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, FEBRUARY 7, 1908. VOL. 77--NO. 6.

E. OLIVER GRIMES, Jr., Solicitor.

Assignee of Assignee of Mortgagee's Sale of a very

Desirable Little Farm

In Manchester District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Catharine Feeser and George W. Feeser, her husband, to Milly Earhart, wife of David J. W. Earhart, dated the 12th day of May, A. D. 1894, and duly recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county in liber B. F. C. No. 35, folio 276, &c., and by successive and proper assignments thereof duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, at the COURT HOUSE DOOR in Westminster, Carroll county, Md., on

MONDAY, THE 24th OF FEBRUARY, 1908,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., sharp, all those two tracts or parcels of land described in and conveyed by the aforesaid mortgage, containing

11 7-16 ACRES OF LAND, more or less.

The improvements thereon consist of a comfortable two-story log Dwelling House, stable, fine hennery and other necessary outbuildings, good water convenient to all buildings.

This farm is about 1½ miles northwest of Bachman's Mills and about a mile from the Deep Run road and adjoins the lands of Wm. Eckard, Theodore Trash, Amos Feeser and Milton Bankert. It is conveniently located to schools, churches and markets.

Terms of Sale.—Cash, or if desired by the purchaser or purchasers the following credit terms will be given: one-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, one-third in 6 months and the balance in 12 months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

E. OLIVER GRIMES, Jr.,
Assignee of Assignee of Mortgagee.
Elias N. Davis, auct. jan 31 4t

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In and near the City of Westminster, Carroll County, Maryland.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in the last will and testament of John M. Snowden, late of Carroll county, deceased, and duly admitted to probate by the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, I will offer for sale, at Public Sale, to the highest bidders, on the premises first herein described, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, 1908,

at 1 o'clock, P. M. sharp, all the following Real Estate of which said deceased died seized and possessed, namely:

1st. All that home farm of said deceased, formerly known as the "Norment Property," containing

19½ ACRES OF LAND, more or less.

The improvements thereon consist of a large and comfortable frame and log weatherboarded Dwelling, log weatherboarded Barn, Wagon Shed with Corn Cribs attached, Summer House, Dairy and other necessary outbuildings; pump and well of excellent water at the dwelling house, and a splendid spring at the spring-house; fine orchard of apple, pear and other fruit trees on the premises. This property is situate on the southwest side of West Main street, Westminster, Md., and is partly within the city limits, and adjoins the lands of Joseph W. Smith, the late Dr J. G. Keller and others, and also fronts partly on Bond street.

2nd. All that property known as No. 174 West Main street, Westminster, being a lot of ground

35 FEET FRONT BY 181½ FEET DEEP,

improved by a splendid frame weatherboarded Dwelling House of six rooms and bathroom, good Stable, and other necessary outbuildings, and now in the occupancy of Mr. Frederick W. Hull.

3rd. All that unimproved lot of ground, fronting about

126 FEET ON UNION STREET,

in the City of Westminster, and adjoining the church on said street on the one side, and the property of Algernon W. Bundy on the other.

4th. A lot of ground containing

3 ACRES AND 14 SQUARE PERCHES,

more or less, situate on the road leading from Westminster to New Windsor, and adjoining the lands of Anthony Gahl, Jesse F. Shreeve and the Gilbert property, and is only a short distance from the city limits. This property has no improvements on it, but is under a good state of cultivation.

The sale of these properties presents a rare opportunity to purchasers.

For further information call upon or address the undersigned Attorney.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court; one-third in 6 months and the other one-third in 12 months, the deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, and bearing interest from the day of sale; or the whole of the purchase money may be paid in cash, at the option of the purchasers.

JOHN T. SNOWDEN,
Acting Executor.
Jno. Milton Reifsnider, Attorney.
Elias N. Davis, auct. jan 17 4t

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

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

Estate of Nathan H. Franklin, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 20th day of January, 1908, that the sale of the real estate of Nathan H. Franklin, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Wm. J. Franklin and Thomas N. Franklin, executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 24th day of February 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, 17th day of February, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $4,957.50.

JOHN E. ECKENRODE,
WILLIAM L. RICHARDS,
ROBERT N. KOONTZ,
Judges.

True Copy.—Test:
JOHN J. STEWART, Register of Wills.
jan 24 3t

NO. 2298 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

William B. Thomas and George M. Pearce, trustees, plaintiffs, vs. Joseph D. Barnes and Ida F. Barnes, his wife, defendants.

