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, FEBRUARY 10, 1900. VOL. 69--NO. 7.

NEW YORK
BARGAIN HOUSE.

THIS WEEK'S STORE NEWS!

Special Bargains in Hosiery.

Extra heavy ribbed goods for boys or girls, sizes 6 to 9½, seamless and warranted fast black. In fact they are the identical goods we have always sold for 1 c, only some of them are seconds, but they are such good seconds that you can scarcely tell them from firsts. If you find any that are damaged, we want you to bring them back. The price is 10c or 3 pairs for 25c. 10 CENTS.

New Embroideries and Laces.

These should interest you now. We have secured several special lots at even less than old prices, which is saying much We have always enjoyed the reputation of having the cheapest laces in town, and this year we shall strengthen that reputation

Pictures and Frames.

Our special sale of these goods from Matthews & Myers stock goes on with increasing interest. Now is the time to decorate your homes cheaply. We have also added many new Mouldings and are prepared to frame all kinds of pictures, promptly and at very low prices. Let us prove this by doing some work for you.

WE CLOSE AT SEVEN 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

This Is the Time of Year when the Public is on the Lookout for Bargains.

We have a great many bargains to offer you in the way of Men's Underwear, Fancy Shirts, Working Coats, Pants, Cord, Velvet and Plush Caps, Felt Boots and Arctics.

6 doz. Shirts and Drawers, worth 50c now 35c.
7 " Red and Grey Shirts and Drawers, worth $1.00, now 75c.
10 " Fancy Percale Shirts, worth 50c, 75c and $1.00, now 39c 59c and 75c.
13 Duck Coats, Oiled Lined, worth $2.00, now $1.65.
16 " " Rubber Lined, worth $1.25, now, $1.00.
72 pairs Men's Buckled Arctics, worth $1.25, now 88c.
36 pairs all Wool Pants, worth $2.00, now $1.50.
15 pairs Cord Pants, Lined, worth $3.00, now $2.25.
Men's Felt Boots, worth $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, now $1.69, $2.00 and $2.50.

All our prices for all our goods are bargain prices. Give us a call.

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

SAVE BIG MONEY ON CLOTHING.
WINTER SUITS AND OVERCOATS
must be sold. Cost and way below cost. We must have money to pay for over $6,000 worth of Spring and Summer Clothing already bought. No matter what others offer visit
SHARRER & GORSUCH,
opposite Catholic Church, Westminster, Md., and they can and will sell you better values, bigger bargains than you can get elsewhere.

A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS.

A lot of Men's suits reduced to $5. These are special bargains. About 15 of the finest Imported Worsted Suits, checks and stripes, latest styles, sold for $15 and $16 now $11.

OVERCOATS.—Not so many left, but what we have are now offered at a great sacrifice. $5.00 coats $3.50; Coats that sold up to $12 now, $7.50; A few very fine $16, $18 and $20 coats for $12. Don't miss these bargains.

A lot of Youths' Suits and Overcoats at half value. Special bargains in Children's Suits. Lot of 25c Knee Pants, reduced to 18c.

New Stylish Suit Patterns, made to order at greatly reduced prices.

About 30 pairs yet of our famous $2.50 Cord Pants, worth $3.00, wholesale to-day.

Remember if you want a nice Black Suit that we, by a fortunate purchase, can sell you fine Clay Worsteds Suits at less than we or any other Clothing concern can buy them to-day for.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, opposite Catholic Church,
sep-12-98-1y-5 Westminster, Md.

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

THE MODEL STORE NEWS.

THE BIGGEST BARGAINS YET.

New lessons in true economy. This store—your store—is daily proving its leadership and shall continue to offer its patrons values in Dry Goods and kindred lines that are unequalled.

A SILK SURPRISE at 50c yd.,
Values 85c, $1.00 and $1.25.
A collection of some five hundred yards comprising a variety of new and stylish Silks, in black and colors, suitable for Skirts or Waists. Every yard this season's styles and all pure silk, a great bargain indeed.

