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, JANUARY 6, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 1.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

In Myers' District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity, passed in cause No. 4189 Equity wherein, Mary A.E. Reinecker and others are plaintiffs and John Ickes and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1905,

at 12 o'clock, M., sharp, all that Real Estate of which Henry F. Formwalt, late of Carroll county, died seized and possessed.

1st. The Home Place, containing

40¼ ACRES AND 12 SQUARE PERCHES

of land, more or less. This property is in Myers' district, Carroll county and State of Maryland, adjoining the Stone Road, 2 miles from Silver Run and adjoins the lands of Levi J. Motter, Solomon Boose and others. This property is improved by a large Weatherboarded Two story Dwelling House, with a good cellar, well arranged; a large Bank Barn, with Wagon Shed, Corn Crib, Carriage House, Summer House, Smoke House and other outbuildings; a fine spring of pure water convenient to the dwelling and also a fine Spring House. All the buildings are in good condition, and the land is under good fencing and produces well. There is fruit of all kinds, and a due proportion of Timber Land.

2nd. All that lot of land containing

8½ ACRES, 3 PERCHES, MORE OR LESS,

lying on the Stone Road and adjoining the first above mentioned place, and lands of Levi J. Motter and others. The improvements consist of a Two-story Dwelling House, well arranged, in good condition, with a basement and cellar, a spring of pure water convenient to the dwelling, a good small Barn, &c., and is under good fencing and well improved, and has abundance of good Fruit.

3rd. A Wood Lot adjoining the above first mentioned place, containing

2 ACRES, 25 PERCHES OF LAND,

more or less, and well set with good Timber, of Oak, Hickory and Chestnut.

Terms of Sale:—One-third of the purchase money on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court; and the residue in two equal payments, the one to be paid in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale, with interest, and to be secured by the notes of the purchasers, with security to be approved by the trustee; or all cash, at the option of the purchasers.

GEORGE A. FORMWALT, Trustee.

Bond & Parke, Solicitors.
Wm. H. Warner, Auct. dec 16 4t

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

NO. 4191 EQUITY.

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

Carrie M. Bohn, vs. Samuel W. Bohn.

The object of this Bill is to procure a decree of divorce a *vinculo matrimonii* by the plaintiff, Carrie M. Bohn, from the defendant, Samuel W. Bohn.

The Bill alleges the marriage of the plaintiff to the defendant on the 17th day of September, A. D. 1883; that the plaintiff has for the last nine years resided in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland; that the defendant deserted the plaintiff on the 1st day of September, A. D. 1900, and that said abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for more than three years, is deliberate and final, and the separation of the parties beyond any reasonable hope or expectation of reconciliation; that two children were born to them as a result of said marriage, namely—M. Ruth and Robert H., aged eight and five years, respectively—and they are still living and that both of said children have always lived with the said plaintiff, and that the defendant is a non-resident of the State of Maryland. The plaintiff prays in her said Bill that the guardianship and custody of their said infant children may be awarded to her, and for general relief.

It is thereupon ordered, on this 28th day of December, 1904, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity, that Carrie M Bohn, the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 23rd day of January, 1905, give notice to the said Samuel Bohn, defendant, of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn him to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 13th day of February, 1905, to answer the said Bill and to show cause, if any he may have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

WM. H. THOMAS,
Associate Judge, &c.

True Copy—Test:
dec 30 4t DAVID P. SMELSER Clerk.

Geo. L. Stockdale, Solicitor.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

NO. 4192 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Maryland, in Equity.

Wiley W. Jenkins, Ernest Jenkins and Annie E Jenkins, his wife, and Mamie Condon and Walter Condon, her husband, Plaintiffs, against Hiram A. Jenkins, Emma A. Stambaugh and Seright M. Stambaugh, her husband, Albert V. Jenkins, Grant Jenkins, Ellis T. Jenkins, Esther Jenkins, widow, and Jetta Jenkins, Infant, Defendants.

The object of the Bill of Complaint in the above suit is to procure a sale of all the Real Estate of which Nicholas Hanson Jenkins died seized and possessed, situate, lying and being in Carrol County, Maryland.