Ordered, this 21st day of January, A. D. 1908, that the account C of the Auditor, filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 17th day of February, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.
jan 31 2t

LOOK TO YOUR HEALTH.

BLISS NATIVE HERBS

The Great Blood Purifier, Kidney and Liver Regulator. Sure cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. 200 doses for $1.00. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price.

Also

BLISS NATIVE OIL

for Burns, Cuts, Catarrh, &c., and

NATIVE BALSAM

for Coughs, Colds, &c., at 25 and 50c per bottle. Not sold in Drug Stores.

Prepared exclusively by the Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Washington, D. C.

H. B. GRAMMER, Agent,
Westminster, Md.

He refers, by permission, to the following persons who have used the Native Herbs and testify to their efficacy as reliable family medicines:

Rev. P. H. Miller,	Mrs. Elizabeth J. Stoner,
Joel S. Fisher,	Mrs. Wm. F. Helm,
M. E. Campbell,	Jacob F. Eigen,
John E. Eckenrode,	Abraham I. Geiman,
Joseph S. Witter,	Mrs. Rebecca Wagoner,
H. H. Harbaugh,	Carroll N. Lockard.

jan 10 08 1y

FARM FOR RENT.

Near Granite, Baltimore county, about 1 mile from Woodstock Station on the B. & O. R. R. containing 270 Acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation. There is an ample amount of pasture land and the farm is well adapted to dairy purposes. Apply to

LESTER S. PATTERSON,

Louisville, Md., or address him care Carrier 5, Westminster, Md. jan 24 3t

Small Farm for Sale,

On New Windsor road, 1½ miles from Westminster; containing 43 Acres, more or less, well improved; a desirable property.

FRED. W. HULL,
jan 3 tf Westminster.

CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WESTMINSTER, Md.

Office with James E. Smith, corner Main and Church Streets. Phones: Md. 131; C. & P 53r. ap 12 tf

"THE DAYLIGHT STORES"

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

12½c Dress Goods 6½c

This is a rare opportunity. These goods are the real 12½c quality. Our luck to get them and we make the remarkably low price of - - - - 6½c

Look for the Center Tables

There you will find after inventory bargains in Flannellets, Outings, Calicoes and Ginghams, regular 10c qualities at - - - - 5c yd.
It will pay you to investigate.

Save on Dress Goods

Short ends and broken lots of Dress Goods at Half Price.

After Inventory Sale

of Laces, Embroideries and Ribbons. These bargains alone are worth your careful consideration. Don't fail to look for them. These lots include all short ends and broken lots of every description.

Fur Season is Here

and the weather too. We have also made onr prices so low you cannot afford to go without a Scarf, or Muff, or both, at our cut-rate prices. Come see them. If prices have anything to do you will keep warm.

$16.00 Ladies' Suits $7.50

After inventory sale of Ladies' Suits. This includes nearly every Suit in stock. Some were $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00. Now take your choice of the lot for $7.50 to $10.00. We mean to close them out. No old goods carried over.

$9.00 Ladies' Skirts $4.98 $4.50 Ladies' Skirts $2.98

5c and 10c Handkerchiefs 3c

This lot includes odd lots and some are slightly mussed, now 3c.

Main Street Opposite Liberty **Babylon & Lippy Co.** Westminster Maryland

JOHN D. BOWERS,

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Cereals and Canned Goods.

A full line of California Peaches, Prunes and Apricots.

The noted PRIDE OF WESTMINTER COFFEE, 18c per lb.; PRIDE OF CARROLL COFFEE, 16c per lb. These Coffees are worth as much as any 24c or 20c Coffee in the market.

Whitman's Confections.

The best sold this side of Philadelphia, Pa.

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 11 Both Phones.

BUY YOUR SHOES

where you can get the CORRECT STYLES as well as the RIGHT PRICES. Our Shoes fit the foot, also the pocketbook. We have taken the agency for

BUSTER BROWN BLUE RIBBON SHOES

for Girls and Boys. Come in and see them if you are looking for something good.

Dorothy Dodd Shoes for Ladies	$3.00 and $3.50.
Walk Over Shoes for Men	$3.50 and $4.00.

RUBBERS of Every Description at Rock Bottom Prices. Give us a Call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
dec-14-07 1y

A Happy and Prosperous NEW YEAR To All.