SALES OF SAMPLE SHOES at $1.95 pair.
Values $2.50, $3 and $3.50.
Newest shapes and finest leather, in either heavy or light weight, just the things suitable to wear just now; also many of our own goods at a saving of one-third or one-half; a rare chance for every lady.

A DRESS GOODS SENSATION, 25 CENTS.
1000 yards pure wool Dress Fabrics, in new fashionable weaves, goods actually worth 50c to 75c, some in full pieces, others in full lengths for skirts, suits or children's dresses, all in one lot at 25c yard.

DOLLAR BLACK GOODS 69 CENTS.
We put on sale to-day 15 pieces, all different styles, new handsome Black Dress Goods, every yard worth fully $1.00, but while this lot lasts they are yours for 69c yd. Be prompt if you want them.

A BARGAIN AT 5c yd.
5,000 yards pretty Princess Cashmere, Flanneletts, and Outing Cloths, every style and color and all worth 8c and 10c yard, now reduced to only 5c yard.

Millinery Less Than Half.
Nineteen pretty Trimmed Hats, that were $3 and $4. Now you may choose for $1.00 Each.

GREATEST REDUCTIONS ON Women's and Children's Coats.
WOMENS COATS
Reduced from $7.50 to 3.50.
Reduced from $10 and 12 to $5.
Reduced from $15 and $18 to $7.50.
WOMEN'S SKIRTS
Reduced from $5 to $3.
Reduced from $8 to $4.
CHILDREN'S COATS
Reduced from $5 to $2.50.
Reduced from $8 to $4.00.

WE CLOSE AT SIX O'CLOCK P. M., EXCEPT SATURDAY.

THE GREAT
Model Emporium.
WM. F. DERR,
Westminster, Maryland, near Depot. [Western Md. Telephone 77.]

WE TOLD YOU SO.

One year ago when prospective purchasers called to see us we urged them to place their orders, stating prices were advancing and to buy at once. The situation has not changed, the prospects are for strong prices this coming season. Drop in and see us, we can save you money on anything you want in
Building Material, Coal and Slate. A Complete Stock of Sash, Doors and Blinds.
SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.

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.

Closing Out Sale of Furniture.
INTENDING TO QUIT
THE FURNITURE BUSINESS,
I will sell my entire stock at a great sacrifice, regardless of cost. Those wishing to furnish their houses should come early so as to have the choice of the best.
J. WESLEY BIGGS, 52 West Main St.,
Western Md. Tel. Westminster, Md.
feb-3-3m

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.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE
Real Estate.

The undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Christina Shettel, late, of Carroll county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1900,

at ONE o'clock, P. M., and on the premises, the property whereon the said deceased resided at the time of her death, containing

10 ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

situated between Little Pipe Creek and the Uniontown Turnpike Road, and adjoining the lands of the late Judge Roberts, George Helwig and J. Daniel Young. The improvements consist of a Log and Weatherboarded Dwelling House, with good basement, Wash House, Dairy, large Stable and other necessary outbuildings. Land is well watered with two good springs (one of them near the dwelling,) has an orchard of choice fruit in good bearing condition, is near to schoolhouse, and sufficiently near to stores and other public places.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the Orphans' Court:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the said Court, and the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in 6 and the other payable in 12 months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the promissory notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, and bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

JOHN T. CASSELL,
jan-13-ts Executor.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF A HOUSE AND LOT
In Myers' District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a court of equity, passed in cause No. 5090 equity in said court, wherein Josiah C. Bankert is plaintiff and Martha E. Lovell and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees appointed in said cause, will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10th, 1900,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that real estate of which Susannah B. Bankert, late of Carroll county, died seized and possessed, consisting of

8 ACRES AND 13 PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less, situate in Myers' district, Carroll county, Md., on the Deep Run county road, about one-half mile north of Union Mills, and now occupied by Mrs. Martha E. Lovell. This property is improved by a two and one-half story Weatherboarded Dwelling House, stable, with thrashing floor, and other necessary outbuildings. The land is all under cultivation and is under good fencing.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree: One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the court; the residue in two equal payments of 6 months and 1 year from the day of sale, with interest, secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

FRANCIS NEAL PARKE,
CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER, JR.,
GUY W. STEELE,
Trustees.

