AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1.00 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1895. VOL. 64--NO. 21.

TROTTING
AND
Running Races
AT PLEASURE PARK,
WESTMINSTER, MD., ON
FRIDAY and SATURDAY,
JUNE 14 and 15, 1895,
beginning at 1 o'clock, P. M.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14th.

1st—Running Race, ¾ mile dash, purse, $100; 1st $75, 2nd $25.
2nd—Trotting, 3 minute class, purse, $125, 1st $75, 2nd $30, 3rd $20.
3rd—Running Race, ½ mile heats, 2 in 3, purse, $125; 1st $100, 2nd $25.
4th—Trotting Race, 2.30 class, purse, $150; 1st $100, 2nd $30, 3rd $20.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15th.

1st—Running Race, ¾ mile dash, purse $100; 1st $75, 2nd $25.
2nd—Trotting Race, 2.40 class, purse, $125; 1st $75, 2nd $30, 3rd $20.
3rd—Running Race, ½ mile heats, 2 in 3, purse, $125; 1st $100, 2nd $25.
4th—Trotting and Pacing Race—Free for all, purse, $200; 1st $125, 2nd $50, 3rd $25.

Entrance Fee 5 per cent. of purse; winners to pay 5 per cent. additional; five or more to enter and three to start. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof will receive but one money. All entries must be accompanied by entrance fee. Entrance closes June 6th, 10 o'clock, P. M. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Secretary for privileges. For further information address the Secretary, Westminster, Md.

GENERAL ADMISSION, - - 25 CENTS.
VEHICLES, 15 CENTS.

The association reserves the right to postpone or declare off any race. All trotting races will be best 3 in 5.

No liquor will be sold on the grounds. The races will be under the rules of the National Trotting Association.

P. J. BENNETT, President.
JOHN E. STONESIFER Secretary. a-27-td

ANDERS THE TAILOR.
You'll Want One.

In view of the fact that a Dollar now looks as big as the bottom of a basket and that fifteen of them will make a bushel of money, I have decided to start the

SPRING SEASON

aright by selling Anders' special

Imported Worsteds at $15

per Suit, made to order. They are the best goods on the market for the price and this is the only place to get them.

I have the finest line of

FANCY SUITINGS,

in the market, from $13 up to $25, and also a fine line of

Spring Overcoats,

at prices that can't be surpassed. Our line of

$5.00 PANTS

is right in it. Light, and Dark Patterns made to order.

Special.

I have a fine line of goods that I am going to cut loose on. Imported Suits that we get $23 00 for we will make up for $19 00 and our $25.00 Suits we will make up for $20.00. Now we don't add on the price and then take off, but these are the regular prices of the suits.

My Gents' Furnishing Goods department is always in the lead and I always get the latest. We have the latest novelties in Neckwear, Gloves, Collars and everything pertaining to a Gents' Outfit. Our line of Shirts, both in White and Colored, can not be equalled outside of the city. Prices from 25 cents up to $1.50. We have the finest line of Negligee Shirts that any one wants to put on for 50 cents. Come and look at them. Anders the Tailor.

P. S.—Don't monkey with second rate tailors or Ready-made Clothing, when you can buy of us at the above prices. In regard to our workmanship my son has learned to cut by the latest improved system and we guarantee a fit or no sale; and remember we don't have women to make and finish our suits off.

J. T. ANDERS,
34 West Main St., Westminster, Md.
Opposite Westminster Savings Institution.
oc-25

Stoner's Nurseries,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

ATTENTION FARMERS AND FRUIT GROWERS.

I have a fine assortment of Apple, Peach, Plum, Apricot, Pear and Cherry Trees, Blackberries, Raspberries, Japan Wineberries, Lucretia Dewberries, Juneberries, Asparagus, Currants, Gooseberries, H. P. Roses and Climbing Roses, and all kinds of Ornamental Trees, all in thrifty condition.

You can save a large per cent. by buying Home Grown Stock, getting it Healthier and Cheaper than by buying stock raised and sold by foreign agents.

My trees are ready as soon as the weather is fit, to plant this spring.

Thanking my customers for their past patronage and hoping to have their future trade.

I am, Respectfully,
E. STONER,
Office 168 West Main street,
se-15-1y. Westminster, Md.

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 estate of

EDEN ENGLEMAN,

late of Carroll county, in the State of Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 7th day of December, 1895; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 7th day of May, 1895.

