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, JUNE 7, 1907. VOL. 76--NO. 23.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in the last will and testament of James H. McQuay, Sr., and an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., passed on the 18th day of March, A. D 1907, the undersigned executor will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26th, A. D. 1907,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that valuable tract of real estate, containing

66 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 7 PERCHES

of Land, more or less. This property is situate on the Buffington road, about 2 miles N. E. of Winfield, and adjoins the lands of Henry Knauff, John L. Freyman and others. It is improved by a two-story log weatherboarded House, Frame Barn, and usual outbuildings. Land is in good state of cultivation; good Well of Water at house, and two small streams pass through the property. About 18 acres is in young Timber. There are fruits of all kinds, and the property is convenient to schools, churches, stores, &c. It was recently surveyed and a plat of the same will be exhibited on day of sale.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the Court.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or upon the ratification of sale by the court, and the balance in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, bearing interest from the day of sale; or all cash, at option of the purchaser or purchasers.

DAVID N. McQUAY, Executor.
Geo. L. Stocksdale, Attorney.
Albert J. Easton, Auctioneer. my 31 4t

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

SUSANNAH H. TURFLE,

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 20th day of December, 1907, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 20th day of May, 1907.

ELLEN M. DANNER,
ABRAHAM S. H. DANNER,
my 24 4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

HARRISON WEAVER,

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 7th day of December, 1907, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 7th day of May, 1907.

WM. H. H. WEAVER,
SARAH ELLIS WEAVER,
my 10 4t Acting Executors.

$200 REWARD.

It is generally believed that the fire which occurred at Frizellburg, Md., on Thursday night, the 16th instant, was the work of an incendiary.

The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County is interested in this loss and will leave nothing undone to ascertain and punish the guilty party.

I am authorized by the Directors of said Company to offer a reward of TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons guilty of this outrage.

By order of the Board:
my 31 3t J. W. HERING, President.

To Horse Breeders.

The German Coach Stallion ARGOW No. 3066, recently purchased by the undersigned, will make the season of 1907, at the following places:

MONDAY in each week at Mr. Wm. D. K. Leese's farm in Bachman's Valley.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY in each week at H. H. Harbaugh's Pale Stables in Westminster.

WEDNESDAY in each week at Mr. Chas. F. Bell's (formerly Zepp's) farm near Carrollton.

FRIDAY in each week at Mr. J. Elmer Myers' farm on road leading from Frizellburg to Pleasant Valley.

TERMS.—$15.00 single leap, cash; $20.00 the season, payable at end of season; $25.00 insurance, payable when mare is known to be in foal.

OLDENBURG GERMAN COACH HORSE COMPANY OF CARROLL COUNTY,
BY H. H. HARBAUGH,
my 31 3t President.

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Line Bred for Exhibition Females.

Beauty and Utility Strain.

For well barred, large stock, up to standard requirements come to us. We have prize winners, won at Hagerstown, York and Washington shows.

Eggs for Hatching from $1.00 per 15 up.

You want the best, then write us.

HARTMAN SONS,
mar 29 tf Westminster, Md.

LOUIS SACHS.

SUCCESSOR TO A. C. STRASBURGER.

73 East Main St., Westminter.

I have the finest line of Liquors, Brandies, Gin, Rum and Wine ever offered in this city.

SPECIAL.—XXXX Rye Whiskey the

BEST $2.00 RYE WHISKEY

ever sold in Carroll county. The goods talk for itself. No solicitors in the county.

Give me a call and be convinced. No charge for Flasks or Jugs. Full measure guaranteed. A full line of Tobacco and Cigars.

LOUIS SACHS,
No. 73 EAST MAIN STREET,
WESTMINSTER, Md
my 4 06 1 y C. and P. Telephone.

J. W. SHUNK'S,

Leading Harness, Turf and Sporting Goods House,

opens the season of 1907, with an Up-to-Date stock of Goods, bought direct from Factory, in advance, at old prices for spot cash and will be sold on same terms. We name in part—

HARNESS

of all grades from fine Light Driving Harness to the Heavy Farm Teams.

Saddles and Bridles,

Collars and Pads, Halters, Whips and a full line of Fly Nets and Lap Dusters, Trunks, Suit Cases, Grips, Baseball Goods, Dressing Oils, Soaps, Leather, Hames and Chains and all accessories found in a first-class Harness Establishment, with no advance in price.

