THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 4, 1904. VOL. 73--NO. 10.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY,

In Manchester District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in equity, passed in cause No. 4126 equity, wherein Paul Leister, infant, by next friend, is plaintiff, against James A. Leister and others, defendants, the undersigned, Trustees' named in said decree, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate on the public county road leading from Westminster to Hampstead, 6 miles from the former, and 4 miles from the latter place, on

THURSDAY, 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that farm of which M. Alice V. Leister died seized and possessed, containing

83 ACRES OF LAND, more or less,

improved by a new Weather-boarded Two-story Dwelling House, with basement, 24x32 ft.; new Switzer Barn, 36x50 ft.; Buggy Shed, Corn Crib, Wash House, Spring House, Smoke House and all usual outbuildings, well of water at the barn, and excellent spring near the house; buildings recently painted, all in good condition; farm under good fencing, and in good state of cultivation. Also a small lot adjoining the home place, containing

3 ACRES, 2 ROODS AND 23 PERCHES

of Land, more or less, and located on the aforesaid public road, improved by a Frame Weatherboarded Dwelling House, Corn House, Wash House, Chicken House and other buildings, a good Orchard and all kinds of small fruits, good spring of water; property in good repair and worthy of the attention of purchasers.

At the same time and place will also be sold a Wood Lot, containing

4 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 26 PERCHES

of Land, more or less, and is fair timber land. It lies near St. John's or Leister's Church.

These three parcels of real estate are well worthy the attention of any person desiring to purchase real property.

This is the same land and premises which was conveyed by deed from David H. Leister and wife, unto M. Alice V. Leister, bearing date June 22nd, 1903, and recorded among the land records of Carroll county, in liber J. H. B. No 98, folio 44 &c.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid to the trustees on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, the remaining two-thirds payable in one and two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the note or notes of the purchaser or purchasers and bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash upon ratification of sale, at the option of the purchaser.

A cash deposit of $300 will be required on the day of sale, on the home property; $100 required of the purchaser on second parcel, with the improvements thereon, and $50 on the wood lot.

MICHAEL S. BRILHART,
GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
Geo. O. Brillhart, Solicitor. Trustees.
John W. Reaver, auctioneer.

Public Sale of PERSONAL PROPERTY.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, administrators of M. Alice V. Leister, late of Carroll county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, at her late residence on the public county road leading from Westminster to Hampstead, 6 miles from the former and 4 miles from the latter place, on

THURSDAY, 24TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904,

at 10 A. M., all the following Personal Property, to-wit: 1 gray Horse, a good leader; 1 black family Mare, 6 Milk Cows, 3 Heifers, 1 Sow, 9 Shoats, 1 two-horse Wagon, Threshing Machine, stone bed, hay carriage, 2 spring-tooth harrows, 2 single and 1 triple plow, new mower, binder, 2 buggies, set of buggy harness, drill, corn planter, horse rake, corn sheller, butt, breast, log and cow chains, 2 sets of lead harness, wagon harness, wagon saddle, bridles, halters, dung hook, drag, sled, wheelbarrow, forks, mattocks, shovels, rakes, hoes, dinner bell, logs, wood, shingle blocks,

CORN BY THE BARREL, FODDER,

21½ Acres of growing Wheat, and 5½ Acres of growing Rye, and many other articles too numerous to mention. Also

HOUSEHOLD GOODS:

consisting of 3 Bedsteads and Bedding, 1 Buffet, 2 Bureaus, 2 Tables, Chairs, Mirrors, Carpet, Cook Stove, Stoves, copper kettle, iron kettle, pots, lot of dishes, also potatoes, apple butter, jarred fruit of all kinds, and many other articles too numerous to mention, but will be sold on day of sale.

Terms of Sale.—All sums of $5.00 and under, cash, on day of sale; on all sums above $5 a credit of 6 months will be given, the purchasers to give their notes, with approved security, and bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until settled for.

