CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

down in her heart a dull hatred of all Southerners, because but for them there would have been no war—but for a certain one of them who fired a fatal shot she would not have been left in loneliness.

Men and women of the world who, through contact with people of many localities, have gained the ability to jugde their fellow-beings dispassionately find it difficult to comprehend the limitations of one who has but a single point of view. Lizzie Davis had but one great interest in life, and had never been able to consider the outside world in any other than its relation to herself.

The trip down the Ohio River, the novel, aroused no emotion; once on the Tennessee, she began to brighten. Martin had made this journey not long before his death. The war, now so far past, wos brought close to her. The battle seemed but a little while back. On the wooded bluffs she could almost see rebel skirmishers in hiding. Her meek, feminine soul, which had never before directed a cruel thought toward any individual, suddenly throbbed with fierce resentment; the slow, easy-going natives, who strolled down to the landings and leisurely carried their freight up the bank in primitive fashion, seemed to her to represent a bloodthirsty, murderous people; she eyed them malevolently.

One day the captain of the boat sat down by her side on the deck. He was a middle-aged man of slow, soft speech and gentle manner—as far removed from the typical bluff, gruff, profane, aggressive river man of literature as possible. He had already won Mrs. Davis's confidence by his deferential curtesy and attentions, to which she was a stranger at home. There no one was unkind, but certainly no one was noticeably considerate of the comfort of women, especially those of no particular importance. He narrated to her bits of history about the places along the river, with every foot of which he was familiar, and told anecdetes of the people, half of whom he seemed to know by their Christian names.

"How can you speak so kindly of them, an' you a soldier, too?" she broke out at last. "Rebels I reckon they were, most of 'em, an' killed our men, an' would do it again if they had a chance."

He turned to her slowly and without a sign of surprise; she was not a new type to him.

"Madam, these people along heah were mostly Union sympathizers during the wah. I was a soldier in the Confedehat Ahmy."

It was a shock. Ex-rebels had found their way to her little village since the war, but a good many sons had gone out from there to fight for the Union, and never to return; and those wanderers from the Sonth were not made welcome, but had mostly drifted on to regions elsewhere in Indiana, where were friends and sympathizers. She had never so much as talked with one before.

Then he told her, in a quiet, reminiscent way some stories of his youth and his far Southern home; of how the South was then all the country he knew, and the North a far-off, cold region, whose people cared only to buy and sell, and to subjugate and rob the South; of how the war broke out and one by one his neighbors joined the army, then his brothers, and then himself, a boy of sixteen—all filled with fierce patriotism and the blind belief that they were fighting for the right; of how his brothers had been slain, and how he had gone home, when at last the conflict was over, to find that home dismantled, the mother who had been its center forever gone, and he, yet a boy in years, lonely, disheartened and forlorn.

It was a revelation to the woman of few ideas that rebels—rebels!—were creatures with loves and sorrows like her own.

And they went on up the shining river, and a little of the peace and beauty of it entered into her soul. It was May, and the fields and forrests were in freshest array. The gray green willows, the rank water maples and the glossy oaks that crowded the river bank were fringed with undergrowth and their trunks lost in a tangle of honeysuckles, grapevines and ivy. It was a primitive wilderness, such as the Indian must have looked on in his day.

Then came Fort Henry. The boat, which stopped accommodatingly wherever a would-be traveler waved a handkerchief, obligingly made fast while passengers climbed the hill and wandered over the old earthworks that made the walls of that famous fort. In the glamour of the moonlight and the softness of the shadows could almost be seen the soldiers who had once crowded the place; but trees had grown up within the walls since that day, and the soldiers—where were they?

Then Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh, and the woman from the little Indiana town had reached her Mecca.

They wandered over the battlefield, those tourists; they saw it almost as it looked on the fatal Sunday so long ago, only to-day the sun shone, and then the very heavens had wept at the sight below. They saw the place where the fight was fiercest and most furious—the "Hornet's Nest," where Union men and Confederates met hand to hand, and the slaughter was so great that the dead lay in heaps. They saw the pool whose margin had been red with the blood of wounded men who had dragged themselves there to quench their raging thirst. To-day cattle drank from it undisturbed.

