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 1, 1907. VOL. 76--NO. 9.

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.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LYDIA C. CIRCLE,

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 September, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of February, 1907.

DAVID A. CIRCLE,
Administrator.

feb 22 4t

NO. 4337 EQUITY.

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

Ferdinand D. Schaeffer, mortgagee, plaintiff, vs. George A. Summers and Sarah Crawford, mortgagors, defendants.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, this 19th day of February, A. D. 1907, that the sale made and reported by Ferdinand D. Schaeffer, mortgagee in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of March, A. D. 1907, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll County, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 18th day of March, A. D. 1907. The report states the amount of sale to be $365.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
feb 22 3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
February Term, 1907.

Estate of J. Thomas Smith, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 18th day of February, 1907, that the sale of real estate of J. Thomas Smith, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Charles H. Smith, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executor be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 2 th day of March 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, 18th day of March, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1400 00

A. KURTZ MYERS,
JOHN E. ECKENRODE,
GEO. R. RUPP.

True Copy.—Test: Judges.
feb 22 3t J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, Md
February Term, 907.

Estate of Emily J. Rippard, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 19th day of February, 1907 that the sale of real estate of Emily J Rippard, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by E Oliver Grimes, Jr., executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this court by the said executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 15th day of March 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, 18th day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1500.00.

A. KURTZ MYERS,
JOHN E ECKENRODE,
GEORGE R. RUPP,
Judges.

True copy.—Test:
feb 22 3t J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.

NO. 4336 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

R. Virginia McCormick, mortgagee, plaintiff, vs. Conrad Schnabel, mortgagor, defendant.

Ordered, this 13th day of February, in the year 1907, by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a court of equity, that the sale of the mortgaged property mentioned in the proceedings in this cause, made and reported by R. Virginia McCormick, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof, be shown on or before the 18th day of March, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 11th day of March, 1907. The report states the amount of sale to be $90.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
feb 1 3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

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

Baltimore, February 12th, 1907.

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

TUESDAY, MARCH 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,
feb 15 3t Secretary.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,

Harness Emporium.

We invite you to call and examine our stock of Winter Goods now on display, consisting of

FUR AND PLUSH ROBES, Square and Plush Blankets, in all the latest styles, Sleigh Bells, Chimes, Plumes, &c.

OUR STOCK OF

BUGGY, SURREY AND TEAM HARNESS

is complete and at prices that defy competition.

A full and complete line of

TURF AND Baseball Goods

constantly on hand at lowest prices. We have a full line of Collars, Saddles, Whips, Fly Nets, Halters, Chains Traces, Hames, Oil Soap and Dressing, in fact everything to be found in a first-class Harness Store.

We make a specialty of Hand Work.
Repairing promptly done. Give us a call.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,
opposite the Forks, 113 W. Main St.,
dec 15 05 1y Westminster, Md.

Up To Date. What?

J. W. Lockard & Son's

LINE OF

FURNITURE, CARPETS AND Buggies

We are showing the most complete and up-to-date line of Furniture and Carpets ever displayed in Wesminster, and at prices so low as to be surprising, for the quality of goods. We invite all to visit our store before buying, and prices and goods will do the rest.

Yours for business.
J. W. LOCKARD & SON.

13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster.
C. and P. Phone. au 16 1y

"THE DAYLIGHT STORE"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Chinaware and Household Goods,

Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, &c.

Largest Selection and Lowest Prices in Carroll Co.

Our Chinaware and Kitchen Departments have just received large shipments from factories, consisting of all the necessary articles that go to make up a first class department of this kind, including fancy china, bric-a-brac, etc., which are essential to meet the requirements of the kitchen and dining room.

5c Counters

Our 5c Counters consist of many useful articles in Glassware, Enameledware, Chinaware, Tinware, Wire Goods, Ornaments, Soaps, Rolling Pins, Egg Beaters, Tack Hammers, Dippers and hundreds of other articles, all displayed on our 5c tables.