All creditors of the said Susannah B. Bankert, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, with the vouchers hereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, within two months from the day of the above sale.

FRANCIS NEAL PARKE,
CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER, JR.,
GUY W. STEELE,
jan-20-ts Trustees.

ADMINISTRATOR OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF A LOT OF LAND in Freedom District, Carroll County, Maryland.

The undersigned, administrator of John C. Shipley, deceased, by virtue of the power of sale contained in the mortgage deed from Owen Pennington to said John C. Shipley, dated May 7th, 1877, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 10, folio 381 etc., will offer at public sale, at the Court House door, in Westminster, Carroll Co., Md., on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10th, 1900,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., all that mortgaged lot or parcel of land, containing

16 ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

situated in Freedom district, Carroll Co., Md., adjoining lands of Wm. Gibson, Robert T. Shipley, and others, about 2 miles from the village of Gist and 5 miles from Freedom. The land is improved by a LOG HOUSE and other buildings, and is now occupied by Owen Pennington. Six Acres of growing Rye on the place.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the court; and the residue in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months, or all cash at the option of the purchaser. The credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

COLUMBUS A. SHIPLEY,
Administrator of John C. Shipley, deceased.
Bond & Parke, Sols.
jan-20-ts. Levi T. Frizzell Auct.

Select Poetry.

GRANDMOTHER'S VALENTINE.

BY MINNA IRVING.

The branches creaked on the garret roof
And the snow blew in at the eaves,
When I found a hymn-book, tattered and torn,
And turned its moldering leaves;
And lo! in its yellowing pages lay
Grandmother's Valentine tucked away.

Hearts and roses together twined,
And sweet little Cupids quaint;
The gilt from the hearts was worn away,
And the pink of the roses faint;
And the Cupids' faces were blurred and dim—
But it marked the place of her favorite hymn.

Before me rose on the dusty floor
The ghost of a slender maid,
Like the portrait hung on the parlor wall,
In a gown of flowered brocade,
And ivory laces as fine as air,
And a diamond star in her powdered hair.

A handsome gallant beside her bent,
In the courtly dress of old;
He wore a sword with a jeweled hilt
And a waistcoat worked with gold,
Ruffled wrists, and a ribboned queue,
Silver buckles, and coat of blue.

"What hast thou shut in thy lily hand,
With a tassel of azure tied?"
"A Valentine left on my window sill,
In the gray of the dawn!" she cried.
"And I love the lover who rode so far
In the deep snows under the morning star!"

Then he pressed his arm to her rounded waist
And his lips to her rosy ear;
"Ah, lean thy head to my breast, I pray,
And I'll tell thee a secret, dear!
It was I who rode with the valentine
So fast and so far, and thou art mine!"

A mouse ran over the broken boards,
Behold! when I looked again
They were gone—the squire in his gay blue coat,
And the maid in the silken train;
There was nothing there but the shadows tall
And the cobwebs long on the windy wall.

But I dropped a tear on the musty book
As I tenderly laid it down,
With its treasures deep in the cedar chest,
In the folds of a faded gown,
And left it there in the lavender leaves
And ashes of roses, under the eaves.

For I thought of a youth with soft brown eyes,
And how I had vexed him sore,
And the dear, dead lovers—they touched my heart—
And so I was cold no more,
For love is the same as long ago;
Grandmother's Valentine told me so?
—Tarrytown, N. Y.

Select Story.

THE "HIGH-TOP SWEETING" TREE.

A VALENTINE STORY.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

From the Independent.

They all cried—every one of the Bells, from Peggy, who was sixteen, down to Rufus (who was four and despised a crying baby,) when old Mr. Pigeon moved away. He was such a tried and trusty friend and, if he was sixty, such a congenial companion. He was always ready to go fishing or coasting with the boys, or to take the girls to drive; altho he was a bachelor and lived alone, he had a double carriage and the largest sleigh on Pippin Hill—because he had so large a heart, Peggy said. He knew as much about the things in the woods as "The Hunter's Own Book," and on a rainy day or when one had the mumps or the measles he would tell stories by the dozen—stories that were worth telling, too, for he had been "round the world and home again," and knew all there was to know about cannibals and buccaneers and wild men, and all such distinguished and interesting people.