There was a house here and there—primitive structures, hardly more than cabins.

Mrs. Davis stopped at the door of one to ask for water. An old woman came out, a woman with a scant calico gown and clumsy shoes, and eyes blurred perhaps with age, possibly with tears, but kindly still. She grew garrulous in response to a timid question. "Yes, she had lived thereabouts evah since befo' the wah. She an' her ole man was Union, but their six boys couldn't noways agree, an' three j'ined the Union Ahmy an' three the Confederate. And yes—yes, it's all done ended long ago; but some days the time seems ystiddy, an' it all comes back. Her ole man couldn't keep out noways when the boys was gone, an' he j'ined too, when General Sherman come along. An'—yes, the boys was all killed; three at Donelson, two here at Shiloh Church, an' one at Chattanooga. Their pap didn't live long after; sort o' broke down like. An' if it wasn't that the boys who died here were buried in a Confederate trench (do you see that ridge over that way?) she'd reckoned she disremembahed which was Union an' which wasn't. Such things doan' seem to make no difference nohow, when they alls is gone to rest twel Jedgment Day.

The woman who had lost one and the woman who had lost seven looked in each other's eyes and knew the kinship of grief; and somehow the visitor from the North felt no longer a personal resentment for her loss. Tho it might have been a son of this woman who shot her Martin, he had thought he was right and meant no evil.

Then she entered the gates of the National Cemetery, where the Union dead are laid in long lines, with a granite block marking each resting place. The captain of the boat joined her at the gate, and as he passed in he plucked a sprig of cedar. The sun shining through the branches of the great forest flecked the grass upon the graves; a soft May breeze scattered the leaves of the early blooming roses. Down between rows of stones they walked, and the captain, pausing at one bearing the number 1,607, lifted his hat reverently and laid the bit of cedar upon it.

"I put a little posey there every time I come," he said gently; "I reckon that maybe the wife or mother of the boy lying there might like it."

The man lying there might be her Martin, thought the little widow and from that moment her heart ceased to cherish animosity toward any man who had fought on the other side.

She stood on the bluff and looked down on the sparkling, glinting river. The panorama of water and sky and hill stretching for miles before her was a vision fair to see. The flag of her country floated from the great staff above her; the only sound was the singing of the birds, and the peace of God was over all.

More years went by, and the Widow Davis plodded patiently through them, getting a little more weary as they passed and finding the burden of loneliness none the easier to bear as age crept on. That visit to Shiloh had taught her some things, toleratied among the rest; but it had also taken away one thing that had been a secret source of comfort to her. Until that time she had pictured to herself the return of her husband. She was a woman with but scant imaginative power; but where even the dullest mind dwells much upon one subject it weaves about it a network of fancy far different from reality. She had not seen her husband dead; a battle was a vague thing to her; he had simply gone away and had not come back. Perhaps he had been wounded, had lost a leg or an arm, and a prisoner in rebel hands was long in recovering. Then, perhaps—here her fancy took a wild leap—perhaps he was told by some one that she was dead, or that she, thinking him dead, had married again, tho she didn't quite see how he could believe she could marry another man. But such things had happened—she had read of them; and supposing he had believed it, he would wander away and never care to revisit his old home until, at last, he somehow learned the truth and hastened to her with joy. Or it might be that he had escaped from his rebel prison, had reached the seacaast, had crept on board some foreign vessel, and had been carried to far-off lands, whence he would some day return.

Vain imaginings! but lonely women dream strange things while they go half mechanically about their monotonous daily tasks. Even the happiness of happy women is half in this unreal inner life. After this visit to Shiloh these comforting pictures were conjured up no more in Lizzie's mind. It was all real now, the battle and the slaughter, and she had seen the graves where the soldiers lay; her thoughts centered about "1,607," where the captain's tribute rested, and she felt more and more convinced that Martin slept beneath that stone. It was nearly thirty years, a lifetime, since he went, and he would come to her now only after Heaven's gate had opened to let her in. She had mourned her lost love for thirty years. She, a little, commonplace woman, of whom no one would have thought as a heroine of romance. She would not have known what the term "grand passion" meant; she had been simply faithful to a memory in a quiet, undemonstrative way; her life had been bound up in a sentiment, that was all.