Most of these useful articles are worth 8 to 10c; our uniform price 5c each.

Chinaware and Household Departments

One of the leading features in our Chinaware and Household Departments is the 5 and 10c Counters, which we inaugurated in Westminster 16 months ago when we opened the Babylon Building for business to the people of Carroll county.

10c Counters

On our 10c Counters you will find hundreds of articles fully worth double our price, in Enameledware, Woodenware, Tinware, Chinaware, Glassware of every description, Vases of various colors, Carpet Cleaners, Brushes, Sieves, etc.

This department alone can entertain you half day well spent.

To those that contemplate Housekeeping this spring

"It will be to your interest to visit this department and save money."

Carpets, Rugs, and Linoleums

This department is well worth your attention, assortment complete, prices moderate.

Good Rag Carpets	-	21c and up
" Granite Carpets	-	25c " "
" Brussels Carpets	-	50c " "
Rugs, good size,	- -	50c " "
Cocoa Mats	- -	65c " "
Wire Door Mats	-	$1.25 " "
Linoleums	- -	50c " "

Come and see us before buying.

New Arrivals of Spring Goods coming in daily, such as Shoes and Oxfords, DRESS GOODS, Ginghams, Laces and Embroideries.

Babylon & Lippy Company,

Main Street, Opposite Liberty, Westminster, Md.

7

ALL WINTER SUITS AND OVERCOATS

DIVIDED INTO FOUR LOTS

AND FOUR PRICES. A WEEK OF GREAT GENUINE

CLOTHING BARGAINS AT

SHARRER & GORSUCH'S,

Westminster, Md.

Lot No. 1 at $4.50. Splendid Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats that were cheap at former prices, $6.00 to $7.50.

Lot No. 2 at $6.50. All we have left in Winter Suits and Overcoats that sold for $9 and $10.

Lot No. 3. Here are truly great values. See these splendid $12 and $13 Overcoats and Suits now $8.50.

Lot No. 4 at $10.70. Strouse Bros and Marks' elegant $15 and $16 Suits and Overcoats Many of the Suits are medium weight and suitable for any season.

A List of Special Bargains that Should Interest You.

A few $7 and $8 Storm Coats, size 35 to 38, sold $7 and $8, now $4.50.
Several $10 and $12 Storm Coats at Big Reduction.
20 Children's $3 and $4 Nobby Overcoats at $1.50 to $2.50.
Mothers, buy one of these for your Boy for next season.
All winter Knee Pants Suits reduced. $3.00 and $4.00 Suits now $2.00 and $2.50.
Winter Pants at COST AND LESS.
Some heavy lined Coats, Cardigan Jackets, Sweaters and Underwear at special low prices.
Men and Boys still come here for best CORD PANTS. feb 10 05 2o

WHITE PALACE GROCERY.

Preventing dishonest or unscrupulous dealers from stacking imperfect foods on the consumers is the Pure Food Law in a nutshell.

But the law isn't a new thing here—we never sell anything but

STRICTLY PURE GROCERIES—

giving full weights—at rational prices—cleanliness ruling supremely.

Of Delicious Fancy Groceries in Bottled dainties, from Pickles to Olives; Canned Vegetables and Fruits, from Peas to Peaches; Maple Syrup, Shrimps.

Cakes of many kinds, Crackers in Fancy Boxes, Whitman's Confections, assorted Flavors.

Tasty Staple Groceries in Fresh Cereals, Famous Pillsbury and White Rose Flour, Potted Meats, Dried Fruits.

When you use Bowers' Teas, Coffees and Spices you are getting the best.

A hot or cold drink at Fountain on us, with every cash purchase of $1, except Sugar.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
feb 10 06 6 Both Phones.

DO YOU KNOW THAT MITCHELL USES THE LATEST Methods in PHOTOGRAPHY.

