. Now, just at the height of your season, we are going to ask you to take all we have left from this season's great selling at a very good saving for you. Twenty-seven handsome made Tailored Suits, regular $15 values, in black and navy Serges and Cheviots, Jackets lined throughout with Satin, several styles, to-day only $10.

HANDKERCHIEFS

For Men, Women and Children—more than a thousand dozen and nearly a hundred styles from 5c to $1 each.

The most elaborate display we have ever had. Pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs for ladies, at 10c. You will find them hard to match for 15c.

Men's pure flax linen Handkerchiefs, large size, two size hems, at 15c, 20c, 25c.

Finer Handkerchiefs for ladies in every desirable style, at prices from 15c to 75c—Lace trimmed, Embroidered or plain hemstitched.

If you buy half dozen or more at 15c or over we will put them in a pretty box made for the purpose and tie with ribbon, gratis.

DRESS GOODS.

Tempting news to-day among the Dress Goods news, of marked reductions on new seasonable goods, that you nor your friends will tire of quickly. 33c for pretty all wool Dress Goods, that until to-day we have sold freely at 50c and 65c—a big table full—may be twenty sorts.

Also some fine imported Dress Patterns at less than half price. Two very handsome ones at $6 each, and some at lower prices. Have been up to $15.

BOOKS: YOUNG OR OLD.

Our Book department is complete, with all the leading and popular books of the day, including Bibles and Nursery Books at much less than the publishers' price.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANICA.

The new Werner Edition, here, in 30 royal octavo Volumes, American supplement. The knowledge of the whole world compressed into five feet of Bookshelf. These very interesting books give you information on every subject.

Come in and see them, join the club now forming and see how easy they can be bought—$1 down and easy monthly payments for a short time.

Store Open Evenings until Christmas.

THE GREAT

Model Emporium.

WM. F. DERR.

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

A WARM NUMBER.

We have a lot of "Warm Numbers" in our Stock of

WINTER HATS, SHOES,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS, Etc.

They tempt the cold cash from a good many pockets, and make the giving up of it a pleasure.

SPECIAL.—About 6 doz. pairs Ladies' Sample Shoes, in Lace and Button, pat. Tip and Tip of same, worth $2.00. Will be sold for $1.50.

Men's Coarse Boots at $1.25 and up. The only exclusive Shoe and Hat Store in the city. Give us a call.

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

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

I don't ask you to remember many things. The great facts are easy enough to carry in your mind.

1st. I sell **Pure Liquors, Wine and Beer.**

2nd. I sell them for **Less Money** than they can be bought anywhere else

3rd. When you buy by the gallon I furnish a **Jug Free.**

4th. I only employ first-class workmen in my **Cigar Factory.**

5th. Nothing but first-class **Tobacco** used in manufacturing Cigars.

LEFFERT'S DOUBLE STORE,

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

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

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

OFFICE—Albaugh Building, Court street Westminster, Md.

DR. CHAS. R. FOUTZ

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,

OFFICE, 170 W. MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER.

Clinical diagnoses with microscope.

Office hours: 8 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 2, and 7 to 8 P. M. Ear, Nose and Throat treated specially. ly-24-3m

GO TO SCHOOL BOARD & Room $2.00 a week.

Tuition low. All books free. SITUATIONS GUARANTEED. Over 50 Remington and Smith Premier typewriters. 354 students last year from 7 States. 8th year. Send for catalogue. Address, STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Department 74, Baltimore, Md.

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-24-y 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.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Maryland.

In the matter of the petition of Almar W Pickett, surviving husband.

Ordered, this 6th day of November, 1899, by the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, on the petition of Almar W. Pickett, surviving husband of Mary J. Pickett, late of Carroll county, deceased, who died intestate in said county, without leaving child, children or descendants, nor requiring administration on her estate as alleged, that the title and right to the personal property, including all choses in action, which said deceased owned and left at her death, it is hereby declared, have passed to her said surviving husband; and that this order will be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown in this Court on or before the 28th day of November inst., provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, once in each of two successive weeks before the 21st day of November inst.

