AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1897. VOL. 66--NO. 9.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF
Desirable Lots of Land,
Near Westminster, Md.

The undersigned, as trustee appointed by decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county in cause No. 3303 Equity, in which Edward Lynch is plaintiff and Henry M. Warner and Andrew M. Warner are defendants, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th 1897,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all those 4 lots of land situate about ¼ mile West of Westminster and a short distance from Uniontown turnpike road, and adjoining the lands of John Galt, Chas. Schaeffer, John Young, Grove A. Shipley, Frank Beaver and others.

Lot No. 6 contains 4 acres, 16 perches;
Lot No. 9 contains 3 acres, 2 roods, 25 perches;
Lot No. 10 contains 4 acres, 1 rood, 30 perches;
Lot No. 14 contains 3 acres, 2 roods, 15 perches,

as will appear by survey of said lots made by J. Henry Hoppe, in January, 1870, and filed in said equity case, and which can be seen by calling at the office of D. N. Henning.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by decree:—One-third of the purchase money cash upon the day of sale or the ratification thereof; and the residue shall be paid in two equal payments, the one to be paid in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale, with interest, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the trustee; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

EDWARD O. WEANT, Trustee.
D. N. Henning, Solicitor. ja-30-ts

TRUSTEES' SALE
OF A
Desirable Farm,
Near Linwood, Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 3063 on the docket of said Court, the undersigned, trustees therein named, will sell at Public Sale, on the premiss, on

SATURDAY, 27TH OF FEBRUARY,

A. D. 1897, at 2 o'clock, P. M., that Desirable Little Farm, containing

51 ACRES and 8 SQUARE PERCHES

of Land, more or less. The improvements thereon consist of a large Two-story Frame Dwelling House, with Back Building and Basement, Frame Bank Barn with ample Stabling, Carriage House, Dairy, large Frame Tenant House, and other outbuildings; water convenient to all the buildings. Orchard of Apple and other fruit trees. About 10 Acres is superior Meadow Land; the balance of the land is of excellent quality, and is in a good state of cultivation. The fields are enclosed by good fences, and are conveniently watered.

This property is part of the estate of Shepherd Wood, deceased, is very desirably located, and to any one wishing to purchase a small farm, in an excellent neighborhood, a good opportunity is here offered.

This farm is in Union Bridge district, is on county road leading from Uniontown to Union Bridge, is about three-fourths of a mile from Linwood Station, Western Md. Rail Road, and adjoins the land of Jesse Smith, Francis J. Englar and others.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, one-third in one and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

WILLIAM WOOD,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Trustees.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
J. Thos. Roop, Auctioneer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The creditors of Shepherd Wood, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, duly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, within two months from the 27th day of February, A. D. 1897.

WILLIAM WOOD,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
jan-30-ts Trustees.

Executor's Sale
OF ONE OF THE MOST
DESIRABLE RESIDENCES
In the City of Westminster, Maryland.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in the last will and testament of Lucretia E. Van Bibber, deceased, and an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, as executor, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 6th, A. D. 1897,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that lot or parcel of land, containing

17,819 SQUARE FEET, More or Less

The improvement thereon is a large Two-Story and Attic Frame and Weatherboarded DWELLING HOUSE, consisting of twelve rooms, bath room and water closet, slate mantels, furnace with hot water, gas and all modern conveniences. Chandeliers, gas fixtures and range will be sold with the house.

This residence has been erected within the past three years and is constructed of materials of the best quality. It is situate on Willis street, opposite the house of the Order of the Holy Cross, is convenient to Churches, Railroad Station, &c., and is the same wherein Miss Van Bibber resided at the time of her decease. The location of this property, character of the building, and ample ground makes it worthy the attention of persons desiring a convenient and attractive residence. Possession given upon compliance with the terms of sale.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, the residue in two equal payments, the one payable in six and the other in twelve months from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash; at the option of the purchaser.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Executor.
Jno. T. Diffenbaugh, Auct. fe-6-ts

Mortgagee's Sale
OF A
Valuable Farm,
In Woolery's district, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a deed of mortgage from Hanson T. Bartholow and Mary Ann Bartholow, his wife, to John C. Shipley, bearing date the 27th day of March, 1880, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber P. T. S. No. 14, folio 310, &c., the undersigned mortgagee will offer at public sale, at the Court House Door, in the city of Westminster, Md., on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10th, 1897,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all those parts of tracts of land containing

97 ACRES OF LAND, More or Less,

situate, lying and being in Carroll county, Md., on the Nicodemus road, about ¼ mile east of Bird Hill, and adjoining the lands of Hanson Davis, Mrs. H. Shilling and others. It is improved by a two-Story Dwelling House, in good condition, good Barn and other necessary outbuildings; water near the house. It is convenient to churches and schools.

