MURDER WILL OUT!

AND TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!

We don't beat about the bush and try to make you believe black is white.

But we do want to make you believe by factual facts in our business relations that we do sell goods at the

Lowest Possible Price,

and we are now offering

Special Inducements.

We are closing out a great many things at

Cut Prices way below their Value.

☞Give us a call and be happy. Thanking you for past favors we subscribe ourselves your obedient servants.

T. W. MATHER,
New York Bargain House,
44 W. Main St., Westminster.
aug 23 91

Your Attention!

We are offering special bargains for the next 30 days in all

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

We have received a new line of

QUEENSWARE,

and have

Special Bargains to Offer.

We have a crate of seconds, of

White Porcelain Ware,

at half of its actual value.

Our Drug Department

is stocked with all the leading goods in that line.

☞We are sole manufacturers of Grayson's celebrated Horse and Cattle Powders.

Complete line of Groceries, Confectionery, &c. Rock bottom prices.

Yours Respectfully,
FRANK Z. MILLER & CO.,
Near the Railroad,
Opposite First National Bank,
no-28-91 Westminster, Md.

G. W. DEMMITT,
DENTIST,
TANEYTOWN, - MARYLAND.

All persons in want of dental work will do well by giving me a call, as they can save money by doing so. Teeth extracted with little or no pain. New sets at prices to suit all people. The very best sets of teeth at $10.00 per set. These teeth are guaranteed to be the best. I will also give a written insurance, for 5 years, with every set. Temporary sets from $3.00 to $5.00. All kinds of dental work done cheap, and fully guaranteed. Filling a specialty. Gold filling, per plug, 75 cts. and up; all other kinds of filling 50 cts. per plug. Don't listen to some people when they say you can't get a good set of teeth for $10.00, but come and see and I will prove to you that I mean just what I say; or send me your name and address and I will call to see you, anywhere within 12 miles of my home, without extra charge. I will also be at J. L. Sharrer's Store, Keysville, on the first Thursday of each month, and at Pleasant Valley on the 2nd Thursday of each month, at N. H. Kester's Store. Give me a call and you will save money.

Yours Respectfully,
ja-3-1y G. W. DEMMITT, Dentist.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE,

MANUFACTURER OF

Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons,

Buggies, Phaetons, &c.,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

I have on hand a complete stock of

Harness of all Kinds.

Fine Light Driving Harness, Phaeton, Buggy and Cart Harness, at prices that defy competition. Come and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I can save you money.

☞Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts.
no17 1y

THE PRESS
(NEW YORK)
FOR 1893.

Has a Larger Daily Circulation than any other Republican Newspaper in America.

DAILY. SUNDAY. WEEKLY.

The Aggressive Republican Journal of the Metropolis

A Newspaper for the Masses.

Founded December 1st, 1887.

CIRCULATION OVER 125,000 COPIES DAILY

The most remarkable Newspaper success in New York.

THE PRESS IS A NATIONAL NEWSPAPER.

Cheap news, vulgar sensations and trash find no place in the columns of The Press.

The Press has the brightest Editorial page New York. It sparkles with point.

The Press Sunday Edition is a splendid paper, covering every current topic of interest.

The Press Weekly Edition contains all the good things of Daily and Sunday editions.

AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM THE PRESS HAS NO SUPERIOR IN NEW YORK.

THE PRESS

Within the reach of all. The best and cheapest Newspaper in America.

Daily and Sunday, one year	$ 5.00
Daily and Sunday, six months	2.50
Daily and Sunday, one month	.45
Daily only, one year	3.00
Daily only, four months	1.00
Sunday, one year	2.00
Weekly Press, one year	1.00

Send for The Press circular.
Samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal Commissions. Address,
THE PRESS,
38 Park Row, New York.

A LETTER.

I find that many people are of the erroneous opinion that the office of STATE'S ATTORNEY will prevent me from attending to any other legal business than that pertaining to said office. I therefore adopt this method of informing my clients and friends that, EXCEPT IN CRIMINAL CASES, I am as free as any other attorney to attend to any legal business that may be entrusted to me.

CHARLES E. FINK

Osborne Machinery.