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

True copy,—Test:

JOSEPH D. BROOKS, Register of Wills.

nov 11 2t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JACOB SAUBLE,

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 6th day of June, 1900; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 6th day of November, 1899.

GEORGE LAMBERT,
LYDIA SAUBLE,
nov-11-4t Executors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN S. REPP,

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 7th day of June, 1900, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 6th day of November, 1899.

ESTHER J. REPP, Executrix.

nov-11-4t

NO. 3754 EQUITY.

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

Andrew D. Reese in his individual capacity and as administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed of David Reese, deceased, vs. Andrew D. Reese and Horace G. Reese, executors of the last will and testament of Sarah C. Reese, deceased, and others.

Ordered this 24th day of November, 1899, that the sales of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Andrew D. Reese, the trustee appointed by the decree passed therein to sell the same, be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of December next; provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Carroll county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of December next. The report states the amount of sales to be $807.58.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:

no-25-3t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA. Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ANNIE M. ANDERS,

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 20th day of June, 1900, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 20th day of November, 1899.

JOHN T. ANDERS, Administrator.

nov-25-4t

NO. 3691 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

The Westminster Savings Bank (a body corporate of the State of Maryland,) Mortagee, vs. George W. Long and Caroline C. Long, his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered this 17th day of November, A. D. 1899, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:

nov-18-2t JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA. Clerk.

NO. 3729 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

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

Ordered this 22rd day of November, A. D. 1899, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA. Clerk

nov-25-2t

WANTED.

SMALL WHITE SOUP BEANS. Highest market prices paid.

ALBAUGH & BABYLON GROCERY COMPANY,

nov-18-3t. Westminster, Md.

Use Dr. Miles' NERVE PLASTERS for SPINAL WEAKNESS. All druggists sell 'em for 25c.

Select Poetry.

WHEN FATHER MAKES THE FIRE.

When Father mornings makes the fire—
For sometimes Mother's sick—
We children run and climb a tree
All on the double quick,
And though we climb up to the top
We wish the tree was higher,
For chips just scatter everywhere
When Father makes the fire.

We always know when it's his turn,
'Cause 'fore he comes downstairs
He rips out words that sound just like
Our iceman when he swears;
And cats and dogs and hens and geese
From out his path retire,
And scat 'way out to our back lot
When Father makes the fire.

Then 'fore he gives the kitchen stove
A-shakin', like as not
He kicks the scuttle 'cross the floor
And breaks the coffee pot;
And when he takes the ashes out
The fates and him conspire
To sift them on the tablecloth
When Father makes the fire.

They say that war is terrible,
And plagues and pestilence,
And that they bring to sons of men
Great suffering and expense;
But I'll just bet they can't compare
With woes that we acquire
When Ma's away, or sick abed,
And Father makes the fire.

Select Story.

From the Independent.

THE SWORD IN THE SHEATH.

BY LUELLA P. MELOY.

A buggy drawn by a fat horse was slowly rattling up a long, uneven and stony hill. The horse was panting and trembling, for the day was hot; so just at the top of the hill, where the trees at the edge of a thicket made a shade, the driver stopped. Below him lay a Western Pennsylvania landscape. The distant earth met the sky in a purple mountain-line; as far as the eye could reach were powerful hills seemingly infinite in their variety of form, which in their hollows, on their slopes, their rugged or rounded tops, bare golden patches of harvested grain set in all shades of green, ranging from the intensity of the unknown grass to the shadows of forests. At the foot of the ridge on which he rested was the Youghiogheny River, the Dare-Devil Yough, and over it, around the sharply-outlined hillside, curled the smoke from the town. The man in the buggy saw none of these things. His pale, tired, almost expressionless face was turned toward a little butterfly fluttering in the thicket, while he repeated slowly to himself:

"Are we sent
Upon a planet just to mate and die,
A man no more than some pale butterfly,
That yields his day to nature's sole intent,
Or is my life but Marguerite's ox-eyed flower
That I should stand and pluck and fling away,
One after one the petals of each hour,
Like a love-dreamy girl and only say
Loves me and loves me not and loves me?
Nay!
Let the man's mind awake to manhood's power."