ELIZA ENGLEMAN,
FRANCIS E. REESE,
m-11-4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

DANIEL HELTABRIDLE,

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 6th day of December, 1895; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand, this 6th day of May, 1895.

AARON F. HELTABRIDLE,
m-11-4t Executor.

NO. 2836 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

In the matter of the Trust Estate of William A. Wampler, William A. McKellip and Charles T. Reifsnider, Trustees.

ORDERED, this 14th day of May, A. D. 1895, that the sales of the lots of land made and reported in this case by Charles T. Reifsnider and William A. McKellip, Trustees, under the power contained in the deed of trust from William A. Wampler, to them, in their third report of sales, to Dr. Joshua W. Hering at private sale, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 18th day of June, 1895; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, for three successive weeks previous to the 10th day of June, 1895. The report states the amount of sales to be $1800.

CHAS. B. ROBERTS.
True Copy—Test:
my-18-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

MRS. E. B. MALEHORN

Has received a full line of SPRING MILLINERY, in the latest and most fashionable styles, and at prices to suit all. The ladies are respectfully requested to call and examine her stock. Stamping and Pinking done.

MRS. E. B. MALEHORN,
No. 62 West Main St., Westminster.
ap-6-3-m

WANTED.

Lady and Gentlemen Canvassers for Standard Goods. Big commission, or salary. For particulars address
m-11-3t* BOX 74, Westminster, Md.

OUR FIELD

Is in Westminster, but by no means confined to Westminster.

While we shoe more Westminsterians and residents of the adjoining towns than are shod by any other shoe firm, our shoes are extensively sold all over the county and adjoining counties. We enjoy the enviable reputation of

Selling Reliable Shoes Only,

and of being the lowest priced retailers of good Shoes and Hats in the county.

We sell no Poor Shoes at any price. Sell the Finest Goods made.

But have good Shoes as low as follows:

Infants' Button Shoes, 25 cents.
Children's School Shoes, 75 cents.
Ladies' Low Cut Shoes, 50 cents.
Ladies' Kid Button Patent Leather Tip, $1.00.
Men's Dress or Working Shoes, $1.00.
Men's Splendid Tan Shoes, $1.50.

HATS! HATS!

To produce a more complete line of Men's, Boys', and Children's Fur and Straw than can be found at this magnificient Hat Store.

In Men's Stiff Hats we have all the latest styles in Blacks and Browns.

Soft Hats, 25 cts. and up.

Boys' and Children's Wear, almost every style and shape that can be seen in the leading city stores.

U. L. REAVER,
Reliable Shoe House,
Next Door to Postoffice,
Leading Shoe and Hat House of
feb-2-1y Westminster, Md.

Special Notice.

We have just opened our store, on the 15th of April, 1895, on

WEST MAIN STREET,
ONE DOOR WEST OF
Geiselman's Furniture Store.

Our stock embraces a full line of

Dry Goods,
Notions,
Clothing,
Shoes,
and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

WE SELL GOODS AT

Rock Bottom Prices.

We would be pleased to have our friends and customers and the public generally to give us a call and be convinced that they will save 25 cents on the dollar by purchasing goods from us. Yours for Bargains,

BOSTON BARGAIN HOUSE,
No. 54 West Main St., Westminster.
LOUIS BLUMBERG & BRO., Proprietors.
ap-20-1y

A GOLD MINE
FOUND IN WESTMINSTER

would doubtless be a happy find, especially at this time, but the next best thing is to call at

JOS. E. SHREEVE'S
NEW GROCERY STORE,
69 E. Main St., Westminster, Md.

Piles of new fresh goods of every description to eat:

Staple and Fancy Groceries and Provisions,

Choice Confectionery, Flour, Fruit, Fancy Cakes, Bread and Rolls, Drugs and Patent Medicines, Cigars and Tobacco.

Highest prices paid for Eggs and Lard in exchange for goods.

☞ Goods delivered free of charge.

Please give me a call. No trouble to show goods. Thanking the public for their past patronage, I solicit a liberal share in the future.

Yours Respectfully,
mr-16-1y JOSEPH E. SHREEVE.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Having Remodeled our Mill with the very Latest Improved Machinery, known as the

PLANSIFTER SYSTEM,

We are now prepared to manufacture a flour that we

GUARANTEE TO BE EQUAL

to any flour manufactured from winter wheat. Bread made from this system is whiter, sweeter and will stay moist longer than any winter wheat straight grade flour manufactured.

