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AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1, 1907. VOL. 76--NO. 5.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In view of the many inquiries that have been most naturally made during the past week, it becomes our duty to make a frank statement to the public.

Because of the fact that a number of persons are interested in the AMERICAN SENTINEL and job printing office; for the protection of all these interests the undersigned were by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, appointed Receivers, and will continue the publication of the AMERICAN SENTINEL and all the work of the office, under the same business and editorial management that existed before the death of Mrs. E. J. Rippard.

So far as the interests of the public are concerned there is no change whatever in the conduct of the office, and we solicit the continued patronage of subscribers and advertisers, assuring them that they will receive as in the past, faithful and efficient service.

E. O. GRIMES, Jr.,
W. L. SEABROOK,
Receivers.

MICHAEL E. WALSH, Solicitor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A HOUSE and LOT

on Union Street, Westminster, Md.

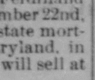
The undersigned, mortgagee, by virtue of the power and authority contained in a real estate mortgage from George A. Summers and Sarah Crawford, to the undersigned, Ferdinand D. Schaeffer, mortgagee, dated December 22nd, 1899, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, Maryland, in liber J. H. B. No. 43, folio 301, &c., will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1907,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that lot or parcel of land, fronting 0 feet on the south side of Union street, in the the City of Westminster, Md., and extending back 175 feet, and containing

5,250 SQUARE FEET OF LAND,

more or less, which land is particularly described in said mortgage and is situate adjacent to the A. M. E. Church property. It is improved by a good two-story Frame Dwelling House and outbuildings



Terms of Sale.—One-half cash upon ratification of sale, the balance to be paid in 6 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by note of purchaser, with approved security; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser. The purchaser will be required to make a cash deposit of $50, with the undersigned, on day of sale.

FERDINAND D. SCHAEFFER,
Mortgagee.
Elias N. Davis, auct. jan 25 4t

POSTPONED SALE!

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Little Farm!

In Westminster District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Conrad Schnabel to R. Virginia McCormick, bearing date on the 5th day of January, A. D., 1898, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber B. F. C. No. 40, folio 548, &c., the undersigned mortgagee will offer at Public Sale, at the

COURT HOUSE DOOR, in WESTMINSTER, Maryland, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1907,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable small Farm, conveyed by said mortgage, containing

18 ACRES AND 27 SQUARE PERCHES

of Land, more or less, improved by a log weatherboarded Dwelling House, small Barn, and the usual outbuildings. Well of excellent water at the door.

This property is in fair condition, located on Corbin's Mill road, about 1½ miles from Westminster, and 1 mile from Reisterstown turnpike road, adjoins the lands of Mr. Turfle, Mr. Miller, Mr. Corbin and others. A fine opportunity for any one wanting a nice little home.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third to be paid on day of sale, or on ratification of sale by the court; one-third in 6 months, and the remaining one-third in 12 months from day of sale; or all cash, at option of the purchaser. A deposit of $150 will be required of the purchaser on day of sale, (certified check accepted).

R. VIRGINIA McCORMICK,
Mortgagee.
Geo L Stocksdale, Solicitor. jan 4 6t

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE FARMS and LOTS.

The subscriber will sell at Public Sale, on the Beaver Run road, leading from the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike to the Washington road, about 3 miles from Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

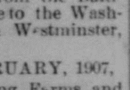
SATURDAY, 23rd OF FEBRUARY, 1907,

at 12 o'clock, M., the following Farms and Lots to-wit:

1st. The Home Place of

20 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 19 PERCHES

of Land, including a nine-room Dwelling House, Barn, Stable, Dairy House, Chicken House, Pump at the door giving the very best of water. This land is in the best of condition for trucking or farming.



2nd. Four Lots of 11 Acres each, or as a whole 44 Acres, 3 Roods and 25 Perches.

3rd. About 18 Acres called Frey property, including Tenant House and small Barn and Stable, Garden. Pump at house door.

4th. 2 Acre lot adjoining home place,

All of the above four lots are joined together and will be sold separately or as a whole to suit buyer and owner. All of these lots have new fencing and the land is in the highest stat of cultivation, manured and limed all over.

This property can be bought on very easy terms for good security.

FREDERICK WALKLING,
4th Election District, Westminster, Md.
jan 18 5t R. F. D. No. 6.

ANNUAL ELECTION.

Office Westminster Cemetery Company,
Westminster, Md., Jan. 16th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given to the Lotholders of the Westminster Cemetery Company, that the annual election for a President and Board of Six Managers of said Company, to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the First National Bank of Westminster, on

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5th, 1907, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock.

