THE ONLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER AND THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CARROLL COUNTY.

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

JOB WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ELSEWHERE. —o— ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 10, 1905. VOL. 74--NO. 45.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County:

October Term, 1905.

Ordered, this 31st day of October, 1905, by the Judges of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, that the account and distribution of the assets of the personal estate of Jacob Thomson, deceased, in the hands of Ellis O. Grimes and Charles L. Thomson, administrators of said deceased, made among the creditors of said deceased be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary thereof on or before the 3rd Monday, 20th day of November, 1905; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two succes ive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

A. KURTZ MYERS,
JOHN E. ECKENRODE,
GEORGE R. RUPP,
Judges.

True Copy.—Test:
nov 3 2t J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

October Term, 1905.

Estate of Henry E. Morelock, deceased.

On application, it is ordered, this 31st day of October, 1905, that the sale of real estate of Henry E. Morelock, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Geo. L. Stoeksdale, 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 1st Monday, 4th day of December next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 4th Monday, 27th day of November, next. The report states the amount of sale to be $426.92.

A. KURTZ MYERS,
JOHN E. ECKENRODE,
GEORGE R. RUPP,
Judges.

True copy.—Test:
nov 3 3t J. J. Stewart, Register of Wills.

PRIVATE SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM.

I will sell my Valuable Farm, situated 14 miles from Westminster, on the Uniontown Turnpike, containing

200 ACRES, MORE OR LESS.



This property is improved by a 2½ Story Brick House, containing 10 large rooms and basement, and two very large new Bank Barns, Wagon Sheds, and all necessary outbuildings. It has four wells and a never failing spring, and there is running water in the barn. There is a splendid Orchard of all kinds of fruit and enough timber for the property. The land is fertile, under a good state of cultivation, and is exceptionally located, lying between three public roads and near to stores, churches and schools. This farm is noted for its productive qualities and offers a rare opportunity for any one wishing a beautiful farm or country residence. Call on or write to

MRS. CAROLINE RINEHART,
179 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.
oct 6 tf

THREE FARMS NEAR WESTMINSTER, AT PRIVATE SALE.

We will sell our three farms at Private Sale, as follows:

Farm No. 1, containing 402 ACRES, about one mile from Westminster, on the Manchester road. The improvements are an 8-room Brick House, Bank Barn and all other necessary outbuildings; water, forced to house, barn and other buildings by wind pump; an orchard of about four acres of all kinds of fruit, &c.



Farm No. 2, containing 77 ACRES, at Cranberry Station, W. Md. Railroad, about 1¼ miles from Westminster. The improvements are a 7 room Weatherboarded House, Bank Barn and all necessary outbuildings; water from Citizens' Water Co. at House and Barn, furnished by the company free of charge; an orchard of about one acre, &c. About 10 acres is fine meadow land and 10 acres in good timber.



Farm No. 3, containing 10 ACRES, on the old Myers' Mill road, about one mile south east of Westminster. The improvements are a 7-room Weatherboarded House, Bank Barn and all necessary outbuildings; water furnished by the Westminster Water Company at house and barn; an abundance of all kinds of fruit, &c.



The buildings on all these farms are in first class condition, and the land is in a high state of cultivation and of very kind nature.

Persons wishing desirable homes in the vicinity of Westminster will find this an excellent opportunity to procure them, and such properties are not often in the market.

Terms to suit purchasers.

For particulars call on or address, the subscribers, residing on Farm No. 1.

VINCENT YINGLING,
SARAH L. YINGLING.
nov 3 tf

PUBLIC SALE OF VERY VALUABLE REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the subscribers, as executors of the last will and testament of William H. Franklin, late of said county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on the road leading from Sams Creek to Winfield, and about 1 mile southwest of Dennings, on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 1905,

at 12 o'clock, M., the following Valuable Real and Personal Property to-wit:

1st. A Farm containing

177 ACRES OF LAND, more or less.



This farm is improved with a large Brick two-story 10-room Dwelling House, with Basement and Cellar; a two-story Tenant House, with 6 rooms and cellar; large Bank Barn, 2 wagon sheds, one of them just built; buggy shed, large barrack, hog house, stone meat house, and all other necessary outbuildings, all in good condition; water in house and barn, and spring of water near by. The land is in first-class condition and very productive, is under good fencing and crops with the best in the county. There is a due proportion of excellent Timber and Meadow Land. There is an apple orchard and an abundance of choice Fruit on the place, which is well watered. This farm lies in an excellent neighborhood, is very convenient to churches, stores, schools, &c., and is in every way a most desirable property.

