AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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Westminster, TUESDAY, Sept. 9th.

$3,500 Daily Expenses. $100,000 New Features.

$2,000,000 INVESTED.

Coming in its Own Palace Special Trains. 77th Year of the Oldest, Biggest and BEST SHOW ON EARTH.

The Pioneers and Perpetuators of Tented **Amusement Institutions.**

JOHN ROBINSON'S

TEN BIG SHOWS ALL UNITED.

4 Circuses, 3 Menageries, 2 Stages, Roman Hipprodrome, combined with the Grand Biblical Spectacular Production

KING SOLOMON and the QUEEN OF SHEBA.

An Impressive and Eminently Moral and Mind Elevating Pageantic and Scenic Spectacle, with its Enchanting Ballets, Magnificent Scenery and Gorgeous Costumes.

100 BEAUTIFUL BALLET GIRLS 100
500 Men, Women and Horses in the Cast.

$40,000 Carl Hagenback's HERD OF **PERFORMING ELEPHANTS.**

Elephants that Waltz. Elephants that Actually Play Musical Instruments. Elephants that do everything but talk. 100 New and Novel Circus Acts. 1,000 Rare and Costly Animals. 50 Hair Raising Races.

GRAND FREE $300,000 STREET PARADE. 5 Bands of Music, Fife and Drum Corps, Chime of Bells, 50 Cars and Gilded Dens, 29 Tableaux Cars, 12 Traps, 300 Thoroughbred Horses, 60 Miniature Ponies, Steam Calliope drawn by 40 Ponies and driven by one man.

2 HERDS OF ELEPHANTS. EXCURSIONS on all Lines of Travel.

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY—RAIN OR SHINE.

Give Us A Call. Wm N. Keefer,

DEALER IN GROCERIES AND FEED.

SPECIAL BARGAIN in our 5c WINDOW.

Sugars at the lowest price.
Large Mackerel, 10 lb. pails, $1.00.
Extra Jar Gums 4c and 5c dozen.
Extra Jar Tops 25c a dozen.
Tin Fruit Cans 39c dozen.
Extra Large Water Glasses 25c dozen
Try Leader Baking Powder 10c lb.
High Grade Flour 40c to 70c a Sack.
Try our Butter Coloring and Paper.
Wax Strings 4c dozen.
Soap Powder 3c a Box.
Sealing Wax, Rosin and Corks.
5 gallons White Oil 45c.

White Fish, 8 and 10 lb. pails, 50c and 55c.
Bee Soap, 4c, 1770 4c.
Lion, Levering's and Arbuckle's Coffee's 10c.
High Grade Rice 6c and 8c lb.
Star Coffee 12c, Leader Coffee 15c.
Walter Baker's Best Chocolate 2?c cake.
Apple Butter and Preserves 10c a Jar.
Baking Powder and Pepper 7c Box.
Blue Hen Matches 10c and 18c dozen.
Sand Soap 3c a cake.
Mason's Glass Jars at lowest prices.
Tanglefoot Fly Paper 3 for 5c.
Good Lamp Globes 5c, 6c and 7c.

Our Feed Department consists of Bailed Haw, Straw, Shorts, Bran, Corn Chop, Shelled Corn, Oats, Wheat, Ear Corn, Screenings, Fine, Coarse and Rock Salt. Call and get our prices. Agent for Dr. Hess's Stock Food, Chicken Powder and Louse Killer. Call and get one of our Stock Books, worth $5.00, which we give FREE. Agent for Acme Laundry. Also agent for the Genuine Oliver Chilled and Princess Plows. Agent for Shaw's Remedies. Free Delivery.
WANTED.—Eggs, Lard and Light Side Bacon.
W. M. and C. and P. Telephones. Give me a call.

feb-11-02-1y WM. N. KEEFER. 88 AND 92 E. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.

MR. FARMER.

IF YOU INTEND TO BUY A

GRAIN DRILL, FARM WAGON,
OR
FEED and ENSILAGE CUTTER,

DON'T DECIDE ON THE KIND TILL YOU HAVE SEEN US, FOR WE ARE SURE WE CAN CONVINCE YOU THAT WE SELL THE

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Choice Timothy Seed IN SEASON

Lumber Coal & Supply Co.

may 3-tf M. JOHN LYNCH, Manager.

AT THESE PRICES IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY.

SHARRER & GORSUCH,
WESTMINSTER, Md.,

Are determined to CLOSE OUT all SUMMER GOODS and have made prices that will pay you to buy, even if you do not need for immediate use.