Thanking you all for the past patronage and soliciting your future trade, I am

Yours Respectfully, JAMES H. CASSELL,
jy 5 C. and P. Phone. 196-R Jeweler and Optician, East Main Street, Westminster.

DR. H. M. FITZHUGH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
successor to Dr. Jos. T. Hering.

Office 110 East Main street, Westminster.
Office hours 8 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M. oct 6 tf

DOYLE & MAGEE,

have just received, direct from the factory, a large and full stock of

HORSE BLANKETS AND LAP ROBES.

Remember, our stock is all new; not one Blanket carried over from last year.
nov 22 tf

Commissioners' Notice.

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

By order, FRANCIS L. HANN,
feb 10 08 Treasurer.

IVAN L. HOFF,

Attorney at Law.
ENGLISH and GERMAN SPOKEN.

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS:
BLASIUS & SONS,
ALBRECHT & REGENT,
BEHR BROS & Co.

ORGANS:
ESTEY, WEAVER,
and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

SPECIAL.—Two Square second-hand Pianos, in fairly good condition, for sale at $20 and $25.

☞ Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER,
West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
oct 16 tf

ONE PROOF

of the Superior Quality of

Swain's Best and O. K. Brands of

FLOUR

is the increasing sales of these goods.

If your grocer does not keep these brands you can get them in any quantity at the

WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS.

For 5 bushels of good clean wheat you can get either: One barrel of "Swain's Best, one barrel Choice Straight and 25 pounds of Feed, Bran or Middlings, one barrel of good Biscuit and Pastry Flour and 50 pounds of Feed.

Bring 1 bushel if you like, for a trial.

Wheat received on deposit and Flour given as wanted.

Grist grinding and exchange work of all kinds.

oct 18 tf 3

LOUIS SACHS,

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

Wines and Liquors

73 East Main St., Westminter.

You may pass the East and you may pass the West but when you pass SACHS' LIQUOR HOUSE in Westminster you pass the best. All the leading brands of

WHISKEY

sold here at the lowest price and

THE BEST $2.00 WHISKEY

sold in Carroll county.

Also a complete line of Wines, Gins, Rums Brandies and Cordials.

A full line of Tobacco and Cigars.

All out of town orders will be promptly attended to and with greatest courtesy.

Both Phones. my 4 06 1y

FARMS FOR SALE.

Several nice small Farms for sale on easy terms.

Also several Farms for Rent.

For particulars apply to the George W. Albaugh Real Estate and Brokerage Company, Westminster, Md.

J. Ezra Stem, Treasurer.
oct 4 1 y

E'ENVOI.

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith we shall need it—lie down for an æon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalen, Peter and Paul—
They shall work for an age at a sitting, and never be tired at all.

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,
Shall paint the Thing as he sees it, for the good of Things as They are!

—Rudyard Kipling.

ALL ON A HUNTING MORNING.

BY NORMAN INNES.

THE hounds, blue mottled, deep throated, were drawing up-wind, and Mistress Winifred Horden reined in her horse, looked seaward to the mouth of the Cuckmere haven, wondered for an instant as to the nature of that country beyond those calm, gray waters—that land whose people, it seemed, had ever been at issue with her own—and suddenly started.

A man was crouching among the gorse not a dozen paces from her.

A poacher—a gypsy, perhaps? But no; from the glimpse she caught of the cowering figure he could be neither, though his dress was tattered and of an unfamiliar cut. A vision of silk stockings wofully torn and a sort of livery prompted the squire's daughter to put the stranger down as a runaway lackey. But, whatever his calling, he was no ill looking youth, though his cheeks were pale and the dark eyes that met her gray ones were sunken and careworn.

She felt sorry to see him in that plight, evidently in utmost fear of being discovered, though what he had to dread from the band of Sussex yoemen intent on a day's sport she could not divine. She even felt inclined to question him; but it was no business of hers, after all, and, besides, at that moment a whimper

Blue coats, green coats, brown, away dashed the field, Mistress Horden among them, and the tattered, shrinking figure was forgotten in an instant. The pack hunted fox and hare alike in those old days, and, if the pace was slow, hounds were as staunch and true as the high booted, long coated gentlemen that followed them.

It was a rare run they had that bright March morning, and that old down fox had a gallant heart. Toward Blatchington he bent his flight, but a carrier headed him on High-and-Over Hill, and he swung eastward for the valley.