2nd. A parcel of land, adjoining the above farm, containing about 3 Acres, improved with a two-story frame Dwelling House, with 5 rooms and kitchen, stable, shed, corn house, smoke house, wood house and other necessary outbuildings, all in good condition; well of good water at the door of the dwelling.



3rd. A Brick House, with office adjoining, in the village of Marston, now occupied by Dr. F. T. Brooks, and formerly in the occupancy of Dr. B. G. Franklin. The lot belonging to this property contains about Half an Acre of Land, with an abundance of choice fruit, fine garden, well of good water at the rear porch; good stable and all other necessary outbuildings. The property is in excellent condition and is admirably located and adapted to the requirements of a practicing physician.

Also at the same time and place the subscribers, as executors aforesaid, will sell at Public Sale, a perpetual 6 per cent Ground Rent of $65 per annum on Division street, Baltimore, Md., owned by the said Wm. H. Franklin, deceased. This property is improved with a good Brick Dwelling House, and the ground rent is a very safe and desirable investment; 12 Shares of Stock in the Maryland Collegiate Institute, Union Bridge, par value $25. This is very desirable stock.

The Personal property to be sold includes 1 horse, 1 buggy, a lot of household articles, 100 barrels of Corn, 35 bushels of Potatoes, 45 bushels of Barley, 45 bushels of Oats, &c.

The Personal Property will be sold before the Real Estate.

Terms of Sale of Real Estate.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash on day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the court, and the residue in two equal payments, of 6 and 12 months, respectively, the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from day of sale; or all cash, at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

Terms of Personal Property.—All sums under $5, cash; on all sums of $5 and upwards a credit of 6 months will be given, on notes, with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale.

Cash will be required for the Ground Rent and Maryland Collegiate Institute Stock.

N. E. FRANKLIN,
EDGAR S. JENKINS,
nov 3 4t Executors.

OUR FARMER FRIENDS.

We beg to inform you that while our Mill Building was destroyed by fire, our Elevator and Warehouse were saved, and that within a week or ten days we will be able to handle your grain the same as heretofore.

We will also have for sale at our Warehouse the best makes of Bran and Middlings that we can buy.

Thanking you for past patronage, and desiring a continuance of same, we remain,

Very respectfully,
ROBERTS, ROOP & COMPANY.
oct 27 3t

SALE BILLS printed on short notice and at reasonable rates.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

"The New Store!"

Announcement.

Since our last publication many departments have been completed with all the newest things the market can produce.

DRESS GOODS.

Special display of favored cloths, in wanted shades, of Broadcloths, Crepe de Chene, Covert Cloths, Cheviots, Henriettas, Novelty Suitings, etc. We consider it the prettiest line ever displayed in Westminster.

LADIES' TAILORED SUITS.

An incomparable variety of new and tasteful styles in Suits, Coats and Skirts.

The quality and correctness of our garments means no additional expense to you. You merely get the very best that can be had for the least possible money.

CORSETS. CORSETS.

We recommend and sell Madame Pohl's Corsets, "Silver Dollar" and "Dollar Reducer." For design they have no equal, for wear they have no superior. Try them.

UNDERWEAR. UNDERWEAR.

A word to the early buyer about Underwear. We have the line complete, of the very best that can be bought, and have on sale at such prices that comparison will only approve. All our garments are strictly first quality.

CLOTHING. CLOTHING.

Our Clothing Department is one of the most complete in the county. It is full of new and up-to-date Clothing for all classes and sizes, at all prices; no odds and ends, but strictly all new goods.

We feel confident, if quality and price can reach you, we can.

Our selections came from the largest manufacturers of Clothing in this country, thereby enabling us to give you the benefit of their experience.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Our Shoe Department is without a doubt the best, having selected the best brands obtainable, namely, the "Dolly Madison" for Women one of the most advertised Shoes in America having stood the severest tests and pronounced to be the

BEST $3.00 TO $3.50 SHOE MADE.