Work made and finished clear or cloudy weather. Children's Photos a specialty.
J. D. MITCHELL, over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md.
DON'T MIND THE WEATHER. feb 19 07 1y

In Olden Times.

In olden times there were very few books, and no bright young people's papers for little folks to read. In the days of Queen Elizabeth of England scholars learned to read from a horn-book, a sort of tablet mounted on wood and covered with horn, on which were printed the alphabet and vowels, words of two letters, and the Lord's Prayer. Girls excelled in beautiful needlework, and Queen Elizabeth herself, when only six years old, made a christening shirt for her little brother, afterward Edward VI.

You will think the children of long ago had no good times, but they did, I can tell you; only their pleasures we simple, and their games merry and quaint. I wonder if you know what kind of dolls were played with then? The Roman children first used dolls which were little wooden and ivory statues, and not like the real doll babies of to-day. After the Reformation, learning became more general, and a few books were sent out. I have heard that story books were due to children. A man in Haarlem, in Holland, was walking in the woods and amused himself by cutting letters on the trees, taking off impressions of them in ink to please his children. And from this idea came the many beautiful story books which you now enjoy. —*Lucile P. Burnet, in "Baptist Boys and Girls."*

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Elderly man (greeting former acquaintance)—"I remember you face perfectly well, but then your name has really escaped me."

The Young Woman—"I don't wonder. It escaped me about three years ago. I am married now."

She—"Don't you think that traveling is more comfortable on the Continent than it is here?"

He—"I know it is. Why, I have traveled for days there without meeting a single creditor."

One of the mysteries of a public man's life is how his friends see everything bad and miss everything good that is printed about him.

THE OLD FARM.

When the busy day is over with its anxious hopes and fears,
And the telephone stops ringing and the last clerk disappears,
With a sigh I lean back weary in my swinging office chair,
And my thoughts go back to childhood and the old farm that is there.

I can see the dear old homestead, broad and low beneath the trees,
And the rows of shining milk pans sunning in the fresh sweet breeze;
I can see the barn and horses, and the orchard on the hill,
Where we gathered golden pippins for the old straw cider mill.

I can see the up'and pastures dotted o'er with grazing sheep,
And the wheat field waving golden, ready for the men to reap.
I can see the old stone fences where the chipmunks used to play,
And the cornfield and the meadow with its piles of fragrant hay.

I can see the cattle stand ng 'neath the willows by the brook,
Where I used to fish for minnows with a bent pin for a hook;
And the pond where grew lilies that my mother used to prize,
Ah, the light of heaven's shining now within those dear old eyes.

And I sigh while fancy lingers o'er each well known pleasant scene,
Of the happy days of boyhood thrown by memory on the screen;
And I'd give all I have gained since, all my wealth and treasures rare,
To go back one day to childhood and the old farm that is there.

—Townsend Allen.

IN QUEST OF COPY.

BY HELEN BRANDON.

Martin Vossicker beheld a slender, girlish figure, and a gentle tender girlish face, with fair hair and the softest eyes conceivable. A pathetic air of helplessness seemed to envelop her, and this was the magnet that first attracted Martin, being himself an athletic animal of something over six feet, and as little like the popular notion of the popular novelist as possible.

She was idling away a summer month with her aunt, Mrs. Randall, at the Manor, where Martin, who lived in an ivy-clad cottage at Saxton, was a frequent and ever-welcome visitor. Thus they met.

When he came to talk to her he found her less helpless that at first she had conveyed the impression of being—which is often the way with women. Nor were her eyes always as soft and gentle as the first glance from them had seemed to him—which, again, is often the way with women. Those eyes were of a deep brown, widely set and thoughtful, and they had a disconcerting trick of rivetting themselves upon you until their glance appeared to penetrate into the privacy of your inmost thoughts.

Charmed at first, Martin was dazzled presently. He found her bright and witty, with a subtle, scholarly wit which would have pleasantly surprised him in a man, but which he found inexplicable in a woman, for he was one of those who—frequently to their undoing—have a rather low estimate of the intelle tuality of the so-called weaker sex.