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. We invite inspection. Respectfully,

J. W. SHUNK'S
New Store, Bowers' corner, 43 E. Main street, Westminster Md. mar 29 1y 07

John E. Eckenrode. Chas. E. Eckenrode

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BUGGIES, SURREYS, STANHOPES, RUNABOUTS, DAYTONS, TRAPS, STICK WAGONS, DELIVERY WAGONS, DEPOT WAGONS and all kinds of Vehicles.

NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.

We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly, Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,
Cor. Liberty and George Sts.,
may 13 04 Westminster Md.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

For June Shoppers

Every article mentioned has a value far in excess of its price. Lots of reasons for this but reasons don't interest as much as price marks. Lots of goods here that we will sacrifice to clear them out. It will well pay you to drop in and see what they are.

Shirt Waists, Wrappers and Cambric Underwear

Every Garment Right--Every Price a Saving

Sacques or Kimonas -	50 to 98c
Wrappers - -	98c to $1.25
Satteen Skirts -	75c to $1.50
Genuine Heatherbloom Skirts	$1.98 to $3.50
Taffeta Silk Skirts -	$5.00 to $6.00

Summer Waists

Lingerie effects, fine Lawn, soft finish Batiste, short and long sleeves, tastefully trimmed in val. lace and in embroideries.

$1.25 values - -	98c
$1.75 values - - -	$1.39
$2.50 values - -	$1.98

Hosiery, Underwear, Ribbons and Parasols

Examine these extraordinary offerings.

35c quality at - - - 25c

A great combination lot of Hose at one-third less than usual value. Children's Hose, Ladies' Black Lisle Hose, Ladies' Drop Stitch Lisle Hose, usual value 35c, we offer for 25c.

Small lot of 15c Children's Lace Hose 5c pair

Sale of Men's Trousers

This week we offer special inducements in Men's Trousers. Come and see them and let us explain why?

We have the best line in town.

7c Calicoes 5c

Special purchase of odd lots of Calicoes, more than 2,000 yards, assorted colors, kinds and qualities. We place same on center counter, and offer for one week only at 5c yd.

Some excellent values at reduced prices in Ladies' Collars and Belts

Household Specialties

Children's Bath Tubs, Foot Tubs, Brass Cottage Rods, Wash Boilers, Jumping Ropes, Chamber Pails, Crystal Lamp Burners, Tack Hammers, Steamers, Sprinkling Cans, Cuspadors, and Enamelware of every kind. It will pay you to look our kitchen or so-called Basement through on 2nd floor.

Shoes, Oxfords, Etc.

If there is anything in footwear you want you can find it here, as we have the largest and best assortment in the city at the lowest possible prices, and you know from past experience that we make every purchase satisfactory.

$2.50 Ladies' Tan Russia Pumps -	$2.00
$2.50 " " 2 eyelet Gibson Ties	$2.00
$2.50 Men's Black Vici Ties -	$2.00
$4.00 " Tan Russia Oxfords -	$3.50

Splendid Lines of Misses' and Children's Tan Shoes and Oxfords

Babylon & Lippy Company

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Special Notice!

We are mailing bills to all subscribers to the

AMERICAN SENTINEL

who are in arrears and asking them to REMIT AT ONCE. By doing so they will confer a favor, as all expenses of publishing the paper have to be paid cash. Look at the label on your paper which shows how long you owe for.

WHITE PALACE GROCERY.

Said George Peabody, one of Philadelphia's foremost merchants:

"Any business that is not a benefit to the community in which it is located must fail, as it depends on it for support." He would not sell any one an article that would do them harm."

Says JOHN D. BOWERS, Westminster's FOREMOST GROCER:

"So long as we must eat, why not eat the best, and pay the least? 'Best for the least' is the motto of the WHITE PALACE GROCERY." We have complied with the statement of the great merchant, spending 20 years same place same business. Our purities are soaring high on the wings of the Pure Food Law, that has caused many stores to smother.

Quick Delivery.

Our SODA FOUNTAIN IS NOW OPEN

with all the newest drinks. We give ONE SODA TICKET with every cash purchase of ONE DOLLAR, except sugar.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
feb 10 06 7 Both Phones.

Lynch & Steele,

Corner Green and Liberty Sts., WESTMINSTER, MD.