Terms of Sale, are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, the residue in two equal payments of six and twelve months, to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

JOHN C. SHIPLEY,
Mortgagee.
Jas. A. C. Bond, Solicitor.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auct. fe-13-ts

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:
FEBRUARY TERM, 1897.

Estate of Lucretia E. Van Bibber, deceased.

On application it is ordered, this 9th day of February, 1897, that the sale of the Real Estate of Lucretia E. Van Bibber, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Charles T. Reifsnider, Executor of the last will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday, 22nd day of March, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 15th day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be fourteen hundred dollars ($1400.00.)

JACOB RINEHART,
ALBERT SCHAEFFER, } Judges.
WILLIAM Y. FRIZZELL,
True Copy,—Test:
Geo. M. Parke, Register of Wills.
feb-20-3t



You surely will not buy a wheel without first seeing our '97 Crescents.

Such beauties and backed by the right kind of a guarantee.

Leave us your name for a catalogue.

Geo. Mather,
AGENT.
At the New York Bargain House,
Westminster.

Still Booming!

Our Removal Sale, we mean. Are you taking advantage of the opportunity it affords you to secure bargains? Such rare values as these are not to be picked up every day, but we have enough, we think, to supply you all, if you don't delay.

Men's Fine Fur Alpine Hats	97 cents.
Best Quality Felt Window Shades	10 cents.
Good Holland Shades, mounted on Spring Rollers	25 cents.
Good Calico, per yard,	4 cents.
Fruit of the Loom Muslin, per yard,	7 cents.
Table Oil Cloth, per yard,	12½ cents.
Odds and Ends in Misses' Shoes	50 cents.
Ladies' Fine Dongola Shoes, warranted,	$1.50.
10 piece Decorated Toilet Set	$2.25.
Two Quart Granite Coffee Pot	39 cents.
Two and a Half Quart Stew Kettle	22 cents.
Heavy 10 Quart one piece Dish Pan	12½ cents.
Extra Heavy 14 Quart Dish Pan	19 cents.
Painted Chamber Buckets	25 cents.

Yours to serve,

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
T. W. Mather. 44. W. Main Street, Westminster.

ASSIGNEE'S (OF MORTGAGEE) SALE
OF A VALUABLE
LITTLE FARM,
in Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

BY virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Joshua Leatherwood and Augusta V. Leatherwood, his wife, to Geo. W. Mullinix, bearing date the 31st day of March, 1893, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber B. F. C. No. 73, folio 194, &c., and by virtue of an assignment of said mortgage, duly made and recorded, the undersigned, assignee thereof, will offer at Public Sale on the premises, on

TUESDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1897,

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

31 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 19 PERCHES

of land, more or less, conveyed by said mortgage, situate between the new and old Liberty roads, in Freedom district, Carroll county, Md., adjoining the lands of Luther M. Bushey, Geo. W. Hess and others, and ¾ mile from Porters P. O.

Improved by a Two-story Weatherboarded Dwelling, small Bank Barn, recently built, and other necessary outbuildings; a well of water at the door.

Terms of Sale are:—One-third cash upon the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; the balance in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months, to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, with interest from day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser.

R. ABNER PARKE,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Jos. W. Berret, Auct.
Jas. A. C. Bond Solicitor. feb-6-ts

NO. 3512 EQUITY.