MICHAEL S. BRILHART,
JAMES A. LEISTER,
Administrators.
Geo. O. Brilhart,
Geo. L. Stocksdale, Attorneys.
Jno. W. Reaver auct. feb 19 4t

PUBLIC SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises on the county road leading from St. John's Church to Jacob Richards' Mill, in Hampstead district, at 12 o'clock M., sharp, on

TUESDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1904,

a very desirable farm, containing

47 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 16 PERCHES,

more or less, improved by a two-story frame Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Blacksmith Shop, Wagon Shed, Smoke House, and other outbuildings, a good well and spring of water, elegant apple orchard and other fruit. Said land is in an elegant state of cultivation except a due portion of thrifty Timber, and on said farm is a blacksmith shop and an elegant opportunity for a blacksmith.

Said farm adjoins the farms of David H. Leister, John W. Basler, Joseph Eck and others, and is conveniently located in regard to churches and schools, and has the U. S. Mail delivered at the residence twice each day by R. F. D.

At the same time and place will be sold a full line of Farming Utensils, in elegant condition. For further particulars and terms see hand bills.

Terms of Sale of Real Estate.—One third cash, one-third in 6 and one-third in 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. The purchaser will be required to makes cash deposit of $25, on the day of sale, with the undersigned.

WINFIELD A. LONG.
Walsh & Walsh, Attorneys.
Wm. H. Blizzard, auct. feb 26 4t

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A FINE FARM

at Finksburg, Carroll County, Maryland.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Samuel J. H. Frazier, dated June 30th, 1894, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 35, folio 13, etc., the undersigned, as Assignee of the Westminster Deposit & Trust Company, will offer at Public Sale on the premises on

SATURDAY, THE 19TH DAY OF MARCH, 1904,

at 1.30 o'clock, P. M., all the land described in said mortgage, less 22 acres, 2 roods and 31 perches thereof heretofore sold to John N. Simmons, the balance remaining being

176 5-16 ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

This farm is situated on the Baltimore and Westminster turnpike at the village of Finksburg, in Carroll county, Maryland, and one-half mile from the W. Md. Railroad Station. This is one of the best producing farms in Carroll county, and contains a due proportion of good timber suitable for railroad ties or building purposes. The buildings are in a fair condition and consist of a large Dwelling House and Barn, stabling for twenty-five head of cattle and five horses, and other outbuildings; also a tenant house and stable. This farm may be offered in two or three parcels or as an entirety as the undersigned may determine before the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years, the purchaser giving his notes with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

CHARLES E. FINK,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Phineas A. Gorsuch, Auct. feb 26 4t

Commissioners Notice.

HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster EVERY MONDAY for the transaction of business.

By order, FRANCIS L. HANN,
jy 2 tf Clerk.

JOB Printing of all kinds done promptly at reasonable prices. Call for estimates.

Hering's Department Store.

Get Ready For Spring.

The Going to Housekeeping Days and Moving Days are Drawing Near.

Have you thought about where to get your furnishings. Don't pass us by in your calculations, as you will find us to be the biggest Money Savers in town.

CARPETS. CARPETS. CARPETS.

Last year's business has demonstrated to us that we have the right goods and the right prices. Our Spring Stock has arrived and we can show you as large a line and as well assorted as you will find in the city stores, but at much lower prices.

BRUSSELS, VELVETS, AXMINSTERS AND INGRAINS.

The patterns for spring are rich of color and handsome in design and prices as low as a year ago.

MATTINGS. MATTINGS. MATTINGS.

Mattings are becoming more popular each season, and this season promises to be the Banner Season. You will find our stock fairly teeming with this popular floor covering. We have both China and Japan Mattings, running in price

From 10 to 50 Cents.

FURNITURE. FURNITURE.

LOWEST PRICES IN WESTMINSTER FOR DEPENDABLE FURNITURE.

We are now showing everything needed in a home—all new fresh goods—marked at such prices as will astonish you.

BED ROOM SUITS,	PARLOR SUITS,
COUCHES,	EXTENSION TABLES,
DINING CHAIRS,	OAK AND REED ROCKERS,
IRON BEDSTEADS,	ODD DRESSERS,
COSTUMERS,	HALL RACKS,
CHIFFIONIERS,	CHINA CLOSETS,
SIDEBOARDS, Etc.	

