The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888. VOL. XXIII.-NO. 27.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Farm & Wood Land.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Aaron Crumrine and Mary Crumrine, his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date April 6, A. D. 1880, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S. No. 14, folio 484, &c., I will sell at public sale, on the premises described in said mortgage, on

Tuesday, the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that property in said mortgage mentioned, consisting of

176 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 20 PERCHES

of land, more or less. The improvements thereon are a 2-story Stone Dwelling House, with backbuilding, log bank barn, with wagon shed attached; dairy, carriage house, smoke house and other necessary outbuildings; orchard of apple and other fruit trees on the premises; spring of excellent water at the house; pump with water and also running water at the barn; 20 to 25 acres is superior meadow land, and produces heavy crops of grass; about 50 acres heavily covered with timber—oak, chestnut hickory, &c. A survey of this land will be made previous to the day of sale so as to make four to six woodlots, and other portions of the land will also be laid off in lots, so that the farm will contain 110 to 130 acres. The property will be offered as one entire parcel and also in different parcels, and will be sold as may appear the most advantageous. A plat of the property will be exhibited on the day of sale, according to which it will be offered and sold. This property is about 1¼ miles north of Melrose, on the Bachman Valley R. R., about 3 miles from Lineboro', on the Baltimore and Hanover Railroad, is in Manchester district, Carroll county, Md., and adjoins the land of Jacob Menchey, Peter Leese and others, and is now in the occupancy of the said Aaron Crumrine. This property is desirably located, is in a good neighborhood, convenient to railroads schools, &c. The woodland is of superior quality; the farm is in good condition and is worthy the attention of purchasers.

Terms of Sale cash; or, if desired by the purchaser or purchasers, one-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in one year and the other one-third in two years 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.

EDMAN H. WEAVER, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
apr28-ts John R. Strevig, Clerk.

A NEW Depot in Westminster.

A gentleman stopped in No. 46 W. Main street, and asked what is your name, sir? Gladhill. What will you paper a room 12 feet square and 7 feet high for, in good paper? $2.75, sir. What will you paper it in good gilt for? $4.25. Is that so? Yes, sir. Why, I can have my whole house papered for about $12 or $15, can't I? Yes, sir. Say, did you paper the rooms of S. Kann, Sons & Co. and F. D. Miller & Co.? Yes, sir; they were the first jobs I ever did. Is that so? they are good enough for me. Yes, and I will put my work against any other paper hanger in the state. I guess you will if they are your first jobs. What do you put Embossed Paper on the wall for? 50c apiece. What! is that so? 50c apiece. What is your cheapest paper? 15c and 20c. I guess that is brown back? No, sir, we don't keep that; if you want it I can get it for you, and put it on the wall for 10c a piece, but it has seven yards in a piece; all of my paper has 8 yards in it. Do you want any brown back? No, sir; the paper you have is good and cheap enough for me. Well, I must say that you have the prettiest paterns of paper I ever saw. Well, I must go. I am glad I came in here. I am sure that I saved at least 25 per cent. by coming to see you. I will tell my neighbors about you, and when we get you in our neighborhood we will keep you all spring. There! well, good bye. Good by. Oh, by the way my wife told me to see about Curtains. Where can I get them made to fit my windows. Right here. Where can I get Picture Frames made. Right here. Is that so. What all do you keep? I keep Accordeons, Albums, Pictures, Frames, and everything that can be found in a first class 99c Store. Well, what don't you keep? Railroads and trains. Ha, ha! Well, good bye. Good bye. I am much obliged for your order. mar10

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

AN ACT to authorize and direct the County Commissioners of Carroll county to provide for a special term of the Public Schools in said county.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the County Commissioners of Carroll county, be and they are hereby authorized and directed to provide immediately either by a special levy, or some other means as they may deem best, and to pay over to the Board of County School Commissioners of said county, the sum of ten thousand dollars to pay the expense of a special term of the public schools in said county, to begin within ten days after the passage of this Act, and continue during eleven weeks; which said term shall take the place and be in lieu of the regular Spring term of said schools in said county.

SECTION 2. *And it enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 7th, 1888.

ELIHU E. JACKSON, Governor.
GEORGE PETER, President of the Senate.
GEORGE M. UPSHUR, Speaker House of Delegates.

I hereby certify, That the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL, Secretary of the Senate.

april 28 3t

NO. 2603 EQUITY.