The Bill states, that Nicholas Hanson Jenkins departed this life intestate in Carroll County, Maryland, in the month of January, 1877, leaving surviving him his widow, Annie R. Jenkins, and the following sons and daughters: Wiley W. Jenkins, Ernest Jenkins, intermarried with Annie E. Jenkins, Mamie Condon, wife of Walter Condon, Hiram A. Jenkins, Emma A. Stambaugh, wife of Seright M. Stambaugh, Albert V. Jenkins, Grant Jenkins, Ellis T. Jenkins and Octavius Jenkins.

That the said Annie R. Jenkins departed this life in Carroll County, Maryland, on the 18th day of October, 1904.

That all the real estate of which the said Nicholas Hanson Jenkins died seized and possessed, situate, lying and being in Carroll County, Maryland, contains about 157 acres and 25 perches of land, more or less:— subject to a road way mentioned in the deed, Exhibit D filed with said bill. That the property of which the said intestate died, seized and possessed descended in law to his said sons and daughters, share and share alike. That the said Octavius Jenkins died in the year 1903 intestate leaving a widow, Esther Jenkins, and a child, Jetta Jenkins, an infant, as his only heir at law to whom his interest in said real estate descended.

That the real estate of which the said intestate died seized and possessed is not susceptible of partition or division among the surviving children and heirs at law of said intestate without great, material and irreparable loss and injury to them, but, that it would be to their interest, benefit and advantage that the property be sold by a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county in equity, and the proceeds be divided among the said children and heirs according to their interest therein.

That Hiram A. Jenkins, Grant Jenkins, Ellis T. Jenkins are non-residents of the State of Maryland, and that Esther Jenkins, surviving widow and Jetta Jenkins, Infant Daughter of Octavius Jenkins, are non-residents of the State of Maryland.

It is thereupon this 29th day of December, 1904, ordered by the Circuit Court of Carroll County in equity, that the Plaintiffs by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some Newspaper published in said Carroll County once in each of four successive weeks before the 23rd day of January, 1905, give notice to the said absent Defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, warning them to appear in this Court in person or by Solicitor, on or before the 13th day of February next, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

WM. H. THOMAS,
Associate Judge, &c.

True Copy—Test:
dec 30 4t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

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

HENRY E. MORELOCK,

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 19th day of July, 1905, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of December, 1904.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
dec 23 Executor.

NO. 4186 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Alfred Stevenson, the next friend of Alice E Billmyer, an infant, plaintiff, vs Alice E. Billmyer an infant, and Mary E. S. Billmyer, widow, defendants.

Ordered, this 21st day of December, A. D. 1904, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Alfred Stevenson, trustee appointed by a decree of this court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd day of January next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 17th day of January next. The report states the amount of sale to be $2,600.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
dec 23 3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

THE MILLER BROS. CO.

OUR ANNUAL

January Clearance Sale

CONTINUES UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH.

$50,000 STOCK

OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, SHOES, LADIES' SUIT JACKETS,

AT AND BELOW ACTUAL COST

And in many instances one-fourth to one-half cost. Our sales are bona fide from the start to finish, and the opportunities for buying general merchandise at such ridiculously low prices may not soon occur again. Our loss is your gain during this sale. Our annual invoice occurs February 1, and the stock must be reduced one-half or more. We have made the prices that should easy do it. The early buyers always secure the best bargains. Fall in line and be on hand the first day and

BRING YOUR FRIENDS WITH YOU.

Only a Few of the Hundreds of Snaps For Your Benefit:

Calicoes at 3c a Yard.

5,000 yards good Calicoes, 3c a Yard, really worth 6c yard, today.

50c LADIES' GOLF GLOVES AT 25c A PAIR.

100 doz. Ladies' Golf Gloves, in Black, White and Grey, go at 25c a Pair.

OUTING FLANNEL 3c A YARD.

3,000 yards good dark Outing Flannels 3c a Yard.

MISSES' BLACK CAT HOSE 10c PAIR.

100 dozen Misses' 15c Famous Black Cat Hose go at 10c a Pair. These have always been sold at 15c a pair.

10c FLANNELETTES 5c A YARD.

2,000 yards light and dark regular 10c Flannelettes, 5c a Yard.

Canton Flannels.

Our 12½c Canton Flannels, 10c.
Our 10c Canton Flannels, 8c.
Two Big Bargains.

12 1-2 BAT COTTON AT 10c.

75 bales of regular 12½c lb. Bat Cotton go at 10c a lb. Bat.
Really worth 15c a lb.