Ask for Engler's Family and Plansifter Flour. Once tried always used.

Highest cash price paid for choice milling wheat.

Feed of all kinds always on hand. Hoping for a liberal share of the public patronage we are respectfully,

S. P. ENGLER & SON,
ap13-1y New Windsor, Md.

MACHINE SHOP.

REPAIRNG OF
Engines,
Boilers,
Steam Pumps, Mill Work,
THRESHING MACHINES
AND
Agricultural Implements

of every description, in the best manner. Shafting and all kinds of Brass and Iron Castings furnished.

L. A. HALLER, Machinist,
Cor. Green and Liberty Streets,
ap-13-1y Westminster, Md.

ASK for Applewood Whiskey at STRASBURGERS S.

DON'T FAIL
to visit the
Harness and Carriage Emporium, of
J. W. SHUNK,
If You Want Bargains.
We Lead in this Line.

We have the largest, best and cheapest lot of goods ever shown in this city.

Our Harness, Fly Nets and Lap Dusters

are above the average in quality and at

Rock Bottom Prices.

WE WOULD JUST SAY:

Don't be fooled on prices, as that is really the most important part after all.

We have in stock and for sale cheap, all the Leading Brands of

Cattle Powders.

Call and see me and be convinced.

J. W. SHUNK,
Opposite Catholic Church,
my-4-1y Westminster Md.

Harper's Bazar
IN 1895.

Elegant and exclusive designs for Out-door and Indoor Toilettes, drawn from Worth models by Sandoz and Chapuis, are an important feature. These appear every week, accompanied by minute descriptions and details. Our Paris Letter, by Katharine de Forest, is a weekly transcript of the latest styles and caprices in the mode. Under the head of New York Fashions, plain directions and full particulars are given as to shapes, fabrics, trimmings, and accessories of the costumes of well-dressed women. Children's Clothing receives practical attention. A fortnightly Pattern-sheet Supplement enables readers to cut and make their own gowns. The woman who takes HARPER'S BAZAR is prepared for every occasion in life, ceremonious or informal, where beautiful dress is requisite.

An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughter, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly laid in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt.

Send for Illustrated Prospectus

The Volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each. Title-page and Index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year	$4.00
Harper's Weekly,	" "	4.00
Harper's Bazar,	" "	4.00
Harper's Young People,	" "	2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

Ice Cream, Water Ice
—AND—
PURE SPRING-WATER ICE.

The attention of the citizens of Westminster and vicinity is called to my well known Ice Cream and Water Ice of the best quality. Private families furnished by the gallon or half-gallon. Special attention given to furnishing Festivals or Picnics. Orders delivered in the city or at the railroad station free of charge.

I have the largest supply of Ice this season, that I ever housed and of the best quality, from 8 to 12 inches thick, at 10 per cent. less in price than last season.

Send orders to Postoffice Box 14. Those wanting Cream for Sunday should send in their orders by 3 o'clock, Saturday afternoon.

J. D. CROWL,
ap 20-3m. Westminster, Md.

At Manufacturers' Wholesale Prices.

PIANOS, - - - - -	$110.00 up
ORGANS, - - - - -	22.00 "
SEWING MACHINES, - - -	10.00 "
BICYCLES, - - - - -	15.00 "
TYPEWRITERS, - - - -	10.00 "

Everything new and shipped direct from the factory if desired. Send for our large catalogue giving full description and wholesale prices of many kinds and styles of above goods; state what you need when sending for catalogue.

THE MANUFACTURERS' SUPPLY CO.,
M. L. MAIN, MANAGER,
No. 13 East Franklin street (near Market,)
ap-7-tf HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Dividend Notice.

The President and Directors of the Westminster and Meadow Branch Turnpike Company have this day declared a Dividend of THREE PER CENT. on the capital stock of said company for the past year, payable on and after the 18th of May, 1895, at the First National Bank of Westminster, Md.

JOHN D. ROOP, Treasurer.
Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Secretary.
May 6th, 1895. my-11-3t

Wm. B. Thomas,
BANKER AND BROKER,
83 E. MAIN ST., - WESTMINSTER, MD.