Handsome $10, $12 and $15 Suits now $7, $9 and $10.
A lot of Boys' Short Pants Suits, large sizes, just the thing for school, priced at just half price.
A lot of Youths' Suits, 15, 16, and 17 year sizes, half price.
$15 Suits to order $10 and $12. $18 Suits to roder now $13.
Alpaca Coats very low. 40c Summer Coats 25c.
20 Blouse Wash Suits at price you can get two for the price of one.
2 light colored Flannel Suits at 35c and 57c for $1.50 Suits.
15 fine Flannel Suits to be sold if the price can do it.
300 Stylish Shirts, choice patterns, now is time to buy.
A lot of Underwear, the best you have seen for price.
Men's Belts and Neckwear at bargain prices.
Just received 10 doz. more extra large and good Working Shirts.
Some beautiful White Vests, never so much worn as now.
Look at our 25c Working Gloves.

sept-12-00-10

CHARLES E. HERING.

FIRST SHOW OF
FALL DRESS GOODS.

The new things are crowding in every day. There are Poplins, Whipcords, Granites and Zibelines---all touched with an air of novelty; hairy stuffs whose novelty is in the weave and conservative display of hair.

Novelty Black Goods, and as many plain stuffs in plain color as ever.

A Special Bargain in Kersey for Walking Skirts or Suits.

56 inches wide, in Black, Grey and Tan, and medium weight, were worth $1.25.

Special Bargain at 98c

Domestic Wash Goods.

We are now ready with an unusually large assortment of new Fall Outing and Flannelettes, which by their colors, styles, qualities and prices are sure to please the public.

The Last Week of the Special Sale of Women's and Misses' Oxfords.

Women's Oxfords that sold during the season from $2.00 to $3.00, for

$1.25.

Misses' Oxfords that sold from $1.00 to $1.25 for

69c.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

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5 Per Cent. Government Bonds

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Without premium, and with a chance that hey might become full paid and interest bearing, at any moment. Government bonds cannot be had at such terms, but you CAN buy, on exactly those conditions, Five per cent. bonds of the largest, strongest financial institution in the world. Full paid and at once deliverable if you die before the end of purchase term.

10, 15 or 20 years for payment, 5 per cent. interest bearing from maturity of contract and running 20 years thereafter when the face of the bond is payable in full. Immediately redeemable at 1.30½ at option of holder.

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that are safe as Government bonds. Some of the shrewdest business men and financiers in America are protecting their estates by purchase of these bonds. For documents and information apply to

Wm. H. Wootton,
MANAGER FOR MARYLAND.

W. Riley Myers,
AGENT, WESTMINTER, Md.

april 5 02 1y

Semi-annual Clearance Sale.

All Summer Goods must be closed out, and in order to clean up quickly we offer the following very tempting BARGAINS:

Men's $3.50 and $4.00 Suits now	$2.49.	Men's $11.00 Suits now	$9.50.
Men's $5.00 Suits now	3.79.	Youth's $4.50 and $5.00 Suits now	3.79.
Men's $6.00, $7.00 and $8.00 Suits now	4.98.	Youth's $6.00, $7.00 and $7.50 now	4.98.
Men's $9.00 and $10.00 Suits now	6.49.		

What is left of the Boys' Knee Pants Suits we offer at ONE HALF OFF. These will make excellent School Suits.
About 25 pairs of Men's Dress Pants will be closed out at HALF OFF regular price.
Men's 99c and $1.75 Crash and Linen Pants now 49c and $1.25 per pair.
Men's 50c, 85c and 98c Cottonade Pants now 39c, 69c and 75c per pair.
All Boys' Knee Pants at one-third off.
Men's 25c, 50c and 75c Underwear now 19c, 39c and 59c.
Men's and Boys' $1.00 and $1.19 Straw Hats now 79c.
Men's and Boys' 50c and 75c Straw Hats now 39c.
Boys' 75c Straw Alpine Hats now 25c.
Men's $2.25 and $2.75 pat. Leather and Vici Kid Oxfords now $1.69 and $1.98.
Ladies' 98c, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.50 Oxfords now 79c, 99c, $1.19 and $1.69.
Children's and Misses' 55c, 98c and $1.10 Oxfords now 45c, 75c and 85c.
Boys' and Children's 69c, $1.25 and $2.00 Russet Shoes now 35c, 65c and $1.00.
These Russet Shoes are excellent values and good styles, but in order to close out the line we give you one-half off.
Men's 25c and 50c Fancy Neckwear now 19c and 39c.
There are many other extra Bargains through our stock, that we fail to mention here.
We will appreciate an early call, as these prices are great money savers and the stock will not last long.

