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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1, 1907.

Select Story.

BELOW THE DAM.

One midnight in March Frank Wetherbee, engineer at the Hammond lime rock quarry, and Benton Foster, his nineteen-year-old assistant, were in the boiler-house, pumping the pit clear for the morning's work. A thirty-horse southwester was dying out in the rather unseasonable novelty, a spring thunderstorm with abundant sheet lightning.

Wetherbee strewed a fresh shovelful of coal over the glowing firebed.

"Look down at the next flash, Bent," said he, "and see if we're gaining on the water."

Foster leaned out through the little window by the hoist. The hundred-foot chasm right below him was suddenly filled with dazzling white light, showing the tracks still flooded and the walls gashed with numerous streams. A suspiciously large torrent directly opposite drew his gaze upward beyond the summit of the cliff to a low bank of earth. The blaze vanished with a tremendous thunder-crash that almost drowned his cry of alarm:

"It's running over the dam!"

The engineer was quickly at his side, peering into the gloom.

"Can't be!" he exclaimed. "Just before dark the ice was solid, and six inches below the top."

But the next flash convinced him.

"You're right, Bent!" he shouted.

"That means trouble."

"Shall I run after Tom Sparrow and his brother?" inquired Foster.

"We haven't a second to waste. The two of us can do more than a dozen could in fifteen minutes."

Hastily donning caps and rubber-coats, each seized a coal-shovel and Wetherbee hung the lighted lantern on his left arm. As they hurried toward the door, he jerked down the white-cord and looped it over a nail. Overhead pealed out the steam-blast, shrill and insistent.

"That may call somebody, if the storm isn't too loud," said he.

Buffeted by the southwest gale, they skirted the edge of the pit at a cautious dog-trot through the wet, slippery grass. Now the lightning revealed their path with painful distinctness; now only the dancing rays from their lantern penetrated the gloom.

"Mind your footing!" exclaimed the engineer, as they drew closer to the brink.

The cause of this hurried expedition was an eight-foot dam across an old sunken road through the top-rock between the Hammond quarry and adjoining Sales quarry now abandoned and full of water. This road constructed some twenty years before when the rock was hauled out by teams and both plants were operated on the same level, had fallen into disuse as the excavations grew deeper and steam-hoisting was introduced. The abandonment of the Sales quarry and its gradual flooding had made a dam necessary the previous summer.

As it was expected that work would soon be resumed and the pit pumped out, the owners of the Hammond quarry erected only a temporary dike wall, which was increased in height with the rise of the water.

Should it yield a body of water eight feet deep and covering three or four acres would rush and flood the deeper but smaller pit.

As Wetherbee looked down from the bank above the road, he gave a cry of dismay. A second later Foster stood beside him, gazing at the dam. There was good reason for alarm.

The rotten ice in the Sales quarry had broken up. The strong wind, raking it from end and blowing directly down the road, had kicked up a "chop" that was splashing over the dam and washing away its rain-softened top. Half a dozen rapidly increasing streams were gushing out the soft slope. No time was to be lost.

Setting the lantern on the edge of the grass, the engineer sprang down, shovel in hand, followed by his assistant. They began to dig clay from the banks on his side, and to throw it on the face of the dam, which was thirty feet long and about the same distance from the brink of the quarry. It was hard work. The surface was little better than porridge, and the frost still lingered underneath, and almost every shovelful had to be carried from ten to twenty feet. While they were trying to stop one streamlet with soft mud, the others were growing larger.

Both were soon drenched with rain. The wind had snatched off the engineer's cap, and he worked bareheaded, the bald spot on his crown showing white in the lantern-flare. As he noticed that the mud was washed away almost as fast as it was brought, a happy thought struck him.

"Don't throw it on shovel by shovel, Bent," said he. "Get the shovel together, and pile it all at once. That's the best way to stop the water."

The largest stream was soon checked by this means, and the shovellers then turned their attention to the next in size. In a few minutes another mound of clay had been amassed.

"We've got it!" panted Wetherbee. At that very instant the gale snuffed out the lantern.