P. S.—Notice is also given that the stated meeting of the present Board will be held at 6½ o'clock, P. M., on the same day, at which time a full report of the operations of the company for the past year will be given to the lotholders.

JOHN J. REESE,
jan 18 3t Secretary.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

Office of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore County, No. 416 East Fayette Street.

Baltimore, January 17th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the members of the Company will be held on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1907,

between the hours of 11 A. M., and 12 M., at the Company's office for the purpose of electing Thirteen Directors to serve the ensuing year.

JOHN J. REESE,
jan 18 3t Secretary.

ELIAS N. DAVIS,

Constable, Collector and General Auctioneer

Westminster, Md. Special attention given to Collecting and Auctioneering. Terms moderate. Can be found at Fuss & Roop's insurance office, Main St., near depot.

POSTERS, Sale Bills, Cards, Tags, &c., done at short notice at this office.

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BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Our Great February Sale

of Muslin Underwear, Carpets, Rugs, Portiers, Lace Curtains, &c.

We looked forward to this great Money Saving Muslin Underwear Sale. Therefore we placed our orders months ago in anticipation of a rising market, hence the result is you can get garments here during this sale at less than manufacturers' prices. Take advantage of such golden opportunities as this.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

LOWEST PRICES

PORTIERS

$3 00 Tapestry Portiers, heavy quality, 44 inches wide, desirable color combinations, cut to - $2.25

COUCH COVERS

$5 00 Tapestry Couch Covers, extra heavy quality, 60 inches wide, 3 yards long, reversible oriental designs, special - - - - - - - $3.50

CORK LINOLEUMS

$1 25 Cork Linoleum, heavy quality, 2 yards wide, guaranteed to wear, excellent designs, our price for what we have on hand is only - $1.00 yd.

CARPETS and RUGS

After inventory, prices on Carpets and Rugs are very interesting, while some of them are short lengths, nevertheless every one is a bargain.

$1.00 Brussels Carpets	90c
85c " "	75c
65c " "	59c
59c " "	50c

While many of them are short lengths they are suitable for small rooms.

RUGS and MATS

$1.50 Fibre Rugs	$1.29
$1.25 Brussels Rugs	98c
$2 00 Rubber Mats	$1.50
75c Cocoa Mats	55c

Save Money by Dealing With Babylon & Lippy Co. Westminster, Maryland.

9

$5,000 STOCK OVERCOATS AND SUITS, THAT MUST BE Sold at the BIG CLOTHING STORE of SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

The warm unseasonable weather the first three weeks of January has left us with an unusually large number of

Fine Suits and Overcoats

on hand for the season. They must be sold. We need the room and need the money even more to pay for our enormous spring stock which will soon be coming in.

EVERY WINTER SUIT AND OVERCOAT CUT TO COST

AND MANY FAR BELOW COST. 100 MEN'S OVERCOATS—Former low prices ranged $5 to $20. Come in and see the many dollars you can save by buying now.

35 Youths' Overcoats, $8 and 9 Coats, now	$5 00.
30 Boys' Overcoats, sold $3 to $5, now	$2.00 and $3.00.
25 Child's Overcoats, 3 to 8 year sizes, at about half price.	
15 Storm Overcoats at special big bargains.	
75 Elegant $15 to 18 Suits now	$10 00 and 12 00.
100 Suits, sold $5 to $10, now	$3.50 to $7.00.

Mothers, don't miss getting your boys a Suit at this special bargain opportunity.
Underwear, Cardigan Jackets, Gloves, &c., at lowest prices.
No matter what others offer or advertise, you will save money here.
Still selling best CORD PANTS. feb 10 05 19

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VEHICLES AND FARM MACHINERY

of all kinds. Remember, we have bargains in HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE. We invite all to see our stock before purchasing. We have bought our goods in carload lots, direct from factories, therefore we are prepared to give you the advantage of at least 10 per cent in price.

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the best bargain we ever had, notwithstanding the advance in leather. Call, or write us for our 1907 Catalogue. Both Phones. jan 25 tf

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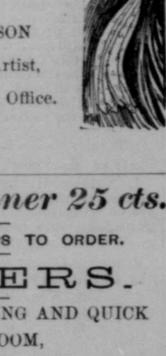

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TOGETHER.

We who grow old together,
Who wander hand in hand
Through fair and gloomy weather,
By mountain side and strand,
We who share pain and pleasure,
Who share both shade and sun,
We have life's fullest measure
When all is done.

For us is ever glowing
The ruby of the rose—
The echoed summer showing
Across the drift of snows;
As ashes and as ember
Tell of the cheering blaze,
So we old folks remember
The wealth of other days.