As he said "Nay," he seized the reins, and the buggy rattled sharply onward. He was soon before a house in a small, untidy farm. A man on horseback, going to town, had halted to banter with a forward-looking girl who was picking berries. The man was fresh and florid, somewhat past thirty years of age. His easy, almost flabby attitude indicated considerable admiration not of a high kind. The man in the buggy stopped "How do you do, Mr. Dawson? How is Mrs. Dawson?"

"Good-day, Rever'nd. She ain't no better. Had a bad night." The minister hesitated. "Your wife is a very sick woman," he said.

The man had already leaned toward the girl. "Yes, she is, Rever'nd," he answered lazily over his shoulder.

To the minister's right in an inclosure beside the broken fence, were four huge, filthy hogs. One of them lay looking up at him. The outline of its neck and the turn of its head completed its likeness, as he thought, to the man he had just passed.

The barn was directly in front of the house, and in a small open space stood a broken farm wagon which the minister had to drive around before he could find a hitching-place. The yard he passed through was bare in spots of grass which grew rank at the sides of the house. Through grass and bareness all sorts of wornout things were scattered; tin cans, half a washbowl, a plow-handle, and a wooden chair seat. A flock of half grown chickens and turkeys scuttled away from him as he stepped on the unscrubbed porch. The minister stopped for a minute, looking away from the squalid place in which he stood, up at the clear sky and away at the scene before him, realizing for the first time that day the wonderful beauty of nature.

Then he went in and entered the room where the sick woman lay. She looked very old; but she was indeed only twenty-eight, no older than the man who sat beside her and took her hot, wasted hand in his. She was not able to speak as she gasped for breath; so he read to her from St. John and the Psalms. It was a sad sight—this comfortless room with its two human beings. Death was there with fingers on the throat of struggling life; yet the saddest thing of all was the hopeless, inactive face of the man; for the woman smiled as the familiar words fell on her ear. The minister prayed, and then he arose from his knees and sat still for a minute looking around the room. There were two pictures on the wall, both chromos. One, the bust of a woman, was printed on paper that had been white—in pink for the face, neck and arms, black for the hair, crimson for the dress, and yellow for the chain around her neck. Below the picture part was the name "Emma." It hung above the head of the dying woman to whom it had been given in her healthy childhood, and for whom "Emma" had been the ideal of beautiful womanhood beyond the farm. Over the mantel-shelf was the other picture—an oil chromo, "Simply to Thy cross I cling." In the grate and below it, were the ashes left from a fire made on the last chilly night.

The minister picked up a fan from the patchwork quilt, and gently waved the flies away from the sick woman's face. She opened her brilliant eyes and tried to speak. As he bent over her, she whispered: "I shall see the baby." "Yes, Mrs. Dawson, we awake from this agonized dream to find love"

Mrs. Dawson's parents had lived on a rented farm, and so, as soon as she was grown, she had "lived out" as "hird help." The summer she was eighteen Mr. Dawson, a widower, came with the threshers. The slender, rosy-cheeked girl attracted him and before long they were married.

The rosy cheeks soon faded, but they lasted longer than Mr. Dawson's admiration. She was only his "woman," the least valued of his live stock. In seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, the heavy work went on, but whatever changes the season brought, Mrs. Dawson had no "hired help." In truth, her only companion was Mr. Dawson's son, a half-witted boy. After a good many years a new hope came to Mrs. Dawson, and for months, as she toiled in her time of weakness and pain, she was happy. The feeble child she bore lived but a few days, and the mother lost her power for patient toil. She never regained her strength for the week after the baby died she lingered at its grave so late one March day that she took pneumonia. If any tenderness had been shown her, if any change had been brought into her life, if she had even been taken care of her constitution would have been likely to conquer; but disease was easily victor over a body burdened with the accumulated drudgery of years, and a mind that, never having known freedom, was now bereft of hope.