We have them in in all styles and sizes,

OUR DEE VEE SHOE FOR MEN

comprises all the good qualities that go to make up an Ideal Shoe for Men. We have them in many styles—Patent Colt, Box Calf, Vici etc.,

AT THE PORULAR PRICES, $3.50 to $4.00.

We also handle a general line of Men's and Woman's Shoes, from $1.00 pair up, and Children's from 25c up. Leather Boots, Felt Boots and Rubber goods of every description.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.,

BABYLON BUILDING, OPPOSITE LIBERTY STREET, **WESTMINSTER, MD.**

THIS IS OVERCOAT MONTH!

You will likely need one for yourself or boy. You want to buy where you can get the best Coat, the best style and the lowest price.

SHARRER & GORSUCH,

WESTMINSTER, Md.,

the big Clothing people, offer you all these inducements. Having bought their Overcoats as well as suits last May, before big advance in wool, gives them a great chance over late buyers to save you money.

HUNDREDS OF Men's and Boys' Coats to Select

from. Good Coats $5, a few of those special $10 Coats yet at $8.50. Elegant Swell Coats, in paletots and fancies, $10 to $20.

SEE our LINE of BOYS' OVERCOATS

4 to 19 year sizes. You will get the latest styles and save money. We are talking Overcoats, but if you want a Suit remember here you get best Suits, largest stock and lowest prices.

IF YOU WANT A SUIT TO ORDER DON'T THINK

of ordering until you see our patterns and prices. Of course if you want best Cord Pants you will come here. Our 38c Underwear is the best; try it. A great line of Cardigan Jackets and fine Underwear. A big line of all kinds of good Gloves.

feb 10 1y 11 SHARRER & GORSUCH, Westminster, Md.

SHOES, HATS and Gents' Furnishings.

You will not find elsewhere the variety and values we are showing in Men's, Women's, Misses' and Children's Shoes. If your children are in need of School Shoes bring them in and be fitted. A SCHOOL BAG GIVEN AWAY with each pair of School Shoes.

MEN'S SHOES from	$1.00 to $4.00.	BOYS' SHOES from	$1.00 to $2.50.
WOMEN'S SHOES from	$1.00 to $3.50.	YOUTHS' SHOES from	75c to $2.00.
MISSES' SHOES from	75c to $2.00.		

Before buying your FALL AND WINTER HATS see us first.

WE ALSO CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF

SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR,

GLOVES, NECKWEAR, OVERALLS, TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, &c.

Give us a call and get prices.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
dec 23 04 1y

REMEMBER!

IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST TO GO TO

MITCHELL'S ART GALLERY

when you want a Photo or Family Group, in short anything in Photography.

Fresh Kodak Films on sale.

J. D. MITCHELL, Proprietor of Mitchell's Art Gallery, over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md.
feb 19 04 1y

FARM FOR RENT.

I have a farm of 150 Acres of Land for rent for a money rent, near Glyndon and Reisterstown. Suit Dairy business. A good chance will be given to a good farmer.



F. P. GOODWIN.
oct 6 tf Reisterstown, Md.

FOR SALE.

Saloon, Dining Room and Pool Room combined. Price $7000. This is without question one of the finest Restaurants in Baltimore. Apply to

H. L COVER,
No. 1816 Warwick Avenue,
oct 13 4t Baltimore, Md.

NO. 4248 EQUITY.

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

In the matter of the Trust Estate of James M. Massicott and wife, Theodore C. Massicott and wife, and James M. and Theodore C. Massicott, Co-partners trading as James M. Massicott & Brother, John T. Shafer, trustee

Ordered, this 1st day of November, 1905, that the sales of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by John T. Shafer, trustee in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of December 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 27th day of November instant. The report states the amount of sale of real estate to be $9,000.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.
True Copy—Test:
nov 3 3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

Up To Date. What? J. W. Lockard & Son's LINE OF **FURNITURE, CARPETS AND Buggies.**

We are showing the most complete and up-to-date line of Furniture and Carpets ever displayed in Wesminster, and at prices so low as to be surprising, for the quality of goods. We invite all to visit our store before buying, and prices and goods will do the rest.

Yours for business,
J. W. LOCKARD & SON.
13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster.
C. and P. Phone. au 16 1y

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS: Behr Bros & Co.,
Chickering, Blasius & Sons,
Hobart M. Cable,
Newman Bros.