We who share all our dreamings
Of gladness we knew then
Know that in fancy's gleamings
Each good hour lives again;
We who face one tomorrow
Know that anear us stays
A sheaf whence we may borrow
Our yesterdays.

We who grow old together—
We have so much to share
Of calm and lusty weather,
Of clouded days and fair;
The sunset shade grows fleeter,
The twilight has begun,
But life has been the sweeter
When all is done.

STORY OF AN APPENDIX.

Margaret Busbee Shipp, in Munsey's Magazine.

Your appendix is in some surgeon's collection, isn't it? No one is safe nowadays, when half the doctors have a fad for collections of this kind. Let one get an inkling that yours is an interesting specimen, and there's no hope for you. If you do not have it removed, you live in apprehension and terror, while your friend tells you how many pounds he has gained since the excision.

Broadnax had postponed the operation because he was busy, and he was accustomed to arrange his engagements to suit his convenience. What could have been more annoying, therefore, than to be seized with a violent attack of appendicitis in a Southern town where he had expected business to detain him but a few hours? The physician emphasized his good fortune in that Dr. Fellowes' private sanatorium was just across the street from the hotel, and that Fellowes was the most successful surgeon in the State.

Broadnax remembered it indistinctly as he opened his eyes and glanced around the small, white room. Vaguely he recalled the smell of ether, the icy sensation when some had dropped on his neck; vaguely he was conscious of present pain. Everything seemed merged into the background by the intensity of the thirst that consumed him.

'Water!' he gasped.

The nurse rose quietly and touched a button. A young girl brought in a tiny medicine glass with an infinitesimal dose of hot water that barely moistened his tongue. When he begged for more, the older woman told him that he must not talk, and that he should have some more in another hour. It was a terrible hour of pain, nausea, and ever-growing thirst, which was rewarded in the end by a repetition of the minute dose of hot water.

'You are to have nice cold water next time,' the girl told him soothingly. 'I'm to go on duty here now, Miss Parker.'

Dulcie Allison was still a probationer, and Broadnax was her first 'operative case.' He raved between the hour-apart doses of water or albumen, until the poor child was alternately coaxing him or half crying from sympathy. She went out to ask the doctor to increase the amount, and was told, somewhat curtly, to follow the orders as charted. The man's disappointment when she returned was more than she could bear. His parched tongue was hanging from his mouth, dry and corrugated, his eyes besought her like a dumb animal's.

With a shaking hand she poured out three times the directed quantity.

'Take it. If you die, I've killed you!'

Eagerly he gulped it down, and then he noticed that the nurse's eyes were shut tight and her lips were moving.

'What are you doing?'

'I was praying that it wouldn't hurt you, she replied candidly.

He turned his face to hide a smile and at last dropped off to sleep.

'The worst of your troubles are over,' was Dulcie's greeting one morning. 'This is your fourth day, and you're to have nice broths instead of the albumen you hate so. You look ever so much better—all but your nose,' she added, disapprovingly inspecting that member. 'Did the night nurse forget to wash it?'

With a galling recollection of how that Amazon had scrubbed him from turret to foundation stone, he gruffly replied that his face had been washed.

'Well it has a long streak of smut.' She damped a rag and washed it off, and then found further cause for dissatisfaction. I don't like the way she parts your hair; it's nearly down to your ear. There! That's where you part it generally, isn't it? That shows the pretty gray streak.' She unpinned a bunch of violets from her belt. 'Arn't these sweet? Miss Manning, the head nurse—she's an angel!—looks after the hot beds, so that we can have them for the patients.

She pinned lt just under Broadnax's chin, surveyed the result critically, and changed it to the left side. She was as impersonal, as unconscious as a little girl dressing a doll, and the experience was so novel to the grave, taciturn man that he felt distinctly amused.

'She's a pretty child, though her eyes are too big for her face,' he thought.

'Why don't you wear a cap like the others?' he asked, more from idleness than curiosity.

'I shall wear one in a month.' From her pride you might have thought she was speaking of a ducal coronet. I'm a probationer. I've finished five months of my time. You're the first operative case I've had, that's why I'm so pleased that you're doing beautifully. Is there anything you want—no, don't answer yet, your thermometer hasn't been in long enough.'

When it was removed he said:

'I should like never to be bothered with one of those things again.'

The next time she took his temperature, the long five-minute 'smoke' was reduced to sixty seconds.

'Isn't that better?' she asked gleefully. 'I bought a thermometer for myself, and it takes only one minute to register!'