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

John R. Strevig and Charles T. Reifsnider, Assignees of Mortgagee, vs. Philip J. Yost and Mary C. Yost, his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered this 26th day of April, A. D. 1888, that the sale of the mortgaged property made and reported in the above entitled cause by John R. Strevig and Charles T. Reifsnider, Assignees of Valentine Yost, Mortgagee of Philip J. Yost and Mary C., his wife, dated November 6th, A. D. 1885, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll County in Liber G. A. M., No. 23, folio 50, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 30th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 22nd day of May next.

The Report states the amount of sale of the Real Estate to be $2000, and of the Personal Property to be $232.93.

WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

True copy,—Test:
apr28 3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

Main Street, Westminster, Md.

JOSEPH B. BOYLE,

SUCCESSOR TO WELLS BROS.,

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, Segars, &c. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Patent Medicines, Horse and Cattle Powders, &c. A fine assortment of STATIONERY. ☞ Physicians' orders promptly filled and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. mar 17tf

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to Canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) Rochester, N. Y.
apr 14 4t*

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

GRAND SPRING OPENING.

To-day (Saturday) we open the spring season with a stock of new and superb and

POPULAR PRICED GOODS,

Such as has never been offered in this section. Having unlimited capital and unlimited facilities, and direct and immediate connection with the leading cotton and woolen mills of the country, we're enabled to offer you goods of every description, the finest as well as the medium and reliable grades, at as low prices as most retailers can buy them. This season we start off with

Rare Bargains in Dress Fabrics, Domestic Goods, Notions, Carpets, &c.

As a sample of the way we're going to sacrifice things generally, we'll submit a few figures for your consideration. Let us start with

CASHMERES,

Ever popular, and more so this season than ever before.

We'll give you a 36 inch Cashmere, Henrietta finish, at 25c. Just a quarter for a new and lovely Cashmere, sold everywhere for 35c and 40c.

We'll give you something finer, something distinctly our own, at 50c. In Philadelphia and New York the same goods are sold regularly at 65c.

And for a magnificent 46 inch Henrietta, something as rich as it is rare, we'll only charge you this week $1. You cannot buy the same anywhere else for less than $1.50, and we doubt if you get it at all in town.

In Tricots, Plaids, Ladies' Cloths, Checks and every description of Dress Fabrics we'll make the same sweep during this opening week, and we like to begin the season with Low Prices—the very lowest that can be made—so that those who buy early will get as much for their dollar as those who buy late.

In Trimmings of every description we're going to give you your own way. It's hardly worth while quoting prices. You buy the dress of us for a trifle. You can have the Trimmings for a mere song.

We want you to call, if only to look around you and see what we've got. If you don't want to buy now, you'll know where to come when you do want to buy. We want to meet you, and we assure you we'll treat you right—much better than any store in town. We have always done so, and we shall continue to do so. Tell your friends who may not happen to see this that

☞Our Spring Opening Takes Place This Saturday Morning.

Be with us, and be with us early and late. Everybody is welcome,

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,

11 E. Main Street, near Railroad, Westminster, Md.

Branch of S. Kann, Sons & Co.,

apl21 Baltimore, Md.

SPRING IS HERE

And so is our Spring Stock of Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishing Goods.

We aim to show a better line of these goods than has ever been shown in this county.

Beautiful Cassimere and Cheviot Suits for $6, $8, $10.

Elegant Black Corkscrew Cutaway Suits for $7.50 and $10. Best $15.

Just look at our Nobby Stiff and Crush Hats for Men and Boys. We sell the Best Shoes for Men, Ladies and Children sold in the County. Look at our $1.25 and $1.50 shoes for ladies, and our $1.00 and $1.25 Plow Shoes for Men.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.

We sold twice as many last year as we expected, and now are selling them much cheaper. Beauties from $1.50 to $6, and don't forget we are giving a better Base Bal and Bat with every suit.

LOOK AT OUR MEN'S NECKWEAR.

☞We guarantee every article.☜

Call on us, we will save you money.

FRED D. MILLER & BRO.,
9 E. Main Street,
Albaugh Building. Westminster, Md.
may5

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF MY NEW VENTURE.