"Her murderer will never be punished," thought the minister, "and not even can remorse be the wife's avenger, for he is too indifferent to realize what he has done." A new thought about his own duty came to him, and so absorbed him that he was not aware of any other presence in the room until a voice at his elbow startled him. The voice belonged to an old neighbor woman who came in to stay with Mrs. Dawson, as she did now. The labored breathing had stopped. The form on the bed was motionless. The old woman took the place on the wooden armchair, and the minister started homeward. He stopped to visit a man in the field, and, as he was leaving he saw Mr. Dawson coming home. His first impulse was to drive on quickly to get the man out of his sight, but he stopped. Yes, it was his opportunity. He was cold and trembling; then his heart bounded, the blood was tingling in his face; and now they faced each other, the slight man in the buggy and the powerful man on horseback. The minister laid down the reigns. His hands clenched.

"Mr. Dawson," he began, miserably. "I have a duty——" Just then running footsteps were heard behind the buggy. It was Mr. Dawson's son. He did not look at his father.

"Oh, Mr. Campbell," he shouted. "She's—she's dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Mr. Dawson. "Well, the will of the Lord be done," and he galloped briskly on. Mr. Campbell looked around irresolute. After all, there were no mourners to be comforted. He gathered up the reins and drove home.

He stopped at the post-office, and threaded his way, as in a dream among the loafers on the steps. He did not see who they were as he returned their greetings. He took his letters mechanically; but the handwriting on [illegible] the direction of his thoughts and brought him to himself instantly. He could scarcely wait to reach home that he might read it.

It was a short letter; it had no formal beginning and no signature, yet he looked at these words a long time:

"I know I was not able to tell you in such a way that you could understand how I feel. It was so dreadful to me to see your expression last night that I cried for hours. If I could only do something to help it all. But don't you agree with me that I cannot? I I love you so much that your grieving hurts me, and yet I don't love you enough. It isn't my fault, is it, that some qualities not nearly so noble as yours attract me? When I think of your patience, your forgetfulness of self, your sacrifices for the sick and the unhappy, I know the unsuitableness is all in my own mean, poor nature. You will forgive me I know; but if only for my sake, try not be unhappy about me."

Robert Campbell dropped his head on his hands. This letter had come at the very hour to complete his misery and self-hatred. He knew very well what was lacking in in her love, if she did not. Patience and self-sacrifice were of very little weight when he tried to balance them against strength—the strength that wins a woman. Yes, the man who had let the murderer pass on unaccused was a coward, and the woman he loved was right in obeying her instinct.

It seemed as if all the weak times of his life ran before his eye like accusing ghosts. He remembered the little, white, long-curled boy who was afraid of horses and ran from the next door neighbor's little black dog. To this day he could not forbear a start when he saw a little black dog unexpectedly.

Then there had been the bigger little boy, who played with girls all the time because he was afraid to fight, and no self-respecting set of boys since the days of Cain and Abel has ever been willing to admit a boy who won't fight.

Then as a boy of fifteen, he never could jump on freight trains to steal rides, and, as an academy student and a collegian, he was disgusted with football games, if he paid any attention at all to them. He had never been able to join in the bold guying of his old mossback professors. He had been, as he thought, but a living presentment of that unstiffened and false to life character of fiction, the Sunday-school book hero.

Only once he acted out of character, and how many times had he trembled with shame and remorse as he thought of the awful thing he had done that once. It happened when as a sophomore he had attempted to teach a country school. The success of a country school teacher depends partly on the firmness of his predecessor and partly on his own appearance of muscular development. Both of these essentials were wanting in the case of Robert Campbell, and he endeavored to gain the confidence of his pupils by affection and their respect by common sense. The result was as may be pictured. In less than a week he found himself facing a mob composed of forty struggling, mocking, defiant human beings. His mild reasonings made no change; the little boys crawled under the seats and pinched each other's legs; the big boys whistled and talked out loud; the little girls wriggled and quarreled; the big girls grimaced and flirted. Scarcely knowing why he did so, but following an honored custom, the young teacher prepared a dozen hickory switches. As he carried these weapons into his school, he was received with an open burst of derison. It was no wonder that the puzzled, frightened looking youth was contemptible to the forty young bullies; for, before the change, he was their inferior in strength. As to the change, not even the teacher himself knew at what instant or by what influence it came about. Much less did any of the opposing party know what had transformed their weak opponent into a maddened avenger. Such he was, indeed for he seized the oldest boy in school—a clumsy fellow—twisted his shirt collar until the boy was crimson, and flung him back of the stove. The boy next in size made some resistance, but as the teacher's clutch descended on his coat collar, he wiggled out of the coat and fled by way of a window. The leaders of the insurrection were routed, but the victor charged right on. Every hair on his blond head seemed tipped with flame; his large eyes were the blue blades that go flashing to the heart of the enemy; his muscles were steel, his movements lightning. To the disgrace of all, be it said, he whipped every member of his school, excepting only three boys who escaped because they were agile enough to jump through the window. In this impartial thrashing not a girl was slighted, whether she were little and rosy-cheeked, or full grown with previously cherished notions of flirting. On that day he gained the unanimous respect of his school and an experimental knowledge of sin.