10c EMBROIDERIES 5c A YARD.

2,000 yards of Embroideries, worth up to 10c, go at 5c a Yard.

10c SILESIA 5c A YARD.

About 25 pieces of different shades of 10c Silesia go at 5c a Yard. This is cheaper than Cambric.

$1.00 SILKS 50c A YARD.

This is one of the biggest bargains of the lot. All our waist silk that sold up to $1.25 a yard, not a yard sold for less than $1.00 a yard, but we want to close them out quick and we say 50c a Yard for choice.

Muslins.

2,000 yards of regular 8c yard wide Unbleached Muslin

5c a Yard.

1,000 yards of 8c fine Unbleached Muslin, 40 inches wide,

6c a Yard.

65c SHEETS AT 49c EACH.

25 doz. regular 65c ready-made Sheets at 49c Each.

25c Children's Fleeced Underwear, 10c a Piece.

200 dozen Misses', Boys' and Children's Fleeced Shirts, Drawers and Pants, all sizes, never sold for less than 25c. This is the best bargain ever offered. All go at

10c a Piece.

8c OUTING FLANNEL 5c YD.

50 pieces of our regular 8c dark Outing Flannels, go at 5c a Yard.

DRESS GOODS AT 50c YARD.

50 pieces of Dress Goods of different kinds, that sold up to $1.50 a yard, on one table at 50c a Yard.

DRESS GOODS AT 25c A YARD.

About 100 pieces of all kinds of Dress Goods on one table, some sold up to 75c, choice 25c a Yard.

Millinery.

All our ladies' fine Pattern Hats at just half the original prices.

Baby Caps.

Choice of any Baby Cap that sold up to $1.00, now

49 Cents.

Choice of any Baby Cap that sold up to 50c, now

19 Cents.

$6 BLANKETS AT $3.98.

100 pairs of 12-4 strictly all wool Blankets, that sold up to $6 a pair, go at $3.98 a pair.

CLOTHING REDUCED.

All men's and boys' Suits and Overcoats at cost.

LADIES' COATS AND SUITS.

All Coats and Suits at cost and in a good many instances less than cost, as they must go.

BEST TABLE OIL CLOTH AT 12 1-2c A YARD.

200 pieces of best Table Oil Cloth at

12½c a Yard.

$1.40 AXMINSTER CARPETS $1.00 YARD.

10 rolls of $1.40 Axminster Carpets, during this sale, $1.00 a Yard.

HOSIERY.

150 dozen Children's Ribbed Hose, cheap at 10c, now 5c a pair.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

125 dozen Ladies' Handkerchiefs, worth up to 10c, at 3c each.

Many Special Items in the Basement at Greatly Reduced Prices.

ALL ABOVE LOTS ON SALE TILL SOLD.

THE MILLER BROS. CO.,

Popular Cash Stores, Westminster, Md.

NEVER MIND THE OLD TIMES.

Never mind the old times;
They were bright an' sweet;
Sunny skies above you—
Violets at your feet;
But the new times wear a smilin' face
That's mighty good to meet,
An' you'd better find the light that makes the mornin'!

Never mind the old times;
They were great, I know;
Old friends that loved us—
Friends that we loved so!
But the new times sing the song of Hope
Where sweeter roses grow,
An' you'd better find the light that makes the mornin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Bohemian or Puritan?

BY FANNIE WILDER BROWN.

From the Christian Endeavor World.

"Then you are just a little Puritan!"

"I don't mind being called that; I'm not sure but I like it. I like it better than Bohemian."

"I don't, and there isn't so much fun in it, either. And don't you see, Madge, we can't get any reading done this winter at this rate? Every one is coming and going through this room; we can't put up a sign, 'No thoroughfare'; and, if we could, you would'nt allow it. Aren't you willing to sacrifice a whim for the sake of improving my mind?"

"I would sacrifice a good many whims If I could to do that Ray, but this doesn't seem to me to be a whim. If Helen comes back to room with me again next week, you and I will read together in our room just as we did last winter. If not, we'll have to read down here in the parlor, or give it up."

"Look here, Madge! You don't mean to say that we've got to give up all those cosey evenings up stairs, with the little suppers and the music, and the study, just because Helen isn't to be sitting in her corner making pictures while we are playing Bohemians?"