WE ALLOW NO HOUSE TO UNDERSELL US.

FAIR TREATMENT TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS.

Chas. E. Hering, Westminster, Md.

CLOSING OUT OUR WINTER STOCK.

TO CLOSE OUT OUR REMAINING WINTER STOCK OF

FELT BOOTS

WE HAVE PUT SPECIAL PRICES ON THEM TO CLOSE OUT QUICK.

20 pairs Men's Felt Boots, $2.25 grade, at	$1.75.
15 pairs Men's Felt Boots, $2.00 grade, at	1.50.
15 pairs Boys' Felt Boots, $1.75 grade, at	1.25.
8 pairs Women's Felt Boots, $1.50 grade, at	1.15.
40 pairs Men's Rubber Boots, $3.00 grade, at	2.50.

Also big reduction in UNDERWEAR, WORKING COATS, GLOVES, &c. Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
jan-7-03-1y

FARMERS! ATTENTION!

POTATOES, ONIONS, APPLES, Eggs, Poultry, Butter, Calves, Dressed Pork, &c.,

Bought at our Place in Westminster,

and straight Cash Price paid for same. What have you to sell? Call to see us.

ELLIS & STOLL, W. Main St., near Depot,
S. D. FROUNFELTER, Agent. jan 93 Westminster.

WILSON'S PHOTOGRAPHS

YOU KNOW THE REST.

NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE. C. and P. Phone 813.

TO THE LADIES.

We beg to announce that we are prepared to meet your demands for the early Spring Sewing with a complete line of Domestic Dry Goods, mostly bought before any advance in price, of which we are glad to give you the advantage.

Yard wide Bleached Muslin, every piece a leader at the price, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12½c a yd.

Unbleached Muslin, excellent qualities, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9c a yard.

9-4 Bleached and Unbleached Sheeting (Standard Quality) at 25c a yard.

Mercerized Madras, Pongee and other White Waist Goods in a variety of pretty patterns.

Nainsook, Long Cloth, India Linens, Persian Lawn, etc.

A Variety of new designs in Embroideries and Laces, at prices that are hard to match.

A vast array of Dress Ginghams, Chambrays, Percales and Fancy Madras at 6, 8, 10, 12½ and 15c a yard.

Apron Ginghams 5, 6½ and 8c a yard.

Calicoes and Light Shirting Prints 5, 6, and 6½c a yard.

Heavy Shirtings, Cottonades, Ticking and Table Damask at last year's prices.

Be sure and look up our line of Ladies' Percale Wrappers at 99c and $1.25 each.

ALL WINTER GOODS TO BE CLOSED OUT AT GREAT REDUCTIONS, AS HERETOFORE ADVERTISED. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY UNDERWEAR, CANTON AND OUTING FLANNELS, FLANNELETTES, WOOL FLANNELS, ETC., AT BIG REDUCTIONS.

Men's and Boy's Winter Pants at 1-5 off. All 50c and $1.00 Working Gloves, Shirts and Overalls now 45 and 95c. 10 per cent. off Leather Boots.

We urgently solicit an inspection of our lines, as we are always glad to show goods.

HOWARD D. ENSOR,
Successor to Stouffer & Ensor,
oct 09 03 1y 6 ONE PRICE CASH STORE, NEW WINDSOR, Md.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters testamentary on the estate of

FANNIE ENGLEMAN,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of September, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 9th day of February, 1904.

NATHAN H. BAILE,
feb 12 4t Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JACOB THOMSON,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 9th day of September, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 9th day of February, 1904.

ELIAS O. GRIMES,
CHARLES L. THOMSON,
feb 12 4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JAMES V. CRISWELL,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 23rd day of September, 1904, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of February, 1904.

JAMES W. BUCKINGHAM,
feb 26 4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters testamentary on the estate of

SAMUEL J. OGG,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of September, 1904; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 15th day of February, 1904.

SOLENIA OGG,
feb 15 4t Executrix.