My expectations having been fully realized, I am convinced of the fact that Printer's Ink is the best method of informing the public where to buy the

Best Goods for the Least Money

I open the spring trade

WITH-:-A-:-FRESH-:-STOCK,

Bought cheap for cash; with a full line of

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips,

New and large stock of Fly Nets, Trunks and Valises; Chains and Hames of all kinds;

☞ PURE NEATSFOOT OIL

And a dandy Wagon Jack; also a fine assortment of Lap Dusters, Sheets, and general

Horse Furnishing Goods.

Thankful for past favors, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

J. W. SHUNK,
Successor to I. A. Miller,
ap7 tf Westminster, Md.

E. O. GRIMES. J. Q. STITELY.

E. O. GRIMES & CO.,

AT

THE PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Have as complete a stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

as can be found in our city.

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES, CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS, CIGARS, TOBACCOS, &C.

The best grades of Pat. Process and Family Flour constantly on hand at bottom figures.

We pay the highest prices for Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, and all kinds of Country Produce.

Agents for Laflin & Rand's Blasting Powder, and Judson's Dynamite for stump blasting, &c.

FARMERS

Can be supplied with the best quality of Cotton and Flaxseed Meal, Heavy Middlings, Bran, &c., at lowest prices. Call and see us.

mar 8 E. O. GRIMES & CO.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

The Drug Store of the late John W. Wilmer, No. 73 West Main Street, Westminster, Md., has been opened by the undersigned, who has secured the services of Mr. A. N. Coale, a Graduate of Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and who has been employed in some of the best stores of Philadelphia. A full line of the best Foreign and Domestic

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, &c.,

Always on hand. ☞Physicians' Prescriptions and orders carefully filled at tall hours. Residence adjoining the Store.

MRS. SALLIE H. WILMER.
feb 25tf A. N. COALE, Agent.

HAWKES' CRYSTALIZED LENSES Combined with Great Refracting Power.

THEY ARE AS TRASPARENT AND COLORLESS AS LIGHT ITSELF,

And for softness of endurance to the eye cannot be excelled, enabling the wearer to read for hours without fatigue. In fact, they are

PERFECT SIGHT PRESERVERS.

Testimonials from the leading physicians in the United States, governors, senators, legislators, stockmen, men of note in all professions and in different branches of trade, bankers, mechanics, etc., can be given who have had their sight improved by their use.

All eyes fitted and the fit guaranteed by

L. H. DIELMAN,
New Windsor, Md.

These glasses are not supplied to pedlers at any price. A. K. HAWKES.

WHOLESALE DEPOTS { ATLANTA, GA. / AUSTIN, TEX.

apr7-6m

MACHINERY REPAIR SHOP.

JOHN A. SHOWER,
WESTMINSTER, MD.,

Is prepared to Repair all kinds of Machinery. Special Machinery made to order. Castings and Repairs for Machinery built at the old Union Works, and by E. Wagoner, can be furnished at short notice. All work will be guaranteed. apr 14:y

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

J. H. BILLINGSLEA, M. D. JOS. T. HERING, M. D.

Have this day formed a co-partnership in the practice of medicine, under the name of Billingslea & Hering. Dr. Billingslea's office will be at his residence, East End, near Court street. Dr. Hering's office has been removed to the office adjoining the residence of the late Nelson Mitten. Calls may be left by telephone or otherwise at Reindollar's Drug Store, West End.

Westminster, Md., May 9, 1885,
may9:tf

FOR RENT.—Dwelling No. 215 east Main street; 6 rooms, good location.

Apply to CHAS. E. FINK, Att'y. at Law,
apr 14-tf Westminster, Md.

MONEY TO LOAN

ON FIRST-CLASS MORTGAGES. No commission charged.

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
Attorney at Law,
222 E. Main Street,
june 25 87 tf Westminster, Md.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF A FARM AND WOOD LOT,

in Woolery's District, and of a

House and Lot in Mechanicsville,

Carroll County, Maryland.

The undersigned Trustees, by virtue of a Deed of Trust to them executed by Mary E. Griffee, bearing date on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1888, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll County, will offer at public sale on the premises, situate adjacent to the turnpike road leading from Mechanicsville to Finksburg, about one mile from the former and two miles from the latter place, adjoining the lands of Buchanan Ford and others, on

Saturday, the 2nd day of June, A. D. 1888,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that farm there situate containing

NINETY ACRES of LAND MORE or LESS.

The land on this farm is of a kindly nature and responds readily to cultivation. On it there are about seventy-five acres of cleared land, and the balance is in Timber.

