AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 58, NO. 15. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1890. ESTABLISHED 1833.

Election Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Judges of Election and to the Legal and Qualified Voters of the

FIFTH ELECTION DISTRICT OF CARROLL COUNTY, MD.,

known as Freedom district, that on

TUESDAY, the 15th DAY OF APRIL, A. D., 1890, at the usual place of holding elections in said district, an election will be held to determine whether or not spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters, shall be sold in said election district, as provided by the following Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January Session, 1890:

AN ACT to enable the qualified voters of the Fifth Election District of Carroll county, known as Freedom district, to determine by ballot whether or not spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters shall be sold in said election district.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the question whether or not any person or persons, house, corporation, company or association, may sell spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors, or bitters, within the limits of the fifth election district of Carroll county, Maryland, known as Freedom district, shall be submitted to the registered and qualified voters of said district at an election to be held on Tuesday, the 15th day of April, in the year Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, and all the ballots cast at said election shall have printed or written on them the words "For the sale of spiritnous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters," or the words "Against the sale of spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters," as the voter may elect, and all votes cast for the sale of spirituous, fermented or alcoholic liquors or bitters, and all votes cast against the sale of spiritnous, fermented or alcoholic liquors, or bitters, shall be carefully counted by, and certified to, by the judges of said election, and that said judges shall within three days make a written return of such vote to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, and said Clerk shall record the said return among the records of his office, and if it shall appear that a majority of the votes cast as aforesaid are against the sale of spirituous, fermented, or alcoholic liquors or bitters, then the said Clerk of said Court shall prepare a certificate proclaiming the result of said election, and publish said certificate in the two newspapers, of opposite politics, having the largest circulation in said county, said publication to be made as soon as can be after said return; and a certified copy of said return or a printed copy of said certificate shall be evidence of said result.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted that if it shall be found, by said return of the judges of election and proclamation or certificate of said clerk, that a majority of the votes cast at said election has been cast against the sale of spirituous, fermented, or alcoholic liquors or bitters, that then it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, house, corporation, company or association, to sell or barter directly or indirectly either himself, herself or themselves, or through an agent, agents, or servants, any spiritnous or fermented liquors, ale, lager beer, hard cider, or alcoholic bitters, at any place within the limits of said fifth election district, known as Freedom district, in said county, after the first day of May, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, nor shall the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county issue any license for the sale of the same in said district; but if it shall appear by said return that a majority of the votes have been cast for the sale of spirituous, fermented, or alcholic liquors or bitters, then the then existing license law shall remain in force.

SECTION 3. And be it enacted, That if any person or persons, house, company, association or body corporate, his, her, or their agents or servants shall sell or barter directly or indirectly any spirituous or fermented liquors, alcoholic bitters or intoxicating drinks of any kind, within the limits of said district, if the majority of the votes cast at the election held as aforesaid be against the sale of spirituous, fermented, or alcoholic liquors or bitters, after the first day of May, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety, he, she, it or they shall, on conviction thereof, forfeit and pay a fine of not less than fifty dollars, or more than one hundred dollars, and the costs of prosecution or be confined in the county jail for thirty days, or both fined and imprisoned in the discretion of the Court or Justice of the Peace.

SECTION 4. And be it enacted, That all prosecutions for violations of this Act may be either upon presentment and indictment in the Circuit Court, or by trial before a Justice of the Peace, and all Justices of the Peace in said county shall have jurisdiction, original and concurrent, with the Circuit Court for said county, and said Justices of the Peace shall have power to issue all processes and do all acts which may be necessary to the exercise of their said jurisdiction, and may try and determine all cases for the violation of this Act, and pronounce judgment and sentence, and enforce the same to the same extent and manner as the Circuit Court for said county can do in such cases; provided, that if any person when brought before any Justice shall before trial pray a jury trial, it shall be the duty of said justice to commit such offender for trial or hold him to bail to appear for trial at the next ensuing term of the Circuit Court for said county, to which Petit Jurors may be summoned and to return the commitment or recognizance, with name or names of witness or witnesses endorsed thereon, forthwith to the Clerk of said Court; and said justice shall in every case inform the offender of his right to a trial by jury.

SECTION 5. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Sheriff of said county to publish in the two newspapers of opposite politics, and having the largest circulation in said county and by handbills posted in said district, notice of said election at least seven days before said election, by at least one insertion in each of said papers, under penalty in case of neglect or refusal to do so, as is now provided in the election laws of this State, and said notice shall in substance state that the question whether or not spirituous, fermented, or alcoholic liquors or bitters shall be sold in the Fifth Election District will be submitted to the voters of said district on the Fifteenth day of April, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety; and the said Sheriff shall, under like penalty, receive from the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, a certified copy of the Poll List or Lists of registered voters of the Fifth Election District of said county now in said Clerk's Office; and said clerk is hereby directed to deliver the same and place the same in the hands of the Judges of the Election already appointed or appointed in the meantime by the County Commissioners of said county, at least two days before said election, and the polls shall be opened at the usual place of voting in said district, or such place within said district as may be designated by the County Commissioners of said county, at Eight o'clock, a. m., and be closed at Six o'clock, p. m., when said ballots shall be counted publicly.