One day in April—it was the thirtieth Shiloh anniversary—she was at her little cottage, no neighbor needed her services as nurse or seamstress. It had been an early spring, and she went out in the garden to look at the signs of life among her few cherished flowers. In a sunny corner wild violets grew and had pushed green leaves above the mold, but no buds were yet in sight.

"I remember," she said, speaking to a neighbor who had paused in passing—"I remember seeing violet flowers as early as this."

She was thinking of those stuck in the band of Martin's hat that day so long ago when he came from the field, and as she spoke she looked down the village street, wondering at the unusual boisterousness of the school children. They followed after and jeered at a man who came slowly and hesitatingly along, as if uncertain of his way. His clothing was rough, his shoulders bent and his gait shambling. On his head was a military cap, such as some old soldiers insist upon wearing, and on its side was something like a decoration on a woman's bonnet. It was this that made the children jeer. Mrs. Davis put her hand over her eyes and looked at it intently. Hardly knowing what she did she went out upon the walk and down the street to meet him. When she came closer she saw that the decoration was a bunch of yellow violets. She stopped before the man and looked at him. She had never thought of her husband as other than erect, and strong, and young; this man was feeble, and dim-eyed, and old, but—she knew him.

"Martin" she said—"Martin!" and reached out her hands, forgetful of watching neighbors and wondering children.

Something like a miracle happened in that moment. The years fell away from her as a garment; the flush in her cheek, the love light in her eyes transfigured her.

"Lizzie!" said the man, the dull, dazed expression clearing from his face—"Lizzie," and he fumbled at his cap, "I—I thought y'd like some posies, an' came round by the holler and got them."

She took him by the hand and led him into the house, her face still illumined.

The woman who wrote stories and the other who read them met again on the street of Murdock. Toward them came Lizzie Davis. She was the woman who had been at the station week before; but she was like one born again. Her hair was faded, it is true; her complexion gray, her dress old-fashioned and rusty; but her eyes were bright, her bearing erect and proud, her face smiling. She stopped a moment to speak to the woman who wrote.

"Just think, Miss," she said; "Martin lived over in Jonesboro, just beyond the Ohio line, and not fifty miles from here, for twenty years. I've just seen a man from there. Where he had been before that time the Lord knows. The man says that they all knowed something was the matter with his head. Seemed to do his work well on the farm, but every now an' then he'd get uneasy an' talk about some place he'd ought to go if he could only just think of the name; an' when he heard any one call 'Lizzie' he always got worried and fidgety. Come spring, too, every year, he'd pick flowers an' wear 'em in his hat. Then at last one day his recollection seemed to come to him sudden, and he up an' started off, the man said, acting like a crazy lunatic. He found his way here, an' he's getting to be more like himself every day, an' it almost seems as if he'd never been away."

A glow was on her cheek like the blush of a bride; the thirty years of loneliness were as naught; the children that might have been hers, the happiness and peace she had missed were forgotten. The mother heart in her went out to the broken-down man and was satisfied. He came shuffling down the walk.

"See how well he looks," she said, as she hastened toward him, with a face through which love shone as it must shine on the faces of the angels in Heaven.

"You were wrong, you see," softly said the woman who wrote, to her friend; "you were wrong when you declared there was no romance here; that the people merely vegetated. That woman has lived."

"Yes," said the other, "she has loved."

The Supreme Hymn.

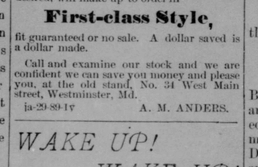
From New York Tribune.

Speaking of hymns, the Rev. Robt. Collyer said the other day: "I well remember one day when this subject was the object of a discussion between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter said that many of the so called hymns were mere pieces of cabinet work. Then his voice deepened, his eyes shone, as we remember him in his noblest moments, as he said, 'One hymn I think supreme.' Emerson threw his head back, as he always did when his attention was arrested, and waited. Dr. Holmes repeated the first verse:

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light.
Only I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee."