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

Louis A. Anderfuhren and Eleonore Anderfuhren, his wife, Mortgagees, vs. John H. M. Jenifer and Jeannette C. Jenifer, his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 9th day of February, A. D. 1897, that the sale of the mortgazed property, made and reported in this cause by Charles T. Reifsnider, attorney or agent named in the mortgage filed in this cause, from John B. M. Jenifer and Jeannette C. Jenifer, his wife, to Lewis Anderfuhren and Eleonore Anderfuhren, his wife, bearing date June 17th, 1895, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber B. F. C. No. 67, folio 57, &c., be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 16th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 8th day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be fifteen hundred and twenty-five dollars ($1525.00.)

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy.—Test:
fe-13-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 3507 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

John C. Shipley, Mortgagee, vs. James M. Shipley and Anna B. Shipley, his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 11th day of February, 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by John C. Shipley, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 8th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1330.00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
fe-13-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NO. 3508 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

John C. Shipley, Mortgagee, vs. Nathaniel B. Gardner and Fannie G. Gardner, his wife, and Susannah Gardner, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 11th day of February, 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by John C. Shipley, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 8th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 1st day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be $1431.00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
fe-13-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

Trustee's Sale.

Great Sensation in Prices.

The Trustee of M. Schneeberger has made further cut down prices on every article remaining, as the whole stock must be sold to settle up affairs. To facilitate sales, we put up about 800 to 1000 yards of all kinds of Dress Goods into

WAIST PATTERNS,

Children's and Ladies'

DRESS PATTERNS.

Every piece is marked in plain figures, and the price on these goods is positively more than one-half less the original cost price.

We also put on the counter about 5 or 6 dozen

CHILDREN'S COATS,

in sizes from 1 to 4 years of age. The prices we made on them would not pay for the making of them. In last week's ad. we said that every Ladies' Coat must be sold regardless of cost, and as there are only a few left now, we will let them go for almost a mere song.

LOOK OUT FOR SATURDAY, February 27th,

from which day on there will be surprises in the way of slaughtering goods. Remember the time is coming close when this sale will come to an end, so do not put off coming.

LOUIS SCHNEEBERGER,
Trustee
For M. Schneeberger,
33 East Main St.,
Westminster, Md.

THE
GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM
WILLIAM F. DERR,
Babylon Building, near Rail Road
WESTMINSTER, MD.

THIS WEEK
Five Big Cases of Goods
AT 5 CENTS,

which should attract your immediate attention.

One Case Best Quality Outings, all Styles, worth 10c yd.,

AT 5 CENTS.

One Case Men's Heavy Brown and Blue mixed half Hose, 10c goods,

AT 5 CENTS.

One Case yard wide Heavy Unbleached Muslin, the 8c quality,

AT 5 CENTS.

One Case large size White Honey Comb Towels, usual price 10c,

AT 5 CENTS.

One Case Amoskeag standard Apron Ginghams, including about 10 pieces pretty Dress Gingham, always worth 8c,

AT 5 CENTS.

And thousands of other equally attractive Bargains at the

The Great Model Emporium,
WILLIAM F. DERR,
Westminster, Md.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Galvanized Fencing Wire at prices that have never been known to the trade.

Lead and Oil so cheap that anyone can afford to Paint, this season.

Ice is plenty. We have a large stock of the best make of Freezers and Refrigerators.

Don't you need a Gasoline or Oil Stove for summer cooking? We have them; they are cheap.

Door and Window Screens of various styles.

A full line of First-class Cooking Stoves and Ranges, of long established reputation, at reduced prices.

A call will soon convince you that the bottom has been completely knocked out of the price of Nails.

Glass, Oils, Paints and Putty, Plastering Hair, Cement, and in fact everything in the Building Hardware line can be found, as well as low prices, at the old established stand of

GILBERT & GEHR,
Cor. Main & Liberty Sts.,
Westminster, Md.

Plumbing, Heating, Spouting and Tin Roofing is our specialty. ja-20-1y

S. R. WHITE,
ADVOCATE BUILDING,
DEALER IN
Books, Stationers' Supplies
Confectionery, Toys,
Picture Frames, Games &c.

News and Magazine Headquarters.