SECTION 6. And be it enacted, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding of liquors in a prescription by a Pharmacist of Druggist, upon a written and bona fide prescription of a regular practicing Physician whose name shall be signed there to, and such prescriptions shall be filed and numbered, in regular order, and no prescription shall serve for more than one purchase; no Physician shall give any such prescription unless the person is actually sick, and in the opinion of such Physician actually requires the same; and any Physician who shall, under any other circumstances, give such a prescription, shall be liable to the penalties prescribed by section third of this Act; but nothing in this section shall be construed to authorize any Pharmacist or Druggist, or any other person to sell or barter any alcoholic bitters as a beverage; and any Pharmacist, Druggist or any other person so selling or battering within said district shall be liable to the penalties prescribed in section three of this Act.

SECTION 7. And be it enacted, That one-half of all fines imposed and collected under this Act shall be paid to the informer, and one half to the Board of School Commissioners of said county for the use of the Public Schools; and in case fines be imposed by the said Circuit Court or Justice of the Peace said violators may be committed to the county jail of said county until such fines and costs are paid.

SECTION 8. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect on and after the first day of April next.

Approved March 31st, 1890.

ELIHU E. JACKSON, Governor.

JOHN HUBNER, Speaker of the House of Delegates.
R. F. BRATTAN, President of the Senate.

MARYLAND, SCT:

I, Spencer C. Jones, Clerk of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full and true copy of the act of the General Assembly of Maryland, of which it purports to be a copy, as taken from the original law, belonging to and deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals aforesaid.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals, this 2nd day of April, A. D., 1890.

SPENCER C. JONES, Clerk of the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
SAMUEL C. WICKERT, Sheriff of Carroll county.

ap-5-2t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN SLAUGHENHAUPT,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of October, 1890; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of March, 1890.

SUSAN FLEAGLE,
THEODORE H. FLEAGLE, Administrators.

mar-22-4t

Dissolution.

THE firm of HULL BROS., of Westminster, has been dissolved by mutual consent, and all persons indebted are requested to make settlement, at once. The business will be continued at the old stand, No. 2 Pennsylvania avenue, by J. C. Hull, who will collect all debts due the late firm.

J. C. HULL,
E. G. HULL.

mar-22-3t

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 105.

AN ACT to repeal Section 73 of Article 7, Code of Public Local Laws, title "Carroll County," sub-title "Manchester," and to re-enact the same with amendments.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Section 73 of Article 7, Code of Public Local Laws, title "Carroll County," sub-title "Manchester," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 73. All property within said limits, except that occupied as churches and schools, and the property occupied by Daniel and Jacob Lodge, I. O. O. F., shall be subject to such taxes and charges as may be deemed necessary by said Mayor and Common Council, or a majority of them, to support and maintain the expenses which may at any time be incurred in the improvements of said town, and for other corporate purposes, not exceeding fifty cents on every one hundred dollars of the assessed value of all houses and lots, and all vacant lots and premises and farming lands within said corporate limits.

SECTION 2. And be it further enacted, That this Act shall not go into effect unless it shall be ratified by a majority of the qualified voters of the corporation of Manchester, to whom it shall be submitted, and who shall vote at the next election for Mayor and Councilmen of said town. Upon each ballot there shall be written or printed the words "For the Amendment," or "Against the Amendment," as the voter may elect. If the majority of the votes cast shall be for the amendment, this act shall take effect on the first Monday of May, next. The result of the vote, as herein provided for, the Mayor of said town shall cause to be recorded among the ordinances of said corporation.

Approved March 14th, 1890.

ELIHU E. JACKSON, Governor.
JOHN HUBNER, Speaker House of Delegates.
R. F. BRATTAN, President of the Senate.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly, passed January session, 1890.

CARLTON SHAFER, Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

mh-29-3t

FREE ADMITTANCE.

The Hess Manufacturing Company,

WESTMINSTER, MD.,

Calls the attention of the people of Westminster and the surrounding country to the fact that it is now prepared to do all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, and would solicit a portion of their trade, believing that they will feel fully justified in according it.

The Company would be pleased to have the people call at its shops, for their own satisfaction, and is assured that they will be really surprised at the wonderful improvements made in Carriages and Buggies, and even Carts, at this establishment.