It happened that the only houses on the tip-top of Pippin Hill were the Belfry (I suppose that Bell's house may have received that name because Papa Bell always spoke of his children as his "small fry;" anyway, that is what every one in Bloomsboro' called it) and the old Pigeon house, which had belonged to this Mr. Pigeon's grandfather. The houses backed up to each other, and there was a mutual back-yard fence, so, of course, it was very desirable that the neighbors should be friendly and congenial; more than this, there was a mutual apple tree. The gnarled old "high-top sweeting" was directly on the boundary line between the two estates, and the mutual fence had been cut in two to make space for it. Its branches were low and spreading, in spite of its high top, and they spread very impartially over the Bells' smooth lawn and over Mr. Pigeon's orchard, and dropped their delicious fruit—early, the first sweet apples that there were—almost as evenly as if it were measured on each of their owners' land. The only difference was that the August sunshine lay longer upon Mr. Pigeon's side, so the first red and yellow, mellow and juicy apples dropped upon his orchard grass—and he tossed them up to Christine in her seat in the low crotch of the tree, the seat that he had made for her.

It was Christine who thought the most of Mr. Pigeon and he of her, because they both had a twist, Christine said. She could always speak of her trouble cheerfully, even jokingly. You would scarcely have thought that she minded it at all; it was a spinal weakness which had bowed her shoulders and twisted her head to one side. The others didn't mind much when Christine was left out of things; they were a rough, merry set, but Mr. Pigeon had always remembered her. His twist was in one of his legs; he had to wear an uncomfortable iron boot, and walked with a queer, sideways motion.

When Becky, who was eleven and was called the Bloomsboro' Budget because she carried all the news, came home with the dreadful intelligence that Mr. Pigeon was going to move away, no one would believe it.

"In the first place it's too dreadful to be true, and in the next place he would have told us," said Peggy.

But it really proved to be true, Mr. Pigeon's sister—his own sister!—had gone to law to obtain a share of her grandfather's estate, which he had failed to bequeath to her because she had gone contrary to his wishes in some way, and the only share that she would have was that old estate on Pippin Hill. Perhaps the law might force her to take something else as her share, since he had held possession there so long; but she was Hitty, and he should give it up to her. That was what Mr. Pigeon said in answer to the indignant remonstrances of the Bells. She was Hitty; that was all he *would* say; perhaps it wasn't much of a reason, but the Bells understood. We all know what it is to give up things to people just because they are Iky or Polly or John.

So it happened that the Bells' dear Mr. Pigeon went away to a little house that he owned down at Pequanket Mills and Miss Mehitable Pigeon came to live at the old place on Pippin Hill and owned half of the high top sweeting tree.

And the very first thing she did—it was September when she came—was to threaten to have Tommy Bell arrested, because when he shook their side of the tree her side shook too, and she said the top of the tree leaned toward the [redacted] pi[redacted] an[redacted] ha[redacted] be[redacted] in[redacted] di[redacted] be[redacted] go[redacted] an[redacted] mu[redacted] pl[redacted] sa[redacted] if s[redacted] to[redacted]

She complained that Becky's peacock squawked and Dicky's Guinea pigs squeaked, and the vane on their stable had "a rusty squeak" that kept her awake nights; and if one of the little Bells mounted the fence she came out and "shooed" him off as if he were a chicken.

Christine, who was inclined to look on the bright side and to think well of every one, said that she would probably grow better when they got better acquainted, and she gave Tommy and little Rufus five cents each not to use their bean slingers over the fence or make faces through the knothole.

But instead of growing better their new neighbor grew worse. She had the mutual fence built up ten feet high, she had the branches of the sweeting tree lopped off where they interfered with the fence, and Christine's seat thrown down to the ground so roughly that it was broken. She said she had let people impose upon her all her life, and she wasn't going to any more.