Also at the same time and place, the said Trustees will offer at public sale a valuable Wood Lot, situate about one-fourth of a mile distant from the above mentioned farm, on the Deer Park road, adjoining the lands of Jacob Knight, Lewis Stocksdale and others, containing eleven acres of land more or less.

On the same day, immediately following the sale of said farm and wood lot, the said Trustees will offer at public sale a valuable Wood Lot, situate about one-fourth of a mile distant from the above mentioned farm, on the Deer Park road, adjoining the lands of Jacob Knight, Lewis Stocksdale and others, containing eleven acres of land more or less, and is improved by a two story frame weatherboarded dwelling house in good order. This is a valuable little home.

Terms of Sale:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification of sale by the Court; the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal instalments, the one in nine months and the other in eighteen months from the day of sale; said credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security approved by said Trustees.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS, } Trustees.
CHAS. B. ROBERTS, }
may5ts John T. Diffenbaugh, Auctioneer.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A DESIRABLE LITTLE FARM

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Lewis Scrivenor and Elizabeth A. Scrivenor, his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date December 22, A. D. 1880, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S., No. 15, folio 327, &c., I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

Tuesday, the 29th day of May, A. D. 1888

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that parcel of land described in said mortgage, being

71 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 20 PERCHES,

more or less. The improvements thereon are a two-story log dwelling house, stable, smoke house, and other outbuildings; orchard of apple and other fruit trees on the premises; water convenient to the building; about 20 acres is in timber, and the balance of the land is in a good state of cultivation. This property is desirably located on the road leading from the Liberty turnpike road to Gorsuch's Switch on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, in Freedom district, Carroll county, Md., about two miles from Gorsuch's station on said Railroad, adjoining the land of Wm. D. Slack, N. W. Hammond and others, and is convenient to railroad, schools, churches, mills, &c.

This property is well located, and the condition of the land, &c., renders it worthy the attention of any one wishing to purchase a small farm.

Terms of Sale, Cash—or if desired by the purchaser or purchasers one-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in one year, and the other one-third in two years, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale.

J. OLIVER WADLOW, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
May 5 ts Jos. W. Berret, Auctioneer.

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEES' SALE OF A DESIRABLE LITTLE FARM

In Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Jane Williams, Joseph Williams and Mary Jane Williams, his wife, to the undersigned, dated June 30th, A. D. 1883, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll County, in Liber F. T. S., No. 19, folio 432, &c. and by me assigned to Josephine V. Kennedy, and by the said Josephine V. Kennedy and husband re-assigned to me, I will, as assignee thereof, sell at Public Sale, on the premises, to the highest bidder, on

Thursday, the 31st day of May, A. D. 1888,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all the land described in said mortgage containing

66 ACRES AND 1 ROOD MORE OR LESS.

The buildings thereon are a Two Story newly-built Log Dwelling House, stable and other out buildings; about one-third is in choice timber, the balance of the land is well adapted to farming purposes. This property is in Freedom District, near the road leading from the Nicodemus Road to the Liberty Road and known as the Beaseman Road, is about 2½ miles from Freedom, and adjoins the land of Joshua Beaseman, Michael Coffee and others, is convenient to school, churches &c.

Terms of Sale Cash; or if desired by the purchaser or purchasers, reasonable credit terms will be given.

J. OLIVER WADLOW, Assignee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
may5ts Jos. W. Berret, Auct.

NO. 2604 EQUITY.

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

George M. Pearce, trustee and plaintiff, vs. Alfred H. Butler and John H. Butler, defendants.

Ordered this 28th day of April, 1888, that the sales of the personal property made and reported by George M. Pearce, trustee of Alfred H. Butler and John H. Butler, under a deed of trust to him, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of June, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county once a week in each of three successive weeks before the 28th day of May, next.

The report states the amount of sales of personal property to be $796.65.

JNO. E. SMITH, Judge of the Circuit Court.
True copy,—Test:
may5 3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

NO. 2430 EQUITY.

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

Charles T. Reifsnider, Trustee, vs. Joshua Sellman and Jane Sellman, his wife.

Ordered this 28th day of April, A. D., 1888, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above cause by Charles T. Reifsnider, Trustee, by his Second Report of Sale filed therein, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 6th day of June, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Md., once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 30th day of May, next.

The Second Report states the amount of sale to be $800.00.

JOHN E. SMITH, Judge of the Circuit Court.
True copy,—Test:
may5 3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

AGENTS WANTED,

To canvass for one of the Largest, Oldest Established, Best Known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. Geneva Nursery. Established 1846.