Great reduction in Daily American! $3.00 per year, $1.65 six months, 30 cents per month. Semi-Weekly American $1.00 per year. Sun $6.00 yearly; Herald per year $3.00, 25 cents monthly; Evening News $4.00 yearly; payable in advance for all papers. Send your subscriptions here. Strict attention given to delivery of and mailing of all papers. Come and examine Magazines, Periodicals, &c., and have your home dealer supply you at publisher's rates. S. R. WHITE, Agent, adjoining office of the Advocate in Advocate Building. feb-20-96-1y

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County, Md., Dec. 31st, 1896.

ASSETS.

Value of Real Estate and Ground Rents owned by the Company, less amount of encumbrance thereon	$	2,935.00
Stocks and Bonds absolutely owned by the Company (market value)		17,940.00
Premium notes in force		297,080.00
Total admitted Assets..		$320,875.00

LIABILITIES.

Premium Notes in force	$297,080.00	
Surplus as regards policyholders		$20,875.00
Total Income	$ 10,936.31	
Total Expenditures	10,936.31	
Amount of Policies in force in United States on 31st December, 1896.	4,330,164.00	
Amount of Policies written in Maryland during the year 1896	424,730.00	
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1896	1,698.88	
Losses paid in Maryland during 1896	7,250.00	
Losses incurred in Maryland during 1896	7,250.00	

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Insurance Depart., Commissioner's office,
Annapolis, February 17th, 1897.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Carroll County, Md., to December 31st, 1896, now on file in this Department.

P. ALBERT KURTZ,
Insurance Commissioner.
feb-20-3t

NO. 3405 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Milly Earhart, Mortgagee, vs. Anna Maria Kelly and Thomas W. Kelly, her husband, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 11th day of February, 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Milly Earhart, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 8th day of March 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 1st day of March next. The report states the amount of sale to be $750.00.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
fe-13-3t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NO. 84 INSOLVENTS.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

In the matter of the Insolvent Estate of Edward Ridgely.

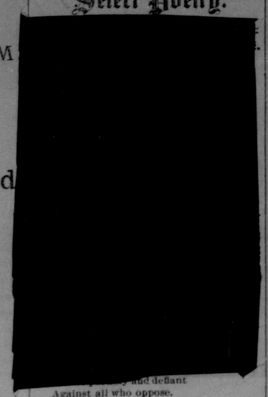
NOTICE is hereby given to all the creditors of Edward Ridgely, who were such on or before the 9th day of May, A. D. 1896, the date of the filing of his petition or application in the above entitled cause, to file their claims duly proven and authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or prior to the 2nd day of April, A. D. 1897.

JNO. J. BAUMGARTNER,
Auditor
ja-30-4t

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

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

Select Poetry.



Against all who oppose.
Float freedom's flag in freedom's breeze,—
Starry banner that we love,—
From the prairies to the seaboard,
Northern lake to orange grove.
Raise the flag on ev'ry school-house,
Le t it float upon the breeze,
Tell the children of its triumphs
On the land and on the seas,
Many thousand noble freemen
Gave their lives to prove its worth,
The only flag that despots fear—
Freedom's hope through all the earth.
It knows no sect, no race, no clan,
Schemes and plots it doth defy,
To freedom's storm-tossed struggling ship
It is a rainbow in the sky.
Raise it high, mid spire and steeple,
Let it glisten in the sun,
It has no spot of shame to hide
In all its victories won.
Tell the children that its symbol
Is a state for every star.
Tell them its victorious record
In days of peace and cruel war.
Tell them it is theirs to cherish,
That its stars must never set,
And in future they'll defend it
If need be with the bayonet.
Keep the flag on every school-house
With your ballots it defend.
Learning and Freedom firmly join,
Then our Union ne'er shall end.
Let cheer arise unto the skies,
Like great Niagara's roar,
From the mountains of New England
To Pacific's golden shore.

—T. J. CROWN.

Select Story.

IN A BORDER TOWN.

The little town of Brownton was like a camp. The inhabitants had forgotten the time when white tents had not shone on their hilltops, and uniforms of blue or gray had not made color in the streets. It was first one came and then the other. The gay Georgia Zouaves had come, had danced and ridden horseback with the prettiest of the girls in the Southern families, only six months before; and now the town was in the hands of a Vermont regiment, with a colonel as grim as one of his own rocky hills, and officers and men who knew more about plowing than dancing.