NO. 4109 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Ivan L. Hoff, trustee vs. Josiah Wantz.

Ordered, this 26th day of February, A. D. 1904, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 14th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:—
feb 26 2t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

I THINK WE HAD BETTER GO TO **Mitchell's Art Gallery** AND GET THE LATEST IN **PHOTOGRAPHY,** OVER BOWERS' STORE, WESTMINSTER, MD.
oct 25 03 1y

WHICH ARE YOU?

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people; no more, I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
That the good are half bad, and the bad are half good.
Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE BABA'S WHELP.

—:o:—

The Whelp, lean and dejected, skulked from beneath a table littered with remnants of an untidy meal. Crusts of bread, bits of meat and cheese rinds, with empty grog glasses and bottles smelling rankly of stale beer, were spread in slovenly array on the board, and the variant odors arising therefrom caused the Whelp to lift his slender gray snout skyward and sniff the air hungrily; then, lowering it, he nuzzled, whiffing softly, along the floor, coming in sudden and uncomfortable proximity with a foot encased in a mudcaked brogan. The foot kicked out savagely, hitting his left front paw a sounding crack; but bitter experience having taught the Whelp that silence was expedient on such occasions, neither whine nor yelp gave sign that he had been hurt; yet he crawled to a corner, and lifting the injured member, licked it very tenderly.

Hideous to look upon, with wolf as well as psovic blood warring in his veins, the runt of the litter, he had inherited his mother's most unattractive features. A curious deformity in the Whelp had been in the mother an injury dealt by the hand of her Slav master in punishment for her crime in pillaging a bit of worthless meat from the offal of the his filthy abattoir. Half starved and weak with abuse, she had struggled but feebly when the master had wreaked his vengeance and showed his expert use of the cleaver by splitting her foot neatly from claws to first joint.

The wound had healed in time, and now the Whelp walked also upon his left front foot as if it were a forked stick or cloven hoof, and where the wretched mother, in far off Hungary, had owned but one eye to see out of, the Whelp was rich by the sight of two—one brilliantly brown, with a fine red light shining beneath the iris, such as might have burned in the eyes of his wolfish ancestors, and the other lying opaquely gray and black rimmed, moving slowly, always watchfully, in the gaping socket. At times the Slav master determined he would put that "white eye" out, even as he had done the mother, yet it served his purpose better to leave it, for the superstitious Hungarians and Slavs of the neighborhood dared not thieve, be it ever so little, under the evil eye of the Baba's Whelp.

In his small, dreary world, however, the Whelp had found one friend—a pretty friend, a gentle friend, who did not turn from his ugliness, but who would caress his dusty head and pat his big, gaunt body, covered with its coat of shaggy, gray fur, splashed here and there with black, as though he had rubbed too closely against the barrels of soft pitch that oozed their contents between bulging staves as they waited in the sun on the wharf to be stowed away in the hold of some one of the many vessels that lay at anchor in the dock.

His friend's name was Gulielma Antolotti, and her father kept the little shop just near that of Hans Laubenheimer, the German locksmith, and next but one to the corner saloon, or Sailors' Choice. The window of the little shop, and, in fact, the remarkable interior, showed a variegated assortment, consisting of seamen's compasses, accordions, concertinas, claymores and broadswords of other makes, big silver watches, curios from nearly every country on the globe, dirks, pistols, from the big bulldog variety to the wicked little toy size, masquerading in pearl and nickle; rosaries and even Bibles, could be found in that odd little shop—that musty little shop, marked by its sign of three tarnished gilt balls that branched over the squat front door, and might just as well have been emblazoned with "Give up all hope, ye who enter here," for Emanuel Antolotti, Italian by birth, usurer by profession and nature, had the reputation of being able to sqeeze blood from the proverbial turnip, or even a stone, yet he had been unable, withal, to rob his daughter of so much as a drop of her heart's warm kindliness and generosity of disposition.