Papa Bell, who was an easy man and absorbed in his business, said he supposed that so many children and squeaking things did make them troublesome neighbors; but he thought they should have to remonstrate with Miss Pigeon about the fence, because it took away so much of their sunshine. Christine begged him to wait; she always would believe that people were going to be better, and she knew there must be something good about Miss Pigeon because she looked like her brother—"only the twist seemed to be in her mind, poor thing!"

It was November when Christine's seat was thrown out of the tree, so she could not have used it any more that season anyway; and when any one asked her how she was going to do without it in the spring, she always answered: "Perhaps Miss Hitty will be good by that time." But that transformation didn't seem in the least likely to any one else. She never forgot that Mr. Pigeon had said she was Hitty, tho how she could ever be Hitty to anybody was more than the other young Bells could understand.

Christine would bow to her, too, and smile, shyly, altho Miss Pigeon only scowled dreadfully in response. Far more difficult to forgive than their own wrongs was the injury that she had inflicted upon her brother. He wrote to them doleful letters which showed plainly how homesick he was for the good air and the good-fellowship of Pippin Hill. One of the neighbors who saw him at Pequanket said one would hardly know him he had "pined away" so.

After that little Rufus (honorably) returned the five cents to Christine, because he knew he should yield to the temptation to make faces through the knothole again.

But it really proved to be true when she heard this about Mr. Pigeon, and she put on her thinking-cap. She couldn't go to school like the others, she couldn't go skating; in fact there were so many things she couldn't do that it would have been very discouraging to one who believed less firmly than Christine did that things as well as people were going to be better; but that gave her all the more time to wear her thinking cap. And Christine's thoughts were pretty apt to blossom into deeds some way.

Christine had made the Christmas wreaths of evergreen and holly from their own Pippin Hill woods, and she had sent two beauties to Miss Pigeon, who had promptly returned them with the message that she didn't want such rubbish littering up her house. Now when they heard that sad news from Mr. Pigeon she was making valentines. She had a very dainty knack with both pencil and brush, for a fourteen-year-old girl, and her valentines were more beautiful than any that could be bought in the shops, or so the Bloomsboro' young people all thought.

The fashion of sending valentines might wane elsewhere, but it always flourished in Bloomsboro', perhaps because Christine Bell kept it up. She sent them to the very last people who expected to have a valentine neglected old people and forlorn people, to Biddy Maguire, just the old country, and "kilt" with e-sickness, and to Antony Burke, old miser for whom no one had il word and, who, perhaps, 't deserve one. And for every ntine that was disregarded or wn impatiently aside, a dozen e a little warmth and comfort in heart; for nobody has yet be- to understand how great is the f small things.

Christine was more mysterious than usual this year about her valentines; she colored when Peggy said she would better send one to Miss Pigeon, but they never thought she would; they thought she was only sensitive about her Christmas wreath. When Mr. Pigeon went away he gave Christine an old desk that he had had ever since he was a boy. It had initials and hearts and anchors cut into it and was whittled at every corner; you would have known if you'd seen it anywhere that it had belonged to a boy. But Christine would have it in her own room; she thought it was beautiful. It had his boy-letters and diaries in it, and she had laughed and cried over them. And now she had found in that old desk, material for the very queerest valentine she had ever made; and altho she liked to share the fun of making her valentines with the others, she was a little secretive about that.

What should the paper be but a leaf from one of the old diaries, one side all written over in an unformed, boyish hand; and this is what was written on it, the ink faded by time:

"i cant bare to rite becos hity has the Feever and i cant bare knot to write becos it semes like teling somboddy. she held mi hand tite when she did knot now enyboddy last nite and i did knot let them send me to bed the fellers say if she does die i hav other sisters but they are knot hitty the fellers do knot understand when enybody sais she will ever hav a bo like our agusta hity sais the Tom Tinker verse and that meens me as is rote on the 1st leef of this Dirymi name is Thomas Tinkham Pigeon hity has gott a Temper but so hav a Good Meny People and she is Good way inside and she is hity and she and i will alwys liv together but i cant bare to rite eny more for i want to now what the dokter sais. they say a feller must be A Man but wen it is hity i cant bare"—

Here the words became illegible on the old yellow paper; there were blots and smudges as of tears. Tho valentines are supposed to be dainty, Christine didn't try to clean it a bit! And on the unwritten side, instead of painting any of her pretty flowers or drawing hearts or cupids, she only wrote "the Tom Tinker verse" which Hitty had lovingly quoted to her brother:

"Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear,
I'll gang along wi' him his budget to bear."

