AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 4, 1903. VOL. 72--NO. 14.

To Ministers and Others.

Owing to the late hour in which decrees and other legal papers are issued by the Court, frequently not until Thursday night, we request all ministers and those having fairs, festivals, suppers and entertainments for the benefit of Sunday schools and public schools to send their notices in not later than Tuesday morning of the week they wish them announced. *By doing so their publication can be guaranteed.* Legal notices must be published within a certain time after they are issued by the Court, and in order to comply with the decrees, &c., of the Court we are compelled to leave out or curtail our local corresponeence or omit markets, religious and other notices.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Ascension Church.—Holy Communion at 10 a. m. Second Celebration and Sermon at 7.30 a. m. Evening service at 7.30.
E. B. TAYLOR, Rector.

Methodist Protestant Church.—Sabbath School Sunday at 9.15 a. m. Midweek service on Wednesday evening at 8.00. Junior C. E. service at 2.00 p. m. Christian Endeavor at 6.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m.
L. F. WARNER, Pastor.

Centenary M. E. Church.—Sabbath School Sunday at 9.15 a. m. Junior League 2.30 p. m. Epworth League at 6.45 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m., and 7.45 p. m.
D. G. MILLER, Pastor.

St. Paul's Ref. Church.—Sunday School at 9.15 a. m. Divine service at 10.30 a. m., and at 7.15 p. m. Passion week services at 7.30 p. m.
CALVIN S. SLAGLE, Pastor.

Grace Lutheran Church.—Lecture and prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Junior Catechise at 1.30, Senior at 2.00 p. m., on Saturday. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6.30 p. m. Preaching at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Services during Holy Week at 7.45 p. m. Confirmation and precaratory services Good Friday evening. Holy Communion Easter Sunday morning. Special Easter exercises by the Sunday school at 7.30 p. m.
P. H. MILLER, D. D., Pastor.

Carroll Charge, Reformed Church.—Divine service at Benjamin's at 10 a. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. At Pleasant Valley at 2 p. m.
JAMES R. STONESIFER, Pastor.

Salem Charge, Lutheran Church.—St. Benjamin's Church.—Sunday School at 1 p. m. Preaching at 2 p. m. Catechise on Saturday at 1.45 p. m.

St. John's.—Sunday School at 9 a. m. Preaching at 10 a. m. Catechise on Saturday at 9 a. m.
R. W. DOTY Pastor.

EXECUTRIX'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE,

In Manchester District, Carroll County, Md.

The undersigned, by virtue of the authority contained in the last will and testament of David J. Leister, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, and an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on the public county road leading from Westminster to Hampstead, 4 miles from the latter and 6 miles from the former place, on

WEDNESDAY, 8TH DAY OF APRIL, 1903,

at 12 o'clock, M., sharp, all that farm of which said David J. Leister died seized and possessed, containing

EIGHTY-THREE ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, improved by a Frame Weatherboarded House, 2-stories with 4 Basement, 24x32 feet; Switzer Barn, 36x50 feet; Buggy Shed, Corn-Crib, Washhouse, Springhouse, Smokehouse and all usual outbuildings. Spring and Well of Water near buildings. The ground is in fair condition, and about 12 acres in timber; being the same land which was conveyed by C. T. Reifsnider, trustee, by deed to said David J. Leister, dated 28th day of February, A. D. 1887, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, in liber W. N. M. No. 63, folio 359, &c. Also at same time and place will sell a Woodlot, containing

4 ACRES, 3 ROODS, 26 PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less, being the same property which was conveyed by D. H. Zimmerman and others, to said David J. Leister, by deed dated 6th day of December, A. D. 1895, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, Md., in liber B. F. C. No. 78, folio 44, &c.