Gulielma was pretty, undeniably so, whether viewed from an artistic or practical standpoint. Her soft, brown eyes looked out from a face oval in shape and beautiful as one of Raphael's Madonnas, and was exquisitely gentle in expression. Above her low, white forehead and delicately pencilled eyebrows the fine, dark hair parted naturally and rippled away from the little pink ears wherein dangled the big gold earrings, owned once, it is true, by the wife of Louis Gregorio, the Greek, who vended alternately nuts and fruits in their season.

The coming of the Gregorios, screaming twins had caused the parting with the earrings, which Emanuel had bestowed upon his daughter, not deeming it necessary to tell her from whom they had been purchased, lest she might refuse to wear them, or, even worse, insist upon his returning them. So Gulielma wore the trinkets joyfully, with childish pleasure delighting in the oriental brilliancy they shed over the orange colored neckscarf and scarlet waist.

The Whelp's visits to the little shop were of necessity made by stealth every time the iron barred gate of the slaughter yard was left open. Sometimes this would be in the early morning, when Gulielma, washing up the breakfast dishes, would pause long enough to take her hands all rosy from the pan of hot suds and, after a careful search of the larder, toss him a bit of fresh fish or a bone with a delicious flavor of browned butter still clinging to it. Again during the dusk of the winter evening he would creep in as part of the gloaming and lay his gray muzzle along her knee, gazing lovingly and confidingly into her eyes as she sat before the fat, pot-bellied stove, with the cough, black of plumage and red legged, screaming in his cage above her head, while she rocked unconcernedly and crocheted dreadful atrocities in the shape of yellow and green or purple and pink tidies and head coverings.

Now, on an ill-fated day, while Gulielma's patron saint must have been napping, the Whelp's master chanced to catch a glimpse of her when exchanging his huge brass timepiece for a few miserable bits of silver, and he cared not so much for the money doled out to him reluctantly, from the small iron-bound till by Emanuel Antolotti as he did for looking, with evil and ill-concealed desire, at Emanuel's pretty daughter. It was not the only visit that he paid thereafter to the little shop, and there came a day at last when he changed his clothing, stained and unneat, for a suit of homespun bought with much argument and small expenditure, of the second hand dealer. Then, after trying to cleanse his veinous hands of the grime that had entered the pores and outlined every gnarled and swollen knuckle, he again visited the little shop where Gulielma busied herself, with sleeves rolled up and skirt pinned, like a fishwife's, above her quilted petticoat.

"I have come to ask you to marry me," said Kadish Anakim, his thick tongue making an unholy mix of the words, and at the same time bestowing a grim smile on the lady of his choice, intended to reasure her of his honorable intentions. His powerful and ugly form seemed with its hugeness to blot out all sunlight in the little room.

"Caw! Caw! Ca-a-a-w!" shrieked the cough with foreboding emphasis as he ran backward and forward and along the floor of his wooden house, scattering the hemp-seed with wicked pleasure on the shoulders of Kadish Anakim.

Gulielma turned, startled, from the shelf she was arranging and eyed the newcomer with evident disfavor.

"And that will I not do." Her spirit rose and her color with it.

The man was offensive, but there was nothing to fear save his looks, for out of doors God's sunshine spread gloriously over street and roof-top, and from the distance came the homely, comfortable sound of itinerant fish dealers and basket weavers calling their wares and just passing the door was Louis Gregorio, with his wooden hand cart full of fresh pineapples. She had but to call a trifle above her natural voice for him or Hans Laubenheimer in the nearest shop to hear her. No; truly she had naught to fear from this ungainly fellow.

"You are a good looking girl and a good worker. My woman died last year; I want another to keep my house." He approached nearer to her, with his black, heavy-lidded eyes fixed steadily upon her face, and as Gulielma encountered the intensity of the man's gaze a sudden impulse to cross herself assailed her, and she whispered an "Our Father" in her mother tongue, for the sunlight seemed less bright and she found herself looking furtively, as means of escape, toward the red East Indian curtain flaunting its border of peacocks rampant that hung before the door leading into the back room.

"My father must answer you," she said, "and I shall obey him in the matter." She knew full well that Emanuel had ambitions for her in quite a different direction, and she also knew that the selection made by him from a mercenary sense had been approved by her from the dictates of her own heart, but she felt that she must deal with this rough suitor tactfully.