Loans Money, Discounts Paper, Negotiates Loans and gives attention to Collections. Also acts as agent for the purchase and sale of Real Estate—city property as well as farms. Special attention given to renting and leasing property. mr-23-6mo*

GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

Special and prompt attention given to collections and settlement of estates.

OFFICE ON COURT STREET,
Near Main, in Albaugh Buildin

HARRY M. CLABAUGH. JOHN M. ROBERTS
CLABAUGH & ROBERTS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
ALBAUGH UILDING,
COURT STREET, - WESTMINSTER, MD
a-9-92-tf

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.

"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.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D.,
125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.,
jan 27 94 2y New York City.

Harper's Magazine
IN 1895.

The Simpletons, a new novel by Thomas Hardy, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and the Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the MAGAZINE a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the MAGAZINE.

Send for Illustrated Prospectus.

The Volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid. Title-page and Index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	ONE YEAR.	$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	" "	4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	" "	4.00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,	" "	2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

THE CENTURY
IN 1895.

Taking advantage of the general revival of interest in the Great Emperor, The Century will print during 1895

A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON, MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED.

The Century is famous for its great historical serials, and never in its history has a greater one been projected than this new "Life of Napoleon," written by Prof. William M. Sloane, of Princeton, who has spent many years in preparation for his work. Thus far no biography of "the man of destiny" has appeared in either English or French that is free from rancor and attentive to the laws of historical criticism. The Century has secured it—the great, all-round, complete and interesting history of the life of one of the most marvelous of men. No matter how much you already know of Napoleon, you will want to read this;—here is the concentration of all the lives and memoirs. The illustrations will be magnificent—the wealth of the Century's art department will be lavished upon them. Two members of the staff have just returned from Paris, where they have been securing all that is best of Napoleonic material. New portraits will be printed, great historical paintings reproduced, and Castaigne and other modern artists have drawn anew some of the great scenes of Napoleon's life of this history.

In addition to this there will be

A NEW NOVEL BY MARION CRAWFORD.

The title is "Casa Braccio," and it is a romance of Italy, full of human passion and exciting episode.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

will be published during the year. It is called "An Errant Wooing," and is a tale of wandering (and love) among new scenes of travel in Northern Africa and Southern Spain.

OTHER FEATURES

will be several familiar papers on "Washington in Lincoln's Time," by Noah Brooks, who was on terms of unusual intimacy with the War President; "The Cathedrals of France" by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Many more serials will be announced later.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

contributes his First American Story to the December number of The Century.

THE PRICE

of The Century is $4.00 a year. "No home is complete without it." Begin subscriptions with November number. Whatever other magazines you may take, you must have The Century. All agents and dealers take subscriptions, or remittance may be made directly to

THE CENTURY COMPANY,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Send for our beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "The Century Co. and its Work," and mention where you saw this.

IF YOU NEED BONDSMEN,
—AS—
TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIAN OR FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSES,

Do not annoy your neighbors and friends by asking them to go upon your bond, but apply to the Fidelity and Deposit Co., of Maryland. This Company has half a million Capital and $200,000 surplus, and will go on your bond for any purpose, at a cost of from $10 up, or for a small percentage of your commissions. It costs you nothing to make an application.

Apply to CHAS. E. FINK,
Resident Director, Court street,
ja-27-tf Westminster, Md.

JOSEPH M. PARKE
Attorney-at-Law
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY

WILL practice in the various Courts of Carroll county. Special attention given to Orphans Court business. May be consulted for the present at the office of the Register of Wills, or at his residence on Court St., Westminster, Md. ja5-1

GUY W. STEELE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Westminster, Md.

OFFICE, COURT STREET, IN ALBAUGH BUILDING. sep-20-tf

Select Poetry.

REMEMBER THE BRAVE.

Remember the brave who are peacefully sleeping;
Undaunted they stood on the red battle-line;
Columbia hath given their graves to our keeping,
Where blossoms the laurel, where bendeth the pine.
Pluck for the gallant the beautiful blossoms—
Lilies and roses, and myrtle and spray—
Over the sod which doth cover their bosoms
Scatter the heaven-kissed treasures of May.

Never forget that they died in their glory
And youth, noble heroes of Liberty's clime!
The deeds that they did will immortalize story,
And live like the stars to the ending of time;
Remember them all with the wreath of devotion,
In every fair blossom Love's pledges renew;
They fought on the land and they died on the ocean—
Wreaths for the heroes who slumber in blue!