It certainly was a very queer valentine. Christine thought it would probably be returned, even more scornfully than the Christmas wreaths—if Miss Pigeon should guess who sent it—and she would be likely to guess that it came from the Belfry; for she knew that her brother had given them many of his belongings.

She sent it with fear and trembling, and she told none of the others, for the older ones seemed, in their hearts, to share the feelings of Tom and little Rufus, that the only proper form of approach to Miss Pigeon was bean-slinger in hand.

The valentine wasn't returned; but nothing seemed to come of it. The Bells' Jane heard from Miss Pigeon's Jane that her mistress had neuralgia. One day after March had come, and a blue bird had been seen to alight upon the high-top sweeting tree, as Christine came along the garden path there come a shrill, imperative voice through the knothole in the fence.

"If you have any more of those leaves, stuff them through the knothole; if you have the whole diary throw it over the fence."

Of course Christine wasn't going to do that with the diary that seemed so precious; but she did send it around to Miss Pigeon's door by old Jeremy, the gardener, for none of the boys would go.

It was about a week after that a man made, under Miss Pigeon's direction, a new seat in the crotch of the apple tree—a seat that was delightfully comfortable for a back that wasn't straight. Miss Pigeon seemed to know just how. When it was finished she went up and examined it and tried it. Then she called to Christine, who was sitting on the porch.

"I'm a cantankerous old woman. I was born cantankerous," she said. "But there's your seat!"

No one at the Belfry knew what to think of Miss Pigeon; it was little Rufus's opinion that a good fairy had tapped her with her wand and turned her into something else, and he was much disappointed to find, on peeping through the knothole, that she looked just the same.

"It's delightful," Christine said, slowly. "But it isn't exactly what I meant by the valentine," she added, to herself.

But a few days after, what Christine had meant by the valentine really did happen! sometimes things that seem too good to be true do come to pass in this world. Miss Pigeon mounted the high buggy in which she drove herself and went down to Pequanket; when she came back Mr. Pigeon was with her! Tommy discovered it first as they drove into the yard and raised a shout. All the young Bells rushed pell-mell into the apple tree and dropped from its branches into Miss Pigeon's orchard—even Peggy who was sixteen—shouting and laughing and crying all together. They quite forgot Miss Pigeon until her harsh voice broke into the whirlwind of greetings; with all its harshness there was a queer little quaver in it!

"He's come back and he's going to stay," she said. "It is he that belongs here and not I. If you're born with a cross-grained disposition you've got to get over it when you're young or you'll have to have more'n a ten-foot fence between you and other people! I'm going back to nursing people in a hospital—yes, I can, tho you wouldn't think it; and they like me! There's a doctor I know who has inverted a new contrivance for—for making backs straight"—her voice really broke now, but she recovered herself instantly; "they're easier to straighten than crooked dispositions! I'm going to send one here, and I want her to try it." She nodded toward Christine, and then she turned away suddenly. Little Rufus ran after her—prudently keeping his hand on the bean-slinger in his pocket. (They had discoverad at an early stage of the acquaintance that if Miss Pigeon had a weekness it was a terror of the bean-slingers.) "Are you really just the same? Didn't a good fairy turn you into something else?" he demanded, breathlessly.

Miss Pigeon turned and looked down upon him, her strong features working.

"Yes, she did!" she answered, gruffly.

"Did she tap you with her wand!" pursued little Rufus eagerly, delighted with this confirmation of beliefs that were scourned in his home circle.

"She didn't tap me with a wand," said Miss Pigeon; "She sent me a valentine!"

"Are you sure you love that girl?" "Well, I can't work in the morning until I get a letter from her, and after I get it I can't work."

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