W. & T. SMITH,
Geneva, New York.
apr7 4t eot

Original Poetry.

MAY-TIME.

Written for the Democratic Advocate
BY "COULTER."

Oh! May-time, May-time, May-time,
Why dost thou linger so?
The winds are chill, in this dreary clime,
For Winter will not go.

April is certainly a very sweet maid,
But too many tears doth she shed,
Here it is sun, but there it is shade,
For the clouds grow dark o'erhead.

"May, come May," hums the big, brown bee,
As he longingly hovers around,
Waiting for apple-blooms to cover the tree,
And whiten the loamy ground,

"May, sweet May," is the bird's happy theme,
As he swings on willow-rod,
Where "May, dear May," ripples the purling stream
Freshening the soft, green sod.

Then May-time, May-time, May-time,
Thou month to us, so dear—,
"She comes, she comes," the flower-bells chime
"The May-time's almost here."

Carroll county, Md., May 1st, 1888.

Select Story.

AT THE STORES.

From All the Year Round.

CHAPTER I.

She was tired. A long day at the stores, with a July sun beating down upon the building, is wearying; but when to all the harassing calculations as to the necessary details of a boy's school outfit, from a woman's point of view, are added the necessities from that same boy's point of view, than is that woman's life a burden indeed.

"Oh, I say, aunt, I don't want any more pocket handkerchiefs, but I can't possibly go to school without a decent racquet."

And when this same boy seems to have solved the problem of perpetual motion, to say nothing of an ubiquitous presence, it is easy to understand the condition of mind and body with which Mrs. Dale finally suggested an adjournment to the refreshment room. Five minutes before she had seen the boy descending with interested face—which he vainly tried to make lordly and calm—in the lift, and had rejoiced over the prospect of some peaceful moments over the contemplation of socks, and here he was at her elbow again, with his usual preface to a new want:

"Oh, I say, aunt, what rot!" with a disgusted glance at the pile of hose on the counter. "I call that waste of money. I shall never wear all those things. It would be so much better to spend the money on a little spirit lamp and methylated——"

"And, pray, what part are those to play——"

"Oh, to boil a fellow's kettle or things. You never know——"

"My dear Steve, I know nothing. I thought I did till I came here. But now I am willing to own my ignorance. Never will I pretend to the knowledge of a boy's necessities again. I am worn out—and have become a philosopher. We wear too many clothes. We ought to return to the simplicity of our ancestors and clothe ourselves in blue paint and a fishing rod. Let us go and have some tea. Perhaps a bun might be a reflection of some weight to your mind and body. If you can sit still five minutes without moving or saying, "Oh, I say, aunt, you know,' I will give you seven."

He tucked his arm with eager, grateful affection into hers, and led her off to the refreshment room.

It was crowded, but, after much important eagerness, with some slight pomposity as befitted the dignity of his quest in her service, he found her a table. The order was given to the waiter, but scarcely had the boy sat down than he bounced up again, having caught a glimpse of a "fellow" at the further end of the room. His aunt leaned wearily back in her chair, as he plunged recklessly between the tables, looking after him with shining, loving eyes, which suddenly dilated and darkened into amazement, fear, anger, and a strange regretful pain. A man had suddenly risen from one of the tables between her and the schoolboys. She had not noticed him as he sat, but now, when he rose and shut out the distant prospect of her sturdy young nephew greeting his friend, she saw nothing else but this tall, slightly built young man, with his face still pale from a recent severe illness. His right arm was in a sling. He caught sight of her at the same instant. He hesitated for a second, his pale face growing paler. Then he strode quickly toward her. She looked down for a moment, toying with the parasol on her knee. When she raised her eyes again they were calm and cold.

"Major Huddlestone!" she said with the same cold brightness, "what an age it is since we met!"

"Major Huddlestone colored slightly as he took her hand, apologizing for doing so with his left.

"I know," she said hastily, her eyes not quite so calm, but the waiter brought up the tea and cakes, and at the same moment young Steve came laughing back through the tables, regardless of the [illegible] and feelings of the occupiers. "My n[illegible] said to Major Huddlestone; "a[illegible] going to school in the autumn, and [illegible] mother asked me to bring him here to get his outfit. His name is Stephen Dale."

"Yes," said the Major.