ONE PRICE CASH STORE. STOUFFER & ENSOR, New Windsor, Md.
march 31-1902-1y-3

Stop! ARE YOU LOOKING FOR BARGAINS?

We have a great many Bargains to offer you in Ladies,' Misses' and Children's

OXFORDS.

75 pairs Ladies' Oxfords, worth $2.00, now	$1.59 pair.
75 pairs Misses' and Children's Oxfords, worth from 75c to $1.00, now	50c pair.
30 pairs Misses' and Children's White Kid Sandals, worth $1.00, now	25c pair.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
jan-7-02-1y

E. O. WEANT, Attorney.

PUBLIC SALE OF Valuable Real Estate,

In Middleburg and Woodsboro Districts, in Carroll County and Frederick County, Maryland.

The undersigned, agents for the heirs at law of George W. Koons, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises hereinafter described as property No. 1, on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1902,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Valuable Real Estate:

PROPERTY No. 1.—That Valuable Tract of Land known as the Home Farm of the late George W. Koons, deceased, containing

173 ACRES AND 14 SQUARE PERCHES,

more or less, situate about 1-8 of a mile from Bruceville Station on the Western Maryland Railroad, on the public road leading from Middleburg to D. P. Creek, in Middleburg district, Carroll county. This farm is improved by a new two and one-half story Weatherboarded House, large Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Grain Shed, Carriage House and all other necessary outbuildings; an ample supply of never failing water at the house and barn. About 15 Acres of said farm is in first class hickory and oak timber.

PROPERTY No. 2.—All that valuable tract of land situate near Haugh's Church, in Woodsboro district, Frederick county, on the public road leading from said church to York Road, adjoining the lands of Theodore Zimmerman, J. W. Weant et al., and containing

150 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

This farm is improved by a splendid two and one-half story Stone House, large Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Grain Shed, Spring House and other necessary outbuildings and about 4 acres is in timber, with water in the house and at the barn. Both of said farms are most desirable, being in a first-class state of cultivation, recently limed, with practically new fencing and conveniently located as to markets, churches and schoolhouses. They are two of the best producing wheat and corn farms in the State.

PROPERTY No. 3.—Consists of a Wood Lot of land containing

11 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 16 PERCHES,

more or less, situate about ¼ mile from Ladiesburg, in Frederick county, Johnsville district, adjoining the lands of John Fogle, Joseph Hiltebrand et al., and on the public road leading from Ladiesburg to Johnsville. This tract of land is covered with splendid Oak and Chestnut Timber.

PROPERTY No. 4.—That tract or Lot of Land containing

ONE AND ONE-HALF ACRES,

more or less, improved by a Good Log House, and other buildings, and is located at York Road Station on the Western Maryland Railroad, adjoining the lands of Lewis Haun, John Biehl et al., and about one-eighth of a mile from Property No. 1, above described.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash upon the day of sale, one-third in six months, and the other third in twelve months; the purchaser to give his or her notes, with security approved by the undersigned and bearing interest from day of sale, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. The conveyancing will be at the expense of the purchaser.

MILTON A. KOONS,
J. ROSS KOONS,
GEORGE U. KOONS,
Agents for the heirs at law of George W. Koons, deceased. au-16-4t

TO THE REGISTERED VOTERS OF CARROLL COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Supervisors of Election of Carroll County will meet at its office, in Westminster, Md., on

WEDNESDAY, 17th day of September,

1902, at 9 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of granting removal certificates. If the voter's name has already been erased, the certificate will be given to him or any person applying for it, but if the

Voter's Name has not been erased he must Apply in Person for it.

JOHN M. ROBERTS, President;
HARRY S. MUSSELMAN,
CHARLES H. SMITH.
Board of Supervisors of Elections of Carroll County. aug 23 4t

BE A GOOD BOY: GOOD-BYE.

How often in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy; good bye."

"Be a good boy; good-bye!" it seems
They have followed me all these years,
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink,
Unseen by a blinked eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting or nearing its close,
This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes,

* * * * * * *

Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best, in whatever occurs,
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

John L. Shroy, in Saturday Evening Post.

PAYING AN OLD SCORE.

BY CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS.

From the Outlook.