There was nothing for it but to work in the darkness with what chance assistance the lightning might afford. The center of the road was a bed of smooth ice, sloping toward the Hammond quarry. Haste made the engineer careless of his steps. As he scrambled along the base of the dam with a heavily loaded shovel, he slipped and fell backward. With a cry he slid down toward the black pit!

Instinctively he threw out both hands, but they found nothing to grasp on the muddy slippery surface. Every foot brought him nearer the edge of the chasm. In desperation he stamped his left boot-heel down; it shattered the shell of ice, grated on solid rock, and he came to a stop.

Wetherbee was in a frightful position. He lay on his back on the icy slope, his safety depending solely on the firmness with which his heel was braced. The freezing flood from the dam down his neck, and soaked his clothing. Just how near the brink was he did not know, but

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1, 1907.

Select Story.

BELOW THE DAM.

He was sure that it could not be very far away.

It was some minutes before Foster discovered the older man's disappearance. When the accident took place he was standing with his back to the road, driving his spade into the frosty day. The roar of the storm and the shrieking of the whistle had prevented him from hearing Wetherbee's cry. He carried the shovelful of earth through the gloom before he missed the engineer. A flash of lightning came as he struggled toward the dam with his third shovelful; he looked about, but his companion was nowhere to be seen. The light died out.

Foster stopped, struck, horror-stricken. Had Wetherbee fallen into the quarry? It seemed only too likely. Hardly daring to expect a reply, he shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Frank! Frank!"

A faint voice seemed to answer him from the darkness below. Distressing his ears, he waited for another flash. It came; and there on his back in the middle of the ice-glazed road lay the engineer, his right foot barely a yard from the brink of the pit.

"How could the younger man rescue his superior? He could not get within eight feet of him on that slippery slope. It was too far to reach down a shovel-handle. There was a coil of rope in the boiler-house, but could he safely spare ten minutes to go for it, with several leaks still threatening the dam? It was Wetherbee himself who decided the matter. His voice came feebly up to the hesitating lad:

"Fix the dam first, Bent. If the water gets the start of you, I'm done for. You can get the rope after you've made everything tight."

Foster grasped the situation. The leaks, still undammed and every moment growing larger, must be stopped at once. With blistered hands and straining back he resumed his labors. On the strength and endurance of his two arms hung the life of his companion. Why did not some one hear that shrill whistle, screaming so loudly for help?

A low, hoarse cry from the blackness terrified him.

"Good-by, Bent! I'm slipping."

The engineer, chilled and cramped, had stirred slightly to gain an easier position; the support under his foot had given way, and he was again sliding slowly but surely downward. In vain he stamped madly on the glassy surface. At last, just in the nick of time, he stopped; it was not an inch too soon. His left heel had caught against some protuberance, his right had slid out over the verge of the rock!

Almost despairing, Foster again called out:

"Are you there, Frank?"

"Back came the answer, barely more than a hoarse whisper.

"All right! Work quick!"

"The younger man had already laid aside his mackintosh; now he tore of his coat as well and flung away his cap, exposing himself to the full fury of the storm. Back and forth between bank and dam he tumbled, hurling himself with fury on his task till the stout shovel-handle quivered, and the steel rang against the frosty clay. He knew that Wetherbee's life hung in the balance. Oh, for two or three barrow-loads of dry, gritty dirt instead of that slush!

Meanwhile the engineer, prone in the muddy stream, gazed up, now into impenetrable blackness, now into blinding light; rain-beaten and chilled to the bone, he was conscious chiefly of that horrible emptiness under his right heel. He felt carefully behind his head and on each side, but his fingers glided only over ice and slippery rock. He remembered what had happened before, and did not dare to stir. Another slip would be fatal.

He suffered far worse in mind than in body. The horrible fears tormented him. Again and again he imagined that the little nodule beneath his heel was giving way. Was it ice or rock? Whichever it might be, it was the only thing between him and certain death. He was oppressed with a leaden dread of the frailty of the dam. Let it give way, and the sudden rush would sweep him like a grain into the quarry.