He went home inspired by a profound admiration for Rose Gerard, and promising himself that, so long as she remained at the Manor, he would find his way there even more often than usual.

He kept that promise so very well that from a frequent he became a daily visitor. He was busy at the time upon one of those anemic novels which had brought him a fair measure of fame with a decadent public, and each afternoon, when his four hours' work—Martin only worked four hours a—day was done, he would stroll over to the Manor for tea.

Saxton waited on tiptoe for the announcement of the engagement of its popular novelist to Mrs. Randall's charming niece. But Saxton was disappointed. Martin Vossicker was certainly making love to Rose, but the love was purely artistic—without yet being of that art which conceals art. For the first time in his career he had come upon an opportunity of making copy out of a real live person.

He set himself to make it, and she appeared to be assisting him with a degree of verve, sympathy, and understanding which, while it amazed him considerably, pleased him still more. His favorite pose was that of a victim of unrequited love. This the exigencies of his case demanded, for such were the circumstances under which the hero of his anemic novel was laboring. Never for a moment had he permitted himself a hopeful tone.

Rose had fallen a victim to his mental suggestion, and she accepted the situation with characteristic—if hardly feminine—readiness. She seemed to play the part he had assigned to her just as he—half consciously only—was playing the part he had assigned to himself. She was capricious, petulant, arch and mocking by turns, but rarely tender, and then it was a tenderness that faded almost as soon as it took shape.

But it was affording Martin something more than amusement. It was equipping him with much rich material. The mental notes he made while in her company he transferred to paper each evening, to be anon molded into his novel. And so his book grew apace, and the frothy brilliancy which his readers had come to look for in his work was reaching in 'The Futile Quest' a height to which it had never soared before.

At last the time drew near for Rose's departure from Saxton. The hero of 'A Futile Quest' had come to the stage of proposing to the heroine, and Martin had been unable to decide whether to rely purely upon his imagination for that which should be the culminating scene of his book, or whether to avail himself once more of Rose Gerard and to first live through the scene.

He feared this might be driving his copy hunting a little too far; but, on the other hand, the benefits his work might derive from it were—to judge by the past—likely to be considerable. He was tempted very sorely.

At last he took his resolve. He would propose to her. He was assured that she was no more in love with him than he was with her. She would be amused by this consummation of all the poses they had hitherto assumed, and he never doubted that she would arise to the occasion.

He made up his mind on his way to the manor. Opportunity came to him after tea.

'Rose,' he said presently—they had come to call each other by Christian names a week ago—'do you know that I am glad you are going?'

'There are certain joys which it is more polite to dissemble than to express,' said she, sententiously.

'It is not a question of politeness,' he answered, lugubriously.

'Why are you glad that I am going?' she said. 'For my own part, I am sorry.'

His hand fastened instantly upon her arm.

'Do you really mean it?' he asked with sudden fervency.

'Why of course!' she laughed. 'I am very sorry to leave Auntie; she has been so very kind.'

He removed his hand from her arm.

'Oh! Mrs. Randall!' he complained. 'You can think of everybody but me.'

'Why should I think of you, since you confess yourself glad that I am going? Why are you glad?'

He hesitated. For a moment he sat thinking. Then, looking up and encountering the steady gaze of her brown eyes—

'I am glad because'—his voice trembled—'because it is better so; better that I should see no more of you.' He dropped his glance. 'My lot does not lie in the smooth places of the world,' he continued, tragically. 'It is not such an existence as I could ask any woman to share. That is why I rejoice that, in a couple of days, we shall have passed out of each other's way of life.'

He paused. Somehow, he was not doing at all well. He was beginning to feel ashamed of himself. But it was her hand that now fell upon his sleeve, and her voice quivered slightly.

'Do you mean that you care?' she asked.

Inwardly he groaned. He was not to be allowed to retreat, after all. As he was a gentleman, he could not do so now.