SEE THEM. TRY THEM.
IF THEY SUIT YOU BUY THEM.

Two car loads at W. T. WILSON'S. 15,000 lbs. Binder Twine apr-22-2m

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 61 NO. 27. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1893. ESTABLISHED 1833.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D., 1057 2d Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the pent up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children." DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y. oc 24-91-2y

EX-PARTE.
NO. 3158 EQUITY.

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

In the matter of the Trust Estate of William S. Myer and Thomas R. Myer, co-partners trading under the name, firm and style of W. S. Myer & Bro., and as individuals, John L. Reifsnider and George R. Gehr, Trustees.

ORDERED, this 15th day of June, A. D., 1893, upon the foregoing petition, that the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, take jurisdiction in the trust estate of the said William S. Myer and Thomas R. Myer, co-partners trading under the name, firm and style of W. S. Myer & Bro., as individuals, and that said trustees settle said trust estate under the supervision and control of the said Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity. And it is further ordered that John L. Reifsnider and George R. Gehr, trustees in the above cause named, give notice to to the individual and co-partnership creditors of the said William S. Myer and Thomas R. Myer, co-partners trading as W. S. Myer & Bro., who were such prior to the 14th day of June, A. D., 1893, the date of the deed of trust filed in this cause, to file their claims properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 19th day of August, 1893, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 19th day of July next.

CHARLES B. ROBERTS.

True copy—Test:
ju-17-4t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, dated June 20th, 1893, at the suit of George W. Albaugh, assignee of Thomas S. Porter, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Sebastian Hammond, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution thereof, the following property, to-wit: All the right, title, interest and estate at law and in Equity of said Sebastian Hammond, in and to all that part of a tract of land situate, lying and being in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, being part of a tract or parcel of land called "Leigh Castle," or by whatsoever name the same may be called or known, containing about

5 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

it being the same land of which the said Sebastian Hammond died seized and possessed, and adjoins the lands of Jeremiah Hammond and Thomas S. H. Braxton and the Buffalo road.

Also another tract of land, situate lying and being in Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, being part of a tract of land called "Leigh Castle," or by whatsoever name the same may be called or known, containing 1 ACRE OF LAND, more or less, it being a part of the same land of which the said Sebastian Hammond died seized and possessed, and adjoining the lands of Robert Shipley, L. Jane Jackson and the Buffalo road.

And I hereby give notice, that on

SATURDAY, the 15th day of JULY, A. D., 1893, at the hour of 1, P. M., at the Court House door, in the city of Westminster, in Carroll county, Maryland, I will sell the above described property at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash. A plat of the above described property will be exhibited at the sale.

ALBERT A. DORSEY,
ja-23-ts Sheriff.

NO. 3151 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

John McKellip, Mortgagee, by Wm. A. McKellip, Attorney and Agent, vs. Emanuel Erb and Susan A. Erb, his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 23rd day of June, A. D., 1893, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Wm. A. McKellip, attorney and agent of John McKellip, Mortgagee, under a power of sale contained in the Mortgage from Emanuel Erb and wife, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of July next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper, printed in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 17th day of July next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,800.00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True Copy—Test:
apl-15-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

Dividend No. 154.

Union National Bank of Westminster,
Westminster, Md., June 17, 1893.

THE President and Directors of this Bank have this day declared a Semi-Annual Dividend of

FIVE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Bank, clear of National and State Taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1893. Baltimore City Taxes and County Taxes will be deducted from the Dividend. J. W. HERING,
ju-24-3t Cashier.

E. Wangerman's Restaurant,

17 N. Howard Street, Baltimore,

(35 Cent Dinners from 12 to 3.)

Is always stocked with the best the market and season afford. First-class dinners from 12 to 3 o'clock. Families visiting Baltimore can always be accommodated in a first-class dining room without extra charge. I especially invite your patronage.

apl-16-1y

Spring Grove Mills,

JOHN S. WEYBRIGHT, PROPRIETOR,



Manufacturer of Superb and Family Flours, Corn Meal, Hominy, and Mill Feed. Sawing and Chopping of all kinds. All orders for Flour and Feed will receive prompt attention.

JOHN S. WEYBRIGHT,
fe-25-tf Double Pipe Creek, Md.