Madge stood with her hands tightly clasped behind her, Raymond But ton could not see how tightly. I did not know that the tears were dangerously near the bright eyes which flashed as she said firmly:

"Yes I have tried to make myself think that we can go on just the same without her, but I can't persuade myself that it is right. What do you suppose Aunt Kate would say?"

"Aunt Kate be hanged?" exclaimed Raymond hotly, walking back and forth the length of the room. "She has never lived in a city lodging-house. All she knows about is life at Oaklands, and that's a different proposition. Ask Mrs. Grimshawe, and see what she says."

"I did."

"Well?"

"She said: 'All my lodgers 'as their comp'ny in their own rooms. I don keep none as don't be'ave theirselves an', if I 'as reason to think they ain't respecterble, I turns 'em hout. But you can 'ave the parlor hall you wishes, miss, unless my Caroline wants it, w'ich she don't now as she ain't keepin' comp'ny. But w'en the bell rings, we' as to come in if it's anybody to ask erbout rooms.'"

Madge's imitation of Mrs. Grimshawe was so perfect that Ray laughed till the tears came, and then Madge wiped her own eyes, and asked pleadingly:

"You don't think she is as good a judge of what is nice for me to do as Aunt Kate, do you Ray?"

Ray hesitated, contrasting the prim, spotless, delicate Aunt Kate and the florid Mrs. Grimshawe. But he knew any concession would be fatal to his determination, so he said sharply:

"She knows more about the customs of the city, and she is just as 'straight,' too, in her way. But there's no use in my saying anything. If you've got your mind made up, wild horses won't drag you from your path, But you can travel it alone! I won't spend a single evening in this room, right in every one's way, not one; and I'm not going to stay in my own room either. There are places enough to go to! Maybe you think I'm not to be trusted," Ray hurried on, lashing himself into an anger which made him careless of hurting his friend. "You don't seem to be very well acquainted with me though we have played together ever since we were babies. Do you think I would behave any differently for Helen's not being there? or would you? We're only 'chums,' anyway, and where's the harm? I thought you were above such petty considerations as what any one would say who didn't understand the circumstances. Every one knows you're all right; no one in the world would think of talking about you. Even if you did odd things, every one who knew you would know there was no harm in them; but this isn't odd; it is the custom of the place you live in."

"I have thought of all that," said Madge.

"If you are tired of my friendship, and want to be rid of me, say so, and I won't come again. I won't come, anyway, if you can't trust me in your room."

"Perhaps," said Margaret steadily, though with a great effort, "you'd better not come again until Monday. If Helen comes back, she will be here then, as her term at the Art School begins Tuesday."

"As you say, Madge," replied Raymond; but I think you'd better make a clean sweep this time. You won't go to this and that place of amusement which I think perfectly proper—I wouldn't ask you to go to one that wasn't; and you are awfully particular about what a fellow says, when you know all the while he means as well as you do yourself; and you won't even let me call you pet names or hold your hand when I get homesick; and I can't stand being held in such a tight leash. Let me be conscience for a while,—I won't ask you to do anything I think is wrong,—and see if we don't have a much better time. I promise you we won't be any worse off for it, on my honor. We have played we were Bohemians, and had fun out of it; where's the harm? Just for this winter, on trial, let's be Bohemians. What say?"

Madge's clinched hands crushed her rings into her slender fingers as she stood swayed by the conflict between inclination and—was it conscience, or only Puritanism? If the choice had involved any recognizable principle, how easy her decision would have been! She stood with her eyes fixed upon a little landscape hung high on the parlor wall, and seemed to be intent on waiting for the drifting of some heavy clouds above the tops of impossible trees. Two men let themselves into the hall and passed up the stairs. One called to a chambermaid who had just gone down, "Bring me up a pitcher of hot water and some tumblers, Jane, and be quick will you?" A cat howled in the back yard, and a cab rattled down the street.

"Wake up, Madge," cried Raymond,

[redacted]

ay.

The other letter was from an[redacted] Kate.

"DEAR MARGARET:

"Your last letter seemed rather sor[redacted] rowful. I hope you do not work a[redacted] the time. If Raymond Burton cal[redacted] upon you occassionally, as he used [redacted] last winter, that should keep yo[redacted] from being homesick. If you do g[redacted] homesick, come up some Saturda[redacted] and stay over Sunday with your ol[redacted] uncle and auntie. You know we ar[redacted] always glad to see you here."