Also the undersigned as executrix, at the same time and place, will sell the following Personal Property, viz.: 2 Black Mares, 2 Cows,

Threshing Machine and Horse Power, Winnowing Mill, Grain Drill, Corn by the barrel, Dayton Wagon, Hay Carriage, 2-Horse Wagon, 2-Horse Wagon and Stone Bed, Furrow Plow, Springtooth Harrow, 3 Corn Plows, Double Shovel Plows, 2 Single Shovel Plows, Corn Coverer, Corn Planter, half interest in Ross Fodder Cutter, Horse Rake, Basket Sleigh and Bells, set of single buggy harness, set lead harness, 2 patent forks, cow and log chains, scoop shovel, hay knife, triple, double and single trees, 2 spreaders, crosscut saw, meat grinder and stuffer, barrel copper kettle, 400 lb scales, grindstone, 2 stoves, 1 organ, half doz. chairs, 2 rockers, 3 bedsteads, 1 eight-day clock, bureau, bed and bedding, 38 yards of carpet, 40 yards of matting and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale of Real Estate.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the court: residue in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months from the day of saje, the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale. The purchaser may pay the purchase money all cash upon ratification of sale, if desired. A cash deposit of $350 will be required from the purchaser on day of sale, or certified check will be received in lieu thereof.

Terms of Sale of Personal Estate.—All sums under $5, cash; on all sums of $5 and upwards a credit of 6 months will be given, the purchasers giving their notes, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

M. ALICE V. LEISTER,
Executrix.

Geo. L. Stocksdale, Attorney.
John W. Reaver, Auctioneer. mar 14 4t

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.
February Term, 1903.

Estate of Jesse Reifsnider, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 17th day of March, 1903, that the sale of the real estate of Jesse Reifsnider, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by John L. Reifsnider and Charles T. Reifsnider, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 3rd Monday, 20th day of April next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 2nd Monday, 13th day of April next. The report states the amount of sale to be Three Hundred and Twenty-five Dollars.

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL, }
JACOB RINEHART, } Judges.
L. CALVIN JORDAN. }

True copy,—Test:
JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
mar 21-3t Register of Wills.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll county.
February Term, 1903.

Estate of Jacob Petry, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 24th day of March, 1903, that the sale of the real estate of Jacob Petry, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Annie L. Petry, executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this court by the said executrix, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 27th day of April next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 20th day of April, next. The report states the amount of sale to be Seven Thousand, Two Hundred and Seventy-four Dollars and Eighty Cents. ($7,274.80.)

WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL, }
JACOB RINEHART, } Judges.
L. CALVIN JORDAN, }

True Copy.—Test:
JOSEPH D. BROOKS,
mar 27 3t Register of Wills.

DRESS MAKING.

Having changed my residence I wish to inform my friends and patrons that I will continue fashionable Dress Making at the home place of May N. Roop, now occupied by Thos. Fowler. Prices moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ELSIE E. BAKER,
mar 21 3t* Wakefield, Md.

CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WESTMINSTER, MD.
Office No. 7 Court Street. feb 21

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

APRIL

2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1903.

Spring Opening Display

—OF—

Superb Millinery,

BEAUTIFUL

Tailormade Suits, Skirts and Silk Waists, Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Laces, Trimmings, Gloves, Lingerie, Carpets, Furniture, &c.

We're sure you'll thank us for advising you not to miss this Opening.

MUSIC ON SATURDAY, APRIL 4th.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

YOU OUGHT TO HAVE

A New

SPRING OVERCOAT.

The Stylish New BOX COAT, at Special Low Prices, at

SHARRER & GORSUCH'S,

Westminster, Md. Handsome Coats for $7, $8 and $10. One lot Boys' 9 to 16 year Spring Overcoats, worth $5.00 for $3.50.

SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

The styles for spring are the prettiest for many seasons. Come in and select your pattern before the stock is broken. Remember, this is no sample business, but a genuine made to measure suit, and a sure saving of $3 to $5 on each suit.

Our Spring SUITS for Men and Boys

are coming every day and they are positively the best, handsomest and cheapest suits we have ever had. Don't buy before seeing our handsome styles and low prices. We can and will make it pay you to buy your clothing from us. 10 42 and 45 Overcoats, were $12 and $14, now $7.50. A few other Overcoats at half value. Some winter suits at tremendous bargains.

The place to buy your Cotton Pants and Overalls. 50 doz. Pants 50c to 85c. A full cut double front working shirt, sold everywhere at 50c, here 45c. All Winter Gloves, Underwear &c., at great reduction this month.