The peace that prevails where our flag floats in splendor
All over the country this hallowed May,
We owe to each gallant, immortal defender
Who rests in his uniform sweetly to-day;
Then come with the flowers for all who are sleeping,
Beautiful chaplets by gratitude blest;
Remember, Columbia hath left to our keeping,
The graves of the bravest, the truest, and best.

Select Story.

A WAR ROMANCE.

Writen for Memorial Day.

To the little telegraph office at the foot of the mountain Sam Chester rode up and dismounted. It had been a burning day, and the evening air was still almost stifling.

Just beyond the door, which stood open, he caught sight of a faultless figure, and saw that the girl who watched the instrument was reading in the last light of the dying day. He knew her, Sam did, and he had often wondered what had brought her from a pleasant home at the North to a station like that in the heart of the Gila country.

The very loneliness of the place had thrown them more or less together, but nothing like love had, as yet, passed between them; though Sam, old soldier that he was, had thought what a pretty wife he would have if he could win her.

"They're not all alike, the women," he would say to himself, when he was watching her from the platform, half fearing to address her, though he knew that he would meet with a welcome, no matter how busy she was. "The boys used to say in the army that I was doomed to live out my days without a wife, but I don't know. I rather like Bess—perhaps because we're both from the same State; but"——"

This would always be the end of his musing, and he would steal away if Bess happened to come in sight, and she would see nothing more of him the rest of the day.

But on this particular afternoon Sam came to the door, and touched his hat to the girl, who laid the book aside and asked him if a storm was coming.

"I don't know about that," said Sam. "I don't think we are going to have the sort of storm you fear, Miss Bess, but the Indians are up again down on the river, and we're apt to have trouble with them."

"Oh, I hope not. They came by here to-day and nodded pleasantly to me. But, look heve, one of your old army companions dropped in upon me this afternoon."

"One of my pards?" echoed Sam.

"At least he said he was."

"What did he call himself?"

"Jack Dawson."

In an instant Sam fell back, white at the lips, and the girl, who happened to be looking at his hands, saw them shut impulsively.

He did not like the thought of Jack Dawson coming to these parts, at least not while such a vision of female loveliness filled the chair in the telegraph office.

Bess turned and looked after him a moment, and then went back to her novel.

"What makes that man hunt me up in this fashion?" mused Sam. "That old quarrel sticks in his craw yet, and we will have to have a settlement when we come together. Jack Dawson, it was the day before the opening at Gettysburg, and you took the initiative and gave me that brutal insult. It was all about a girl, but she's been dead these ten years, and neither of us won her, and now you come down here just to rob me again.

"I'm not going to stop till I've found him. We've got to fight it out some time and it may as well be now. This world, big as it is, is too small for us and the meeting has to come. I'll take the Wildfire trail after I've had a bite, and mebbe I'll hear something of him in that direction."

Sam was as good as his word, and after a bite he mounted his horse and rode away.

The old ranchman knew the trails of the region. Danger had never daunted him, and from being the devil of the regiment he could be as gentle as the woman and his hands were as soft as a girls.

Three hours later Sam was a long distance from his bachelor home, and in the wildest part of the Gila country.

"It's him," he said half aloud. "It's Jack as large as life, and the only enemy I had in the old army."

Sam crept nearer, leading his horse by the rein, and when near the cabin he stopped and seemed to draw back with a dark frown.

"He doesn't look for me. No, he never dreams that I am here and I could startle him out of his boots."

All at once the man in front of the shanty knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked up.

What did he see?

In the light stood the man he had not met in nearly twenty years!

For a moment the twain stood face to face, and Sam, advancing, impulsively said:

"At last! You didn't look for me, Jack, eh?"

"For you in this country? Heavens, no! I heard you were somewhere in Arizona, but I never thought of being surprised in this manner."

"How are you fixed, Sam?"

"Tolerable."

"Married?"

"No, of course not. I've found one pretty girl in this God-forsaken land. I don't say that because she came from the old State, but she's an angel all the same. I mean the one up yonder at the station."

"Bess?"

"Is that her name?" said Jack.

"By thunder! you knew it was!" and Sam drew closer, and looked daggers at the undisturbed face of the man he hated.

"I did not ask her what her name was," was the reply. "I happened to pull up there the other day, and this very day, too. She is a pretty girl, Sam; but we'll not discuss beauty now. Where do you live?"