"The old man is down at the dock, drinking with the men from off the Zealander, and there I saw him not ten minutes ago. He will be bringing his new customers here to do a little business later, so we had best be finished with ours now." His lips wreathed in a sinister smile as he watched the warm flush die slowly out of the girl's face, leaving her pale and wide eyed.

"Ah, then, he will be home before long," she said, trying hard to maintain a calm exterior. "I must see to it that his dinner does not burn; already I think I can smell that bit of lamb scorching in the oven."

Raising the curtain she stepped behind it, her heart beating strangely. The man's very aspect seemed to frighten her and she remembered how as a young girl she had hurried, with a feeling of indescribable terror, past his slaughter house that like himself reeked with blood and dirt from week's end to week's end again.

As she entered the room that served as half sitting room half kitchen, she heard a step behind her and Kadish Anakim's shadow fell in blackened length along the floor, enveloping her as it were within a cloud, while his brawny hand clutched her arm and his voice whispered in her ear:

"You did but come here to escape me. Give me my answer now. Will you marry me?"

Gulielma, suddenly and with an unlooked for show of temper, wrenched her arm free from his grasp. Fear no longer held her captive; she was inspired with all her woman's dignity.

"Do not dare to touch me!" Her breath came quickly, causing her rounded bosom to rise and fall proudly beneath the folds of her orange handkerchief, and she seemed to gain in stature as she drew herself up and away from his reach, but the man's grovelling nature was no more impressed than if a kitten had arched its back at him. He raised one knotted finger and shook it at her angrily.

"When my woman acted thus I beat her. Once I broke her wrist with but a twist of my hand. Pha! you are weak to what she was. Wait until you are mine; then will I teach you a lesson."

Gulielma's arms were aggressively akimbo; her hands, brown and dimpled, rested on her hips. "Beast!" she gasped. "I am not yours, nor will I ever be." The golden hoops in her ears swung back and forth with the brave uplifting of her head.

Kadish Anakim, however, standing half over the doorsill of the room, leered wickedly back to her as the last rays of the setting sun shone through the red curtain, staining his beetling browned face a dull crimson.

"Maybe you will not say 'yes' to me," he gibed, "but one day I shall come for you and you will go, nor will priest or rabbi mark the time."

He was gone on the instant, the curtain fell back into place and Gulielma stood shivering as if with an ague just where he had left her. There the Whelp found her, and whining crawled to her feet, crouching, for once unnoticed by those dear eyes and uncaressed by those hands.

Weeks passed and time had at last quieted Gulielma's fears. She had plighted her troth with the one she loved and preparations for her nuptials were already begun. A few happy hours of each day were spent in the company of the cough and the Whelp, who watched her lovingly as she stitched, stitched, stitched away at the piles of snowy muslin or plied her little steel crochet needle back and forth through the meshes of astonishingly elaborate cotton lace work.

Finally the long hot months of summer drew to a close and in a fortnight the celebration of St. Sebastian would take place, when human angels, bedizened with tinsel and spangles, were to be suspended by ropes from neighboring housetops so that they might soar down gracefully on the multitude beneath at just the proper time and in the most approved angelic manner. Banners, chromos and small transparencies of the Virgin were to be found in every house, and feast candles were purchased and stood in readiness to be lighted and placed before the numerous small shrines that had been erected and were being decorated to suit the tastes of the worshippers.

Emanuel Antolotti had decided on this occasion to give, for him, a royal feast in honor of the day and also of his daughter's betrothal to young Samsonn Guibeck, keeper of the bakery just around the corner.

Now on the day of the festa most of the tenements and small frame houses, harboring people of every nationality, were deserted by their inmates; Emanuel also had left early in the day with a varied intention of participating in the Italian festival and calling upon Father Pietro at the same time. Hans Laubenheimer, the locksmith, although not in sympathy with the faith of his neighbors, had nevertheless put up the wooden shutters of his shop, and thoroughly inspired with the holiday spirit had betaken himself to a far away rathskeller, there to drink his beer and smoke his pfeife to his heart's content. Even the Sailor's Choice was deserted by all save one or two besotted loungers that could not make their legs walk far enough to get away.