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John D. Bowers.

Sharing a Good Thing.

Confectionery is most often bought for a gift. Those who buy it naturally want the best. That's why Candy buyers are critical, and that's why such careful buyers of Candy come here. Whatever you want, from the wholesome old-fashioned Taffies to the rich delicious modern Creams, you'll find our stock offers the best. Fancy and Staple Groceries are our specialties. We stick exclusively to our new line, and buy from first hands, therefore can give you first prices and fresh goods. The advantage you have, your goods don't cost you anymore than you pay for them elsewhere. This is one point you want to look at carefully. We have reopened our SODA FOUNTAIN and are prepared to furnish you with the old reliable Soda Water you all know about, with new additions and new drinks, 40 different flavors. We are giving one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of $1.00, except Sugar. County produce taken in exchange. Highest prices paid.

JOHN D. BOWERS, OPPOSITE CATHOLIC RECTORY,

jan-23-02-1y C. & P. TELEPHONE 11-3. 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.

LISTEN.

I wish to inform the public that I have moved my Gallery over

JOHN D. BOWERS' STORE, 49 East Main Street, Westminster.

I would be pleased to have you call, whether you desire any work or not.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Pictures made in clear or cloudy weather.

MITCHELL'S ART GALLERY.

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ADVERTISEMENT FOR FEDERAL BUILDING SITE.

Treasury Department,
Office of the Secretary,
Washington, D. C., March 18th, 1903.

Proposals will be received, to be opened at 2 o'clock, P. M., APRIL 10th, 1903, for the sale to the United States of a suitable site, centrally and conveniently located, for the Federal Building to be erected in WESTMINSTER, Md.

A corner lot, approximating 150 by 100 feet, is required. Sites must be not less than fifteen thousand square feet in area.

Each proposal must be accompanied by a diagram of the land, showing the widths of adjacent streets and alleys, the grades, and the character of foundations obtainable, etc.

Any improvements on the land must be removed by the vendor within thirty days after written notice, and the vendor shall pay all expenses connected with furnishing evidence of title and deeds of conveyance.

The right to reject any proposal is reserved. Each proposal must be sealed, marked "Proposal for Federal Building Site at Westminster, Md.," and mailed to the Secretary of the Treasury (Supervising Architect,) Washington, D. C.

H. A. TAYLOR,
mar 21 3t Assistant Secretary.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of The Wakefield Valley Rail Road Company, that a meeting of said Stockholders of said Company will be held at the office of Wm. B. Thomas & Son, No. 83 East Main street, Westminster, on MONDAY, 6th day of April, A. D. 1903, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing SEVEN DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of said company for the ensuing year; and for the purpose of adopting and taking such action in regard to the by-laws of said company as the said stockholders may deem proper.

ELIAS O. GRIMES, President.
W. FRANK THOMAS,
mar 7 5t Secretary-Treasurer.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of The Wakefield Mills and Lime Company of Carroll County, Md., that a meeting of said Stockholders of said Company will be held at the office of Wm. B. Thomas & Son, No. 83 East Main street, Westminster, Md., on MONDAY, the 6th day of April, A. D. 1903, between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of electing SEVEN DIRECTORS to manage the affairs of the company for the ensuing year; and for the purpose of adopting or taking such action in regard to the by-laws of said company as the stockholders may deem proper.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS, President.
JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM,
mar 7 5t Secretary-Treasurer.

Great Clearing Sale AT OAK HALL,

NEW WINDSOR, Md.

The grandest clearing sale of Winter Goods on record. Owing to the fact of the Insurance Companies requiring a regular inventory once a year, we begin at once to clear our shelves of all Winter Goods. Insurance values will be offered.

6-4 Cloths, $1.00 grade, 69c. 75c grade now 49c. 50c grade now 25c.

Great bargains in Clothing. $8.00 and $10.00 Suits and Overcoats now $5.00 to $7.00.

Bargains in Blankets, Comforts, Robes, Boots and everything in the winter line.