It was one of those days when the elemental forces of both the inorganic and organic worlds seem to conspire to thwart a single tiny atom—a man. The heavens had disgorged themselves of floods of rain, making the pavements wet and slippery. Two of the people whom I had gone to Indianapolis to see were out of town, and the rest were too busy or cross to talk freely with me.

I sat in the lobby of the Bank House meditating on the perversity of nature and human nature, scowling over the failure of my plans and the chagrin which I knew my clients would experience when I made my report. For a long time I was too absorbed with my own troubles to take the slightest interest in the throngs of men who scuffled across the marble floor, or sat in the easy chairs, smoking, reading, scheming, regretting, hoping, fearing. At last I looked up, and began to wonder whether any one of them was as miserable as I! "What were they all struggling after?" I asked myself, cynically. How absurd they seemed—fussing and fuming, caressing and pluming themselves! Of course they would fail in the long run, no matter what they were struggling after! Nature always "wins the game" at last, however ardently the gamblers play! I made these comments in a general way as I swept my eyes over the mass, and then began to single out individuals and to say to myself: "That old fellow all huddled up in the corner has got *his* solar-plexus blow! Anybody can see *that*! *He'll* never stand up for another round!" "That nabob over there with his back to me (the stout man with the Prince Albert and two rolls of fat over his collar) is a millionaire; I can tell it even from a rear view! Nothing is so demonstrative as success. Its capacity for self-revelation is infinite. But no matter! That blood-vessel in the left lobe of his brain is getting too thin! Some day, while he is ——g in his office like a spider waiting for its prey—click! the vessel has b.. it and it's all over!" "And that young swell in his dress suit (going to a reception, I suppose) thinks the world is *his* oyster, does he? Well—so did I when I was his age!"

There wasn't a passage in Ecclesiastes or Schopenhauer that I couldn't have swallowed whole, so low was I in my spirits, when suddenly my attention was attracted to a stout old gentleman of three score and ten (or thereabouts) who sat right next me, in an easy rocking-chair. He had just taken his hat off and was rubbing his bald head with a silk handkerchief; after he had made it shine like a doorknob he polished his spectacles, then he smoothed his knees caressingly with his hands, and finally rubbed them together in that universal gesture by which men give silent expression to absolute contentment. I now looked at his face; it was wrinkled, but ruddy and rubicund, and was lighted by a happy smile. That smile exasperated me! I was in one of those moods when even harmony is discord; when even the song of a bird rasps the nerves like the filing of a saw. What was this old fool smiling at? A man of his years ought to know better than to assume that silly grin! There's nothing in life to make a man *genuinely* happy, and it's sheer hypocrisy to try to appear so!

Blissfully unconscious of these cynical comments of mine, the old man smiled on, and after a while polished his forehead again, then his spectacles, then caressed his knee, then rubbed his hands together as before. My lip curled. I had hard work to keep from telling him what I thought But after he had repeated this pantomime as many as six times, my mood began to change, and I at last found myself unconsciously smiling *with* him. I suppose, if he had cried, I should have wept with him—so mysteriously do these instruments in the great human orchestra tune each other to their own keys. In a surprisingly short time my interest in the old man had become so deep that I actually forgot my own troubles and determined to find out what had made him so happy.

"Excuse me," said I, touching his arm, but I cannot restrain my curiosity any longer. I am suffering from a horrible attack of the blues, and you seem so happy that I would like to share your pleasure."

He turned suddenly, eyed me sharply (and I noticed that his eyes could pierce as well as twinkle,) and replied, "How did *you* know I was happy?"

"Oh—you have been rubbing your hands together and smiling in a perfectly unmistakable way," I said.

"Have I? I didn't know it! But say, stranger you hit the nail on the head—I *am* happy! And if you want to hear about it, I'll just read you a chapter out of my life."

"I do," I answered eagerly.

"It may be a long one and a dull one to you!"

"I'll take my chances. It couldn't be so dull as my own thoughts."

"Well, here goes!" he said, lighting a cigar and settling himself in an easy attitude.