The rest of the letter was full o[redacted] homely details of farm life and the farming community in which Aunt Kate lived. Oaklands had been Margaret Sturgis's home since her father's death. Uncle Stephen had been her father's older brother, and though her father's life had been spent in the city, the tie between them had been strong.

Margaret sat pondering over her two letters in much indecision, her untasted breakfast cooling before her, until her eye again caught a few words on the open sheet before her—"Come up some Saturday and stay over Sunday."

"I'll go up to Oaklands this afternoon," she said to herself with determination. "I'll climb up on the hay mow in the big barn tomorrow afternoon, and think this out, and choose once for all between a Bohemian and a Puritan. But, O dear! that isn't all it means. It means Raymond Burton or a winter alone."

Sunday afternoon found Margaret on the haymow, as she had planned. The cattle in the stalls below munched their hay with a low, steady contented grind; a calf frisked in his pen with the awkard gambols at which she had often laughed; and in Madge's breast a furious conflict raged. Mrs. Grimshawe's coarse "respectability;" Aunt Kate's prim punctiliousness; long, lonely evenings, with only books for company; Ray's sympathetic companionship, with supper cooked over the gas heater, with one plate and one saucer each, with pasteboard box-covers to supplement them—they would have an extra plate and saucer if Helen did not come back; reading herself to sleep alone, or studying with Ray, and having a "sing" together over the little upright piano when the study was over; a constant struggle to keep within the conventional boundaries which were so sharply defined at Oaklands, and beyond which no one here seemed tempted to stray; a little more freedom; a little more pleasure; a yielding to Raymond's judgment—"he knows so much more of the world than I, and I am sure he is trustworthy"—all these thoughts, and many more, battled for supremacy; and the longer Margaret struggled with them, the farther away a decision seemed. She thought of the side streets and alleys of the city, with their obvious license and licentiousness; of a girl who stood one night on Cragie Bridge, with a shawl over her head, watching the dark water, until, just as the car Madge and Helen were on passed her, a policeman touched her and told her to move on. They did not hear her answer, but they saw her face, a young face, but defiant, mocking, reckless; why should that face come before her now? Madge shivered, and nestled deeper into the sweet-smelling hay.

She thought of the loud-voiced woman who had lived in the little half-room, and of the voices and songs she had heard before Mrs. Grimshawe had sent the woman away. She thought of the two sweet-faced sisters in the front square room below her own, "nuns, they might be, if they were dressed for it; I am no nun!"

Of Raymond himself, with his curly dark hair and eager smile and brotherly hectoring,—"he has grown more manly of late"—she tried not to think. "This decision is a matter of conscience," she told herself, "and must be made without regard to personal preferencees. It is a question of right and wrong? but what is right? and what is wrong; and what makes life worth living, anyway?"

"Margaret," called Aunt Kate, "I'm goin' to take some o' my late asters over to the cemetery. Do you want to go, too?"

"Yes, auntie. Go right along, and I'll overtake you."

"You see, Margaret, when uncle Stephen cut the grass on our lot in the spring, he cut down the little monthly rose you planted last year, and I've tried to kind of make up for it by carryin' flowers over every week,

[redacted]

up again if they once get wilted," went on Aunt Kate. "This grave is Aunt Sukey Johnson's. Did you know she was dead? She had a hard life, doin' all the work for a big family, and generally hired men, too, and milk from six cows to take care of. But she was a good woman, and much respected, and her end was peaceful. 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors; and their works to follow them'—that's what Mr. Chipman preached about to her funeral."

"What did he preach about at Harriet Marsh's funeral?" asked Margaret, idly, her thoughts far away, and the battle still raging.

"Why, somehow, he wa'nt at his best that day. Some said they didn't think he knew she had a hope at all, but everybody around here knows she joined the church when she wa'n't more'n fifteen, and took her letter when she first went to New York. He preached about the resurrection of the body, in a kind of gen'ral way, and it might 'a been an old woman's fun'ral, or a man's, for all he said about Harriet Marsh."

They stood now at the grave of Margaret's mother, who had died when Margaret was a baby, and of her father whom she remembered but vaguely. Margaret stooped to read the simple inscription, "I have fought the fight." "How did it happen that that was put there?" she asked. "I never thought about it before."