They must be closed out within the next 15 to 20 days.

Will astonish you in prices if you will call. The first will receive our best bargains.

We have hundreds of Remnants of Dress Goods that will be offered at half price.

Come at once as we have the goods for you.

Respectfully,
ja 18 02 1y 6 GEO. C. ANDERS.

JOB PRINTING, such as Sale Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Books, &c., printed at short notice and at modern prices. Call at this office before placing orders elsewhere.

WHEN THE DAYS LENGTHEN.

When the days begin to lengthen
And the shadows shorter grow,
And the ruddy sun creeps higher
Where the gray clouds dully go,
Then my heart leaps up rejoicing
Like a starved and 'prisoned thing,
For I'm longing, longing, longing
For the coming of the spring.

Oh, I hate the winds that bluster
And I hate the chill that blights,
And the days of gray depression
And the drear ice-fettered nights,
When the light begins to lengthen
Then my heart begins to sing,
For I'm longing, longing, longing
For the coming of the spring.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE CITY OF EPHESUS.

Written for the "Sentinel," by Wm. E. Roop, from Reminiscences of Travels in Asia, in 1898.

Asia Minor is as interesting as any country in the world. Besides its noble and inspiring natural scenery, it is filled with the ghosts of a mighty historic past. But just now we are bound for Ephesus! Leaving Smyrna, the last objects that attract the attention of the departing visitor are the meddley of small boats ready to bring in or take out men, women, or wares, lying under the shadow of the custom house as a pontoon bridge, making due connection with the large ocean going steamers, that rest at anchor a few hundred yards out from shore; the tinkling bells of an arriv-

[redacted]

peep numberless decaying ruins.

Our way is over the Smyrna and Aidin Railway. Winding almost around the Acropolis, we still are accompanied by picturesque and lofty hills skirted by broken rocks of many shapes, until following the winding course of the river Meles, we are brought into a widening valley, besprinkled with darkened patches of olive woods, fig orchards and vine-

How often the dense population have passed along this very way, over this old caravan route from Sardis, bent on seeking knowledge or profit from those two eyes of Asia, as Ephesus and Smyrna were aptly called! How often the jostling crowd must have elbowed its way along, where now all is silent and unpeopled, save here and there a stray caravan of camels moving steadily along bearing the commerce of some inland town; or an isolated herdsman, or two, watching and caring for his flocks of sheep or goats as he loiters on the barren hills, or idly strolls to the better pasture lands of a more fertile valley beneath! What riot, sensuality, murder or kidnapping have run mad in these very haunts of the treacherous Turk, as in the recent, though more distant, regions of Salonica! The destruction of earthquake, pestilence and famine have swept over this wild scene, till but here and there a walled up hovel, apparently deserted, may be seen, and little is heard but the wind, while the lizards sport and bask unmolested in the sun. The playful English train goes toiling on after being surrounded at a way station by a group of miserable children, almost naked, screaming out the common petition for charity.

Soon we emerge from the mountain defiles into the rich valley of the Cayster, and nearly a fifty mile run on a slow train has been completed. Forts and castles on strong eminences become paramount as noticeable ruins, and the light shining through the arches of broken acqueducts reveal still other broken arches and tottering walls in the melancholy disdances.

The waters that bore the proud ships carrying the vast commerce of this prodigally fertile plain have receded, the harbor has silted up, the wharfage and well-preserved walls of the heavily built warehouses stand as a mock monument in memory of a vast populace, whose wealth afforded them such luxury that they have gone down in history as a people that sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play.