"When I was a little cub twelve years old, my mother died, and the next thing I knew, my father had married again. He didn't consult me—you understand. The woman might have suited his taste; but she didn't suit mine a little bit. I stood her for a year, and then one night I just pulled out. So far as I know, even my father never took the trouble to hunt me up. I walked northward from Cincinnati until I saw the first signs of morning, and then, tired and cold, I crawled under a cock of hay and fell asleep. I'll bet the world never looked bigger and emptier and more inhospitable to any man that ever breathed than it did to me in the gray light. I felt like a little fly on the great, pale, dead face of the universe. It makes me shudder yet! It was almost noon when I woke, stiff, hungry and scared. At first I wished I hadn't come. Then I remembered how I'd been abused, and gritted my teeth. I've always found that gritting my teeth has a moral value. I don't know just why. It's like whistling—which screws your courage up, I s'pose. After that I crawled out into the highway and walked on. There was a farm-house a little way down the road, and I thought I'd stop and ask for something to eat; but when I got to it, my heart failed me. Such little cusses as I was lose heart mighty easy, stranger. I've always felt for 'em. You have to feel with folks before you can feel for 'em. Well, I passed the door and then looked back. In the garden there was a little bareheaded and barefooted girl about my own age. She was looking at me, and our eyes met. When they met, something seemed to flash inside me like an electric spark. I've felt it often—when women looked at me. S'pose you have, eh?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, she smiled and I smiled, and I forgot all about being tired and miserable, and climbed right over the fence and went straight toward her. She was picking roses off of a bush, and when I got close, we stood and looked at each other a minute, and then she smiled again and so did I. 'Do you live here?' says I. And she said she did. 'Do you think your ma would give me some bread?' says I. 'Are you hungry?' says she. 'Awful,' says I. You ought to have seen her face! That little tow-headed girl (she wasn't as old as I was) seemed to see right through the whole business. Women are queer about that—you know. Stone walls are nothing! They can see plumb through them—and then, again, they can't seem to see through a French plate-glass window. 'Let's go and see,' she said, and I followed her into the kitchen. 'Ma,' says she to a kind-looking woman (I remember wishing my old governor had chosen one like her,) 'ma, this boy is hungry. Can he have some bread and butter and a little sugar?' 'I didn't ask for butter and sugar, but only for bread,' says I. That made her smile, and she looked in a nice way at the little girl, and then said to me, 'Who are you?' And I told her plump and fair about my stepmother. 'Was she cross and did she whip you?' she asked, and I told her she did. 'Are you a good boy? Do you love God and say your prayers?' she said; and I hung my head and looked down and scratched my ankle with my toe. 'You ought to,' she said, and went right into the pantry and cut off four great slices of bread, and put butter and sugar on them, and I ate them like a wolf. Lord! but they tasted good. I've never tasted anything like them since. 'Poor dear!' she said when she saw me eat, and just bent down and kissed me. That kiss broke me, and I put my head down on the table and cried. She patted it kindly, and when I looked up I saw two tears on the little girl's cheeks."

The old man paused to blow a ring of smoke—and his nose. "After I had eaten enough," he continued, "the woman made me tell my whole story and seemed to believe me. And when her husband came in to dinner, she made me tell it again and he didn't believe me. I knew he didn't, though he didn't say so. He wasn't the same kind as his wife; but he wasn't bad. He'd seen more of life, I suppose. Sometimes I think the more we see of it the less we know about it. Anyway, after dinner I helped the woman and the little girl wash up the dishes, and then she and I went out to play. I'll never forget that afternoon. It seemed forever and it didn't seem a minute. We went into the barn and hunted eggs; and then into a meadow where she had a playhouse in some elderberry bushes, and she served a dinner on some cracked dishes. I remember hearing a meadow-lark sing, just as we stepped outside to go home. I had heard millions before, and never thought much about them; but somehow or other that one's song went down into me and made me tremble. Why do you s'pose that was! I reckon there are times when the strings in us are keyed up mighty high and the hand that strikes them at the right moment makes them jingle. Anyway, I've never heard a meadow-lark sing since that day without being in that meadow and feeling that little girl beside me. And what do you think I did? We stood listening to that bird a few minutes, and then we looked into each other's eyes, and I just put my arms around her and kissed her. Yes, sir, I just yielded to nature. It ain't safe; I don't advocate it; but I did it, and I can't honestly say I'm sorry."

The old man paused again, blew a wreath of smoke, caressed the knee of his trousers, rubbed his hands, and looked into space.

"What next?" I asked.

He appeared to come back from a great distance, and, looking at me as if trying to connect the present with the past said, "Oh—I forgot! Well, I stayed all night, and the next morning, after breakfast, the man told me that I had better be moving. It seemed hard to me, but children are fatalists (or maybe Christians) naturally? They just accept the inevitable. He wasn't hard and rough about it. He said they were poor people and couldn't afford to feed me; that I wasn't big enough to work on a farm, and so on. The woman cried. They're different, women are. She'd have kept me! Well, I didn't have any trunk to pack, and so I just packed myself, and when I shook hands with the girl I choked up a little. But I got out in the best shape I could and pushed on, my heart feeling like a lump of lead. I s'pose I'd gone about a hundred rods when I heard a sound behind me and turned around. And what do you think? That little girl was coming down the road with a bundle, her bare feet pattering in the hot sand and sounding like music.