It certainly was an improvement, and he thanked her heartily. To his surprise, therefore, the next morning she used the five-minute infliction again.

'Why, where's your new one?'

'Broken,' was the brief reply.

'What a pity! It must have been very brittle.'

Now Dulcie was an honest little soul, and she couldn't be unfair even to a thermometer.

'Not so very brittle,' she confessed. I threw it on the floor and stamped on it. Dr. Fellowes told me I mustn't use it any more, that it wasn't a reliable make; and you had liked it so much, and I was so disappointed! I couldn't help breaking it—could you?' she said.

'I'm positive I should have done just as you did.'

The picture of himself wreaking vengeance upon a thermometer struck Broadnax as being so ridiculous that he laughed aloud.

His acquaintances in Butte, Montana, would have been surprised to hear how often he laughed during the days in which he was slowly traveling toward convalescence. Dulcie was an excellent mimic, and Broadnax soon knew patients and nurses through her good-natured portrayals. One day she was telling him of the man who had immediately preceded him in room No. 8:

'He used to ring his bell every few minutes, and when I'd come, he would say, 'Ain't you a fergettin' me? Seems to me it's 'bout time fur me ter have medicine or somethin'. I'd tell him there wasn't anything for him to take for two hours. 'Waal, bring me a glass o' water.' I would get it, but before I could get across the hall he would ring again. 'Cain't I have some lemonade? The water don't seem to squench my thirst. Put in mighty leetle lemon and fo' lumps o' sugar.' He drank it, and actually, while I was washing the glass, his bell rang violently. 'Seems like that lemonade ain't a settin' well. 'Fraid you didn't get it exact. S'pose you ask the doctor to have a look at me? I don't b'lieve I'll ever get well. I told him that he was nearly well already. 'But I'm a feelin' so restless! I'm 'fraid it's a sign!'

She conveyed the whining drawl to perfection, and Broadnax laughed in spite of his annoyance.

'It's abominable for a child like you to be subjected to the whims of any old jay that happens to come to the hospital.'

'The funniest part was when his brother came to see him,' continued Dulcie. 'He said to me, 'Cain't you pet Bud a leetle? Bud's used ter git a lot of pettin' and he's pow'ful lonesome!''

'Impudent puppy!' growled Broadnax under his breath.

'Do say it out loud, whatever it is!' urged Dulcie. 'You so seldom say anything at all, you know, I won't have any stories about you to tell my next No. 8; I'll just have to show how you looked.'

With the accuracy of a snapshot, Broadnax saw his expression—delicately emphasized, perhaps. His inward protest at being ill, the annoyance, the boredom of it—for a moment it all flashed into the girl's face. It was more potent than a lecture on the duty of cheerfulness, and the man felt as if he had hardly done his share toward making the days pass easily for the little nurse who was always trying to wheedle him into good humor.

He put out his hand.

'I'm going to behave better in the future. Will you shake on it?'

II.

Since her audience was more appreciative, it behooved Dulcie to put forth all her powers of entertaining. Broadnax liked to hear her read in her clear, pleasant voice and he liked better to hear her talk. He knew women who fenced skilfully with words; he knew others who used them at will as a light, tantalizing veil or as an impenetrable screen. Dulcie's effort was to express her innocent, happy thoughts as simply and frankly as she could.

When Broadnax was restless and wakeful, she would offer to sing him to sleep. Very low, that the sound might not reach the hall, she would sing plaintive plantation melodies or funny darky songs, old enough, but new to her listener. Sometimes she would slip into a medley of lullabies, lightly patting him with measured beats.

If the members of the Chamber of Commerce of Butte had been told that a girl of eighteen was patting John Broadnax to sleep to the accompaniment of "By, Baby Bunting," they would have considered it too bold a lie to be interesting.

One night, when she was very tired, she sang herself to sleep instead of her patient, and her head rested against the edge of the bed for ten unconscious minutes. When the night nurse offered to straighten up his bed, Broadnax insisted that it was all right, and he lay for a long time, very wide awake, with his hand on the dented place that showed where the little dark head had rested.

He was gaining strength rapidly now, and he sat up in a wheeled chair for a longer period each day. One morning Dulcie came swiftly in, her face aglow and smiling. In her arms she held a six-months baby, whose round, pink cheek showed traces of tears.

'Isn't he a darling? All the nurses were crowding around him in the hall and scaring him to death, and then he reached out his precious little arms to me. His mother is here in the sanatorium, and she has brown eyes, too. I think you believe I'm she, don't you, sweetest?'