And now, in this wretched hour, that never-to-be-forgotten scene came before him and he felt for the first time a little glow of satisfaction in the deed. But he was too deeply despondent to answer to any suggestion of cheer. "Oh, yes," he said, bitterly, "I have the brute in me, but I am not a man. At last I know myself for a coward."

The next day but one was the day of Mrs. Dawson's funeral, and with all due ceremony her body was brought to the villiage church. The church was flooded with the July sunshine. In the glare of it, just in front of the high platform, lay the coffin. On its lid was a wreath of gaudy garden flowers, fashioned by the neighbor who had seen her die. The minister sat on a large haircloth sofa. To his fancy the bright reds and yellows of the flowers called up an image of the old chromo "Emma" that had hung over the sick woman's bed, and, as he tried to collect his thoughts for the sketch of her life, "Emma" thrust herself insistently before his mental vision.

At his right, before the organ, sat a healthy-looking young woman with an alert face. She kept glancing at him with a kind of hope for a response which she did not get, for the minister's eyes were fixed on another girl—a plump girl in a pink shirt waist. The girl in pink wore a sailor hat tipped on her head at an angle, and, as she settled herself in the corner of a side pew, she emphasized her naturally bold inviting appearance by throwing her arm over the back of the seat and glancing restlessly around. She was the berry-picking girl to whom Mr. Dawson had been talking the day of his wife's death. Now she followed him with her eyes as he came lounging in, his hair looking very yellow and his face very red above his black clothes. He did not neglect to nod and smile at his friends, and his satisfaction was but too apparent as he dropped into the front pew, not without a sly look over his shoulder at the face above the pink shirt waist. Each movement was a reproach to Robert Campbell. "If I had obeyed the voice and spoken day before yesterday," he thought, "we would all have been spared this open wickedness."

Chords were played softly on the wailing organ, and tenderly, tho ignorant of art, the choir sang "Asleep in Jesus." As they sang, Robert Campbell tried to pray for himself that he might be given power to say something to bring repentance and conviction; but he could frame no petition, and he heard no answer to his wordless prayer. Without spiritual or mental vitality, he began his address. He felt that he had no reserve force, and every word was an effort. The words of resurrection and life that he spoke were to him as empty as set phrases in prayer. He could not keep his eyes from the contented, indifferent face of the widower. As he struggled with halting sentences he saw the man turn, and, raising his eyelids, dart a glance at the girl in pink; he saw a pleased smile steal over the coarse features; he saw the answering glance from the side pew. The blood surged through his veins, and the sword flashed from the sheath. He leaned over the desk, and his voice cut through the air.

"I now close these remarks and address myself directly to the husband of the deceased. I ask you to look at that coffin and think of what it contains. Nothing but the shadowiest semblance of a human form. And now can you look back ten years? Can you recall a woman glowing with hope and the freshness of young life? Who killed the woman and left this dust in her stead? You, man, sitting now in your strength before that coffin, you are her murderer. In your selfish desire you murdered her life, her spirit; by your neglect you murdered her body. Your wife was a good woman; as I believe in God, so I believe that she is in glory. If it were you waiting for burial, as you soon will be, your soul——" The sentence was not ended, for the man at whom the invective was directed had left the church. For a moment he had buried his face in his hands, then, with head and shoulders bent, he had rushed out, and the words "your soul" were heard only by the breathless, staring neighbors whose frightened faces had a minute before borne no ex-

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