"'I thought you might get hungry,' she said, handing it to me.

"'Maybe I would,' says I.

"'Good-bye!' says she, stretching out her hand.

"'Good-bye!' says I, taking it and holding it a minute. I wanted to kiss her again, but somehow I didn't dare. When I did it before, I didn't stop to think. This time I was scared and trembled all over. I always thought she felt disappointed; her lips kind of pouted out like a rosebud, and when I dropped her hand, the corners of them sunk down a little and the tears stood in her eyes. After she turned around and walked home, I could have killed myself for a coward, and I feel the same way now. But—well—I'm spinning this yarn out pretty *fine*; I reckon you've heard enough."

"Not if there is more," I said.

"Oh, yes, there's more," he continued. "I struck Chicago at last and *hustled*. I had a notion that I'd get rich and go back and marry that little girl. But it takes time for a poor little chap like I was to get rich! I *did* it, though! But long 'fore I was rich (I think it was when I was about twenty,) I'd saved up a thousand dollars and I went back on my trail to find her."

He knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"Well?" said I.

"She was gone," he said, and then, after waiting a moment, continued: "Her father had died, and her mother and she had left the country. I hunted for them high and low, far and wide, but they hadn't left any more trace of themselves than two birds flying through the air. It nearly killed me; but I got over the worst of it in time and met another girl and fell in love and married her and raised a family and got richer and richer and lived happy and all that; but I never could get reconciled to the idea that while I was living in luxury that little girl might be poor and maybe suffering."

At this point he once more went through that pantomime which had first attracted my attention.

"I'm coming to the point now, he said, taking a couple of long whiffs. "This morning I was walking around Indianapolis to see what kind of a town it was, and strayed out into the edge of the city. Suddenly I came on an old woman sitting on a doorstep, crying. 'What's up?' says I to myself—and then I saw an auction flag hanging out of a window. There was always something about an auction flag that *hurt* me. You know how a red rag affects a bull? Well, I don't get *mad*, but feel *sad*. Bad luck, you know—trouble, failure. Gracious! I can't stand it! Well, I just stopped and leaned over the gate, and says I, 'Excuse me, madam, can I help you? She looked up, and I saw that she was old and poor, but decent-looking—might have been handsome when she was young, I thought (I'm partial to good looks, and it didn't hurt her case any.)

"'No, thank you,' says she.

"'Being sold out?' I asked—(I'm blunt.)

"'Yes, sir. I've had trouble,' she said.

"'What's the matter!'

"'My husband was an invalid for five years, and when he died the other day I had to give up the place for the mortgage, and must sell the goods to pay for his funeral.'

"'How long have you lived here?' says I.

"'Twenty years,' says she.

"'Where did you come from?'

"'Indiana.'

"'Indiana?' What part?' says I, pricking up my ears.

"'Doddsville.'

"'Was that where you were born?'

"'No, I was born near Ferguson.'

"'On a farm?'

"'Yes.'

"'Was your name Beardsley?'

"'It was,' she answered, surprised like.

"'Stranger, I'm seventy-two; but I jumped the fence!' he said, rubbing his hands.

"Was it that little girl?" I asked, leaning forward eagerly.

"That's what it was!" he replied, rubbing his knee.

"Well, well? What did you *do*?" I inquired, almost breathlessly.

He looked at me and winked.

"Do?" said he, after a minute, "I bought up the stuff, and got the house back and gave it to her, and put five thousand dollars in the bank in her name."

Once more the old man performed his pantomime. He took off his hat, polished his bald head, then his spectacles, caressed his knee, rubbed his hands, and smiled.

I guess that'll see her through; but if it don't, there's more where it came from!" he said, rising, and brushing the ashes of his cigar from his coat.

Snap Shots.

Time may be money, but you have got to spend the one to get the other.

Usually when a man starts on the downward road the brake refuses to to work.

A man who will bring shame to his parents will not hesitate to bring shame to himself.

Some men are known by the company they keep and others by the fellows they shake.

Life is divided into three terms—that which was, which is, and which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live for the future.

The fellow who has lots of cold cash feels that he is a warm proposition.

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