The Company says to everybody: Do not believe that because John Koon made your buggy he ought to repair it; and do not think that Sam Jones' is the best place to get work done, because you have always had it done there. Just take a little time and walk around and see if there isn't another shop in town. You might learn something; and if not, it will cost you nothing.

A great many times people have called at this Company's shops and, after seeing the latest styles, said: "I am sorry I bought so soon. I AM sorry I bought so soon. I did not know the Hess Company did that kind of work."

Now, take this into consideration; talk to your neighbors about it, and say: "Let us go down to the shops of the Hess Manufacturing Company." "What for?" "To see the latest styles." "Where did you say?" "Why down at the shops of the Hess Manufacturing Company. It has the greatest assortment in town." "Is that so? Where is its factory?" "On the corner of Green and Liberty streets. Yes, and it keeps a large stock of Single and Double HARNESS."

Now, the Company desires to say, if the above meets your approval, it will be pleased to have you call, and any information you desire will be given to the very best ability of its manager. With sincere respect,

JOHN G. HESS, Manager.

FERTILIZER! FERTILIZER!

A FEW POINTERS FOR THE FARMER.

The season for sowing Fertilizers is now at hand and farmers will see many cheap Fertilizers advertised claiming great merit. We desire, however, to call their attention to the fact that we are the largest buyers of

RAW MATERIALS

in the county, and are manufacturing and shipping our goods over 800 miles from home and are able to meet competition at that distance. We are shipping into three different States and our goods have been subjected to the analysis of the three different State chemists, who have proved them as represented. This being the fact, we know that we can

SAVE TO THE FARMER

who deals directly with us from $2 to $5 per ton on our goods when the analysis is taken into consideration. We further wish to state that we make a

Special Mixture for each Crop

Corn, Oats, Potatoes and Vegetables, according to their chemical requirements, and are not like the patent medicine man who sells one kind of medicine to cure all ills that human flesh is heir to. We also

MIX FORMULAS

as desired by the farmer himself. We ask you to call and see us before buying elsewhere, and try our goods along side of the so-called cheap Fertilizers, and see for yourself where you get the best value for your money. We also are headquarters for CLEAN MICHIGAN CLOVER SEED AND NO. 1 WESTERN TIMOTHY SEED, at very low prices.

Yours Respectfully,
H. S. ROBERTS & CO.,
Manufacturers of Fertilizers and dealers in Agricultural Chemicals, Westminster, Md.

mar-8-3m

Examination of Public School Teachers.

NOTICE is hereby given that by order of the Board of School Commissioners of Carroll county, the annual examination of Public School Teachers and other persons who desire to secure certificates of qualification as such, and applicants for scholarships at the State Normal School, will be held at Central Hall School House, in Westminster, on

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 16th, 17th and 18th,

beginning promptly at 9 o'clock each day; and that all applicants for teachers' certificates, and all teachers except those who have life certificates, diplomas from the State Normal School, or Carroll county certificates which will not expire within the next school year, and all applicants for scholarships at the State Normal School, are required to attend said examination.

The examination will be conducted according to the following schedule:

WEDNESDAY—A. M., Arithmetic, Geography; P. M., History, Grammar.

THURSDAY—A. M., Geometry, Physiology; P. M., English Literature, Methods of Teaching.

FRIDAY—A. M., Book-keeping, Algebra; P. M., Natural Philosophy.

JAMES A. DIFFENBAUGH, Examiner.

mar-22-4t

New Liquor Store.

THE undersigned announces to the public that he has opened a Wholesale and Retail Liquor Store, in the basement of the Zieber building, No. 44 West Main street, corner of John street, where will be found a full line of Foreign and Domestic Whiskies, Brandies, Gins, Wines, &c., for medicinal and family purposes, which will be sold at the lowest prices. A call is solicited. Orders promptly filled.

JOHN A. McNEAL.

oc-5-1y

THE best Axes, Hatchets and Hand Saws at BABYLON & GILBERT'S.

Select Poetry.

PRISMATIC.

BY MARGARET H. BRISBANE.

There's not a light in the leaden skies,
The world is wrapped in rain;
The color-angel has shut his eyes,
And the sun is asleep again.
But Marguerite by the window stands,—
Enraptured eyes of blue
Are traveling far into the fairylands
As she looks a prism through.

I turn to smile on the eager child;
And old dreams rise again;
I know what colors run rich and wild
O'er the blurr'd wet window pane;
A rainbow glory floods the air,
And jewels the ashen hue;
How many of us, like the baby there,
Have looked a prism through?

Oh! fairy prism that life bestows
(And breaks too soon, alas!)
Oh! lovely vision that throbs and glows
Through youth's enchanted glass!
Ah! how will it be when the prism falls,
And gone is the gold and blue?
When the cold, cold voice of the reall calls,
And the sweet dreams come not true?