He had overreached himself in his infernal copy hunting, and he must go on although a church and a nuptial service should be at the end of the road he was following.

'That,' he faltered, 'is what I mean.'

There was a pause, during which her soft eyes were lowered and his furtive glance could make nothing of her expression.

'But if that is so,' she murmured, 'why should you rejoice at my going?'

'Have I not said that it is because my road through life is one which I cannot ask a woman to tread?'

'But if—if she cared?' The brown eyes flashed him a glance and were veiled again.

He trembled. The artistic researches that had lured him into this situation were all forgotton. He felt like one who had tumbled into a trap, and his only thought was how he might extricate himself.

'If she cared,' he replied, unsteadily, 'that would be all the more reason why I should go.'

'There speaks no lover,' said she, quietly. 'It is too cold and calculating. If you really cared, you would make a bid for her, and ask her, at least, whether she were not willing to risk the future with you, whatever it might be. No, Martin, my friend, you have deluded yourself. You do not care; you only fancy that you do.'

'You have no feelings!' he exclaimed at last. 'I can say of you, as Carlyle said of Ruskin, you are like a beautiful bottle of soda water.'

That was their last interview before she left Saxton. His work absorbed him, and he pursued it feverishly until his novel was finished. Then his thoughts reverted to Rose, and the sense of injury returned.

Next the explanation of it came home to him little by little. He was in love with her. It occurred to him to obtain her address from Mrs. Randall, and to follow her. But when he recalled their last words that day at the Manor, he lacked the courage.

* * *

'The Futile Quest,' by Martin Vossicker, was published in the autumn. A week after its appearance, Martin was in town, and one afternoon at his club an acquaintance thrust a paper under his nose and pointed to a review-article headed, 'A Literary Coincidence.'

'Have you seen that, Vossicker? You are in good company, anyhow.'

Martin, glancing at the article, saw his name coupled with that of Sebastian Rule, an author who had leaped into fame a year ago and whose work was being everywhere discussed. In gathering surprise he perused the article, which ran:—

'We have lighted upon what we think our readers will agree is the most astounding literary coincidence that has ever been recorded. Last week saw the appearance of 'The Idealist,' by Sebastian Rule, and 'The Futile Quest,' by Martin Vossicker. Each of these novels is remarkable for vigor, power, and insight, but more remarkable still for the amazing resemblance that exists between them. It is true that in the matters of plot and mise-en-scene these two works have, perhaps, not much in common; but the character of the hero and heroine are not only almost identical in each case, but they utter identical sentiments, frequently in identical words, and a fitting climax to this astounding coincidence of thought and expression is afforded by the parting sentence which the hero addresses to the heroine. In both novels we find him taking his leave of her with the words: 'You have no feelings! I can say of you—as Carlyle said of Ruskin—you are like a beautiful bottle of soda water.'

This was followed by the reviewer's theories and speculations in explanation of this remarkable fact. But Vossicker didn't trouble to read what the reviewer thought. His own thoughts were more than enough for him just then. He let the paper fall, and reclining in his chair, he gave himself up to the luxury of conjecture. But it proved for once rather more of a torture than a luxury.

He was quick to evolve a theory of his own. Rose must be very intimate with Sebastain Rule, and must have confided in him touching the curiously conducted wooing of his at Saxton.

Having reached that conclusion, Martin rose. He must see Rule at once, and they must discuss what attitude they were to take towards the public, particularly if the seemingly inevitable imputation came to be cast upon their work of having been plagiarized from a common source.

To this end he repaired there and then to Brett and Hackett, Sebastian Rule's publishers, to ascertain Mr. Rule's address.

'Mr. Rule,' said the publisher, 'chooses to maintain the strictest incognito, and I am under promise not to divulge his address to anybody. But if you care to write to him, I will see that your letter is forwarded.'

Martin, however, did not care to write. He insisted upon seeing the author of 'The Idealists,' and in the end he won his way.