Livid with ill suppressed rage, Sam could hardly talk, but he managed to tell Jack that he had a little ranch, and was making a good living.

"We don't get to decorate to-morrow," said Jack, after a moment's silence.

"I hadn't thought of that."

"It's the 30th, you know."

"Yes."

"The boys will get the wreath and the eulogy, and we—why, hang it all, Sam—we won't get anything."

There was no reply, and Sam Chester looked at the old pard with eyes that boded him no good.

They swapped army reminiscences to some extent, but Sam Chester's heart was not in the game and he soon withdrew, declining the invitation to pass the night at Jack's shanty.

* * * * *

Sam Chester stood in front of his shanty and saw the soaring vultures as they spread their wings over the plain and swooped down upon the fresh morsel which the night had brought for the carrion feast.

It was the day after his sudden interview with his old enemy.

After breakfast he rode his ranch, as was his custom, and then galloped toward the little railroad station where Bess held down the keys.

"Gods! What was that?"

He drew rein, and then stood erect in his broad stirrups.

"There's trouble at the station!" he cried, sinking the spurs into the black steed's bowels, and in an instant was off like the wind.

Horror came to his face when he rode out from the cacti and saw the little station-house.

Smoke was curling over a mass of ruins, and as he hastened on he heard reports of firearms, and then caught sight of some men who were not Indians circling off over the sand.

"Bandits!"

It was a raid, and when he thought of Bess's beauty, when he comprehended all that a border foray meant, he grew pale, and for an instant seemed to totter in the saddle.

Down upon the ruined station he came with the fury of a storm, and, drawing rein in front of the scene, looked around for a glimpse of Bess.

But the girl was gone, and, though he looked everywhere he could see nothing that would remind him of her safety.

He turned to the bandits riding off, and now dark specks against the horizon.

"There was a fight here," he said, "but who resisted them—Bess?"

The rascals had cut the wires, and Sam saw that some sanguinary work had taken place, which probably accounted for the burning of the office.

"This was a premeditated attack. They knew the girl was defenseless, and that's why they came. They wanted to get even with the company for issuing that merciless order against bandits last summer. I think I know who did this piece of work, and he shall pay dearly for it."

Sam rode from the scene of ruin with a heavy heart.

He looked up at the cloudless sky and thought for a momnet of the sacredness of the day. There were to be no memorial exercises for him, though he knew that his comrades scattered over the land would keep it sacred, and strew flowers in more than a thousand places.

But for him a hunt for vengeance!

Sam struck a trail and followed it.

"I don't know what this means," he ejaculated. "Here I am going toward Jack Dawson's ranch. The trail leads from the station, and he said that Bess was a beauty—curse him! I wonder what this means, anyhow."

On, on, over the arid waste, and at last through the cacti pass which would let him out upon the ranch tenanted by his old foe.

Sam was breathing hard when he emerged from the bushes and rode into the open. He looked forward and saw the little shanty where he had encountered his rival. The door was open, and he caught sight of a figure standing like a statue there in the hot rays of the sun.

"Great heavens! it looks like Bess!" cried Sam, feeling his blood in his hot temples.

He shut his eyes and then opened them, but the vision was still before him. Bess was in the door, but she had not seen him, and he rode on, wondering what she would say and how he should meet her. Bess in Jack Dawson's shanty. It was a torture; it was the next thing to death!

All at once the girl turned and faced him.

She looked at him a moment, and then bounded from the shanty.

"Don't" cried Sam, holding up his hands. "I see all. You've been won by my old enemy, and——"

He did not stop her, for she came on, and then he saw how white she was and how the hand trembled when it was laid upon his knee while the blue eyes of the girl were lifted in mute appeal.

"Go in and see him," she said. "It was all for me Sam. He came to the station just ahead of the bandits and faced them with the Winchester, fighting the whole band until they gave him the wound which has just finished him."

Something seemed to mount up into Sam Chester's throat and choke him.

He looked toward the ranch shanty and then down into the eyes of Bess.

"You don't tell me he's dead?" he stammered.

"Come and see," was the reply. "He saved me from the bands, but it cost a brave life."

Sam seemed to shrink from the ordeal, but he dismounted and crossed the threshold of the lone shanty, where, with uncovered head, he stood gazing down upon the sunburnt face which despite its shadow, wore the hue of death.

Bess stood aloof and looked on.