DON'T buy a Binder until you consult E. R. Arnold, Machinery Dealer, Westminster, Md. my-20-2m

SEE THE BANNER BINDER, E. R. Arnold, Westminster, Agent. my-20 2m

Select Poetry.

IF IT COULD BE.

From All the Year Round.

If I could hold your hands to-night,
For just a little while and know
That only I of all the world,
Possessed them so.

A slender shape in that old chair,
If I could see you here to-night;
Between me and the twilight pale—
So light and frail.

Your cold white dress its folding lost
In one broad sweep of shadowy gray;
Your weary head just drooped aside,
The sweet old way.

Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain
The darkness crossing half your face,
And just the glimmer of a smile
For one to trace.

If I could see your eyes that reach
Far out into the furthest sky,
Where, past the trail of dying suns,
The old years lie;

Or touch your silent lips to night
And steal the sadness from their smile
And find the last kiss they have kept
This weary while.

If it could be, oh, all in vain
The restless trouble of my soul
Sets, as the great tide to the moon,
Toward your control!

In vain the longing of the lips,
The eye's desire, and the pain;
The hunger of the heart. Oh, love,
Is it in vain?

Select Story.

THE VILLAGE OPERA.

A Lesson That Was Taught by the Good Singer.

From the Christian Union.

Near a little village in the south of Saxony there dwelt a musician. It seemed that he had always been living there, and yet in appearance he was not old. His eyes were full of fire, and the dark clustering hair still fell away from his smooth, high forehead. His figure was still erect and his step buoyant and firm. He lived alone upon the mountain that hung over the pretty valley. The children could plainly see his cottage shining above them on the cliff, white against the purple shadows. "See!" they would say to each other, "that is where the good singer lives." When he came down into the little town they would stand in the doorways, smiling as he passed. But they did not have that chance very often, for mostly his way lay upward to the mountain's crest, where, above the clouds that hid the summit from the sight of those below, he spent days sitting alone in the sun. Then he would come down again to his little cottage, bringing with him beautiful songs and harmonies which he would work out in his study and set down in a music scroll.

While he was gone on these trips to the mountain top, the villagers were always on the lookout; and one of their number had leave from his work in the fields in order that he might constantly watch so as to let the others know when the singer should return. The watcher's post was high on a cliff, in full view of the path winding down from above. Here, by bending out with the aid of a stout bush, he could see the men at work far below. If the breeze were favorable, he could even hear their laughter or catch a strain of a song or two which the singer had taught them. Then, swinging himself back upon the cliff, he would watch the path that led up into the mountain. In time he would always be rewarded by a sight of the singer coming down from the rocks to his cottage below. when he came near enough, the watcher would always lean forward to catch the expression in his eyes. They seemed full of the sun, with that rare light indeed which comes only from looking down upon the world like the sun itself. Such a sight the watcher prized always as the chief treasure of his memory. He who caught it was very fortunate, for, as the singer drew nearer to the village nestling in the valley, this strange light faded slowly, and his face became as before, full indeed of nobility and sweetness, but not as luminous as it had been.

When, however, at the bidding of the watcher, the villagers thronged into the singer's study at nightfall, the lustrous eyes would half glow again with their former fire as he sang them the songs he had brought with him from the mountain top. A hush fell upon the men and women as they listened. They clasped hands silently and smiled through their happy tears. If, perchance, anyone stood in the crowd who had aught against a neighbor, his face relaxed as the singer sang, and his hand stole out shyly to his enemy, who grasped it eagerly, and the men were friends. And if two women had quarreled at their tasks, they laid their heads in women fashion upon each other's shoulders, and, weeping, became sisters once more. So the singer sang, and as the light from the hearth fire shone upon his face the villagers thought: "It is an angel who brings to us the songs he has gathered at the feet of God!"