Fatigue was overcoming Foster. Smaller and smaller grew the shovelfuls as he staggered back and forth. Meanwhile he wrestled with a knotty problem. When should he go for the rope? If he ceased working before the dam was safe, its breaking might destroy the only chance of rescuing the engineer. If he labored overlong, Wetherbee might slip at any moment from his perilous perch.

At last the leaks were almost stopped. Fresh energy came to the assistant as the lightning showed him that his task was nearly completed. A few more trips, and he flung down his spade. In the darkness he ran his hands along the top of the dam to make sure that no water was coming over. All was safe. He shouted the glad news to Wetherbee:

"All tight! Hold fast! I'm going for the rope!"

Back he hurried round the quarry to the boiler-house, and in ten minutes had returned with the coil and an iron bar. Driving the bar into the bank and fastening the line to it, he dropped a noose within reach of the engineer and drew him up to safety.

John D. in Negro Church.

AUGUSTA, GA., Jan. 20.—John D. Rockefeller, who arrived at the Bon Air Hotel Friday night for a month's stay, attended services this morning at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, the leading negro church of the city. He heartily joined in singing familiar hymns and was the center of attraction. At a usual collection he was taken to cover incidentals, and the great financial king placed a \$20 bill in the collection basket. Mr. Rockefeller went to church in a closed carriage and was alone. The minister who conducted the services was Rev. Charles T. Walker, colored, who preached at one of the leading New York churches for several months. The sermon today was devoid of sensation, and, as usual, the pastor gave sound advice to his flock.

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THE RUNAWAY ENGINE.

BY LLEWELLYN LORD.

"I never, never will marry you unless papa consents."

She said this so often that I began to fear that she meant it, and her father was one of those hard-hearted men who take pride in the fact that they never change their minds.

"Then I'm going away," said I, desperately.

"Where?" she asked. Her incredulous tone maddened me.

"You think it an idle threat, Nell, but unless you decide by this day week to become my wife, either with or without your father's consent, I will go to the farthest place in the world—to New Zealand."

Her eyes filled with tears. She beseeched me to have patience, but I refused.

When the week was up she still was obstinate, and I made all my arrangements to go to New Zealand. Her father was glad to see me go, I believe.

Nell was at the station the day I left. Once more I pleaded with her, but in vain. She loved me, but she could not believe that any happiness would come to our marriage unless she obtained her father's blessing.

It happened that the train was late. We waited at the station with other passengers, including her mother and father. I think the old man had come down to be sure Nell did not weaken and go away with me the last minute. But I began to think that his adorable daughter was as obstinate as her father.

As we waited on the platform for the train that was to bear us away from the girl I loved a switch engine pulled up on one of the farther tracks and my wandering eyes noticed that the engineer and fireman left the locomotive alone while they went into a restaurant for their dinners.

"Oh, Will," murmured Nell in my ear. "I always have wanted to get in an engine. Do you suppose they would care if we should look at that one while the man is away?"

"Yes, they would be sure to care," I said gloomily. "Besides, it is against the rules for passengers to be on the tracks."

"Couldn't you get permission for us to look at it?" she asked.

"Come on, we'll not ask for permission," I said. "It occurred to me that the engine cab would give me an opportunity for a final and tender good-bye."

I went to the locomotive and inspected its drivers and cylinders, and at last I helped Nell into the cab.

She looked at the quivering monster with little exclamations of delight and amazement.

"I'm going to make it whistle," she cried, daringly as she climbed upon the engineer's seat. "If they arrest us and send us to jail, then you can't go away."

She seized hold of the lever and gave it a jerk. Instead of whistling the engine coughed.

"She laughed like a pleased child.

"Why is it moving," she cried.

"So it was. I saw the engineer running from the restaurant door and wildly waving his arms.

"Oh, I can't stop it!" cried Nell, in dismay. "I looked at her and saw that she was pulling and pushing at all the levers within reach. Presently she struck the whistling apparatus, and the engine gave two short, sharp whistles, the starting signal.

"We ran off the side track to the main line and the switch engine was picking up speed amazingly. Nell was about to leap out, when I caught her and held her.