ORGANS:
ESTEY
and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

☞ Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER,
West Main Street, Westminster, Md.
oct 16 tf

WALL PAPER AND PAPER HANGING.

A complete line of up-to-date goods can be found at our store. Estimates on

Paper Hanging and Window Shades

given without extra charge. An inspection of

STOCK AND PRICES

will convince you that we are the leaders in the business.

☞ No extra charge for country work. Look us up.

Respectfully Yours,
MATTHEWS & MYERS,
No. 80 E. Main Street, Westminster, Md.
sept-14-01-1y

A VENGEANCE.

By Henry Barnham Boone, in Rob Taylor's Magazine.

The phenomenon appeared just after the sun had set. The western sky was still faintly yellow when away to the north a steady glow appeared in the sky, spreading to east and west in increasing brightness as the sunset colors faded.

Two negroes had stopped in the road and stood watching the light. Presently a man carrying before him on his horse's withers a bag of meal, rode up and stopped near them. He was a small man. The rider and his clothes and whiskers were powdered as if with a fine chalk. He had but one arm, but he used that one very cleverly in holding the bag before him and at the same time guiding his green colt, which appeared from time to time to make decided protest against his double load.

You reckon that's the Yankees over yonder?" the negro girl asked him, pointing to the light.

"Yes, Sallie," he answered, "thar's whar they is, sure enough. There ain't no twenty-seven ways about that. Better keep yo' eye on Simon or he'll be off to the Yankees.

"I ain't keepin' him," Sallie answered with supreme indifference. "He can go and welcome. He ain't nothin' but a trouble."

"Well, good-bye, Simon," said the little miller with a grin.

"I ain't gone yit," said the negro sulkily. "But when I get ready, its good-bye an' gone. Ain't no foolin' about me!"

It was evident that the miller's chance remark was in the line with the conversation which he had interrupted.

"Waitin' to pack yo' trunk, Simon?" the girl inquired. "My, won't it be heavy, holdin yo' other shirt! Have to borry a wagon from ole Miss." She stooped and went through the motions of lifting a heavy object from the ground with dramatic grunts and heavy breathing. Then she burst out into loud laughter. The miller smiled appreciatively and an unwilling grin was wrung from Simon.

Toward the group came an old negro bearing a lantern, and behind him a woman dressed in black. The miller pulled off his cap.

"Good evenin', Miss Lizzie. I was just comin' with the meal.

"Who is it? Hold up the lantern, Jacob. Oh! it's you, Mr. Harris. I was very sorry to trouble you but we scraped the meal-barrel for dinner, didn't we Sallie? and Simon was away hiding the horses. Oh, there you are, Simon! Are they safe?"

"Yas'm, Miss Lizzie, and yonder the Yankees! See yonder!"

"I see them. Someones' fences are suffering. I pray heaven they come no nearer. I suppose our army is retiring. Do you know where they are, Mr. Harris?"

"Thar was a fellow from Augusta come by the mill this morning, and he said they told him at Arlington that General Rosser crossed Tye river day before yesterday when it was gettin' up. Nobody could cross it when he went by. It was out of its banks. How are the boys in the hospital?"

"We had rare good fortune today. Two wagons full of hospital stores, that General Smith captured Friday, came in guarded by some cavalry. He never forgets his wounded, So we have quinine and bandages, and oh, everything! I was so overjoyed I could have danced. But they brought no letter from my husband. I have not heard for two months. It is a long time. Lots of things may happen in two months."

"Yas'm, Miss Lizzie," Harris said, no news is good news, they say."

There came the sudden sound of snapping twigs and rustling leaves in the dark woods which bordered the road.

Harris dismounted nimbly from his horse and the bag of meal rolled off into the road. He cast a look at the meal bag even as he drew his pistol.

"Who's there?" he called stoutly. "Jacob, see if the string is busted," he added over his shoulder. "Hold my horse, Simon, while I rout out the varmint."

At this moment Sallie, who clung whimpering to mistress's knees, uttered a loud scream.

"S-sh," came a voice from the darkness. "It's only me, Reubem Gibson."

"Reuben!" cried Mrs. Tyler, advancing. "Sallie, let go. It's Mr. Gibson. What are you doing here?"