Thus year in and out they went from the fields and from the fireside up to the little study of the singer. They brought with them their common vexations and trials. They came somewhat hardened with the week's toil and struggle, somewhat burdened with their daily cares, for they were simple folk and their valley was not over bountiful. But one by one their burdens dropped away as they listened to the singer; and they took back with them to their houses all the warmth and beauty and comfort of his songs. It happened now and then that one, touched more than usual by some song, would beg to hear it again. But smilingly the singer would answer that all the songs were being written into opera, and when he should hear the whole he would find his song again. Sometimes a mother would say, pleadingly: "Give me the little song which has spoken so comfortably to me. It is like the prattle of the little one who rests so deep that I can no longer take her in my arms." But the singer, smiling still, shook his head, and began another song so tender and sweet and yet so joyful that the villagers held their breath, and even the mother no longer yearned for the song which had been sung and was already folded away within the scroll of the great opera now almost full. They said among themselves: "How beautiful must the entire work be, since these are only parts!" Some, indeed, more outspoken than the rest, said often to the singer: "When shall we hear the whole opera?" Then the singer, smiling ever, answered: "Bide thou, friend, and never grow impatient."

At last, however, there came an evening when the singer said to his people: "The opera is done!" They cried out joyfully: "Now we shall hear it all!" But he checked them, saying; "Nay, you may not hear it yet." His voice grew very gentle, as though he grieved to disappoint them. "Good friends," he went on, tenderly, "we have dwelt very happily together, and your love has grown very dear to me. Now, however, I must leave you, for there are other songs for me to sing and other operas for me to write. I may not sing them here, for all my songs to you are sung. I must go to other villages.

But they cried; "Why dost thou leave us alone? Without thee we shall have no more singing."

He answered: "I may not linger, dear friends; for if I tarried here I should miss those other songs which will be given me to sing. Do you not know that beyond your mountain there are other villages that need the songs I have for them? Are you not willing that they should have their

[redacted]

learn it by heart, that, when I return, altogether we may sing the opera, and I will lead the whole."

He divided the scroll among them, and to each he gave his piece, some large, some small, but every one having written upon it the song that had been made for the receiver alone. Then he dismissed them tenderly. They went out weeping into the night, for they grieved bitterly at being parted from their singer. But they said among themselves: "Shall we murmur because he goes to sing to others? Nay, did he not even tell us that if he tarried he might lose the songs which he should gather upon other mountains? Surely that were a pity!" Thus they comforted themselves. And when by their own firesides each found upon his scroll the song which most had touched him in the other days, he fell weeping to his knees and thanked the good God who had given the singer this message entirely for himself.

In the morning the village stirred with a new life. The men went to the field, carrying their scrolls with them, and as they rested from their work they set about learning their song. It was truly like a meadow of unfledged larks learning to pipe. At home the women, as they busied themselves with household tasks or plied their needles, sang cheerily as they spelled out each new phrase. So through the day they worked, laughing gleefully at each other's mistakes and false notes. At night they gathered together for a moment to think of the singer who had gone from them, but had left them each his song, neither too high nor too low, but just adapted to his voice and capable of bringing out all its sweetest tones. "The good singer," they said, "how well he knew us all!"

So the days were spent in practice. If by chance anyone grew weary and his hope failed, or if cast down for the moment, he feared that the singer might not, after all, return, he would reassure himself, saying: "How grand will the whole chorus sound!" Sometimes, too, one became spiritless and discouraged over his task, rebelling at his discords. Then would another say to him: "Shall then the singer when he comes be disappointed in thee?" What if, lacking thy one part, the whole opera should wait?" Thus they cheered each other.

As the seasons waned, however, and the singer came not, the little doubts began to grow stronger, the little discouragements were less easily recovered from, and even (among the more indolent of the villagers) could be heard murmurs. "Of what use," he grumbled, "is this trill here and that note there? I never can sing it in that way; no one will know if I leave it out." Another was bolder still. "I will not trouble myself with that phrase," he would say: "I will write it over to suit myself." Still others, more self-willed than the rest, cried out: "Oh the stupid song! it was good enough for last year, but I have quite outgrown it. I am sick of its old drone. I will make another like it, but more varied and better suited to my voice, which of late has grown so much stronger." And there were one or two who found their songs so small in comparison with others that they were quite angry and gave up their parts altogether.