Many of the Northern sympathizers had crossed the river into Ohio during the Southern occupation; but when the Federal troops came, the Southerners were cut off from their own. They found a great many of the more outspoken of the townspeople hauled up to take the despised oath of allegiance to the United States; and after that, hatred burned all the deeper that it was repressed. Old friends and neighbors who had visited daily for years, looked the other way when they passed on the street which ran sociably twisting its way through the town, accommodating itself to the shape of everybody's front yard.

Only "the Roses" had remained friends in all this unpleasantness. Rose Allen and Rosie Miller had been friends from their babyhood. Their families had never been intimate. The Millers were of the soil; their great grandfather had been an elegant gentleman in the days when the Allens were mere dependents. In later years, the Allens had made money in speculation, in any way and every way. "Traders," the Millers called them contemptuously. The crowning insult had come when Mr. Allen had married the beautiful but poor girl with whom Mr. Miller was in love, and built a porticoed, cupaloed house next door to the old colonial mansion where four generations of Millers had been born, had brought home brides, and had been carried out for the last time.

But all the spite and heart burning had never touched the children. When they were babies, their nurses gossiped while the children played. When they grew older, they found a shady place were the palings were broken in the old garden fence. Rose sat in her little chair on her side, and Rosie on her stool on her own ancestral soil, and the children of wax and wood, and rag and corncob, made perilous journeys into forbidden territory. It was when they went to school and came dancing home, their arms about each other, that the people began to call them the "red and white Roses."

Rose Allen, black eyed, red cheeked, daring, pert, and saucy, was no prettier than Rosie Miller, with her yellow curls and soft, shy blue eyes. But Rose was the leader, always. She took possession of her gentler friend, and, if there was no other way, stormed her into submission. But the other girl or boy who was not sweetness itself to Rosie had to tread a thorny path.

The friendship lasted even to the evil day when armies pushed each other back and forth over the broad, sweet country, and Brownton became a camp. While Mr. Allen had opened his house to the "Northern horde," and was reputed to be making money in army contracts, Mr. Miller had taken with him the sons of the old Southern families in the county, and had offered his services to the Confederacy. The seriousness of war did not touch the light hearts of the Roses. When the boys from Dixie were riding through the town, there was always a merry party of them at the Miller house; and when Rosie rode out with them, Rose Allen went too. She had no prejudices, and she laughed when Rosie turned her face indignantly from the sight of a blue uniform.

It was while the Georgia Zouaves were swaggering through the streets, each one of them a brilliant and picturesque hero, that Rose met Harry Wrenn, the youngest lieutenant of the company. He was only a boy, full of dash and enthusiasm and entire belief in the South and its cause. His experience was as callow as his mustache, the dark shade of down over his upper lip, that was merely an accent on his handsome face, bringing out the flash of his white teeth. When Rose argued the cause of the Union, and flung jeers at the South, Wrenn thought she disliked him. He was gentle in his replies, because she was Rosie's friend, and with Rosie he was already in love. Rosie could talk of other things than war. He told her of his home in Georgia and before long the tale was one of personal interest to both.

Perhaps it was shyness, or the birth of joy at having a new world of her own, which made Rosie keep her secret to herself. The box bordered, syringia shaded walks of the garden became a veritable lovers' lane, but Rose did not suspect. Her mother was jealous of the Miller influence, and kept her daughter with her as much as possible. But one night Rose ran away. She had been riding until dusk, and had slipped from the stables into the old Miller garden through the hole in the fence. There was an arbor covered with honeysuckle and heavy headed hermosas by the syringia walk, and Rose sat here for a moment to tie her shoe. Her head was bent, and the big feathered beaver hat hid her face and hair. The walks were covered with tan bark, and soundless. It was dark in the arbor, except where a beam of the young moon trembled through the leaves.

Suddenly Rose felt a pair of arms round her, and her head pulled gently back.

"Rose," a voice said, "Rose!"

It was a voice she knew, and her heart gave a choking throb, while her head went against Wrenn's jacket.

"I knew I should find you here;" and he stooped and lightly kissed her. Then, laughing, he gently pushed her face into the moonlight which lay in a bar across his sleeve. As the light struck Rose's happy eyes, the boy let her go almost rudely, and sprang to his feet.