Amid the squalid surroundings of the slaughter yard lay the Whelp, with thin nose buried between outstretched paws and eyes blinking sleepily in the sunlight, the frightened squeal of a pig and bleat of lamb having become sounds too familiar to arouse him from his restful slumbers, and in the living room of Emanuel Antolotti's little shop stood Gulielma in all the bravery of her galy day finery.

A silken scarf, gorgeous with embroidered flowers and fringe, was draped coquettishly over her waving hair and a shawl of many colors adorned her shoulders. At an appointed meeting place she was to join her father after giving the last finishing touches to the table whereon lay the simnel, or rich sweetened cake stuffed with plums and decorated with scallops and pastery and icing, that Samsonn had sent in but that morning as an addition to the feast.

"A pink paper rose would look well right in the middle of that cake," murmured Gulielma to herself, at the same time time reaching for the rose from a vase of vivid artificial blooms that decorated the mantel shelf and proceeding to affix it just as a step sounded in the outer room.

"No business done here today," she called out blithely, her fingers deftly crimpling the rose leaves to more natural shape. Then, as if impelled to by some unyielding force, she looked up suddenly, and doing so gave a start and a little cry surcharged with terror, for in the doorway stood the Slav Kadish Anakim, even as he had come direct from his slaughter pen, with the blood of the wretched creatures he had killed still upon him and the odor of bad whiskey seeming to exude from the very pores of his flesh.

"So to-night you think to sit and to eat and to feast with your lover?" he asked, scanning the gayly spread table with an angry scowl as he advanced toward Gulielma.

A nervous feeling of panic swept over her as she looked upon him. She knew he had been drinking heavily and felt intuitively that he had come to do her harm. Stealthily she retreated from him slowly—very slowly—stepping backward, and with eyes wide and anxiously fixed upon his face. Could she but reach the open window first it was her quickly formed resolution to scream for help, for there was that in his countenance which terrified her beyond measure and froze the bloed about her heart.

"Do not try to turn from me, woman, else will I kill you," he menaced enraged by her manner and only too apparent fear of him.

"You would not! You dare not!" Her white lips uttered the words weakly and with little show of courage, for she was sure he would as leave strangle her as he would an animal.

"Ha! would I not? But no, then, I do not wish to kill you. I have other desires than to see you dead unless you make a noise. But that you shall not marry with this Samsonn Guibeck I will soon show you. I have come for you and you will go."

The window, with its prim little white curtains and flowering plants, had been reached at last, and before the man was fully aware of her intentions Gulielma's voice rang out with startling vigor. Once, twice, the cry for help broke the unusual stillness of the neighborhood. Then he was upon her, covering her mouth with his hand and dragging her backward into the room, but superhuman strength seemed given her to resist the onslaught, for she struggled violently from his grasp, leaving in his hands the rainbow tinted shawl as she darted swift as a swallow to the other side of the room, putting the table between herself and the man.

She was not to escape in that way, however, for Kadish Anakim watched her every movement, and with the heavy agility of a capering bullock forstalled her attempt to reach the outer room by blocking the curtained doorway with his hug form and at the same time drawing the woolen scarf through his fingers he twisted it into rope-like length and, approaching her suddenly, threw it over her head, making her his prisoner. Panting for breath, she fought like a wild thing, striking blindly at his chest and face, and once more a cry that rent the very air issued from her lips and was answered from a distance by the long drawn mournful bay of a dog.

Hearken, you Whelp! That voice is known to you, 'tis a danger signal of one whom you love! Pause not for barred gate of fence of wood. Gather that half-starved body of yours together until the ribs stand out like strung bows. Crouch gargoylelike, with long neck straining and lean haunches tight clinging to gaunt sides! Over! Aye, a good jump, five feet of stout rail, no less. Have a care, though, that devil's foot of yours will play you false. Already

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