She laughed and cooed at the baby, who evidently approved of her highly, for he thrust his fat little fist into her eye, and caught at her curls, and gurgled delightedly. They played together, happy as lovers, while the ticking of the clock seemed less loud to Broadnax than the pounding of his heart. Had he even been fool enough to think her eyes 'too big for her face'? They were great wells of love and light and infinite tenderness! He had never seen anything so beautiful, so unconscious, as the girl's happy absorption in the child.

'Miss Allison!' The nurse in charge of the floor entered with a light knock.

'Miss Allison, the head nurse wishes to speak to you immediately! I will take the baby.'

That youngster protested against the change with all the might of lungs and fists.

When Dulcie came back, she looked more crestfallen than Broadnax had ever seen her look before.

'What's the matter, child?'

'Why, I shouldn't have brought Tommy in here. I told Miss Manning that the rules didn't forbid us to take babies into patients' rooms, but she said there were things a nurse ought to know by instinct. Then I told her about the time I disobeyed the doctor and gave you more water than he directed, and I asked her to tell him. I always meant to confess just as soon as you were well, but I was afraid to do it before, because they might not have allowed me to nurse you. Dear Miss Manning said: 'Oh Dulcie!' and her eyes filled up with tears. She told me to go back to my work, but she looked dreadfully bothered.'

'And that is what troubles you?' he asked, caring little enough about Miss Manning's worries, but very greatly about Dulcie's.

'Yes, that and—that's all,' she finished lamely. There was a pause, and then she said: 'I heard the doctor say that you could leave to-morrow.'

The obvious connection between her disjointed sentences gave Broadnax courage to say:

'But you couldn't get ready as soon as that, could you, sweetheart? I'm not going to Montana without you. I can't live without you anywhere, and I shan't attempt it. So if you won't go away with me, I shall have to stay in your hospital and be 'No. 8' to the end of the chapter!'

She was silent, but her eyes, half frightened, half appealing, her lips wholly sweet and tremulous and touched with a new gravity, drew out all the latent tenderness in the man's nature.

'My precious little girl, do you think you could care in the least for me? There are nearly twenty years between us, and to me they have been harsh and bitter years. Perhaps they have left me too dull to win the love of a happy child like you. If you could trust me with your life—love me a very little——'

His voice broke, but he had chosen the appeal that opened every door of Dulcie Allison's warm heart.

It was perhaps an hour later, when Miss Allison, probationer, returned to the present with a gasp of dismay.

'Oh, I forgot your tonic! You ought to have had it long ago.'

'You gave it to me,' declared Broadnax. 'I've felt like a different man since. But since you mention it, I do feel the immediate need of another dose.'

'You know I didn't mean that!' exclaimed Dulcie, coloring so prettily that it was difficult for Broadnax not to repeat the misdemeanor.

'To-morrow my probation ends, and I should be a real nurse, if it wasn't for you. I forgot all about my vocation!'

Dulcie, in her letters, never spoke of her 'nursing'; it was respectfully alluded to as her 'calling,' her 'career,' or her 'vocation.'

'Never mind, I've become so accustomed to playing invlid that whenever you feel the need of dosing and dictating, I'll knock off work and let you practice on me!'

A cloud gathered on Ducie's frank face.

'It isn't my career, because I care so much more for you than for my work, but it's what the work was meant to do. I had plans of helping mother with the ednecation of the other girls. You see, I'm the oldest.'

'How much could you make a year by nursing?' asked Broadnax, the business man for the moment uppermost.

Dulcie began to calculate, counting on Broadnax' fingers.

'But you added that before,' he exclaimed.

'Certainly I have. I always add columns three times, and then take the best two out of three. It's more likely to be right.'

Broadnax, properly snubbed, was silent before this new method, of computation. At last Dulcie announced, with awe and pride, what her earnings might be, 'if she always had engagements, and never was ill.'

'On our wedding-day, I'll arrange it so that five times that amount will be paid your mother annually. Of course we'll see to the girls' education, and anything else you want to do for them. It will be only fair, when I rob them of this financial prop,' he said, laughingly patting the curly head.

Dulcie looked at him in open eyed amazement.

'But I thought you were very poor,' she gasped.

That she had believed it was poverty which he asked her to share, and that she had been willing to share it, was immeasurably sweet to the man who had known the bitterness of being sought after for his money, by men and by women.

'Why did you think so?' he asked.

Dulcie blushed to the roots of her hair, and hung her head.

'Tell me,' he insisted, lifting her face between his hands.

'It was because of your—your—pajamas,' she faltered. 'They were such hideous colors, I thought you must have had to pick them up at bargain sales! I didn't know anybody could buy such frightfully ugly

CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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