"Miss Allen, I—I beg your pardon—" he began, but Rose was on her feet.

"How dare you! How dare you!" she cried, and, lifting her lashed whip, struck him a stinging blow across the face. Then, with a sob of the bitterest mortification, she ran, lost in the shadows of the trees, while Wrenn stood cursing his stupidity.

A day or two later, Mrs. Miller asked what had become of Rose. Nobody knew. They heard the next day that she was visiting in the neighboring county.

Rosie's life was so full that she forgot the comrade of her girlhood, as many a girl has done before. Wrenn explained his cut face as a "camp accident." Meanwhile Rose, in a frenzy of hurt pride, thought of him telling Rosie of what had happened—thought of them jesting over it, perhaps, until her heart was black with anger at her humiliation.

Not long after this the Southern regiment was hastily moved. The Yankee were coming in force, and the Georgians were obliged to retreat. Lieutenat Wrenn came to say good by to his sweetheart. There were tears shed on his braided jacket, as they sat together on the haircloth sofa in the dusky sitting room, and I am afraid that there were some which fell upon Rosie's fair cheeks from a pair of black, boyish eyes. The chances of war might mean that this was a last good by, although they told each other that it would all be over in a few months, and—then!

In a week the Vermont regiment was firmly established, and the colonel was the constant guest of Mr. Allen. Rose would ride and walk by with never a glance toward her old friend. It would have cut Rosie to the heart a little while before, but now her life was full of a new interest. There were long letters to be smuggled through to Harry, and the constant expectation of some word from him. He had changed his regiment, and had been put on special duty near one of the generals. He might even be a general himself, if the war lasted long enough. He was a captain now. He had met her father, and they were friends. "When this cruel war was over," was the burden and refrain of all their letters. Fate could not be so hard as to part them.

As the months went by, there were changes in the position of the two armies, which made Brownton a strategic point of importance. Correspondents began to speak of it in their dispatches, and to say that the Southerners had made a great mistake in giving up their position there.

One night, about dusk, a man in a tattered blue army overcoat knocked at the Millers' back door. All was quiet about the house. Aunt Cely, the cook, had finished everything but the waffles for supper, and singing softly to herself while she buttoned the irons. One would have supposed that a hungry Yankee soldier would have gone on to the next house, where they were giving a dinner party, and where every window shone, yellow with light, through the trees. The soldiers knew that the Allens were Northern sympathizers.

Aunt Cely let the light from the kitchen candles fall on the stranger, with his bearded face, and on his blue coat.

"G'long 'way frum heah!" she said. "We ain't feedin' no po'h white trash."

"Is your mistress at home?"

"None yo' business."

"Will you take her this button, and ask her to buy it? I need money."

It was a worn gold collar button. Cely took it, and shut the door. She had seen that button before. A moment later she gave it into Rosie's hands as she sat scorching her face before the wood fire, reading. "Thar's news from yo' pa," the negro woman whispered.

"Tell him to come here."

As the bearded, blue-coated man entered the door, he took off his hat and stood emiling in the light of the fire. Rosie gave a little gasp.

"Harry!" she said, and flew toward him.

"Your father told me to come here to you, but I will not stay. Nobody knows what the consequences might be if a spy were to be found in your house."

"You are safer here than anywhere else."

"You are not. I should be a poor soldier if I could not take care of myself almost anywhere.

"I will not let you go out into this town, a camp of wolves."

"Suppose they were to trace me here? The servants must think that I was your father's messenger, and that I have gone."

"They will not trace you here."

But he was proof against persuasion, He must go through the camp; he must know how strong it was. What a grave, serious man he had grown to be! Upon him rested the decision whether a considerable force should be brought here to push the Union men back.

That night Rosie sat all night long at her white curtained window, and looked at the camp fires on the hill. Somewhere, holding his life and her happiness in his hand, Wrenn was going about his work.

Every night she saw him. He would slip through the garden and find her in the rose bower, cold and wet enough now, where he had first told her he loved her; and she would bring him food and all the news she was able to collect. How he did his work she never knew.