When we came out of the makeshift of a depot in the wretched village of Ayasaluk, named after none other than the holy theologian, "John the Divine," we said to the dragoman, "To the temple of Diana of the Ephesians." It is no fiction, but plain, sober truth that on our way we passed over ground said to be the site upon which stood the Church of St. John. Its utter desolation strikes upon the stranger like a softened sorrow, and never perhaps could one feel less anxiety for superlative and exquisite beauty of mere externals alone after the real heart-life had become petrified, and love lost. To see the place where one of the seven churches of Asia stood, to which the son of Zebedee and Salome and a brother of James was instructed to write in "Revelation," surrounded with crumbling walls, overgrown with green, and the solitude of later structures of purest marble, now the haunts of bats and birds building their nests in chink and cranny, is a most impressive, solemn sight, scarcely conceivable to the imagination. Overtopping the many ruins stands a huge mass of masonry constructed of the same material as the Coliseum at Rome, and its holding together for so many centuries suggests the lost art of tempering mortar to such obstinate resistance. Presently we came, by a dusty way, to the great excavation of Mr. Wood, in behalf of the British Museum, and eighteen feet below the surface of the soil today, it is now certain, lies in utter prostration the famous temple of Diana, the ruin of a marvelous building that was one of the seven wonders of the world, the largest Greek temple the world ever saw.

Through its four hundred and twenty-five feet of length and more than half in width, toads and lizards find a home and the one hundred and twenty-eight, 6 feet by 60 feet, majestic marble columns lie crushed and crumbling, an inch a year, overgrown with long grass and green-briars. Its porches, its corridors, on which the people of this wicked, wonderful old city, like the old idolatrous religion itself, have fallen down and gone. Only its ghost still haunts the ground! Little could the Ephesians believe the day was hastening on when this massive temple, two hundred years in building, the chief pride of the city, would be a shapless ruin. Still less must they have thought that the debris of the ages would so completely cover it up that for many centuries its very site would be forgotten.

As we leave the temple of Artemis (Diana) one can little imagine its awful grandeur, as it was in St. Paul's three years' sojourn in Ephesus, then often full and running over with lusty life. The religion that Paul and Apollos preached betook itself to higher ground, while the city itself was choking up with filthy mud and refuse. Look at the people themselves, indolent and scowling at their better and rightful walk, grasping for the fleeting things of time. Demetrius, the silversmith, has helped to write their own wretched history, and the concerted action of his own fellow-townsmen is an enigma of the world that should not be soon repeated.

Away we go again, by dusty roads, through a forlorn and deserted country, under a sweltering sun, winding in and out for a distance of four or five miles, perhaps, with a great desire to see the theatre capable of holding 60,000 people, where the town clerk appeased a riotous populace, where the devilish and cruel mob, but for him, would doubtless have added another murder to their list of brutal sensuality. For mile after mile we went toiling on, over a succession of heaps and hills and ruin. Now we track a piece of old road, now a few shepherds come across our path, tattered, dirty and rapacious. A small backsheesh appeases their sudden halt, and we have the photograph of a sorry looking set, the Ephesians of today. Here we have the four granite columns shown to mark the tomb of St. John, the caretaker and keeper of our Lord's mother herself. There, on the hill above, the tomb of the Virgin too, is pointed out to various travelers. Arab and Turk now plow over and harvest their scanty crop of barley in part of the Stadium with its old arena of 687 feet of length, though this "pit of fight" is still guarded by a few broken dens for wild beasts. In the presence of thousands of fierce and cruel spectators many an early follower of the "Jesus Way" was doubtless torn to pieces by the enraged wild beasts, when this place was in its bloodiest prime for races, games and gladiatorial contests. Here the author of 1 Cor., 15: 32, may have encountered actual combat. The whole space is a ruin now, God be thanked.

The day is waning and we walk out and on, our little party of four, over the so-called Magnesia street, only a little distance to the ruins of the great theater. Just twenty years ago, this great road way, 45 ft. wide, was laid bare by the indefatigable efforts of John Turtle Wood, the surveyor and architect, who for two whole years eagerly searched the ruins of this great open-air audience chamber, to the delight and profit of the British Museum. Roofless, still it stands, as it always stood, and as all ancient theaters and stadia were. A little car and a little track is still carrying out debris, consisting of the dust of the ages, commingled with exquisite marble fragments. The superb structure in which the eloquence of the smooth-tongued silversmith led 60,000 people of the confused city to yell themselves hoarse, thro' the space of two hours, has been literally clogged, as has been the business, not only of these false religious sharks, but also of the city generally, and their combined riches have taken to themselves wings. Besides the marble blocks, broken statuary and granite pedestals and pieces of columns lying around, the marble seating itself, arranged in semicircular tiers in the receding hillside, has been, in part, removed from its place and some other has not yet received the last touch of the excavator's spade.