We all have visions—we all look through
A prism that falls and breaks;
Alas, for the dreams that come not true
And the souls that light forsakes!
But when Time's glass falls from our hands
The spirit's unveiled view
May find lost lights in loftier lands,
If only the dream comes true!

—TIMES DEMOCRAT.

Select Story.

HELD FOR RANSOM.

We had been out from Melbourne two days, journeying toward the new town of Murray City, on the Murray River, and we were only two miles from a post station, where a guard of mounted police had their headquarters, when the driver of the stage or wagon suddenly brought his horses to a dead stop. This was in the days of thirty years ago, before any part of Australia was half civilized by the English, and before the big island had been more than half surveyed. There were plenty of bushrangers haunting every highway, and every stage was usually accompanied by a guard. In our case five of us had put together and hired a private conveyance. It was one of the usual stages, but making a special trip for our benefit. Of the five, three were English, going up to the valley of the Murray to locate land, the fourth was an American who had been in the country two years, and I had landed in Melbourne only the week before. My compatriot was named Davis, a widower, and he had his only child along—a bright little girl eight years old. He was going up to a sheep-ranch in partnership with a friend already settled, and he could not bear to leave his child behind him in the town.

The five of us were well armed, and every hour since leaving Melbourne we had been ready to defend ourselves. As we had met with nothing to alarm us thus far, and we knew we were close upon a station, no one was prepared for what happened. The stage had no sooner stopped than two men came up on a side, covered us with revolvers, and a gruff voice announced:

"Now, then, the first move and off goes your heads! Step out here one by one!"

I was the first one out. It was just at sundown, and on the portion of the road between two ridges. The two men on that side were rough, unkempt, desperate-looking fellows—fair samples of the other two and the instant I saw them I knew that we were in trouble. When we were all out they ordered the driver to turn into a blind road to the right, and we followed after the wagon. As we were ordered to follow the vehicle the leader of the gang said:

"No foolishness, now! The four of us have got our pistols looking right at ye!"

After going thirty rods we were as well hidden from the highway as if we had gone ten miles, and were brought to a halt in a little glade. As there were five to four, you may wonder that we did not make a break. The first man who had moved to pull his revolver would have been shot in the back. Davis could not be counted on anyhow, as his anxiety for his child took all the fight out of him. The driver, if not in league with the rangers, was at least treated as neutral. While he was armed he took matters so cooly that we saw he was out of the scrape. The five of us were placed in a row, and while three men stood behind us the fourth disarmed us and went through our pockets. We were a poverty-stricken crowd. The $80 they took from me constituted my worldly wealth, while Davis and the others had been too sharp to trust their money to a stage unguarded. The whole amount did not pan out over $150, and the bushrangers were furious.

"Why, you bloody bloke!" shouted the leader, "you alone ought to have at least £200 with you!"

"Do you think I'm carrying my money about the country for such as you?" protested the hot-headed victim.

"I'm a-wishing you hadn't got a penny!" added the second. "The idea of it! You'll all be hung for this!" he growled.

Davis and I had said nothing. We didn't see that the case could be helped by protestations. The words of the Englishmen provoked our captors to a white heat, and they were knocked about unmercifully for the next five minutes. Then the leader, speaking to two of us, asked:

You are English?"

"No; Americans."

"I thought so. Where ye bound for?"

We gave him our destinations.

"Well, we're a bit sorry to take your money, small as it is, and so delay your journey; but we've got to do both. These three coves is rich and we ain't going to let 'em off with shillings where we ought to have pounds."

While we were held under guard one of the men went over to the driver and held a consultation with him, and the result was that he turned his team about and disappeared in the direction of the highway. We were then ordered to proceed in a northerly course through the scrub, one man leading and the others bringing up the rear. Not a word had been addressed to little Eva by any of the men, although all had looked at her with softened expression. She realized what was going on, but went through it bravely, and when we started through the scrub her father carried her on his shoulder. We traveled for six or seven miles before halting, and then came upon a camp fire, with a fifth bushranger sleeping beside it. He was rudely awakened, and I then saw that he had his right arm in a sling; having been wounded or meeting with an accident. The camp was a thicket, with a temporary shelter of brush to sleep under. The five of us were ordered to sit down under this shelter, and then every man's feet were tied together at the ankles and a guard took a seat before us. Then the fire was replenished, and the bushrangers gave us such supper as they could afford, which consisted solely of roast mutton and a flour cake baked in the ashes. When we had eaten this and been offered a drink of water all around the leader sat down before us and said:

"Now, gents, business is business the world over. We have got to have money. We want it to convert these 'ere natives from the error of their ways, and it will take a heap to do it. You first gent, who was so ready with your tongue, how much are you worth?"

"It's none o' yer business, you scoundrel, you," was the hearty reply.