In vain did the wiser heads in the village remonstrate, for soon, indeed, most of the villagers had followed the lead of their bolder neighbors and altered their songs to suit themselves. So it came about that only a few retained the simple, sweet melodies which the singer had left them. Of the rest, some had put in new notes and left out old ones, some had changed the key of their song to another which they thought more suitable to their voice, and some had so varied and simplified their songs that the original theme could scarcely be discerned. Most, indeed, were, in this way and in that, quite different from the songs left them by the singer. It was true that a few who thus changed their scrolls found out their mistake too late, and tried to erase the alterations they had made. But here and there they had forgotten a note in the original melody, which, try as they might, they could not restore.

The villagers were in this condition when, one morning, as according to their custom, they looked up to the little empty cottage on the cliff, they found, to their great surprise, that it was again occupied. They had waited so long that at first they could not credit their own eyes; but as they looked they saw the yellow smoke curl up from the chimney, and they could no longer doubt that at last the singer had returned to them. With mingled feelings they awaited his summons to the study, some with joy of hope fulfilled, others with a sense of their own insufficiency and shortcomings, and some with a heavy weight of shame. And truly, many lagged behind, when the little procession wound up the mountain to the cliff. None, however, was so covered with dismay and confusion, or so steeped in ingratitude, that he stayed behind altogether. Even the most willful of them all cared too much for the singer for that. So, half-hastening, half-lingering, the villagers went to greet him.

When all were gathered together in the study they knew so well, and saw him standing as they had so often seen him, erect in the firelight, watching them with the old luminous, tender eyes, now smiling, now sad, they fell at his feet with a cry, and, holding up their worn and blotted scrolls, they sobbed out their joy and their sorrow, their struggle and their failure, like children from their tasks at school. The singer heard them with a gentle smile. He passed among them touching now one and now another who seemed most in need of comfort. By and by a hush fell upon them all.

"My people," he began slowly, "I have not lacked tidings of you in the distant village where I have dwelt. I have heard how it has fared with the songs which I have left you, and how you have forgotten the melodies which I taught you. You have spoilt their beauty and their sweetness, and you have perverted their meaning by additions and renderings of your own. But because you have not forgotten me, the singer, I have come to you that I may teach you again the songs which I sang to you. Faulty indeed now would be the opera if I should join all these blotted scrolls into one, for the harmonies are grown discordant. You must learn them over again. But that you may not fail another time, I wish you to understand the full meaning of each song that I gave you, and how necessary each is to the harmony of the whole. Then, with renewed hope and earnestness, you may set to work once more. I, therefore, knowing how you had failed, have brought with me, from other villages which have better learned the tasks which I set them, a choir of singing men who will sing your opera for you, and show how each song goes, and its place in the whole."

He opened an inner door. There, in the full glow of many candles, stood a band of men and boys, and on their faces was a light that resembled the singer's. They all carried scrolls written in the singer's own hand. He himself, stepping forward, gave them the signal. On a sudden they began all at once to sing, and the sound broke on the people like a sea of light. They raised their faces from the ground and wiped away their tears. They seemed bathed in the glorious harmony. With wonder they looked at each other. One said: "Surely that cannot be my little song!" and another: "Could mine have sounded like that?" and they clasped each other's hands as in the old days, and wept with joy. Then the singer began to sing above them all a song which they had never heard. It filled the pauses of the other songs, and glorified them.

When the last notes died away, they stood hushed and awed, and their faces shone like the faces of the choir men. They said: "Sing us again that new song." But the singer answered, smilingly: "Nay, you must learn your own songs first. Then will I sing you the new one, completing your harmonies with the master song." The villagers, still clasping each other's hands, with their hearts full of joy and love of the singer, cried out, eagerly: "Give us again our old songs that we may learn to sing them aright."

He, still smiling, took from the choir men the fresh scrolls written in his own hand, and gave them to the villagers. Then they went slowly back to their quiet valley. But the singer stood long in his study window, looking down upon them from the cliff. He smiled gently, and said softly to himself: "Bide thou, and never be impatient," just as he had so often said to his people.

THE JAM AT JUNALUSKA.

Wm Perry Brown, in National Tribune.

A tall young mountaineer, with flowing hair tossed roughly back, was playfully holding a struggling girl over the verge of a precipice that towered above a whirl of waters surging through a dismal gorge below. The girl was robust and muscular, yet Anse Granger held her easily with one hand, while he saucily shook a finger of the other as he said, laughingly:

"Now, Kate, if you 'low to fool me as you have some of the other boys in the Bend, you have gone and treed the wrong coon."