Returning from so much desolate grandeur and so many spots of interest, spread out before us in a glowing landscape of surpassing beauty, how solemn, how searching the thought that the simple misbehavior of this people, covetousness and jealousy so miserably fomented by petty leaders, have been a canker laid not only at the root of their sacred city but as well on their very life of political importance. Fire, war and earthquake have extinguished the household fires; generations that might have enshrined their names alongside that of their good Bishop Timothy, the spiritual son of Paul, have decayed; thousands upon thousands of faces, rigid with the strife and passion of the passing hour, have faded out of their old public haunts and have gone nameless into oblivion. Let us look back on Ephesus with its various walls, towers and parapets, belonging to the Greek, Roman and Byzantine eras, knowing that it was a hotbed of magic then, and that every rank, age, sex and religion of the Turk still believes in demoniacal interference in human affairs. But let us hope that the years of neglect, oppression and misrule may soon be turned into a brighter remembrance of a nobler people, raised up from these ruins, a people that may always at least be at peace within, knowing, "The Word preserveth the faithful," and let us nor remember Ephesus the less regardfully because the "wheel of time" is rolling on, and the rare power and the wonderful message brought to the world by the "Prince of Peace" accelerates the momentum of our hope as it rolls.

"And where stands Ephesus, in days gone by,
Pride of the East, Ionia's radiant eye,
Boasting the shrine to famed Diana reared,
East's wonder called, that myriad hearts revered?
No street we tread, but climb a grass-grown mound—
What! is this Ephesus that moulders round?
Have time's stern scythe, man's rage, and flood and fire,
Left aught for curious pilgrims to admire?
A few poor footsteps now may cross the shrine:
Cell, long arcade, high altar, all supine;
Bound with thick ivy, broken columns lie,
Through low rent arches winds of evening sigh.
Rough brambles choke the vaults where gold was stored,
And toads spit venom forth where priests adored.

Yet, Ephesus! while desola te and lorn,
And though thy starless night shall know no morn,
Cold is the breast of him who looks on thee
And feels no thrill of solemn ecstacy.
As musing now we walk thy desert bound,
The heart leaps up as at a trumpet's sound,
For here, e'en here—name never to expire—
Paul taught in his church, and breathed his words of fire;
These very stones his foot perchance hath trod,
These roofless walls have heard his prayers to God."

THE IPSWICH EXPRESS.

"Couldn't you find me a carriage with a lady in it?" said Lily Freeston, a little doubtfully, as the porter opened the door of a first-class carriage which was quite empty, and began to pack her dressing bag and roll of rugs into the rack.

"Well, miss," said he, apologetically, "though there are a good many people going by this train, there are not many going first class. But very likely some may come yet, for there's still twenty minutes before you're off, and I'll look out for any ladies, and if I can manage it I'll put them in here."

He spoke with an eye to his tip, and the grateful Lily at once gave him a shilling. Then he went off and forgot all about her in the doing of other jobs, and the carriage remained empty.

In a way Lily found it pleasant to be alone, and could she have felt certain of remaining alone during the whole two hours of her journey she would have been quite happy. But it was the uncertainty, the possibility of having to travel with some objectionable companion, which gave her a slight sense of uneasiness.

She chose her seat in the corner facing the engine, but she did not sit down at once. She stood instead at the open door, watching the crowd hurrying about the platform. There were plenty of people, as the porter had said, but all, obviously, were going second or third class. There were mothers with large families of children, there were schoolboys and young people, there was a group of Salvation lasses, a clergyman, and a much-flustered old lady, carrying a bird cage in one hand and a bandbox in the other. Her perturbation arose from the fact that she had not seen her trunk put into the luggage van with her own eyes, and it was in vain that an irascible porter insisted that he, at least, knew he had done so with his own hands. The old lady was neither to be soothed nor to be intimidated. She appealed volubly to the station master, who happened to be standing at hand.