"Well, mebbe not. Being as you is so poverty-stricken, I'll put you down only £300. Now, you second gent."

"I could raise £100 if in Melbourne."

"That means £200 for you, then.—You'll lie a half or more. Now, you third gent."

"I'll see you hanged for this day's work," was the reply.

"Mebbe you will, but not until after I sees your money. You also go down for $300. Now, the fourth gent."

"You've got my last dollar," I replied. "I landed in Melbourne only a week ago."

"That's bad for all of us, but I guess you tell the truth. Now, you fifth gent."

"I might possibly raise £5 if up at the ranch," replied Davis, "but that would be all. I am poor, and just making a start."

"Is that your little gal?"

"Yes."

"Where's the mother?"

"Dead."

"Shoo! That's too bad. What's the gal's name?"

"Eva."

"Mighty sweet. Say, gal, come and kiss me."

She went over to him and kissed his bronzed and bearded cheek without the slightest hesitation, and he held her for a moment and looked her over and said:

"Sweet as honey! I wouldn't hurt you for all the gold in the big world?"

She was allowed to return to her father, and the leader then said:

"We shall hold you three peppery gents until you raise £800 for us, and as these Americans might give the alarm we shall be obliged to hold them as well. Sorry to do it, but business is business, and if we don't look out for ourselves no one will."

Each one of the Englishmen swore by all that was good and great that he'd never pay a cent, but the bushrangers only laughed at their words. At a late hour we were ordered to go asleep, and the last thing I saw before my eyes closed was the guard sitting on the rock at my feet. The night passed quietly, and as soon as we had breakfasted in the morning the leader took pen, ink, and paper from a box and said to the Englishmen:

"Now, then, here's the chance to write to your friends to raise the rocks, and I'll see that the letters reach them."

Each one of the three refused point blank to make any attempt to raise money, although it was plain they had a desperate lot to deal with and that they would suffer for their obstinacy.

"Well, some other day will do just as well," laughed the leader, "but I want it understood that each day of delay adds £25 to the ramsom."

We were then untied, given a few minutes to get over our stiffness of limb, and then we all set off over a rugged, scrubby country toward a range of hills. We traveled steadily until noon, and then came to a very secure stronghold among the hills. By placing us in a natural enclosure of about an eighth of an acre, we were surrounded by rocky walls on three sides, and on the fourth the bushrangers built their fire and made their camp. As we were penned in here the chief of the bushrangers announced to the Englishmen that he would give them two days in which to make up their minds to send for the money. If they held out at the end of that time he would take his own measures to extort the money. One of the Englishmen was a large landowner in Australia, another was a civil officer at Melbourne, the third was fresh from England, and was intending to start a manufactory of some sort at Melbourne or Sydney. Davis and I both labored with them to make them realize the situation, but they were pig-headed and obstinate, declaring that it was all a bluff, and that the rangers would not dare proceed to extremes. We believed differently. They were escaped convicts, each one outlawed, and a more villianous gang one never looked at.

On the morning of the third day, without having annoyed us in the least during the interval, the chief called for their decision. Each Englishman curtly replied that he would never get another dollar of their money. The civil officer was the leader, and the most independent. He was seized, tied hand and foot, and after his boots and stockings had been removed, he was placed with his feet to a fire. He stood the torture until we could smell the odor of his burning soles, and then gave in. The other two followed his example without waiting for the torture. Each one wrote a note to a friend in Melbourne, worded by dictation. While the chief was a rough-looking fellow, he proved to have a very fair education. When the letters were ready he took them and started, presumably to find a messenger to act as a go-between. There were four left to guard, and after the chief had gone one of them bruised some herbs and kindly tied up the Englishman's feet. Our three fellow prisoners rather shunned Davis and myself during the afternoon, seeming to be put out because we were not called upon to ransom ourselves. But he afterward recalled that they made much of the child, and had her with them a good share of the time. Each outlaw also had a good word for her whenever she came near, and she was permitted to run about without restraint.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon this was the situation: Three of the guards were asleep beyond the fire. The fourth sat on the ground with his back to a rock, reading a novel, while he had a rifle across his knees. Davis and I lay close together talking matters over, and the Englishmen were ten steps away. Little Eva was running about, shouting and playing. All at once we heard the pop of a revolver, followed by a death cry, and as we sprang up two of the Englishmen, each with a pistol in hand, dashed past us. In sixty seconds more every one of the bushrangers was dead. They had coaxed Eva to bring them the pistols, which were lying on the far side of the camp, and she had passed behind the guard and made two trips. As soon as they had the weapons one of them shot down the half-asleep guard, and then the others were slain before sleep was fairly off their eyelids.