We have made our contracts for 1907, and as a starter will have on exhibition, for the inspection of the Farmers, the following:

International Gasoline Engines and Manure Spreaders,

the simplest machines that are made; Brown Wagons, Wiard and Oliver Plows, Perry Wood Frame Harrows, Steel Lever Harrows, Black Hawk Check Row Corn Planters,

Sharples Tubular Cream Separators, &c.

Many of these lines have been contracted for in car lots, which allows us to sell at close prices, thereby benefitting the farmer. Look us up, when in need, as we can save you money and will take care of your machines, after you have bought them.

CLOVERSEED is high in price, but we will have some on hand at all times, to accommodate those who want it. C. and P. Phone. nov 16 06 2

ADULTERATIONS

used in High Grade Paint cost usually from twelve to eighteen dollars per ton. Pure Lead and Pure Zinc cost from ninety-five to one hundred and twenty dollars per ton. Which is the best paint?

DAVIS' 100 PER CENT PURE PAINT

that is sold under a guarantee of absolute purity, or the other kind? Will you will buy the OTHER KIND, and enrich the manufacturer at your expense?

For sale by
The Westminster Hardware Co.,
Agents.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,

LEADING HARNESS EMPORIUM.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Summer Goods

now on display, consisting of

Buggy, Surrey, and Runabout Harness, Fly Nets, Horse Sheets, Lap Dusters,

SADDLES, BRIDLES,

TEAM HARNESS of all Kinds,

Soap, Oil, Collars, Halters, Whips, Chains, and in fact everything to furnish a horse complete.

Baseball and Turf Goods.
Repairing done at short notice.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,
opposite the Forks, 113 W. Main St.,
dec 15 06 1y Westminster Md.

JOSEPH L. MATHIAS,

(successor to John Beaver)

126 East MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER.

LARGE STOCK OF

MARBLE and GRANITE

MONUMENTS AND HEAD STONES

TO SELECT FROM.

PRICES MODERATE. GIVE ME A CALL

MANTEL AND TILE SETTING A SPECIALTY.

C. & P. Phone 70r. ap 13

DRS. HERING & FITZHUGH.

We have formed a Co-partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery.

Office 110 East Main street, Westminster.
Office hours 8 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 2 P. M.; 6 to 8 P. M.

JOS. T. HERING,
HENRY M. FITZHUGH.
May 21st, 1907. my 24 tf

PAROID ROOFING AND NEPONSET SHEATHING papers sold by Smith & Reifsnider and under their guarantee.

LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit,
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest tract
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes,
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story Books.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Matter of Temperament.

—:o:—

'Am I the joy to your soul that you are to mine, Roger?'

Cynthia's drawling voice could lend itself to bits of sarcasm in a way that would have maddened a less inflammable person than Roger Somers.

Roger was enveloped in a scowl that made it seem incredible he could ever have entertained thoughts of being the joy of anybody's soul, Cynthy's own particular soul being beyond the limits of possibility.

Did you—address me?' His coolness added decidedly to Cynthia's interest. She raised herself in the hammock and arranged the cushions with the care of one who is determined to get comfort out of life.

'I was trying my voice sweetly. It's been growing rusty for the last hour.'

Roger sat stolidly on the doorstep, his back eloquent with offended dignity.

'One labors under such an inconvenience in addressing the back of one's audience.'

The audience, however, kept its eyes upon a distant spot on the lawn, trying to concentrate its mind upon the exact spot where the driveways met and wondering why the place didn't seem the bit of heaven it had appeared a week before upon entering through that driveway to become one of Mrs. Keener's guests.

'I feel such an inclination to—er—babble, Roger, that if you don't mind I will continue to put it into sentences for—er—my own entertainment. Do you mind my saying that I never have seen such a bunch of dignity as your back represents? I cannot, without making an effort that the warmth of the day forbids, see more of you than the back of your blue serge coat, a slight glimpse of profile and the tips of your patent leathers where the sun strikes them.'

She leaned back in the hammock shamelessly convulsed with her own wit. It was clearly evident that Cynthia was enjoying herself.

'Well, if you are waiting for an answer to that psychological problem you propounded'—Roger sat erect, delighted with the alliterative impressiveness of his opening remark—'we can probably reach the answer with less difficulty if we go about it logically. The statement that I am a joy to your soul—we will let that remain undisputed until it is clearly proved that you have a soul.'

Cynthia looked at him in frank delight, an appreciative smile curving her lips. She thought it possible the audience might face her soon, so she changed the cushions and put the rose colored one next her face.