"It is too late for that," I said, as I pressed her in my arms. She clung to me in fright. As I looked back toward the station I saw her father was shaking his fist.

"Don't you know how to stop it, Will?" she sobbed.

"No, indeed. But don't be frightened. They will telegraph ahead and clear the track for us, and it will stop when the steam dies down."

"Isn't it dreadful!" she exclaimed.

"Father and mother will think we are running away. They will believe I did it on purpose."

"Didn't you?" I asked, innocently.

"You know I didn't," she declared, withdrawing from my arms.

"It looks much like you are running away with it," I said. "If you are, I can't help it, can I?"

"You are ridiculous," she laughed.

"Any way, you can't start to New Zealand today."

"Unless you go with me," I said.

By this time the engine was going so rapidly and the racket was so great that we could not converse. I made Nell sit on the engineer's seat and to be sure that she did not fall out I held my arm about her waist.

There was a crowd of people lined up at the first station to see us go by and now I had no further fear of a collision. The train dispatcher would be sure to clear the track. I saw by the gauge that the steam was dying out, and after we had passed the third station the engine ran perceptibly slower. It stopped dead still on the outskirts of the city.

I helped Nell from the engine and we walked to the station house.

The telegraph operator met us at the end of the platform. He had a condescending grin on his face.

"It's all right," he said, as he thrust a yellow envelope in Nell's hands.

I looked over her shoulder and read the message.

"Come back home and be married with our blessing. All is forgiven."

Stonewall Jackson's Widow Declines it.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 26.—The Senate of North Carolina received today a letter from Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, declining to accept a pension of \$100 a month provided under a resolution introduced last Friday night.

"I most welcomingly appreciate this patriotic and loyal tribute to the name of my hero husband," she says, "but I do not feel that I would be justified in accepting it. I am informed that the laws of North Carolina limit all pensions to those who have not \$500 of personal property, and as I do not come under this law, I respectfully request that the bill be withdrawn."

Mrs. Jackson suggests that the money proposed in her behalf be appropriated for the relief of destitute widows of Confederate soldiers.

In accordance with the desire of Mrs. Jackson, the bill calling for the pension was withdrawn from the calendar.

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Strapped in Bed Each Night.

New York, Jan. 27.—Being strapped to a bed each night for 14 years is the condition that Helen Smart, 18 years old, 505 Ferry street, Hoboken, has passed through, but it has not prevented her from becoming a young woman of unusual beauty.

Recently Mrs. Annie Mullins, of West Twenty-second street, this city, called on Harry L. Barck, postmaster of Hoboken, and said that Miss Smart was her niece, and that her condition was such that she wanted him to send her to the County Asylum for the insane. She said the girl had lost her mind, but her parents would not consent to her being placed in an institution. The aunt said that, although the girl was well treated, she did not get the kind of attention she required and she would be better off in an asylum.

Joseph Stack, city physician of Hoboken, visited the house and found the girl in the front room of apartments on the third floor. The furniture consisted only of necessary articles and a bed, which was clean and tidy.

When questioned the parents, John and Annie Smart, said that when their daughter was 4 years old she had a fall and after that until five years ago she suffered from epilepsy, and to guard her from danger it was necessary to secure her to the bed at night with straps. In the daytime she was liberated and permitted to go at will about the apartments, but always was under surveillance.

Five years ago her mind became so deranged that she was not mentally responsible for her actions. She had a mania for throwing water out of the window. One night not long ago she succeeded in removing the straps that secured her to the bed, filling a pail with water, poured it upon her parents, who were asleep in bed.

At night when she could not sleep she passed the time crying, and in the daytime she constantly watched for an opportunity to get on the fire escape. This feature of her mania the parents deemed the worst, for they feared she would some time throw herself from it and be killed.

Jealous Lover Kills Sweetheart.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., January 26.—Insanely jealous because she refused his proposal of marriage and received the attentions of other men, John Blacken, a tobacco salesman, living at No. 2460 North Seventeenth street, shot and killed steadily Maria Morris, his sweetheart, in front of her house, No. 1524 Euclid avenue, early this morning. He then fired two shots into his own breast, and is dying at the Women's Homeopathic Hospital.