One night Wrenn spoke of Rose, for the first time since that night in the early summer.

"I heard to-day that she was to marry the colonel of the Northern regiment here," he said carelessly. If it were true, she might forgive him, he thought.

"The war has parted us at last," Rosie said sadly. "I think her father must have forbidden her to speak to me. It can be nothing else."

The next afternoon Rose Allen, on her big black horse, the white feather that curled over her black braids sweeping her shoulder, rode by the side of the colonel from Vermont along a narrow road which led by the river to the hill camp. They had been walking their horses, and the colonel had his white gloved hand on the black horse's mane. He seemed to be pleading, and from the look in Rose's face she was tantalizing him. Perhaps, after the humiliation that had come to her once, she liked to hear that she was loved in her own person.

The earth was soft and the horses' hoofs made no sound. A ledge of rock, hung with leafless vines, jutted out into the road. As the riders passed this, they came face to face with a man in a ragged blue overcoat. Rose looked full in his face, as he lifted it in surprise, and her cheek grew white. She cut her horse with her whip, and the man jumped aside or she would have ridden over him. The colonel raced half a mile before he caught her.

"What was it! A bolt?" he asked.

"Only one of those rebel officers I thought you had driven out of the country," she said in a tone of annoyance.

The colonel from Vermont wasted no words, but when he reached the camp he gave some orders, and one of them referred to a slim, bearded man in a ragged blue army over coat.

That night Rosie slipped out of the kitchen door with her basket of food under her cloak, and waited in the arbor. The leaves were off the vines, and the moonlight was clearer than on the other night; but all around the arbor, box and laurel and fir made it dense and dark. She did not see two men steal close to the summer house as Wrenn came through the door. While he ate his supper she softly whispered to him, happy in his presence there, despite her over-shadowing anxiety.

The two men had drawn closer. One had crawled to the fence and signaled, and half a dozen had followed him back.

"You have all you want?" Rosie was saying.

"Everything," Wrenn answered.

As if his words had been a signal, a light flashed upon him, and they looked up to see the barrels of revolvers in their very faces. The summer house had only one doorway, and all the men had gathered there. Quick as lightning, Rosie was between those cruel round steel eyes and Wrenn.

"Go?" she gasped out, and he sprang through the low window in the back.

Orders had said "dead or alive." There had been no word until Rosie's cry, but as Wrenn sprang, two shots rang out, and the girl, putting her hand to her breast, fell as Wrenn threw himself to the ground. He might have gone, had he not seen her face. He knew every foot of the ground, and he had an instant's start, but that sight stopped him, and his second's grace was over. Before he could move, could draw his own revolver, he was caught, overpowered, and bound.

"Is she dead?" he asked.

"It's no business of yours," the soldier said roughly. "It's your own funeral you want to be thinking of;" and he passed his hand over his own throat suggestively.

"In God's name, man, let me see if she is dead, and take her to her mother!"

The sergeant had lifted her. "She is not dead. We will carry her in," he said kindly, and Wrenn was led toward the camp while they carried Rosie into the house, still unconscious her curls wet with the blood that ran from a wound in her shoulder.

Matters went rapidly with a spy in those days. A coart martial was called at ten o'clock the next day, and half an hour later, Henry Wrenn, captain in the Tenth Georgia, was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

The news fled over the country. Everybody had known and loved the gay boy, and the story of his fate came like a physical shock. Union men by the dozen went to the camp and implored mercy for him, but the Vermont colonel only looked in grim denial at such as reached him. The matter was out of his hands, he said. The coart martial had sentenced the prisoner. The sentence would be carried out in due course.

Rosie, weak, unable to move, lay in her own white bed, and watched her mother's tears. It was after the sentence had been pronounced, while women stood weeping in their dooryards, weeping for the boy they knew, who might have been son to any one of them—weeping in a community of sorrow which sought comfort from the general grief—that Mrs. Miller found Rosie looking at her consciously.

I know what has happened," she said. "Harry was killed."

"My dear—"

"I would rather it had been so, than that they should have taken him." A shudder went over her.

"You must be calm."

"I will be. I am glad he was killed, if he could not get away. Will you send for Rose? She is so strong." Rosie seemed to have for-

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