"I'm waitin' for night so I can go home," Gibson said, coming out into the light of the lantern. "Howdy, Miss Lizzie! Howdy, Mr. Scroggs! Howdy, Simon! Scart ye Sallie? Colonel Tyler give me a letter for you, ma'am."

He produced a letter from the lining of the rag of ahat on his head, and Mrs. Tyler, by the lantern's light read a few words scrawled.

'You ain't got no shoes hardly, is you, Mr. Gibson?' Jacob observed.

'No, I got this yere blanket off a Yankee what didn't have no more use for it, but somebody else got his shoes Likely they'd a been too small.' 'But my foot is a killin' me. Seems like I can't barely make it home. How is my folks Miss Lizzie?' he asked as Mrs. Tyler looked up from her husband's letter and furtively wiped her eyes.

'They're doing as we all are doing, Reuben,' she answered, evasively. The little boy made some corn so they have a little meal. Are you on furlough?'

'Me, ma'am! With the Yankees so close behind us! No, ma'am. I couldn't a got leave. I just dropped out on the march and come on home. I'm goin' back tomorrow. I saw Col. Tyler and he said if I was bound to go he'd send a letter.'

'The Home Guard fellers is all about, Reuben,' Scroggs said. 'And that feller Davis is one of the main ones that hunts deserters.'

'I had to come home,' Gibson said. 'I was so near seems like I might see the smoke of my cabin from those hills yonder. Thar's our army.' He pointed to some shadowy hills to the northeast. 'The Yankees has got big fires every night, hunting us like you'd hunt a 'possum. But we ain't a 'possum, and when they gits a little further into the mountains and sit down to figger whar we is—well, they'll find out.'

'We must find you some shoes,' Mrs. Tyler said.

'Scuse me, Miss Lizzie,' Scroggs put in. "Mr. Gibson better not show hisself so plain out here in the road. Somebody might ride by. Simon can take my horse and the meal and I'll go a piece with Reuben cross the fields.'

The group separated, Mrs. Tyler continuing homeward with her slaves.

'You ain't got no clothes but rags, has you, Reuben?' Scroggs said as they walked along a cattle path through the woods.

'I ain't mindin' that, Jim. My! I've wanted to git home so bad! 'Twas so near and I had kep' dreamin' all along the spring when we was marchin' up to Pennsylvania that Almiry was a-failin', I forgot to ask the ole mistis. I reckon you wouldn't know, would you?'

Scroggs did not answer the question. Instead he said: 'You don't want to let Sam Davis see you, Reuben. He ain't forgot how you outcut him when we was harvestin' wheat two years before the war. You remember, don't you?'

'I did out-cut him, didn't I? Fair and squar'. I run him to the bushes when the sun was four hours high. He poisoned ole Spot, but I got even, didn't I? I like to beat him to death. Let's stop at this yer branch; my foots is a killin' me.'

They stopped at a small creek and Gibson undid the arrangement of bags and string that served as foot covering.

'Your feet is bad, sure enough, Reuben,' Scroggs said sympathetically as Gibson, with many groans and wry faces, unwrapped them. 'Don't forget Sam Davis hates you as a nigger does cold water.'

'Don't show yourself, Reuben,' Scroggs warned him as they parted.

'I'm going back to the army tomorrow night. They'll be needin' me pretty soon.'

It was midnight when Gibson entered the mountains. Every rise and fall of the shadowy, encompassing ridges was as familiar to him as if he had hunted over them but yesterday. A mountaineer seldom goes far from home and his youth and his manhood, up to three years before, had been spent here. He knew all the straight cuts from one road to another, now through the pines, now avoiding a thicket of impenetrable briers with unerring memory. He came out into a little clearing where some old locust trees, alive only at their tops, stretched their broken limbs as skeleton reminders to those still living of their certain fate.

A house dog wailed and, as Gibson came nearer, rushed savagely out. His hoarse notes echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

'Hi, Ring,' he called, but the dog continued to bark savagely.

'I reckon it ain't Ring,' he said to himself. And a lump began to fill his throat. 'I wonder if all the children is here like I left 'em. I sorter feel as if maybe Almiry—' He could not say it even to himself.

A shrill, woman's voice came from the house.

'Who be you? Hush, Rover.'

'Reuben,' he answered.

'Well, I 'clar'! Children—Robert, Cinderilly, Arethusy! Here's your father!"