"It was the day before Gettysburg, and we were marching along the pike when we quarreled. I guess I would have finished him then if the Captain hadn't interfered; and if I had he wouldn't have saved you from the bandits, Bess."

The girl made no reply.

"I know what I can do, and that's not very much," continued Sam.

She watched him as he left the shanty, and after awhile he came back to her.

"I've found a quiet spot," said he "I don't think the coyotes will ever find it, and the vultures will miss a feast. You needen't help me, Bess. I would like to do it all myself. We're not enemies now."

She saw him carry the body off on his horse, She stood in the door with her hands folded and something bright in her eyes. She wondered, perhaps, what the man's thoughts were, and when he came back with a tiny flower in his hand, she greeted him with a smile of thankfulness.

"I could find but two flowers, Bess," he said. "One of them I laid upon his grave—for this is Memorial Day--and the other I have brought you."

She took the fragile bud and pressed it to her lips, and when their eyes met again there was no need for Sam Chester to ask that question which on many a former occasion had trembled on his lips.

The more we stir the fires of life the sooner are our energies burned to ashes.

Our Brave Defenders.

Again Memorial day will call us to assemble to pay our tribute of respect, love and veneration for the heroic dead. No sight so quickens the heart of the veteran as to see the children with their baskets of flowers at the graves of his comrades. Why is it that we observe Memorial day after the lapse of these many years; no governor directed it, yet in every state of this union it is religiously observed. It is a custom no other nation or people ever followed. All nations have honored their soldiery; they have welcomed home their victorious armies with many demonstrations of love and affection. Monuments have been reared to perpetuate their memories. It has been left to the American volunteer soldiery to inaugurate Memorial day. Better than all monuments, better than all triumphal arches, better than all statues, is this beautiful tribute. Better by far that this country have no granite shafts than to forget this sacred day. It is a living, breathing, patriotism revived each year. It is a monument rebuilt annually in the hearts on the people. Granite or bronze monuments are erected but once. It is by far the best lesson of loyalty that could be taught to the children, who are soon to be the men and women of the nation. Better for the nation that its children and youth remember this day than it have armies as large as those of Europe. No war of disunion will come to this country so long as it observes Memorial day, which securely entrenched in the hearts of the people will make the government safer than a myriad of forts bristling with cannon. It matters little how large or small may be the standing army if we give to the people the education this day teaches. It is a day which people themselves created. It is founded upon the best and holiest sentiments of our nature. At Gettysburg Lincoln said: "We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave up their lives that the nation might live. It is altogeter fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground." And so each year, on the 30th of May, as we gather to dedicate anew the hallowed ground, where rest the "brave" —"we in a higher sense cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow the ground"—the brave men who on a hundred battle fields gave their lives that the nation might survive, have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or detract. It is for us to dedicate ourselves to the work of perpetuating the Union they preserved—"the country they saved"—to the end that their devotion which ended with their lives shall not have been in vain.

"Honor our brave defenders,
Heroes who wore the blue,
Valiant and firm and fearless,
Trusty and tried and true!"

The Living and the Dead.

As we strew the flowers over the resting places of departed heroes, we have the consciousness that there is no North nor South, no East nor West. We have learned the greatest lesson of the war; that the sacrifices made by the blue and the gray were necessary to maintain the doctrine of national unity. Cemented by the best blood of both sections the peace which followed the collapse of the Southern cause will never again be disturbuted. We who enjoy the blessed fruits of the great conflict can show our gratefulness to the heroes of 1861-65 in many ways. We can honor the living and remember the dead. But to do full justice, we must never cease to impress upon our children and those who have come to us from foreign lands that to be worthy of citizenship they must cultivate the spirit of patriotism exhibited by the countless thousands who cheerfully bled and died to preserve for future generations the blessings of free government.

As delicate flowers spring from the moldering sides of old graves, so there grow out of the memory of the war many things that are good and pleasant at this time to look back at and ponder over. It would be hard to find the veteran whose eye does not glow with a merrier light when he tells of the things that happened during that long and sulphurous time. Yet few of these things of which the soldier loves to tell have been recorded. Many histories, colored as variously bright and somber as the chameleon, have been written, and these have set forth the broad facts of the war. Thus the history of the civil war will live for all time.

Tobacco occupies 20,290,000 in the United States.

KEEP IT SACRED.

MRS. LIBBIE C. BAER.