It was a nephew of her late husband's. It made him think of that husband. Perhaps that was what she intended him to do, he thought, as he tugged at his fair moustache and looked gravely at the boy.

"And a jolly day we have had, too though aunt is awfully tired. But we shall have to come another day; we haven't half finished."

"We shall have to came another day," she said, smiling with a sweetness that was angelic, considering what she had already gone through.

"And then we shall see about that fishing rod and things; and oh, I say, aunt, I really must have——"

"Another bun," said the Major, good-humoredly. "I wish I could eat buns!"

The boy looked up at him with scorn and some resentment.

"There's nothing to speak of in these buns. I could polish off a dozen."

His aunt and the Major laughed; and the sympathetic bond of that laughter seemed to draw them nearer each other. The brilliant coldness of her society manner vanished.

"Sit down in that chair and talk to us," she said genially, "if you are not in a hurry."

It was hardly likely that he would be in a hurry when he had not seen her for fifteen years; but as he had never been gifted with eloquence when his deep feelings were concerned he could say nothing now, and simply sat down on the third chair at the little table. He found it easier to look at and talk to the boy.

"And so you are going to school?" he said. "What are you going to learn to be——?"

"Oh, a soldier. Aunt says that any fellow she cared——"

"Steve," said his aunt with sweet severity, "don't speak with your mouth full."

"It isn't" indignantly. "I never do, since you told me I looked like a pig in a hurry. Of course, I'm going to be a soldier, though Uncle Sam is angry and says it's only an excuse for being idle and dressing up! But then he doesn't know one end of a gun from the other."

"Uncle Sam—Mr. Samuel Dale of Mincing Lane—has a large tea warehouse, in which is waiting a stool, its three legs pointing to wealth, consideration, and turtle soup unlimited," said his aunt, in explanation to the Major,

"Just as if he would ever catch me sitting on it!"

"But still Uncle Sam is a wise man. He knows what makes life comfortable. I think you ought to follow the legs of that stool!"

"There now!" in derisive and hurt scorn, "that's just like a girl. When you know that you've always been talking to me of the brave things soldiers do, and only two months ago I found you crying——"

"Steve, there's your friend beckoning you. Go and see what he wants. Boys do chatter so!" she said irritably to the Major, as Steve dashed off, "or else they don't—with a sudden recollection which she as hastily put away. "Have you been long in England?"

"Only ten days. I am leaving again in a week."

"Leaving it again?" It seems as if her breath caught a little. "Have you been at home much during the last fifteen years?"

"Not once. I came this time because"—— He colored and glanced down at his disabled arm.

"Oh, yes! I know," she exclaimed, her face flushing into such a lovely color and eagerness that the shadow of fifteen years vanished from it, and it was again in his eyes as the girl-face which had been so fair to him fifteen years ago. "I read all about your splendid deeds——"

"Such a duffer as that fellow is!" exclaimed Steve, at her side. "He has eaten more cakes than he can pay for."

She broke into a laugh. It was a little hysterical, but the Major, utterly confused at her allusion to anything so personal as his late proceedings, did not perceive the false ring, and Steve was too much bent upon getting his friend out of his unfortunate gastronomical difficulty. Her thoughts had gone back to the days when this man—this hero with his grand simplicity and modest gentleness—used to come to their house to spend his leave with his friend, her elder brother, under whose care she was. She was only in the school-room then, but it seemed as if, even in those days, he had not treated her as a child, so courteous, so kindly, so gentle he used to be. He would leave her brother's other guest to ride, or talk, or walk with her.

She had grown to look forward to his visits, careless and light-hearted and thoughtless as she used to be in those school-days. And then her thoughts went backward suddenly to the last time she had ever seen him. She was grown up then. It was her seventeenth birthday, and that day she had been presented. Major Huddlestone—only captain then—had come with some other friends in the afternoon to see her in her court dress. But in some way it happened that they two found themselves at last apart from all the rest, and he had looked down at her in a different way to what he had ever done before. He grew very pale as he told her how his battery had been ordered to India, and had just begun a sentence when her brother came up and stood between them, making some foolish trivial remark. The sentence had never been finished. She had never seen Major Huddlestone from that day to this. He had sailed with his battery a week later, and did not even come to say good bye.

She had never quite forgiven her brother for breaking off that sentence until the day he died, some ten years ago. She was then married to a rich city merchant. This marriage had been her brother's wish.

Thomas Dale was a good man, and had been a kind husband to her. He had been dead now three years, and she was a rich widow and free again.