Repression is a part of the mountaineer nature, but as Reuben sat in the best splint chair with his cut and swollen feet in a pail of water, and the flames began to leap up the chimney and the coffeepot, with its concoction of chicory and rye, began to hum merrily, the tears rose in his eyes and fell into his beard.

The boy Robert began to blubber.

'Hush yo' fuss, son,' his mother said sharply. 'Them air Yankees ain't killed your father yit. Feet hurtin' you, Reuben?'

'Tain't my foots, Mirandy. It's just bein' here ag'in and thinkin' that to-night I'll sleep in a bed for once ag'in.'

He looked around the poor little log room. Almiry was not sleeping on any of the pallets in the corners. She would hardly sleep in the kitchen. For some time he clung to the hope that she might be in the loft above and that her mother would call her.

'The last one of us was sick in the spring, Reuben,' his wife told him. 'If it hadn't been for Miss Lizzie I reckon we all would 'a' died like—'

Reuben looked at her fixedly, his eyes questioning. She covered her face with her apron and nodded.

'The doctor said it was the spring,' the boy said. 'He said he reckoned we must 'a' let it git foul, but we didn't and then he took some of the water an' he 'xamined it; there was poison in it. But we ain't had no poison in the house.'

'Why ain't Sam Davis in the army, son?' Reuben asked suddenly. 'They tells me he's in the Home Gyard.'

'He said he warn't goin',' one of the girls said. 'And when they come to take him, he put his hand on the choppin' block an' took the axe an' cut off his fingers. He made out like it was an accident, but it wa'nt.' Robert nodded in confirmation of his sister's story.

'When he gits drunk,' Robert continued, 'they say he just raars, tellin' how he's goin' to git even with you.'

'Let him raar,' Reuben answered contemptuously. 'I'm gwine back to the army to-morrow. My, don't that bed look good!'

There was the first sign of the coming dawn in the dimming of the overhead stars and the greater darkness under the shadows of the mountains, when a squad of men came in single file along a wood road which led to Gibson's cabin. One of the party must have known his bearings well, for after a time they halted and separated.

The house dog caught the scent of a man and howled. Reuben was out of bed and had the door open before the echo of the howl had ceased. He could see nothing, but in a moment the dog began again on a higher note rushing back and forth; then he darted around to the back of the cabin still barking savagely.

'Run Reuben,' his wife said in a whisper.

'They're all around the cabin, whoever they be,' he answered.

'Reuben Gibson,' came a voice from the woods before the door.

'That's Sam Davis,' whispered his wife in his ear. He nodded.

The call was repeated.

For some moments there was no sound except the shaking of the locust leaves by the light air of dawn, and the crowing of a cock far off.

'We got you surrounded, Reuben. Will you give up?'

'Who are you-all?' Reuben called out.

'The home gyard. I arrest you as a deserter.'

'I ain't deserted from nothin', men. Arethusy, set a light in the room. Come whar I can talk with you.

Several men came forth from the trees. The light from the window fell dimly upon them, but was full on Reuben's gaunt, bent figure as he stepped out before the door.

'I ain't a deserter,' he said. 'I come away from the army day befo' yesterday. I'm goin' back tonight. Let me git a few mo' hours' sleep in bed. I ain't got no shoes an' the Yankees was close behind us. An' I come way across them mountains bar'-foot just to see how my folks was gittin' on. I done dreamed Almiry was sick an' sure enough, she's dead. I ain't no deserter. I been in the army two years. My foots is killin' me but I'm going back to the army tonight. I swar I will. Let me get a little sleep in a bed. I'm tellin' you-all Gawd A'mighty's truth. I just wanted to see my folks.'

For a moment, when he had finished speaking there was no answer: Then the voice came from the woods.

'Will you come peaceable, Reuben, or has we got to make you?'

'You cowardly houn' pup, Sam Davis. I knows you, hidin' in the bushes,' Reuben called out.

A rifle in the woods poured forth smoke and flame. The cabin windows rattled. Above Reuben's head the lintel was shivered by the ball.

For a moment he was so convulsed with fury that he could not speak. His long arms swung like spokes to a fast-driven wheel and the storm burst from him. At last he had delivered himself and stood ready to go.