Along the river bank they ran, and on nearing Alfriston the quarry made for the downs once more, running the few hedges and gradually working up hill. Squire Horden and his huntsman led the field, but pace and going began to tell their tale as the leading hounds checked on reaching the gorse.

It was but for a moment, however—scent was good, the fox close pressed—and with but scant respite the pack was sweeping up the valley. Now hereabouts, as luck would have it, the gray that had carried Winifred Horden that morning close in her father's wake stumbled badly in a rabbit burrow, all but came to its knees and unseated its mistress just when she had hoped to get on terms with the squire. The horse recovered itself in a moment, little the worse for its misadventure, but, alack! Mistress Winifred scrambled to her feet but to sink back to the ground with a cry of pain.

Badenough to see the hounds in full cry disappearing in the distance, but worse stil to know that a sprained ankle forbade her mounting again that day. And, worst of all, she was alone on the downs, three miles from Alfriston, with but one or two horsemen in sight on the opposite side of the valley. On and away they galloped. None had witnessed her mishap, and she had the mortification of seeing the laggards of the hunt disappearing over the further ridge.

Blankly she looked at the opening gorse, at a lark soaring above her, sighed for her disappointed hopes, bit her lip for the throbbing of her ankle, and suddenly became aware that she was not alone.

Her eyes rested on a man's figure that rose cautiously from among the yellowing furze before her. It was the tattered stranger she had chanced to surprise little more than an hour before.

'Could I offer my aid, madam?' said the man. 'Is the lady badly hurt?'

For a moment she forgot her pain in astonishment at this unlooked for apparition, whose outlandish dress was equalled only by the strangeness of his speech. A gypsy he must be, she thought—none other would speak with such an accent. Yet his face was scarcely of the gypsy type, though his eyes and hair were dark, his skin fair, his features refined, nor was there aught of the boor in his bearing. Save for a certain diffidence, an uneasy look in those brilliant, weary eyes and that strange mode of speech, he might have been a town bred gallant for the grace of his bow and his solicitude of manner.

'I thank thee, sir,' said the woman. 'Be so good as to catch my horse, and perchance you will help me to the saddle.'

The man turned at her bidding, approached the gray with the air of one well used to horses, whistled softly, and gently laid his hand upon the bridle. In a moment Mistress Horden's eyes were opened, in a moment she had guessed the riddle of the stranger's furtive bearing, of his richly braided coat, of his anxiety to escape notice. Aye, she had no doubt of it, he must be none other than Will Burke the highwayman—he who had stopped the coach on the Lewes road, who had been hotly pursued, and for whose arrest a reward had lately been offered.

A swaggering, desperate ruffian was this Burke, so the report had it, a cool hand with a horse, a cooler with a pistol, one whom many a man feared and many a woman in the depth of her heart admired. The rogue, so ran the gossip of the county, if short of speech with his fellows, had a tongue that had won the good will of many a Sussex maiden and had proved itself of wellnigh equal worth to the sure eye and steady hand. He was an Irishman, so they said, which accounted for his unfamiliar accent and, perhaps, for much else that had been whispered concerning his doing.

Yes, Mistress Winifred could not deny it, the stranger's looks and bearing were all out of keeping with his ragged attire. No wonder that many a wench 'twixt Chichester and Rye had been won by this highwayman's smile.

Her cheeks were scarlet, her heart was beating, when, with the bridle on his arm, he faced her.

'Thank you, sir,' gasped she, as her eyes met his and then wandered o'er the stretch of gorse to the sea whereon a sail was gleaming in the sunlight.

'The lady honors me,' replied the courteous ruffian with the same strange accent, 'and now can I help her to mount?'

Winifred Horden ignored the question—the notorious Burke had certainly all the airs of a prince—and there was mischief in her eyes as she answered.

'Methinks, sir, we met earlier this morning.'

The tattered figure bowed.

'"Tis a fortunate day for me, madam,' said the man gallantly, as he scanned the wide expanse of downs. One or two horsemen, some of the hunters, doubtless, showed clear on the sky line.

At his remark Mistress Winifred could not but smile as she glaneed at his ragged dress and noted his very evident desire once again to seek the shelter of the furze.

The pale cheeks grew red in an instant, the dark eyes flashed.

'Madam,' said he, hastily, hotly, 'you must pardon the attire in which I present myself, but I am in some distress, nay, in peril, rather.'

'In peril!' cried the lady, in well feigned surprise. The man nodded, and his eyes wandered furtively over the distant hillside.