"'I know—I know,' exclaimed Emerson. 'That is the supreme hymn.'"

"Saved Her Life."



MRS. JOHN WALLET, of Jefferson, Wis., than whom none is more highly esteemed or widely known, writes. "In 1890 I had a severe attack of LaGrippe and at the end of four months, in spite of all physicians, friends and good nursing could do, my lungs heart and nervous system were so completely wrecked, my life was despaired of, my friends giving me up. I could only sleep by the use of opiates. My lungs and heart pained me terribly and my cough was most aggravating. I could not lie in one position but a short time and not on my left side at all. My husband brought me Dr. Miles' Nervine and Heart Cure and I began taking them. When I had taken a half bottle of each I was much better and continuing persistently I took about a dozen bottles and was completely restored to health to the surprise of all."

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WALL PAPER!

Up to date Paper Hangers and Wall Paper Dealers. We don't claim to be the only firm in the county that carries a stock of

WALL PAPER,

but we are, as everybody knows, the largest dealers. We buy goods direct from the factory just as cheap as these New York Wall Paper Stores that say they give you Paper at 3 cts. per piece. We do the same and you

DON'T pay any FREIGHT.

It costs more to do business in a large city and they don't give goods away and live at the same time. We

WORK AS CHEAP

as any of the Paper Hangers, when you take quality of goods into consideration, and have best facilities for doing so. We are prompt. We carry a line of

CHEAP READY MADE WINDOW SHADES,

from 10 cts. to 50 cts. Also make them to order. Look us up. Examine our goods and you will then come to the conclusion that we are up to the times. Work done anywhere in the county without extra charge.

MATTHEWS & MYERS,
45 E. Main St. Westminster, Md.
ja-29-96-1y

Western Maryland Railroad

CONNECTING WITH

P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown, B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Bruceville, and P. W. & B., N. C. and R. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTION

Taking effect June 26th, 1898.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A M	11. AM	15. AM	23. PM	29. P M	53. AM	55 P M
New York							
Philadelphia							
Washington							
Baltimore	4.30	8.11	10.17	4.01	5.47	9.3	8.35
Arlington		8.35	10.40	4.25	6.16	9.32	9.59
Mt. Hope		8.39	10.43	4.27	6.40	9.38	9.13
Pikesville		8.46	10.50	4.34	6.47	10.05	9.10
Owings Mills		9.00	11.06	4.47	7.00	10.16	9.21
Glyndon	5.10	9.11	11.13	4.59	7.17	10.28	9.34
Emory Grove		9.12	11.15		7.18	10.29	9.35
Finksburg		9.21	11.25	5.12	7.29	10.41	9.47
Carrollton		9.37	11.38	5.25	7.46	10.55	10 00
Westminster	5.38	9.53	11.53	5.42	8.05	11.12	4.17
Avondale		10.00	12.00	5.49	8.12	11.20	4.17
New Windsor	5.50	10.10	12.10	6.02	8.32	11.35	4.39
Linwood		10.15	12.16	6.07	8.29	11.40	4.45
Union Bridge	5.57	10.20	12.20	6.13	8.35	11.45	4.50
Middleburg		10.26	P M. 6.19		P M	AM.	P M.
Bruceville	6.03	10.29		6.23			
D. P. Creek		10.33		6.27			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.36			
Thurmont	6.21	10.53		6.47			
Edgemont	6.33	11.42		7.32			
Waynesboro	7.33	12.02		7.52			
Chambersb'g	8.10	12.56		8.28			
Shippensburg	†			8.55			
Hagerstown	7.30	12.15		8.05			
Williamsport	A M.	P M.		P M.			

TRAINS EAST.