The smoke was still hanging over the camp when we began the construction of a litter, and within half an hour we were headed for the highway, carrying the victim of torture along with us. We kept going all night, as we had to go slow, and about daylight came out at the stage station. A squad of mounted police set off for the camp, and on their way to it came across and killed the leader of the bushrangers, thus wiping out the last of a bad gang.

NOT CREDIBLE, BUT TRUE.

What I have to say is not fiction, [redacted] only at the date of the mysterious occurrence that shadowed her life, but when a half century had softened the grisly outlines of the horror, and she could contemplate it in perspective, almost with calmness, although never without awe.

I, Nancy Barksdale, who write this, was a girl of 18 when, at the close of a May day fifty years agones my father's carriage set me down at the door of my best friend, Augusta Deane, in Cartersville, Va. Cartersville was then, and may be now, an uninteresting village, straggling leisurely along the banks of the James river, to which it owed its being and continued life. We had pitied Augusta Eilett, the belle of two Richmond seasons, not because she married Frank Deane, a promising young lawyer, but for having to live in the muddy, tame little town. The wedding had taken place in December, and this was my first visit to her new abode.

It was a small, white cottage, set back about twenty yards from the street, which differed in nothing from a country highway except that there were more houses on and near it. I had just time to observe that the Deanes' cottage was a story and a half high, with dormer windows in the roof; that it was neat and newly painted; that the wicket gate in the front palings was overarched by a bower of honeysuckle, and the front porch overrun with a multiflora rose tree, now in affluent bloom, when Augusta ran out through the open door and down the gravel walk to the carriage.

She was a trifle thinner than when I had last seen her, but animated and joyous, with vivacity that did not abate while she attended me to her own chamber on the first floor, pouring out salutations, queries and interjections in her own frank, impetuous way.

"You must stay in here with me until Frank comes home," she said, helping me to lay aside my traveling garb. "He went to Richmond day before yesterday and may not get back before Saturday."

"Your first separation, isn't it?" asked I, struck with something not quite natural in her manner.

"Yes. He was obliged to go—on business," adding the last word as if it might have been an afterthought.

While she spoke she was rearranging some clothing hung in a press to make room for that I had laid off. Her hands wavered, and she kept her face turned from me.

With the slight (and insufferable) touch of superior scorn of a fancy free-as-yet maiden for the sentimental feelings of "young married folks," I feigned to overlook her emotion. She might pine at heart for the absent mate, but she did me the justice to be sincerely delighted at my coming. I would content myself with that for the present, and tolerate a weakness peculiar to her position; so I made talk of city news and the journey, taking pains not to ask her a question, until presently she showed me a sunny face that was the prettier and sweeter for the mist, which was not quite dew, lingering upon her eyelashes. We supped en tete-a-tete and sat out on the porch until bedtime watching the moon rise and mount—the crystal white light driving back the shadows from the wet grass and ribbonlike graveled paths winding away into the shrubbery; enjoying the scent freighted air throbbing and cooling before the river breeze, and talking, talking, as only two girls who have been bosom friends from infancy can talk after nearly six months' separation. Augusta bore her part gallantly, and I quite forgot the passing clouds that had dimmed her eyes and shaken her voice.

When we were ready for bed the cloud returned and broke. I saw her kneeling form trembling from head to foot while she was saying her prayers, and heard a stiffled sob. Arising, with averted face, she went to a bureau on the far side of the room, took a miniature from a drawer, kissed it twice and furtively slipped it under the pillow. When we had laid down and the light was out I knew, gentle and gradual as was the movement, that she drew the picture from its hiding place and pressed it to her bosom. Passing my hand caressingly over her cheek I felt that it was wet.

"Augusta!" I said, softly, "cannot I comfort you?" What is it, my poor dear? Surely you are not grieving over a sorrow that will be cured so soon as will Mr. Deane's absence?"

She clung to me in a wild storm of tears. She was but twenty, and had not had a secret from me in ten years; so I got this one.

Law business, imperative and not to be deferred, she said, had called Frank to Richmond. With all her sweetness of temper his wife had been a spoiled child in her father's house, and her husband had never crossed her. She especially desired that he should be home while I was there, and could not be convinced that the matter in hand could not be transacted as well by correspondence as in person. From pleading she passed to remonstrance, then to indignant protest. The result was that reef of horrors to the newly wedded, the first quarrel. Frank told her that she was unreasonable and childish, and asked her how she expected him to make a living for herself and him if she kept him tied to her apron string.

"And I called him unfeeling and cruel and—brutal!" confessed the penitent between her sobs. "I have cried myself to sleep for two nights over. If I could but see him for one minute—long enough to beg his pardon—I could let him go again for six months, if necessary. If you had seen his face when I said that last wicked word! He turned as white as death, and bit his lips hard to keep back the bitter answer I deserved. How could I do it? How could I do it?"