'But if'—he continued with some hesitation, 'if the lady will be good enough to forget that she has seen a stranger'—Winifred Horden looked anxiously at him—'she would do an unfortunate gentleman a service.'

There was not a trace of menace in his tone, no appearance of terror izing a defenceless woman. His words were earnest, despite the singular accent, his manner pleading.

And Mistress Horden answered with burning cheeks and downcast, troubled eyes:

'Aye, sir, I will forget.'

For a moment her companion stood speechless, silent thanks could be read on his clear-cut features. Then he cried almost cheerfully: 'And now, madam, may I aid you to the saddle?'

She rose to her feet without a word; in another instant the fugitive was at her side. He looked anxiously about him, and then stared down the valley. The woman's eyes followed his. The day was warm, the sky cloudless—overhead a kite was soaring, lambs were bleating on a distant hill, a peewit was crying beside the river, and in the little bay beneath the cliff at the mouth of the Cuckmere stream lay a small vessel with a white sail curiously patched with brown.

It was about midday and the air was very still.

Lithe, sinewy arms in their ragged sleeves lifted Mistress Winifred upon the gray's back, hands shapely enough though scarred and torn, put the reins into hers and lightly swept some withered grass from her skirt. The man was about to speak, when suddenly upon a shoulder of the Downs, not half a mile away, the pair caught sight of a knot of horsemen.

In a moment the highwayman had sprung from her side to crouch in the shelter of the furze.

'Go, madam,' he breathed hoarsely, 'and for the sake of a luckless fugitive be silent.'

'But, sir,' said Mistress Winifred, 'they are but the hunters.'

The man shook his head. His mouth was firm set, his eyes had grown harder.

'Nay,' he replied hurriedly, 'there are others, and they seek me.'

And then the lady turned to the hunted man, to this criminal, to all appearance within measurable distance of his end. There was trouble on her face, a catch in her voice as she whispered:

'Sir, you have done me a service, cannot I do as much in return?'

He stared at her for a moment, then his eyes grew bright with hope, and he cried in his strange tones: 'Wilt thou lend me the horse?'

'Aye, that I will,' answered the squire's daughter, adding with a laugh, but, sir, you must fling me from the saddle or they may suspect me of aiding your flight.'

Fast came the stranger's thanks, very gently he set her upon the ground.

'Heaven bless thy good heart, madam,' cried he. 'Your aid may save me yet.'

'Go, and good luck go with you,' entreated the woman, as shouts and halloas rang clear behind them, proclaiming that the returning hunt had caught sight of the fugitive—perhaps they had seen him lift her to the ground.

'And fortune smile on thee, madam,' answered the other, as he swung himself to the horse's back. But still he hesitated—all out of countenance he spoke.

'And if the lady permits me,' he stammered, 'may I present her with a token of a debt I shall ever owe?'

He slipped a ring from his finger and lightly let it fall in Winifred Horden's lap, bowed low, gathered up the reins and dashed away as the distant cries redoubled.

In a moment he was swallowed in the gorse, and the woman sat staring at the ring he had given her. A crimson flush had risen to her cheeks. Now that the youth of the black eyes and pale features had gone Mistress Winifred woke to the folly of her conduct. She had spoken with a highwayman, had aided his flight, and all because the ruffian was young, possessed of good looks and was evidently in distress.

She was ashamed of herself, this daughter of a magistrate of the county, as she idly fingered the ring. It was gold and set with a large gray stone on which was engraved a many quartered coat of arms—a handsome ring, spoil of the highway doubtless.

In shame and dismay she rose to her feet, taking little heed of her hurt, and, limping to higher ground, caught sight of her late companion. Whither was he going? To Friston or Jevington, perhaps—a long ride and up hill; but Will Burke, she knew, could nurse a horse, and the gray had pace and power. But no, he was following the Cuckmere's bank, heading seaward. Did he fear to cross the river?

Then she looked behind her; there was no doubt of it, the hunt had sighted and were in pursuit of the highwayman, for the hounds were in the far distance, gathered about the huntsman. But who were these hard-riding folk who were sweeping down the valley?

Certainly her father was among them, and some other faces she knew. But who were the others, the men in the scarlet tunics?

'Thank Heaven, child, you are safe and sound!' cried old Squire Horden, reining in his horse beside his daughter. 'But what has befallen you? Has the rogue robbed you of the gray?'

Mistress Winifred nodded without a reply, but her father did not heed her confusion.