'You have a beautiful flow of language, Roger'—there was a sweetness in her voice that caused the audience to turn and look at her quickly to discover the possibility of latent sarcasm. 'I often wish I could talk.'

'Good Lord'—his fervor left no doubt as to his sincerity—'is it really a fact that you have recently lost your voice? I thought you were merely joking.'

'You had sulked for an hour. I might as well talk to a stone wall as the back of a serge coat. Now I admit cheerfully that I have a fiendish temper. You, according to your own showing, are never moved by a stronger or less meritorious feeling than righteous indignation. As for me—Roger, did you ever see me when I was really angry?'

That Cynthia was an adept at facing an audience no one of her acquaintances would have denied. Perhaps the possession of an adorable nose and a fluffy mass of curly hair strengthened her innate self confidence. Anyway, Roger, having once looked, had a feeling that he had in some way weakened for the fray—not that he intended giving Cynthia any inkling of the slight feeling of mollification that stole over him, but the ruffles fell around her forearm in a most distracting manner.

His eyes softened into pity, the poor girl had had so little opportunity for learning self control. Taking a course as a trained nurse had at one time been her fad—not that she ever expected to be one, but because a desire for knowledge and an everlasting propensity for making experiments seemed to have been born in her.

Roger in the depths of his soul had always disapproved of trained nurses. Her last escapade had completely convinced him that there was nothing more unsuited for a woman than such a profession.

Was there any other circumstance, he asked himself, that would have made it seem proper to Mrs. Keener's household that Cynthia should sit in that man Harding's room all the morning, administering little doses of medicine simply because Harding's cold had given him a fever that made him talk out of his head?

Mrs. Keener or one of the servants could have given that medicine.

'I was sorry not to go rowing with you last evening. The moonlight on that river is something one doesn't see always.'

There was an expression in her eyes that was reminiscent.

Roger broke off viciously the piece of honeysuckle vine that had been tickling the back of his neck.

'There were perhaps other things that appealed to you more,' coldly.

'You know I prefer rowing,' insinuatingly.

'Perhaps, if Harding had been well enough to do the rowing—not that I believe he's sick enough to amount to anything,' refusing to give an iota of doubt as to Harding's general duplicity of nature.

'He talked out of his head—all about a girl.' She shamelessly broke all rules of etiquette as to confidence between nurse and patient.

Roger's increased scowl annihilated the possibility of belief that he ever had been or ever could be a joy to any soul.

'That's exactly what I thought he was raving about,' hotly—'all about loving a girl.'

'It was evidently a very nice girl—he called her dearest—I think he even referred to her as—er—an angel.' The childishness of her smile seemed insufficient cause for the symptoms of apoplexy Roger was exhibiting.

'And you sat there all the morning and let that idiot make love to you'—His sentence was swallowed in a snort of disgust.

Cynthia glanced at the writing pad near her, wondering if it would not be salutary to Roger's manners if she forgot his existence and wrote letters the rest of the morning.

As the scratching of her pen became more noticeable the audience thought it owing to its dignity to disperse and walked across the lawn toward the gate, its hands stubbornly in its pockets.

Roger leaned over the gate disconsolately. She had seemed so different the last time they had been on the river. She had really come so near saying everything he wanted her to say that he had walked around for hours afterward in a state of ecstasy.

He tried to possess his soul in patience, waiting for the next evening, when she had promised to go with him on the river and perhaps say exactly what he wanted her to say. Roger considered it a piece of malignity of fate that Harding—that idiot Harding—should have been taken so ill, or at least should have pretended he was so violently ill. The soreness of his heart added a suggestion that Cynthia probably jumped at an escape from giving him the answer he was so anxious for.

The pleasant odor from the honeysuckle vines that clambered over the hedge, the effect of the soft breeze that gradually fanned some of the heat from his brow—something induced him to saunter slowly toward the veranda. Cynthia had probably, he thought, had time to finish her letter in the half hour that had elapsed.

He saw that she was fast asleep. Evidently she had not been worrying much. There was a note conspicuously addressed and conspicuously pinned on a ruffle of the rose colored cushion.

He reached for it with an eagerness he would never have allowed the waking Cynthia to behold. Perhaps, after all, she might be amenable to reasoning; her somewhat flighty nature might gain sobriety from contact with him. Cynthia with a slight addition of sobriety—he gave a sigh that intimated it was more bliss than one man could properly realize. His fingers were nervous as he tore the note from its envelope.