But the man who had begun that sentence so long ago had never shown any wish to finish it.

All these thoughts, flashing through her brain, hardened her heart against him. She would not ask him to call on her.

"Do fly to that wretched victim of buns and tea, Steve," she said, putting her purse in his hand; "he looks wild and despairing; and then settle our own account. You can join me in the drug department afterwards. Good-bye, Major Huddleston."

It was awkward shaking a man's left hand, so she only bowed and turned away. The Major stood, pale and upright, looking after her, as if he never expected to see her again. She had not given him an opportunity of meeting her again. Then he suddenly remembered the boy. Steve had just finished settling his friend's account, and was rapidly returning to discharge their own. The Major looked at him. The boy's face was honest, and his eyes were kindly and true; and he seemed [illegible] though he had done his [illegible] of her life.

"[illegible]?" he asked.

The boy [illegible] contradictory, suspicious. He had a vague idea this might be the preamble to a request to relinquish his beloved profession. He was accustomed to this form of address when any virtuous and therefore unpleasant sacrifice was to be asked of him.

"It depends," he said, with a defiant negative in every feature.

The Major pulled out a card-case, blushing red as a girl.

"Look here," he said, awkwardly, "the next time you come here I want you to drop me a line to this address, and tell me the day and the hour you will be here."

"Me!" in unmitigated surprise.

Was the Major hoaxing him or was he meditating some useful "tip" in the way of bat or fishing tackle?

"Your aunt, too, of course," said the Major more awkwardly than before. "But I want you to promise me that you won't tell her."

"I don't know," said the boy, after a pause, during which doubt, incredulity, dismay, chased each other across his frank face. "You see aunt hates me to do anything underhand. She says a fellow who's a sneak isn't fit for a soldier."

"But I don't want you to be a sneak," said the Major looking dreadfully ashamed of himself. "I only want you to send me a line to that address. It will be all right; only I have a reason for her not knowing. I will tell her all about it afterward."

The boy fidgeted on his feet, but his eyes did not falter in their vigilant steadiness.

"I won't promise. Aunt says that if a fellow gives a promise he ought to stick to it. She once knew a fellow who once did that"; he wondered why the Major blushed so again, "and nearly gave his life to keep it. But then, she says, one must think well before promising."

"Very well," said the Major quietly.

"Think it over. If you still think it is best not to give it, tell her all about it. But I wouldn't ask you to do a mean thing."

There was something in the quiet strength of his face, in the steady look of eyes, that inspired confidence.

"If I write and let you know, and we come, I may tell her afterward what I did?"

"You may tell her anything you like afterward. Nothing will make much difference then," he added to himself."

CHAPTER II.

Dear Major Huddlestone: If I had known that you were the V. C. who did such splendid things two months ago and got wounded, and all that, I would have given my promes at once, for I know you wouldn't do a mean thing. I asked aunt, and she said you couldn't, though of course I didn't show her your card, nor tell her what you asked me not to. When I read your name on the card in the hansomb, aunt was looking out in front and didn't see. I jumped so that I trod on her toes, and couldn't keep my feet still, and she got a little angry, but I kept your card hidden and didn't say a word. Do you think I shall ever get in the army? I want to do brave things like you; but aunt says I shan't, becos I can't spell, as if spellin' had anything to do with spikeing guns, or going without food for two days that the other sick men might have more, and carrying your friend from under fire. Could you spell wel' at my age? If I had heard aunt call you by your name this afternoon I should have known at once, and could have ask't you how you got into the army. Aunt and I have been talking about you ever since. She told me it was you that kept that promes and saved the game-keeper's life, and nearly lost your own with the poochers. And I know she had been crying, for her eyes were red when she was dressed for dinner, and I think she cried because you did such splendid things. For she cried before, that time when you got made V. C. Girls are so funny, they cry when we want to shout hip hip hooray.

Yours truly, STEPHEN DALE.

"I must not forget to say that we are going to the Army and Navy Stores the day after to-morrow at 11 o'clock, and I shall be glad when it is over, for though I know it isn't a mean secret, aunt's eyes always seem to go through a fellow when he has got one."

The Major could quite understand the latter sentence. He felt depressed already at the thought of meeting those clear gray eyes with the guilty consciousness upon him of having corrupted her faithful follower to act traitor against her.