Harry McConlogue, the only eye witness to the double tragedy, was detained by the police of the Twentieth and Berks Streets Station-house until Magistrate Ran this morning released him on his own recognizance to appear before the coroner.

Blacken, the police say, is 26 years of age, and Miss Morris was one year older. They had known each other for more than six months, and Blacken was looked upon as the favored suitor of the young woman, although they were not engaged to marry. She received the attentions of other men, which angered Blacken and caused disagreements, and made the young man's jealousy more poignant.

Maude Was Willing.

A strict housewife said to a new maid, "I forgot to tell you, Maude, that if you break anything I'll have to take it out of your wages."

But Maude, whom two days had heartily sickened of her berth, replied, with a merry laugh: "Do it, ma'am; do it. I've just broke the hundred dollar vase in the parlor, and if you can take that out of \$4—for I'm leavin' at the end of the week—why, you'll be mighty clever."

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Ascension Church—February 3, 7:30 a. m.; Holy Communion; 10:30 a. m., Holy Communion and Sermon; 4:30 p. m., Evening Prayer and Lecture; 8 p. m., Sermon. Rev. Frank M. Gibson, Ph. D., Rector.

Salem Lutheran Church—Sunday School at 9 a. m.; Morning Service at 10 a. m.; Evening Service at 7 p. m. St. John's (Lutheran) Sunday School at 9 a. m.; Divine service at 10 a. m. Rev. W. W. Dwyer, Pastor.

Carroll College Reform Church—Divine Service at 10 a. m.; Evening Service at 7:30 p. m. Rev. James B. Stonestier, Pastor.

Benjamin M. E. Church—Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.; Prayers at 10 a. m.; Holy Communion at 11 a. m.; Evening Service at 7:30 p. m. Choir practice on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

St. Paul's Reformed Church—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Divine service at 10:30 a. m.; 7:00 p. m. C. S. Sigler, Pastor.

Grace Lutheran Church—Sunday School at 9 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.; Divine Service at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 4:45 p. m. Choir practice on Sunday, 2:00 p. m. Senior 2:30 p. m.

Methodist Protestant Church, Rev. L. F. Warner, Pastor.—Sabbath Services.—Praying at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mid-week service in the lecture room Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

St. John's Church—Sundays—Low Mass at 7:15 and High Mass at 10 a. m. During the week—Mass at 8 a. m., 9 a. m., and 11 a. m. Reformed Church, Silver Run—Service 10:30 a. m., every other Sunday, and at 2 p. m.; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m., and 1 p. m. Preaching every two weeks at 7 p. m.

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COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.
The County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster, every MONDAY in JANUARY, 1907, for the transaction of business. By order,
FRANCIS L. HARR,
Jan4 Clerk.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of WILLIAM H. WILSON, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereon if legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 25th day of August, 1907; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 21st day of January, 1907.
WILLIAM C. SHARRER,
LARRY G. SHARRER,
Administrators.
jan25-4

DAVID E. WALSH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1, 1907.

Select Story.

BELOW THE DAM.

He was sure that it could not be very far away.

It was some minutes before Foster discovered the older man's disappearance. When the accident took place he was standing with his back to the road, driving his spade into the frosty day. The roar of the storm and the shrieking of the whistle had prevented him from hearing Wetherbee's cry. He carried the shovelful of earth through the gloom before he missed the engineer. A flash of lightning came as he struggled toward the dam with his third shovelful; he looked about, but his companion was nowhere to be seen. The light died out.

Foster stopped, struck, horror-stricken. Had Wetherbee fallen into the quarry? It seemed only too likely. Hardly daring to expect a reply, he shouted at the top of his lungs:

"Frank! Frank!"

A faint voice seemed to answer him from the darkness below. Distressing his ears, he waited for another flash. It came; and there on his back in the middle of the ice-glazed road lay the engineer, his right foot barely a yard from the brink of the pit.