It did seem inexcusable to me—a slightly priggish damsel with a well formulated creed of wifely duty and deportment—but I lectured her mildly in consideration of her genuine distress.

"He has a generous heart," I concluded. "He will not bear a grudge, you may be sure, and his very soul is bound up in you."

The newly cut plaster did not draw the lips of the wound together. Indeed, it bled afresh.

"He never said an unkind word to me in his life, my suffering, patient, ill-used angel! And I wouldn't walk down to the boat with him, although I knew he was longing to ask me to do it. I didn't even go with him to the door, and when he kissed me good-by I just let him do it and stood like a dumb block while he walked out of the house—oh, Nancy! so slowly and unwillingly! It wasn't a bit like his step. I didn't stir to go to the window, where I had always stood every morning to kiss my hand to him when he went down to the office. But I watched him from away back in the room where he couldn't see me, and saw him go down the path and stop under the honeysuckle at the gate to look up at the window. When he didn't see me his face turned absolutely dark—the most awful thing! and he rushed off down the street with never a glance behind him. That was our first parting! We parted under a thunder cloud, Nancy! I have lived in the heart of it ever since. If you had not come I think I must have gone crazy, thinking and living it all over!"

My sympathy quieted her somewhat, I hope, but I am afraid the battered platitudes, of which, as is the case with most younglings of inexperience, I had great store, wrought more soporifically. Pausing for breath and a reply, at length, I discovered that she was asleep.

Chilled and chagrined, I laid her from my arms upon her own pillow. Something slid from her lax hand. It was her husband's miniature, glass and setting warmed by her passionate holding. I thrust it impatiently under her pillow. The cut was not dangerous, I reflected, with judicious fatuousness, when the patient could slumber under the surgeon's hands.

I was aroused in the morning by a shower of kisses upon my lips and eyelids. In the slow awakening from the slumbers of health and youth I dreamed that I was walking through a vista of honeysuckles that bobbed dewily against my face and opened laughing eyes upon Augusta's countenance. She wore a white gown, bound at the waist with a blue sash, Frank's favorite color; the honeysuckles were in her belt; the breath and fragrance and refreshment of the May morning were about and in her. I had overslept myself by a matter of two hours, and breakfast was ready. Augusta sat at the open window and chatted while I dressed.

"I am quite another creature today," she said, blithely. "You have wrought a wonderful cure upon me, Dr. Nancy. I am going to follow your prescriptions, put useless regrets behind me, and behave like a rational Christian in future. I have been thinking, too, over the possibilities of Frank's getting back on Friday instead of Saturday. I feel almost sure that he will be here to-morrow. This is Thursday, you know. I can imagine how he will thank you when he hears what good advice you gave me."

Could I remind her that she had dropped asleep before I reached the "application" of my homily? She was still chatting when, fully dressed, I joined her at the window and put my arm about her. A white jasmine, tacked along the window frame, cast graceful streamers from one side to the other. Smiling happily and roguishly, Augusta pulled down a spray bearing as many five-pointed flowers as leaves, coiled it rapidly into a wreath and laid it on my head.

"And you shall wear a starry crown!" she chanted, gayly.

I think the gate-latch clicked. I know we both looked out at the same instant.

Frank Deane was just entering the yard.

Have I said that he was a handsome man? I had always thought so, but never believed he could be so royally beautiful as now, framed in the honeysuckle arch of the little gateway. His face was alight with happiness and love; his eyes eagerly sought the window, and, as a low exclamation of rapture escaped the figure beside me, he smiled, tossed his hand into the air in glad greeting and bounded quickly up the walk. Augusta flew into the hall to meet him. I, left alone for a moment, saw him, I solemnly aver, as he set his foot upon the lower step of the porch, the flash of the May sunshine upon his blonde head, uncovered in knightly reverence before his wife.

Then, a wild shriek of terrified anguish rang through every corner of the cottage. I reached Augusta as she reeled back, fainting. My arms—not her husband's—received her. The porch was vacant; so were the path and the trellised gateway. The radiant presence that had glorified all the instant before had passed into thin air when the wife sought to grasp it.

Frank Deane, as a few old Virginians still living will remember, died suddenly—it was said of heart disease—in Richmond, at the very hour and minute in which we believed that we saw him come in at the wicket gate.

Perhaps the Society of Psychical Research may announce the existence and define the operation of the law of mental influence which enabled the released spirit to project a simulacrum of his physical presence upon the imagination of her who loved him passionately, and longed inexpressibly for the assurance of his forgiving love.

"God let him come to lift the cloud," the widow said to her dying day.

We dare not step, even with unsandled feet, upon the sacred awfulness of that ground.

His love was so mighty that he made her believe that she beheld him with her bodily eyes, say psychical savans, reverent in faith to what they cannot explain.

But what, then, was it that I saw?