Half an hour later saw him on the door step of a pretty villa in St. John's Wood, asking to see Mr. Rule. For some moments he was kept waiting. At last Martin gasped to behold Rose Gerard herself standing before him.

'How do you do?' came her pleasant greeting.

'What are you doing here?' he blurted out.

'I live here with my mother. This is my house.'

'But Mr. Rule?' he asked. 'I—'

'I am Mr. Rule,' she answered, with a quiet, half-wistful smile.

'You'? he cried, in unbelief, 'you?' and his fine eyes were opening very wide. 'You are Sebastian Rule?'

'Yes,' she reassured him, 'I am the man.' Then, with a laugh, 'Don't look so shocked, Martin,' she continued. 'I know that you find it hard to credit—you, whose opinion of woman's intellectuality is so unflattering to us. But if you will think for yourself, you will see that it could not be otherwise. You have, of course, seen what the 'Daily Wire' says about this literary coincidence. At least, I assume that that is the explanation of your presence here.'

Then Martin understood. He understood the verve and sympathy with which she had entered upon those make believe conversations at Saxton. Whilst he was making copy of her, she was making copy of him. Each had been posing unconsciously for the other's benefit.

'We have,' he said, 'been making a very charming mess of it.'

'Hardly so bad as that,' she laughed. 'People will wonder and the wonder will advertise our books.'

'I was an ass,' he acknowledged, with melancholy conviction, and for the moment—as he met her brown eyes—he forgot the literary coincidence. 'I was an ass,' he repeated.

'No, no,' she answered, with soothing politeness.

'But I was,' he insisted, 'You don't know the worst.'

'Tell me,' she begged. She was standing close to him. The proximity seemed to affect him. His hand fell upon her arms as it had done that day at Saxton.

'By dint of posing as lovelorn I became lovelorn,' he bluntly avowed, 'and without knowing it. But I found it out after you had gone away, Rose, and so I wanted to come after you. But I didn't dare. I don't suppose that you'll ever forgive me. I'm sure I don't deserve that you should. I behaved—'

'Silly boy, you forget that I was just as bad. If you talk of forgiving you have quite as much to forgive me. And, oh, Martin, I have been punished!' she cried.

'Punished?'

'Just as you have been punished. I acted a part until it ceased to be acting, and—'

'Rose!' he exclaimed, and at that moment the literary coincidence was completely forgotten.

He took her by the shoulders and held her at arm's length, solemnly regarding her.

'It's true, Rose?'

'It's true, dear,' said she, 'and I think that in future we might collaborate very satisfactorily—don't you?'

—London Answers.

Sale Bills

Printed at This Office

QUICK AND CHEAP

ON GOOD PAPER AND IN A VERY ATTRACTIVE MANNER

GIVE US A CALL

He Liked The Family.

Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, of Missouri, married five sisters. After one wife had been lost and appropriately mourned he espoused another, and he kept his courting within a narrow circle of his own relatives, for he rather liked the family.

The venerable father of these girls was almost deaf, and when the governor went to this octogenarian to ask for his surviving daughter the following conversation ensued:

'I want Lizzie!'

'Eh?'

'I want you to let me have Elizabeth!'

'Oh, you want Lizzie, do you? What for?'

'For my wife!'

'For life?'

'I want—to—marry—her!'

'Oh, yes! Just so, I hear you, boy.'

'I'm glad you do!' roared the governor.

'Well,' slowly responded the veteran, 'you needn't yell so that the whole neighborhood knows it. Yes, you can have her. You've got 'em all now, my lad, but for goodness sake, if anything happens to that 'ere poor little gal don't come and ask me for the old woman!'

Jackson solemnly promised that he never would.

Mistress (angrily)—'Kathi, I ask you for the last time, what did the master really say to you in the arbor just now? Now you answer me.' Servant—'Well, if you must know, he said, 'Kathi, when the mistress gets very angry do just as I do and don't answer her at all.'

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