"Turn me loose, Anse Granger—turn me loose, I say!" she screamed, for she was really more alarmed than her rude admirer thought for.

"You Anse!"

"Goodness, Kate! If I turn ye loose you'll fall, sure."

As he held her she clung to his extended arm, and her usually ruddy face grew pale with anger and fear. Finally he pulled her towards himself, half embracing her with one arm. But when she felt that she was safe again, she struck him a stinging blow on the face, then released herself with a supreme effort, and sank down, sobbing violently. Though the blow must have hurt, he smiled good-naturedly.

"There, now," said he; "tit for tat, Kate. You've paid me back. Now, I want to know if you really are tryin' to serve me as ye do the rest of the boys. You know how I love you, Kate. I've been a courtin' you a mighty long while, 'nd I'm jest obleeged to have an answer."

The girl looked up, with red eyes angrily flaming.

"Have you?" she exclaimed." Well then, I—I'd see you in your grave afore I'd marry you, after the way you've treated me this very day."

"Why, Kate—"

"Don't talk to me! From this day on, I want you to keep to yourself 'nd leave me alone. If the other boys want to talk to me it's nary business of yours, Anse Granger."

She rose and confronted him, a breathing statue of feminine resentment. As he slowly comprehended her real meaning, his smile melted into an expression of sadness.

"That is all right, Kate," said he. "You can let on jest as much as you please, but I know that you know how much I've loved you 'nd waited on you, 'nd if you're a-goin' to let a little foolishness change you in this way, I'll believe what the boys say about you is true—you only want to make fools of us. But after this you can't have your way with Anse Granger."

He turned abruptly and strode down the trail leading to the camp of lumbermen on the river bank above Junaluska gorge.

Kate Carden stood motionless, while the flush of anger slowly receded before an after-rising pallor at this unexpected result of her words. The lashing of the torrent below fell shiveringly upon her ear, like an echo of coming trouble. Receding from Junaluska basin on every side rose the green-and-saffron mountain slopes until they kissed the heavens, apparently, far above all terrestrial care and passion.

Queen of hearts though she was among these mountain wilds, she found herself balked and tortured by the only man out of half a score of suitors whom she had ever owned to herself that she cared for in the least. He had accused her of cruel insincerity. Had he not spoken with some degree of truth? Was she not, after all, a coquette?

But standing there, amid the beauty and turmoil of the wild scene—questioning herself closely—she began to feel that things were not with her altogether as they had seemed to be. Nature was, somehow, reft of its usual charm. Without the sense of Granger's devotion, on which she had leaned, even while she tortured him, her small atom of the world felt quite cheerless now.

An hour later found her busy over the raftsmen's dinner at the long, low log cabin, planted centrally before the broadest sweep of the river above Junaluska gorge. Con. Carden, her father, herded cattle in the summer and logged on the Junaluska in winter, while his wife and daughter cooked for more or less of the hands.

The early rains had supplemented the thawing of the snows on the "big" mountains and the three forks of the Junaluska were thundering down the ravine with ever-increasing power.

A boom was stretched across the river at Junaluska basin against which thousands of logs were pushing, as their number was hourly increased by the growing floods.

A score or more of mountaineers were lounging in to dinner from the woods and river. Anse Granger was with them, but his cherry voice was strangely silent.

"Well, Kate," said Ab Snider, an oft-rejected yet ever good-natured admirer of the girl, "what was you a-doin' up about the cliff this mornin'; 'nd what's the matter with Anse anyhow?"

The men were eating, and Kate set down a plate of cooked greens before Snider with a thump, saying:

"There's what I was a-doin'. If I didn't projeck around, here and yonder, it's precious little b'iled poke 'nd mustard as you alls would get. As for Anse, if you're cur'ous to know what ails him, you'd better ask him. I'm not mindin' Anse Granger's business, myself."

Anse said nothing, though his brow contracted, while Kate gloried in her independence of speech, at the expense of an additional heartache, as she noted his increasing gloom.