'Joy of my soul,' it ran, 'your moods are truly a delight. They afford all kinds of opportunities for studies in human nature. After all, we are rather much alike, a mere matter of temperament, I suppose. If you prefer calling yours righteous indignation I don't mind. Mine can still go under the name of plain temper.

'He was really sick, Roger, and the girl he raved about he called Helen. I am awfully fond of rowing and am ready to go on the river any time, whether the sun is shining broiling hot or the moon as it was the other night, just as soon as your righteous indignation calms down to a degree that would make it safe for a person to get within ten feet of you.'

Roger leaned over into the depths of the hammock, his face well mixed with pink cushion and sleeve ruffles.

'Wake up, Cynthia,' he whispered. 'I'm in a heavenly frame of mind.'

THE WIDOW PERKINS.

BY JOHN WILKINS.

'There's Deacon Slocum comin' down the hill! I shouldn't wonder if he was goin' tew stop. He looked at me dretful pertic'ler last Sunday evening as we was comin' out. I knowed as well as I wanted tew, that he was goin' tew ask fer my cumpny hum, but before he could git his curridge up, that bold, brassy piece, Prudence Packer, come sailin' down the aisle, an' tuck him off with her.

'If I was Prue Packer I wouldn't let the whole town know it, if I was in sech a hurry to git married! Lawful suz! there he is at the gate! Liza Jane, hand me a clean neckercher out of the under drawer. Not that one, that white cambric, with the tucked border. Is my cap straight? I'm all of a tremble. What shall I do if he makes me a propersition? There ain't no use standin' out ag'in him; the deacon is sech a determined man. How do ye do, Deacon Slocum? Take a cheer by the fire. I declare if it ain't real kind an' naburly in you to come in to cheer a lone widder like me. 'Liza Jane, go down suller an' bring up some apples an' cider. Git some of them big, red ones in the bin by the winder that your father was fond of.'

'Don't trouble yourself, widder I only come—'

''Tain't no trouble, deacon, not a mite. 'Liza Jane, bring up a plate of them doughnuts that I fried this mornin'. My poor dead and gone husband used to say that I was a master-hand to make doughnuts. An' he was a master-hand to eat 'em, tew. I do believe. An' I gener'lly contrived to have them on hand, fur I believe in married pardners tryin' to please one another if 'tain't an' unpossible thing. There's Mrs. Packer—it's my solemn belief that she worried her husband into the grave by her contineral frettin' and scoldin'. 'An sech a housekeeper! I don't suppose the poor man knowed what it was to have a decent meal fur years afore he died without 'twas at one of the nabors. An' they do say that Prue is her mother, right over ag'in. I pity anybody that gits her fur a wife!'

'You surprise me, widder. I thought Miss Prudence would be a desirable companion for most any man. Not that I've any idee myself—'

'Of course you hain't. I see her performance last Sabba' day evenin', an' so did some other folks I could mention. I knowed you was too good a man to be coaxed into marryin' one woman, when you had made up your mind to have another.'

'Wall, I dunno; widder. I hain't no idee—'

'I knowed you hadn't deacon; you have got to much sense. I know what your idee is, jest as well as if you told it. 'Liza Jane, bring some of that cheese that was cut yesterday. There ain't nothing goes so well with doughnuts, as cheese. Now, deacon, do take hold an' eat sothin', do.'

'Thank you, widder. They are very nice—as nice as any I ever tasted. But, as I was goin' to say—'

'Gener'ly speaking, I ain't ashamed to set my doughnuts before anobody, if I do say it. But I don't know how it was I didn't seem to have sech good luck as common with these. But p'r'aps you can worry 'em down with some of the cider. Jest try a leetle, deacon.'

'Thank you, widder; seein' you're so very pressin', I will. But as I was sayin', our farms jine, an' I thought I'd come over and see—'

'Jes' so, deacon. I feel presactly as you do about it. It seems sort o' proverdential that our farms should jine, don't it, now?

''Liza Jane, you can take some of them pickles over to Grandma Perkins that I made yisterday; she's amazin' fond of pickles. You need not hurry back; I saw your grandther go by to the village with his ox team, an' mos' likely he won't be back till night. Grandma's dretful lonesome when he is gone, an' you can jest as well stay with her a spell as not.