Lily could see her action, could see her gesticulation, while not hearing what she said. And the girl couldn't help smiling at the way in which the old lady waved the bandbox and the bird cage about, couldn't help wondering how the bird, beneath the green baize cover, was enjoying his tempestuous experiences. Finally, it seemed to Lily that the station master invited the old lady to accompany him to the luggage van and verify the whereabouts of the box itself, for he walked off toward the rear of the train and the old lady trotted after him.

By this time most of the other passengers had taken their places and the platform was nearly empty. Only a nice-looking young man in a gray summer suit remained, and he kept looking now at his watch and now through each of the station entrances as he sauntered by them, as if he were awaiting the arrival of a friend.

"No, she won't come," said Lily to herself, as she watched him. "I'm afraid she was so long doing her hair—and of course she wanted to do it extra well to day—that she missed the train. You will have to go without her or to wait for the next. But you look much too nice to go without her. I'm sure you'll wait for the next."

A guard carrying a green flag came along banging at the carriage doors, and Lilly sat down in her corner, satisfied at last that she was going to make the journey alone; for after leaving Liverpool street the train did not stop again until it reached Ipswich.

She did not anticipate being dull. First of all, the mere sensation of being carried along at the rate of sixty miles an hour was an amusement to her; then she liked looking out the window at the hamlets and country houses flying past her and imagining little stories about the people who lived in them; and finally, when she should tire at this, she had plenty of magazines and papers with which to beguile the time.

She had also the letter home to her aunt which she had begun in the train coming up from Tunbridge, and she thought she would first go on with that. So she took her bag down from the rack, found her little writing-pad and pencil, and putting the point of the latter between her pretty lips to darken it, went on with her narrative of her travel adventures where she had broken off:

"I got across London from Charing Cross to Liverpool street all right, and the cabman was very nice; and when I asked him, 'How much?' he said: 'Well, since it's you, miss, we'll say five shillings, which was very kind of him, wasn't it? and not a bit extortionate, as Jack said he would be, for it was really an immense way here, and through such crowded, horrid streets that it must have been most difficult to drive. Now I am in the Ipswich train in a carriage all to myself, for I couldn't find any other ladies to travel with, as you wished; but it doesn't really matter, for I don't feel a bit lonely or fright—"

At that instant the door was snatched open, a bag was flung in, and a tall, black-bearded man with a big cigar in his mouth, dashed in after it. He stumbled over Lily's feet without a word of apology, shut the door behind with a furious slam, and precipitated himself into the farthest opposite corner of the carriage. Lily looked at him in amazement and dismay. Really this was worse than anything she could have possibly foreseen. It was impossible for her to travel in a carriage with a man who smoked, for the smell of smoke always gave her a bad headache. she could not sit ten minutes in her cousin Jack's smoking-room without the atmosphere affecting her. To be shut up for two hours in the company of that big cigar was absolutely out of the question. Yet what was she to do? Was it possible for her to change carriages? She gave a despairing glance at her various possessions scattered over the seats, at her heavy dressing-bag, at her big bundle of wraps and rugs up in the rack opposite her, and which she could not even lift down herself. No, it was impossible that she could change carriages in time, and yet what on earth was she to do?

She could think of nothing better than an appeal to the stranger's good feeling, since he, at least, could get into another carriage without any difficulty. And, no doubt, he had made a mistake in entering this carriage instead of the next one. She remembered now to have noticed that the next compartment was a smoking-compartment, and probably in his hurry he had mistaken the doors.

He looked a gentleman, Lily decided, although she immediately discovered that he was a very odd-looking man, too; while certainly his mode of entrance had not been over courteous. Still, she felt perfectly sure that he would be willing to move himself rather than to put her to such inconvenience and discomfort.

"Pardon me," she said, with timid courage, "but I think you have made a mistake? This is not a smoking-carriage."

There was something really extremely odd in the appearance of this foreign-looking man, who might be French, who might be Italian; who wore a soft hat, a voluminous "bat's-wing" cape, and a sparce, stubbly black beard. There was something odd and repellent, too, in the damp white skin, the thick black eyebrows, the black, flickering, staring eyes,

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