"Your father asked Stephen to have it put on. You didn't know your father well, he bein' such a business man, and you off to boardin'-school most of the time, and up here vacations. Well, he never said much about religion, anyway, but he was a good man. The night after Stephen got there, about an hour before he died, your father said: 'Stephen, I've had a long fight, and I'm ready for promotion. It's been a hard battle, but it's been worth fighting; put it on my tombstone, 'I have fought the fight,' will you?" Stephen said he would, and he did. Strange you never happened to hear about it before."

"It never would have meant to me what it does now. I am glad you told me, Aunt Kate,"

That night Margaret wrote to Raymond:

"DEAR RAY:

"Please do not think too hardly of me. I have decided to be a Puritan.

"I don't want people to excuse what I do because they have faith in me, but to have faith in me because I don't do things that need to be excused. I don't want to do things that I have to persuade myself are right. I can't let you be conscience for me.

"I have not decided this way because of what people would say to my actions, but because of what I would know of myself; I don't want to be a Bohemian, really and truly; I do wish not to be one.

"I am not laying down any laws for any one else, or passing any judgment on people who think differently, or trying to set up my own opinion as better or higher than any other. But I just can't be happy in choosing a line of conduct which seems to me to be wrong for me, even though I am not sure that I am not narrow and mistaken in thinking it is wrong. Life is a warfare, Ray, and I don't want to retreat from my first battle; this is the first one that has really been very hard to fight.

"What the result to our friendship will be is for you to decide. I am, as ever,

"Your sincere friend.

"MARGARET STURGIS."

Margaret mailed her letter as soon as she reached the city Monday morning. She went directly to the office where she was employed, and was detained there longer than usual, so that she was late in getting to her room. When she reached it, she found Helen waiting for her. A few minutes later Raymond knocked and came in, bringing a box of oysters, a jar of milk, and a box of crackers.

"Mrs. Grimshawe said Helen had come," said he; "so I went back and bought the things and came right up."

He set them carefully down on the window-sill, then laid both hands on Margaret's shoulders, and looked straight into her eyes.

"Madge," said he, solemnly, a Bohemian will do for a chum; but I want more than that. I have loved you ever since I can remember, but I never knew it until the last four days. I have always supposed that when I married, I should choose a Puritan,—most men do when it comes to marrying, you know—but I had been so happy with my chum I had not thought much about anything better. Now I want more. Will you be my wife?"

Madge caught her breath. "Go and shake hands with Helen, and tell her you are glad she has come back. Then put over the teakettle, and get the dishes from the shelf. Auntie has given me a pat of butter and a jar of jam and some cottage cheese, and I'm hungry as a bear. It is suppertime."

But Helen had disappeared. Ray held out his arms, and supper was not ready for more than half an hour.

The Tricky Grouse.

The grouse has a hundred tricks of defense. It will lie still until the hunter is within a yard of it, then soar strait upward in his front, towering like a woodcock; again, it will rise forty yards away, and the sound of its wings is the only notice of its presence. It will cower upon a branch under which he passes, and his cap will not be more than a foot below it as he goes, and though it has seen him approaching it will remain quiescent in fear until his back is turned. It will rush then, and when he has slewed himself hurriedly around he will catch only a glimpse of a brown broad wing far away.

Wounded and falling in the open it will be found—if it is found at all—with the telltale speckles of its breast against the trunk of some brown tree against which its feathers are indistinguishable and the black ruff about the neck of the male will be laid against the darkest spot of the bark. Often it will double like a fox; often as a man draws near it will spring noiselessly into some spruce and hide until he passes, dropping then to the ground and continuing its feeding; often, too, it will decline to take wing, though unhurt, and will run fast for half a mile—so fast that the most expert woodsman will be unable to keep pace with it. This it will only do on leafy ground, and never when snow would betray its tracks.—Outing.

—Anxious Mother—You say your 18-year-old daughter is left-handed and you wish to correct the defect if possible. That is easy. Buy her a nice diamond ring; make her wear it on the right hand, and she will, from the moment, use that hand in preference to the other.

—Tommy—"How did you like dat candy, Annie?"

Annie—"It's heavenly."

Tommy—"Well, de gal wot takes me fer her steady is goin' to her had er stick jest like dat every week."

—Give the reins to appetite, and you give wings to happiness.

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