After dinner the men lounged before the door for awhile. Over Junaluska basin the sky was clear, yet afar off the great mountains still wore the grey garb of mist and storm. The thunder of the rising river echoed ominously to the practiced ears of the lumbermen.

"That thar roarin' means more fallin' weather," remarked one. "A frash are a good thing, but too much puddin' would make a dog sick. I'm afraid, boys, that boom 'll go tonight.

"If them t'under-heads busts up yander," said Con Carden, "there'll be a jam in Junaluska gorge before long—shore."

The men went to their work of letting the logs, one by one, through the boom. Anse lingered behind long enough to catch Kate by the arm in the passage between the dining-room and the kitchen.

"Kate," said he, "I hate to stay mad with you, after all as has passed between us. Let's make friends."

"Hands off, Anse Granger!" exclaimed she, releasing herself with some vigor. "You'd better run after Em Caythorp; I ain't a carin'."

"What do I care for Em Caythorp?" he returned. "Let's you 'nd I make up, Kate."

"You used to like to talk to Het Williams," said she, still mockingly, though with an inward twinge. Don't mind about me; I'm jest a findin' out what a pretty boy George Shaw is gettin' to be."

"Deuce take George Shaw!" he burst forth, feeling as if the last straw had been added to his already overburdened endurance. "The boys are right—you only like to make them as is fools enough to love ye miserable. Let me go."

He strode angrily away, while Kate went slowly about her work with a serious face. Her triumph, after all, was not an enjoyable one.

Junaluska gorge extends for nearly a mile between two irregular lines of cliff, in a manner not unlike a Rocky mountain canyon. The river sweeping fiercely through, debouches into a more open valley below.

The thunder-heads on the "big" mountain did burst; the floods again descended, and about five o'clock that afternoon the boom broke. In a few minutes a jam was discovered near the middle of the gorge. As the waters rose logs from above came thumping down by the hundred. It was evident that something must be done at once, or the jam would assume such proportions as to defeat all efforts at dislodging it.

Kate, sitting in the front porch of her father's cabin, saw a "dugout" canoe leave the shore and make for the upper end of the gorge. Her father was approaching from the river at a half run.

"Father," she asked, "who are them men as is a-goin' to risk their lives for a passel of old logs?"

"Jump up, Kate," cried Mr. Carden, "an' fetch me that thar long inch-rope we use to windlass up the rafts with. Anse Granger, John White 'nd Doak Spurlin have gone down the gorge to the jam. We—why don't you hurry up girl? Dark's comin' on 'nd we've a sight to do,"

Kate stood speechless and staring. Her father stamped his foot impatiently, and she turned to look for the rope like one in a dream.

Ten minutes later Con Carden and several others were standing on the Red Cliff, a huge precipice that overhung a large rock midway of the gorge. Here was where the jam had formed.

Kate followed them, regardless of the supper she was to prepare, regardless of everything, save that Anse had gone, perhaps, to his death, and that—she loved him dearly. The results of her own petty resentment wrung her heart as she remembered his last attempt at reconciliation, which she had so cruelly repulsed.

Now she stood beside her father on the Red Cliff. Below was a savage roar and a white dash of spray and the grinding thud of descending logs. Her ears, half deafened by the noise, were strained to catch the sound of voices that might, even now, be forever silenced.

The sun was sinking; chilling shadows were enveloping the gorge. The men were lowering a rope. Mr. Carden, lying down, peered into the seething abyss below.

"There's two men on the rock," said he. "Hit looks like they've broke loose a part of the jam."

"Only two men, father?" cried Kath.

She threw herself down and peered over. What if the missing one were Anse Granger.

"That's it, boys," she heard her father say. "A leetle further down. There! he's ketched it—he's got it under his arms. Now, pull stiddy, boys 'nd don't frazzle the rope."

A human form was dangling over the gulf below, drenched with spume and swinging wildly. Was it Anse? She hid her face as she heard the horrible rasp of the rope over the edge of the cliff—the hard breathing of a man—then, after a time, a scraping of feet and Doak's heavy voice:

"Hit was a tight squeeze, boys, 'nd about the wust place I ever was in."

"Who's on the rock now?" Kate heard her father ask,

"John White."