'Listen now, all you men, and you, Sam. When this war is over the first thing I'm going to do is to kill you, Sam Davis. And if I don't come back to do it, Robert, here, will do it when he gits growed big enough. You can't git far enough off but I'll find you. Keep that in mind for your dirty night's work trying to kill me like you did. I ain't no deserter, nohow.'

What was left of the 28th Virginia stood as if dreaming while their Colonel made his little good-bye speech with the tears making dirty, zigzag streaks down his face. Then they shuffled their feet and filled their pipes and looked stupidly about. The change in a moment's time from soldiers to citizens was too sudden for adjustment. Old interests seemed tame after four years of fighting. Was it possible that there was no longer an Army of Northern Virginia?

Reuben Gibson was the first to start. He had procured in some way a pair of shoes. He threw away his blanket, filled his haversack with the food the conquering army had issued to the conquered one, and tightened his belt.

'I'll tell your wife you are on the road, Reuben,' Colonel Tyler called from his horse. 'I'll be starting tomorrow.'

'Thank you, sir,' Reuben answered. I'll get there before long.' He swung, off in great strides, head forward, shoulders bent. The sun all day looked down on the gaunt incarnation of vengeance and the stars at night saw him threading the mountain roads, only stopping at chance cabins for water and a mouthful of food, which he ate as he walked. He would not stop to tell the news except to say that Marse Bob had surrendered and that the war was over. If they would know more they must walk on with him. He had to git home, he said.

A little miller, who had but one arm, stood on the platform of his mill in conversation with a customer, who was settling a bag of meal on his horse's withers preparatory to mounting himself. The horse was bony and old, and his ridgy backbone, with its welts and old sores, told a story of suffering and cruelty as plainly as if his mouth had had the gift of speech. His master was a loose-limbed mountaineer whose eyes were set close together as if each was suspicious of the other and feared to be far away. One of his hands had no fingers and the wound had the look of having healed after rough surgery.

'Maybe Gen. Bob Lee has surrendered and maybe not,' he said to the miller, kicking his horse in the flank to bring him nearer the platform for mounting.

'Too bad that ain't a mule,' the miller said.

'Why?'

'Trade him for a mule and try them tricks on a mule. I'll be sorry to lose your trade, Sam.'

'I ain't going nowhar',' Sam blustered. 'Where did you say Gen. Bob had surrendered?'

'Appomattox Court House, they tell me. Course Reuben may 'a' gotten hisself killed but I wouldn't take no chances if I was you.'

Sam rode of sitting sideways on his horse, the bag in front of him.

'Sam,' the miller called, 'watch out in some of those hollows that Reuben don't git you.'

'I keep him scared, anyway,' the little man ruminated. 'He ain't enjoyin' life any considerable much.'

Davis' little eyes kept moving as he entered the road which crossed the mountains between the mill and his cabin. Every falling twig, every rustle of brush, every sudden stirring of leaves in the wind startled him. Suppose the miller's story was true and that General Lee had surrendered? But the army was way across the James, anyway. Where had the miller said it was? Appomattox—'way yonder! He could form no estimate of how far it was, beyond that phrase. Most likely Reuben was killed anyway.

He slid off and sharpened a stick that he might prod his old horse into a faster walk. The hollows of the mountain, with their trees interlacing across the road, seemed dark even with the sun shining. He used his cruel goad and pushed along as fast as he was able. But when his horse bumped into a trot, he had to yank the bit, as the motion made it difficult to hold the meal bag before him. He was fast becoming a coward. More than once he was tempted to leave horse and meal bag and plunge into the thick woods which bordered the road.

As he began to climb a ridge he kept his eyes behind him with a nervous fear lest some one should steal up on him unawares. A rustling in the bushes which he had just passed held his eyes until he saw a rabbit dart from them across the road.

When he again looked ahead there stood, just in his path, Reuben Gibson, tall, gaunt and terrible.

Sam screamed with terror. There was something so uncanny in this sudden apparition that it seemed to him for a moment as if he saw Reuben's ghost.

But his scream became a scream of mortal terroror as he felt a hand on his ankle, and himself being pulled from his horse.

Reality faced him as he lay upon the ground, in the person of the gaunt man standing over him, holding an open jackknife in his hand. He crawled to his knees and begged for his life.

'Stand up and fight for it, Sam,' Reuben cried. I've come hundreds of miles to kill you. I'm all but broke

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