"How could the younger man rescue his superior? He could not get within eight feet of him on that slippery slope. It was too far to reach down a shovel-handle. There was a coil of rope in the boiler-house, but could he safely spare ten minutes to go for it, with several leaks still threatening the dam? It was Wetherbee himself who decided the matter. His voice came feebly up to the hesitating lad:

"Fix the dam first, Bent. If the water gets the start of you, I'm done for. You can get the rope after you've made everything tight."

Foster grasped the situation. The leaks, still undammed and every moment growing larger, must be stopped at once. With blistered hands and straining back he resumed his labors. On the strength and endurance of his two arms hung the life of his companion. Why did not some one hear that shrill whistle, screaming so loudly for help?

A low, hoarse cry from the blackness terrified him.

"Good-by, Bent! I'm slipping."

The engineer, chilled and cramped, had stirred slightly to gain an easier position; the support under his foot had given way, and he was again sliding slowly but surely downward. In vain he stamped madly on the glassy surface. At last, just in the nick of time, he stopped; it was not an inch too soon. His left heel had caught against some protuberance, his right had slid out over the verge of the rock!

Almost despairing, Foster again called out:

"Are you there, Frank?"

"Back came the answer, barely more than a hoarse whisper.

"All right! Work quick!"

"The younger man had already laid aside his mackintosh; now he tore of his coat as well and flung away his cap, exposing himself to the full fury of the storm. Back and forth between bank and dam he tumbled, hurling himself with fury on his task till the stout shovel-handle quivered, and the steel rang against the frosty clay. He knew that Wetherbee's life hung in the balance. Oh, for two or three barrow-loads of dry, gritty dirt instead of that slush!

Meanwhile the engineer, prone in the muddy stream, gazed up, now into impenetrable blackness, now into blinding light; rain-beaten and chilled to the bone, he was conscious chiefly of that horrible emptiness under his right heel. He felt carefully behind his head and on each side, but his fingers glided only over ice and slippery rock. He remembered what had happened before, and did not dare to stir. Another slip would be fatal.

He suffered far worse in mind than in body. The horrible fears tormented him. Again and again he imagined that the little nodule beneath his heel was giving way. Was it ice or rock? Whichever it might be, it was the only thing between him and certain death. He was oppressed with a leaden dread of the frailty of the dam. Let it give way, and the sudden rush would sweep him like a grain into the quarry.

Fatigue was overcoming Foster. Smaller and smaller grew the shovelfuls as he staggered back and forth. Meanwhile he wrestled with a knotty problem. When should he go for the rope? If he ceased working before the dam was safe, its breaking might destroy the only chance of rescuing the engineer. If he labored overlong, Wetherbee might slip at any moment from his perilous perch.

At last the leaks were almost stopped. Fresh energy came to the assistant as the lightning showed him that his task was nearly completed. A few more trips, and he flung down his spade. In the darkness he ran his hands along the top of the dam to make sure that no water was coming over. All was safe. He shouted the glad news to Wetherbee:

"All tight! Hold fast! I'm going for the rope!"

Back he hurried round the quarry to the boiler-house, and in ten minutes had returned with the coil and an iron bar. Driving the bar into the bank and fastening the line to it, he dropped a noose within reach of the engineer and drew him up to safety.

John D. in Negro Church.

AUGUSTA, GA., Jan. 20.—John D. Rockefeller, who arrived at the Bon Air Hotel Friday night for a month's stay, attended services this morning at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, the leading negro church of the city. He heartily joined in singing familiar hymns and was the center of attraction. At a usual collection he was taken to cover incidentals, and the great financial king placed a \$20 bill in the collection basket. Mr. Rockefeller went to church in a closed carriage and was alone. The minister who conducted the services was Rev. Charles T. Walker, colored, who preached at one of the leading New York churches for several months. The sermon today was devoid of sensation, and, as usual, the pastor gave sound advice to his flock.

The presence of the great oil king at the church was taken to cover incidentals, and the great financial king placed a \$20 bill in the collection basket. Mr. Rockefeller went to church in a closed carriage and was alone. The minister who conducted the services was Rev. Charles T. Walker, colored, who preached at one of the leading New York churches for several months. The sermon