Her heart gave a fearful leap.

"Well, Doak, where's Anse?"

Kate sprang to her feet as Spurlin's slow words came like an echo of doom,

"Jest afore the jam broke the end of a log hit the dugout kerblim! Down she went, 'nd Anse he went along too."

She waited to hear no more, but without a word she glided behind the unheeding group, conscious that Granger's body must be somewhere below the gorge, and that she must and it, and, perhaps, die. There seemed to be nothing else that she cared to do now.

"Lower away, boys," called Carden, but the words were an indifferent affair to the despairing girl, who with dilated eyes and torn garments struggled along the rough and perilous path above the gorge that led to the valley below.

"He has gone to his death," she faltered. "I—I don't care much how soon I go to mine either. Perhaps I'll meet him—where?"

Her query was suddenly and unexpectedly answered as the form of Anse Granger, drenched, bruised, his clothing torn, his face unnaturally pale, glided around a sharp bend of the path.

"Good God!" she gasped. "Its his ghost!"

She would have fallen, but strong arms held her, a warm breath fanned her brow. Her eyes reopened. The hands of the ghost felt like life, and the voice she now heard made her heart throb anew.

"No, Kate, I ain't quite a ghost yet, though I come tolerable nigh gettin' to be one—shore."

"Doak said as how a log hit ye," whimpered the girl.

"I was in the dugout when a log did strike it, 'nd down she went, jest ahead of the jam. Then the canoe busted herself on a rock. I managed to climb a log and on I scooted. I was whirled under 'nd knocked about pretty considerable, but I got ashore, 'nd here I am. Now, Kate, what are you a-doin' way up here?"

There was no reply, yet her face hid itself against his wet and ragged bosom.

"Are you still mad, or are you jest a puttin' on?"

No answer still, though one arm stole gently round his neck. Anse smiled.

"Are you ever goin' to treat me in any such way again?"

Kate's arm slightly tightened its clasp.

"Now, Kate, I want you to up 'nd kiss me right smack in the mouth."

But this last humiliation was averted by the appearance of Kate's father and the other men. Carden stared at Anse and his daughter, then turned to his friends with a knowing grin.

"Anse makes a right peart kind of a corpse, boys," he remarked; "jest about peart enough to be causin' of a weddin' 'round here afore long, I reckon.

Traits of Turkish Nomads.

From Popular Science Monthly.

The Yuruks, indeed, assert that human souls return into the bodies of animals, and that the spirits of the latter take also a human form and appear at determined epochs. This is certainly the reason they are so kind to animals. M. Elisee Reclus says that a Yuruk loves his horse as much as his family. The horses have their place under the tent, and it is not uncommon to see them warmly wrapped in a magnificent robe when the Yuruk and his children are covered with rags. Some other customs attest also a pagan origin; in the Orient everybody knows that the Yuruks worship certain trees and rocks. These facts yield sufficient evidence that monotheism is by no means the essential dogma of their religion.

Among the qualities possessed by the Yuruk, hospitality is, no doubt, prominent. Deprived, by the very influence of his adventurous life, of all the fierce instincts which characterize the Turkomans; restricted, by his occupations, to the woods, the plains, or the mountains; constantly exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, to dangers and enemies of all kinds, the Yuruk has conceived a generous and noble idea of hospitality and he practices it with disinterestedness and pleasure. His tent, whether in his presence or in his absence, is always open to the traveler, and food and drink in abundance are given him. The tents of the Yuruks are square, and made of a sort of thick black woolen cloth.

Aside from the information I have given here, nothing precise is known of their private life. For instance, nobody ever knew what became of their dead, as no one has ever seen a cemetery. All I am able to say is that the body of the deceased is placed on a black mule, destined exclusively for that use, and thus carried to a mountain. There, I am not aware whether it is cremated or buried; but, as I was told that they also take a sheaf of firewood, it is safe to believe that cremation takes place.

When you bury animosity don't put any flowers on its grave.

No man has any lasting power for good who cannot control himself.

There is something to be said in favor of indolence when a man is too lazy to run in debt.

Thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.

Some men go fishing to get fish, and some don't; those that don't generally get what they go for.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2298-0122