LEAVE	22. P M	4. AM	8. AM	12. P M	18. P M	52. AM	54. P M.
Williamsport							
Hagerstown	4.10		7.02		2.07		
Shippensburg			6.00				
Chamb'rsburg			6.33		1.45		
Waynesboro			7.07		2.18		
Edgemont	4.37		7.36		2.41		
Thurmont	5.21		8.16		3.21		
Rocky Ridge			8.26		3.31		
D. P. Creek			8.33		3.39		
Bruceville	5.38		8.37		3.44	3.42	
Middleburg			8.39		3.46	3.47	
Union Bridge	5.45	6.37	8.46	12.55	3.54	6.56	2.58
Linwood		6.41	8.49	12.59	3.59	7.00	4.12
New Windsor	5.53	6.46	8.54	1.04	4.0	7.06	4.18
Avondale		6 6		1.11	4.17	7.22	4.0
Westminster	4.07	7.02	9.11	1.40	4.37	7.38	4.28
Carrollton		7.16	9.25	1.54	4.42	7.56	4.3
Finksburg		7.26	9.35	1.44	4.54	8.06	4.55
Emory Grove		7.39		1.57	5.08	8.19	5.14
Glyndon	6.37	7.40	9.43	1.54	5.14	8.32	5.15
Owings Mills	6.46	7.52	9.54	2.04	5.25	8.35	5.17
Pikesville		8.12	10.00	2.13	5.28	8.44	5.28
Mt. Hope		8.11	10.05	2. 9	5.36	8.51	5.35
Arlington		8.14	10.2	2.20	5.39	8.54	5.38
Baltimore	7.18	8.37	10.27	2.42	6 05	9.20	6.03
Washington							
Philadelphia							
New York							
	P M.	A M.	A M	P M.	P M	A M	

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

Passengers for and from Cherry Run, Williamsport, P. V. and intermediate points, from and for stations east of Hagerstown change at Hagerstown.

EMMITSBURG R. R. Trains East will leave Emmitsburg daily, except Sundays at 7.10 and 10.00 A. M. and 2.50 and 5.50 P. M., arriving Rocky Ridge at 7.40 and 10.30 A. M. and 3.20 and 6.20 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.36 and 10.40 A. M. and 3.51 and 6.36 P. M., arriving at Emmitsburg 8.55 and 11.10 A. M. and 4.10 and 7.06 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Bruceville at 8.38 A. M. and 9.5 and 10.40 A. M. and 5.38 and 6.30 P. M. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and Columbia leave Bruceville 9.47 A. M., and at 3.45 P. M.

Through Trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 7.22 A. M. and 3.32 P. M. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate points leave Baltimore also daily, except Sunday at 10.17 A. M.

BLUE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS.

Going West—Leave Baltimore 3.22 P. M., Westminster 4.25, New Windsor 4.41, Union Bridge 4.47, Bruceville 4.53, Hagerstown 6.47.

Going East—Leave Hagerstown 6.45 A. M., Bruceville 7.37, Union Bridge 8.4, New Windsor 8.11, Westminster 8.24, Glyndon 8.32, Baltimore 9.31.

EXPRESS NO. 25.

Leave Baltimore 5.00 P. M., Glyndon 5.29, Finksburg 5.51, Carrollton 7.01, Westminster 6.21, Avondale 6.28, New Windsor 6.39, Linwood 6.45, Union Bridge 6.50.

ACCOMMODATION NO. 2.

Leave Union Bridge 5.30 A. M., Linwood 5.37, New Windsor 5.36, Avondale 5.50, Westminster 6.08, Carrollton 6.24, Finksburg 6.38, Glyndon 6.51, Baltimore 7.46.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
B. H GRISWOLD Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

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

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!

I wish to call the attention of my friends and the public in general to the fact that I now am ready to show one of the

Finest and Cheapest Lines of WALL PAPER

ever exhibited in this county, bought direct from the factory, in full bundle lots, so you get it only from second hands, no two or three profits coming off it. Of course the consumer pays them all. Sam Jones says it takes a pointer pup nine days to get his eyes open. I have known some people to get their's open in fifteen minutes in a wall paper deal. They thought it was two pieces instead of one, and the border they did not understand, &c. That is always their plea. Remember I am the only paper hanger in the county that carries a stock and don't have the expense of running a store, therefore I have no opposition. If you think I can't save you money, come and see me and bring size of your room, or send size by mail and I will tell you what your job will cost, and send samples and convince you that Gladhill's is the place to save twenty-five cents on a on a dollar on all Wall Papers.

jun-28-tf L. GLADHILL, Westminster, Md.