'You see, deacon,' continued the Widow Perkins, as soon as the door closed after 'Liza Jane, bringing her chair a little nearer her visitor. 'I don't count on havin' my darter with me a great while longer. Eben Well has been keepin' steady comp'ny with her fur mor'n a year an' they cale'late on gettin' married in the spring. 'Liza Jane's father left her three hundred dollars, or th' wuth on't in land, jest which she'd ruther have. Eben thinks he'd ruther have the ten-acre lot down by Stillwater Pond. An' I don't know but what I'd as soon he would, but I wouldn't tell him for sartin till I knew what you thought about it.'

'Wall, widder, I should say it was 'bout the fair thing, though I don't know as it makes any difference to me; tain't my land nor my darter. What I came in to say was that our farms jine, an' that strip of medder land down by the creek—'

'There ain't no need fur ye to say another word, deacon; I know what you come in fur jest as well as if it was writ in black and white. An' I ain't goin' to say nothin' agin' it nuther, fur I know you air sech a determined man.'

'I 'spose Sam told ye. I was speakin' to him 'bout it the other day. You see our farms jine at that p'int, an' if it so be strike a bargain—'

'Don't say another word, deacon. I'm agreeable if you be. The minute I see your white horse at the gate, I sez to 'Liza Jane, 'Liza Jane,' sez I, 'Deacon Slocum has come to make me a propersition, an' he won't go away until I promise to marry him. An' though I hain't never had no idee of changin' my siterwation, I might as well give in fust as last. He is sech a determined man.'

Deacon Slocum married the Widow Perkins, and has not had any reason to repent his bargain. He never could quite decide, in his own mind, as to whether he proposed to the widow or she to him. But if we may credit her version of the story, she never would have married the deacon if he hadn't been such a determined man.'

Cold Springs Long Ago.

From Baltimore News, June 3d.

The United States Weather Bureau records extend back only to 1871, but there were many private and semi-official records kept by interested persons as far back as the late Eighteenth Century. A reader of The News owns a copy of such date that was compiled by Charles Pierce and represents meteorological observations in Philadelphia from January 1, 1790, until January 1, 1847. In the introduction to his notes Mr. Pierce states that he made his observations, especially with regard to temperature, as accurately as was possible, and gives the resulting figures with the confidence that they are correct.

A perusal of these figures shows that cold weather in April, May or even June were not unknown in those days. In all this period there were many years in which these three months were much colder than the present year, but by far the worst year in the record is 1816. April of that year was of an average temperature of 47 degrees, and there were many frosts and snowstorms. May had a temperature of 52 degrees, and is described by the old weather observer as being 'a frosty jade.' June of that year is described as being the coldest in memory. Snow appeared in New England, frost was frequent and ice appeared in Philadelphia on one occasion. The average temperature was 64 degrees.

In fact, so cold was it throughout 1816 that, although the record of the temperatnres from 1846 to 1870 shows an average temperature that hardly varied more than a degree and a half, the average for this year fell to 43 degrees, a difference of five degrees from the general average.

SAYS WORLD WILL END IN NINETEEN MONTHS.

York, Pa., June 2.—Lee J. Spangler, who styles himself as "the Last of the Prophets,' has issued another of his remarkable bulletins. This time he is more specific in his statements, and now claims that the world will come to an end in 19 months. He warns all the people to beware and look out for the dissolution of the world.

He says there will be no more seasons; that summer and winter will be as one, and there will not be any way of telling one from the other. Snow in July need not be a surprise and sleigh riding is likely to be one of the summer pastimes.

Among other things, he contends that there will be more black spots to occur on the sun's disc and by the latter part of 1908 the sun will be entirely black. The earthquakes will visit all the principal cities of the nations. Great excursion wrecks will occur, and there will be great distress in the land until the end shall come. In the meantime the Christians will gather for the coming of the great event.

Woman And The Check.

A woman stepped up to the window of the paying teller in a Denver bank Tuesday morning and pushed a check through the grating. It was for $4.

'Put the name on the back, please,' said the teller.

She did so.

'Is this your name?' he asked.

The woman sighed. 'Yes,' she replied, 'that's my name. It calls for $4, doesn't it?'

'It does,' said the teller.

While the man in the cage was looking the check over the woman fumbled in her handbag and then placed a five-dollar bill before him.

'Take it out of that, please,' she said. Then he realized that the woman didn't understand the check. 'You don't have to pay me,' he said; 'I have to pay you $4.'

He pushed back the five-dollar bill and gave her $4 in silver. The woman was very much surprised. 'You have to pay me?' she said. 'Why I thought it was a bill, and that I had to pay it.'

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