Thousands fall in line to-day!
"Keep it sacred" patriots say,
"Bring the flags and bring the flowers,
For those heroes brave of ours."

Onward, march! Memorial Day,
Where the sleeping thousands lay;
Year by year, and year by year,
Silently they bivouac here.

Hush! the ranks grow on apace!
One by one they take their place!
Bravely cross the cold divide,
Lie down by their comrades' side!

When the last faint straggler falls,
Drape the flags in chartered halls,
Treasured souvenir, badge and stars,
Sacred memory, G. A. R.

Still this sleeping army brave
Guards the land they fought to save;
In grand lessons they taught well,
In the spirit of F. C.-L.

Rest beneath the flag unfurled
Grandest army of the world;
This thy trust, O, Nation ours!
Strew the sacred dust with flowers.

—Werner's Voice Magazine.

A Battle Tragedy at Mill Springs.

On the 19th of January, 1862, the Confederates met with a severe disaster at the hands of General Geo. H. Thomas' troops on the field of Mill Springs, Ky.

Thomas set out from the interior of Kentucky to drive the enemy from the upper Cumberland region and across the mountains of east Tennessee. On the north bank of the Cumberland, opposite Mill Springs, the Confederates held a fortified position, which Thomas approached, cautiously moving his force in two columns. The Confederates, led by Generals Geo. H. Crittenden and F. K. Zollickoffer, sallied out of their entrenchments on the night of the 18th, bent upon attacking Thomas' advance column, which lay west of Fishing creek and separated from the reserves by that stream. Crittenden expected to dispatch the Union columns in detail.

Zollickoffer led the attack, drove in Thomas' cavalry pickets and burst upon the camp of General M. D. Manson before it was fairly daylight. The last regiment of Manson's to turn out at the alarm was the Fourth Kentucky, led by Colonel Speed Smith Fry. This command started at double quick in the direction of the firing and halted behind a fence on the edge of a field across which Zollicoffer's men were advancing. Fry crossed the fence and rode off to the flank to reconnoiter.

Returning from his reconnoissance, Fry met a strange officer, whose uniform was veiled by a white gum cloak. The stranger evidently recognized an enemy in Fry, but in order to cover himself he said, pointing to some of his troops advancing out of line, "We must not fire on our own men." "Of course not," Fry answered and rode toward his regiment. In a few seconds another stranger appeared, who fired his revolver at Fry. The latter turned and sent a fatal bullet into the cloaked figure riding away, who proved to be Zollickoffer.

On the fall of their leader the Confederates broke in confusion, but Crittenden, who opportunely reached the spot, ordered a general advance. Thomas also appeared at the head of a fresh body of men and handled them so skillfully that the Confederates were first checked, then finally routed, by a rush of the Second Minnesota and a superb bayonet charge by the Ninth Ohio "Prussian" regiment. Meanwhile the Union column east of Fishing creek got across, and Thomas chased the Confederates beyond the Cumberland, turning their retreat into a Bull Run stampede.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Garfield's Gallant Uphill Fight.

On Jan. 10, 1862, Garfield, then colonel of the Forty-second Ohio infantry, won a minor yet decisive victory over the Confederates under Humphrey Marshall, on the Big Sandy, in eastern Kentucky. Marshall's force, numbering about 2,000 men, consisting of Virginians and Kentuckiani, had been stationed on the Big Sandy in order to encourage and protect the enlistment of Kentucky troops for the Confederate service. Garfield, who had received orders to drive Marshall out of the state early in January, advanced up the river with 2,000 troops of all arms. The Confederates awaited him in a strong position on a ridge covering the road to Virginia, with a battery planted in the gorge of a fork of the Big Sandy.

The first advance of the Union troops, made with a combined force of cavalry and infantry, was repulsed by the artillery fire. Garfield then sent forward a detachment, which he subsequently twice re-enforced, to dislodge the infantry supports of the battery from the heights on either side. This was accomplished by a gallant up hill fight shortly before dark, and Marshall retreated across the Virginia border.

Memorial Day is more than a National day. It is a Sabbath for Humanity. It is a testimony of the world of the manhood, the valor, the self-sacrifice of a free people, who fought not for themselves alone, but for the enfranchisement of millions of bondsmen and that a "Goverment of the people, for the people, and by the people should not perish from the earth."

England and Wales light something like 500,000 lamps nightly.