It was difficult to say which felt most ashamed and uneasy, Major Huddlestone or the schoolboy, when they met at 11 o'clock at the entrance of the Stores. She was there, and her pleasantly-expressed astonishment at meeting Major Huddlestone again made Steve grow as red as a young turkey-cock, and the Major look anywhere, rather than meet his desperate, remorseful glowering young eyes. Steve had seen how white she had grown at first catching sight of the Major, and he knew at once that he had done dreadfully wrong. It was some slight relief to see her greeting him without anger a few seconds later, and to hear her saying that she was glad to see him again before he left England. This relief grew as, walking behind his aunt and the Major, he heard one or two whispers from people passing them, as some men here and there recognized Major Huddlestone, and pointed him out as the man who had, at the head of a forlorn hope, spiked the enemy's guns the other day."

In spite of his remorse his heart began to swell with a kind of proud possession. He was in fellowship with this splendid man and soldier. He forgot how slender and precarious the link between them was. His former confidence in the V. C. returned, and with the determination that he would tell his aunt "all about it" directly they left the Stores, when the term of his promise would be ended, he gave himself up to the entire enjoyment of the position. He had been walking slowly and moodily behind, as he revolved the points of the situation. Now he hurried up-stairs after them to catch them up, and to enjoy every moment of his hero's company. His aunt had stopped before the millinery department.

They were waiting for him apparently, as they both watched him, bounding up the stairs as if he were the most interesting thing in creation. The fact was that, owing to some thoughtlessly-expressed reminiscence of Mrs. Dale's, of her old school-days, the conversation had suddenly come to an end between them.

Steve flung himself like an avalanche upon them.

Major Huddlestone had left his sling at home that day. He did not wish to offer her his left hand again, nor did he intend either, to let her go without their hands meeting. That light warm touch of hers had sent a throbbing of exquisite pleasure through his being. But when the young Steve, rough, impetuous, full of eager pride and delight, flung himself on him, and thrust his own arm through the wounded one, the sharpness of the pain sent the man white to the lips.

"Oh, Steve, Steve! See what you have done. Oh! Major Huddlestone, he has hurt you," Mrs. Dale said, with a sudden rush of tears to her eyes, which drowned their hardness and coldness and set the beautiful mouth quivering into tender, pitiful, loving lines.

"It is nothing," he said, and to prove it laid the hurt arm about the boy's shoulders, and though every moment was physical torture he was scarcely conscious of it in the exquisite delight that filled his heart and brain. At the revelation of her face a great inspiration came to him.

"[illegible] does not want to buy old ladies' caps," [illegible] said. "Let him come with me; I want [illegible] a gun. How long will you be?"

"About a quarter [illegible] hour," she said.

The next quarter of an hour was one of unmitigated bliss to Steve. As for the Major, it may fairly be said that for once in his life he was not conscious of any difference between one end of a gun and the other. He bought something at last, or rather Steve, who discussed the matter in its fullest bearings with the attendant, bought something for him. The Major was only possessed with one idea—to get back to the millinery.

"We musn't keep your aunt waiting he said, sinking deeply and shamelessly into the gulf of hypocrisy. "I will leave you to settle. Wait here until I come back. I shan't be long."

"All right, sir," said the boy, delighted to obey such a man, and still more delighted at his obedience being required in such a spot, where the atmosphere was redolent of sport and war.

There was food for amusement and contemplation for hours. Besides, it was something even to pay with another man's money for such a gun as he was still lovingly handling.

The Major had to wait five minutes at the entrance to the millinery department before she came out.

"Where is Steve?" she asked, suddenly feeling shy and nervous without his innocent, blustering presence.

"I have promised him an ice," said the Major unblushingly, so easy grow the steps of deception when the first one is taken. "Will you come to the refreshment room with us?"

It was the only place he could think of. It was not a very private place, but there was always the chance of a table in the corner. Fortune favors the brave. There was a table unoccupied, and, as if this man were her particular favorite, there was no one seated at the tables in the immediate neighborhood. He would have to make haste. People would be trooping in to luncheon.

But when the Major once came to a decision he always set to work to carry it out on the spot. He had made up his mind to spike those guns which were pouring such a deadly fire on his dying and wounded comrades, and he had buckled on his sword and walked out and done it.

He ordered ices for three as the waiter bustled up. The ices were brought, and began to melt in the heat immediately. But neither he nor she noticed that they were there.

"A man feels strange coming back to England after so many years' absence," he said. "There have been so many changes."

"You