Eight native islanders of the Pelew group, in the South Pacific Ocean, were picked up at sea, nearly dead from starvation and thirst, by the American ship Joseph S. Spinny. The crew had been in an open canoe for eighteen days. They had embarked for a neighboring isle when a heavy gale came up and blew them 260 miles from land, at the mercy of the wind and waves. The party consisted of a king, his son, and six members of his council. In this condition they remained eighteen days. One died the second day, after a storm. Finally the old king, faint with hunger and mad with thirst, decided that his son Royga, the boy aged 16, should be killed, that his father and the others might live. The weak and emaciated party were making preparations for the sacrifice, the boy accepting his fate, when the white sails of the ship Joseph Spinney hove in sight and the boy was saved. The ship hove to and took the poor wretches on board. The king lay in the bottom of the canoe, unable to move. The chief officer carried him on deck under his arm. They presented a dreadful sight. Their stomachs were shrunk in and they looked like living skeletons, the bones almost protruding through the skin. They were provided with nourishment. Seven days after being picked up at sea the king died, but the others slowly improved. They were taken to Hiogo, Japan, where the proper authorities had them returned to their native isles. Their mode of appreciating the kindness of Capt. Curling, of the ship Spinney, was to rub the back of his hand with their noses.

Gas Now Makes Music.

A musical gas machine is an English invention, and it is called the pyrophone. Its compass is three octaves, with a key board, and it will be played in the same manner as an organ. It has thirty-seven glass tubes, in which a like number of gas jets burn. These jets placed in a circle contract and expand. When the small burners separate the sound is produced; when they close together the sound ceases. All the notes of the musical scale may be produced in several octaves.

Mending his Nets.

Many centuries ago an old man and his sons sat mending their fishing nets in a boat upon a little inland sea in Asia. Their boat was anchored near the shore; other boats were near them, their crews hauling in fish. The old man, it is likely, was in haste to mend the nets, and go on with the day's work.

A Man came down the beach. He called to them, and bade them lay down their nets, give up their fishing and follow Him. When they heard Him, something told them in their hearts that this call meant that they should forsake the life to which they had always been used—fishing, eating, sleeping, surrounded by neighbors and friends—and that they should begin a different work for the people who were strangers to them.

Here were their nets, their boats, the blue waters filled with fish, the peaceful hills along the coast, the calm little valleys between; here were home and comfort and security.

Yonder was the Man on the shore, calling to them to follow Him—it might be to hunger, to pain, possibly to death.

But each man heard God speaking to his soul in that voice.

The fisherman's sons arose and followed Him who called. But their father sat still and mended his nets.

These two young men, during the rest of their lives, wandered homeless, they suffered persecution, privation and pain, and one at last perished as a martyr to his faith. But they helped to bring Truth into the world; they have lifted millions of souls out of barbarism up to light and freedom and love.

Of their father we do not know that he mended his fishing-nets securely.

Possibly to the reader of this article has come, or some day will come, the same Voice saying, "Follow Me."

You will know that it means, Do not any longer give up your life to work of fishing or trading or earning money in any way merely to buy necessaries and luxuries. Follow Me. Help your fellow-men to come nearer to God. Do it in your business; in your daily life. Bring truth and order and love into the world. Be ready to sacrifice yourself. It may cost you comfort, it may cost you friends, possibly life itself. Do it.

Have you heard the Voice?

As the lightnig express passed through the suburban town of Oak Park, near Chicago, Mollie O'Brien, a girl in the employ of Mrs. R. H. Salter, attempted to cross the track. She was accompanied by a Scotch collie, which was a great pet in the family. The young girl reached the opposite side in safety, and turned to see where the dog had gone. Seeing that the dog was in imminent danger of being run over, she started to save him. The crowd on the opposite platform screamed for her to go back, but she heeded not her own danger, and as she reached the steps, slipped and fell, just as the great iron monster rushed past. The train did not crush her, but the driver on the wheels of the engine broke her neck instantly. People rushed to her assistance, but it was too late. Placing her on the platform, kind hands and curiosity seekers crowded around her, but the great, noble dog she had tried to save kept all away from her. Placing himself by her side, he licked her poor, bruised hands, and in every way tried to awaken her. No one dared touch her, and not until an old friend of the family came would he leave her for a moment. Miss O'Brien was 23 years old, and was born and raised in St. Louis.

Count Zouroboff, a Russian, as his name indicates, has been making some interesting experiments. He hired some poor people to sell him four three-year-old children. These he confined in separate rooms, and allowed no one to see them. They were waited on by deaf and dumb nurses, and were not allowed to learn a word of any language, and were given no clothes. They developed into seeming brutes, howled and snarled and tore their food like wild animals. The Count was arrested, but, as all this occurred in Russia, he was released, on condition that he now educate the four unfortunates and provide for them.

Dr.