'I must on with Major Oakes and the dragoons,' he panted, setting spurs to his horse. 'We'll have the knave yet, never fear, and he shall pay for this morning's work.'

Away dashed the squire after the soldiers, a dozen of the hunt galloped past—the sport, if novel, was exciting—and Mistress Winifred stood on the hillside and wrung her hands as that strange figure crouched above the gray disappeared round a shoulder of the hill.

By good luck a farm wagon was passing on the down road, and in it the squire's daughter was carried into Alfriston; but though her hurt was speedily dressed and the pain gradually lessened, little peace knew Mistress Horden that afternoon. Breathlessly she waited the return of her father, and when at last the squire appeared with the dragoon major in his company, she was in a fever of anxiety.

Hardly would she suffer the guest to be presented to her—her lips were quivering, her cheeks gray as ashes.

'Have ye caught him?' she gasped. 'The highwayman?'

'Highwayman?' cried the squire in amazement.

'Aye, the highwayman, Will Burke,' said his daughter, fear at her heart, though she strove to speak carelessly.

Thomas Horden shrugged his shoulders and smiled in spite of the mortification written plain upon his face.

'Will Burke, Win, may be taken and hanged for aught I know, but the man we followed, the knave who used you roughly, the French prisoner from Lewes, has given us the slip.'

'So he has escaped?' gasped the woman. If her cheeks were tingling, her eyes were wide for wonder.

'Aye, that he has, madam,' growled the dragoon. 'I'd have given a hundred guineas to have laid this Captain le Maitre by the heels. He's a capable officer, and, ever since he was captured on his way to join the American rebels he has given us a world of anxiety. He's cool and full of resource, and, besides, speaks English better than most of his race.'

A French officer, a gentleman—she might have guessed it before. And then Winifred glanced at the ring with its seal of many quarterings—a man's ring it was, but for all that it fitted her third finger.

Her father told his tale, much as he would have related the loss of a fox or hare.

'We followed along the Cuckmere, with the man in view all the way and your gray going as it has never gone before. At length when we ran him to the coast, we made sure of our quarry. But what does this frog-eater do, when further escape seemed hopeless, but swing himself from the horse's back, fling of his coat and swim outward toward a ketch that was lying close in to the shore with sail set?

'The craft must have been waiting for this Le Maitre, for no sooner had they dragged him aboard than they weighed anchor, leaving us on the beach with no more on our hands than the catching of the gray. 'Twas a brave chase, but an ill ending; i' faith, few foxes have beaten me as that Frenchman has.'

So Thomas Horden swallowed his disgust and bade the dragoon major stay and sup, and the soldier, who had heard of the squire's cellar, and was of an easy, philosophic mind, fell in with the proposal; but as for Mistress Winifred, she went early to bed that night, pleading that her head was aching.

* * * *

Days slipped away, and months and years, and in an old house in that quiet Sussex Valley dwells a white haired lady. Her name is a foreign one—the Comtesse Le Maitre—but she is English born, and her sons and daughters, for all their French blood, follow the same breed of blue mottled hounds as their grandsire, old Squire Horden. Sorrow this lady has known, and much travel, revolution overseas and flight with her royalist husband; but in the evening of her life, in her Sussex home, she oft recalls the memory of that day when she met him of the pale cheecks and dark eyes 'mid the gorse of the Alfriston downs.—The Graphic.

A Street Incident.

Despite the four inch sole of his left boot the man limped.

"Shine, boss?"

"He looked at his feet. Yes, he needed a shine. And, leaning against a lamp post, he put first one foot and then the other on the little arab's box all glittering with bright brass nails.

"How much?" he said at the end.

"A nickle, boss."

But the cripple tapped with his umbrella the thick side of his left boot, and, smiling awkwardly, he said in a constrained voice:

"But you ought to charge extra for a thing like that."

The boy, without looking up, answered in a low tone:

"No, a nickle's enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Bee and the Hen,

The bee, humble worker as he is, yet last year paid the interest on the national debt of the United States, $24,310,326, and had a surplus remaining of nearly $700,000. This is almost as much as the $28,000,000 which was the value of raw cane sugar produced in the country.

Yet beside the farmyard chicken the bee sinks into insignificance. Poultry products last year were worth $600,000,000, more than any crop in the country except corn.

A Little Sermon.

De gem'man wif de cloven hoof,
You'll find, as sure as death,
A-keepin' company wif de man
Dat's got de cloven breath.

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