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$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 12, 1908. VOL. 77--NO. 24.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

LEVI N. SNADER.

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of January, 1909; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 1st day of June, 1908.

HENRY M. SNADER,
FRANCIS M. SNADER,
Executors.

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Executor's Sale of valuable REAL ESTATE

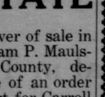
By virtue of a power of sale in the Last Will of William P. Maulsby, late of Carroll County, deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Carroll County, passed in the estates of both William P. Maulsby and of Anna E. Maulsby, late of Carroll County, deceased, the undersigned as surviving executor, &c., of William P. Maulsby, and as executor, &c., of Anna E. Maulsby, will offer at

Public Sale,

AT THE COURT HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER, on

Wednesday, the 1st day of July, 1908,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., all the following valuable real estate, lying and being in the town of Westminster, Carroll County, Maryland, viz:-



1—The Dwelling House and Lot of Ground adjoining the same, extending from the Methodist Protestant Church on Main street to the alley on said street, lately occupied by Mrs. Anna E. Maulsby.

This lot of ground has a frontage of 120 feet more or less on Main St., and extends for its whole front back to an alley 198 feet more or less.

The improvements are a large and commodious 2½ story Brick Dwelling House, with milk house, smoke house and all needful outhouses, a wooden stable for horses and a cow, corn crib, &c. At the alley end of the lot is a good office building.

2—All that Lot of Ground bounding on Centre St., in said town for about 250 feet more or less and extending back parallel with Main St. from 300 to 400 feet with an alley on either side. This property is improved with a small wooden tenant house, a wooden shed and a wooden carriage house.

This is a most valuable lot for pasture or general cultivation, and quite a number of valuable building lots can be located on the Centre St. front.



3—All that Lot of Ground lying on Centre St. in said town and occupied by Miss Emma Poole and fronting about 60 feet on Centre St. This lot is subject to a lease for 99 years renewable forever and is charged with the payment of an annual rental of $24.

This is improved with a comfortable 2-story Frame Dwelling House.

4—All that Lot of Ground adjoining Lot No. 3 and fronting on Centre St. 60 feet more or less, leased to Henry Poole for 99 years, renewable forever. This lot is unimproved.

These two leaseholds were created by William P. Maulsby and wife by Leases recorded in the Land Records of Carroll County, F. T. S. No. 59, folio 362, and Land Records W. N. M. No. 66, folio 80, where a fuller description of same can be found.

5—A Lot of Ground adjoining Lot No. 4 with about same front on Centre St. as preceding two lots. This lot is in fee simple and unimproved.

6—A Corner Lot on Charles St. in said town, near Winchester Place, containing about ¼ of an acre of land more or less.

A Plat of the land above named will be exhibited on day of sale and quantities will be governed by said Plat and the same can be seen at Union National Bank for ten days preceding the sale.

TERMS OF SALE:—¼ Cash on Ratification of Sale; ¼ of purchase money at six months from day of sale, and balance in 12 months, or all cash on ratification of sale at the option of purchaser; the deferred payments must be secured by the notes of the purchasers with security satisfactory to the undersigned and bearing interest from day of sale.

Possession will be given of all the property upon ratification of the sale and upon compliance with the terms of sale.

For further information apply to Dr. J. H. Billingslea, Westminster, or to the undersigned, at Frederick City.

The Gas Fixtures and Stoves and Grate in the parlors will not be sold as part of the real estate.

WM. P. MAULSBY, JR.,
Surviving Executor of Wm. P. Maulsby and Executor of Anna E. Maulsby.
Elias N. Davis, Auctioneer.
ju 5 4t

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Rev. T. H. LEWIS, D. D., LL. D.,
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A HOUSE DIVIDED.

By J. Sackville Martin.

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?'

The words rang solemnly around the walls of roughened pine logs that shut in the little room. The powerful voice ceased, and the tense silence that succeeded seemed to press with an actual physical weight upon the two people who inhabited it. The lamplight fell upon the hard face of the old man who had spoken, as he sat with his Bible open before him on the table. From her seat near the hearthstone, a young girl glanced up as though half afraid. She made as though she would have spoken, but checked herself as the old man went on gloomily:

'And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God; that ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great.'

Again the silence fell and the old man relapsed into gloomy meditation. The girl rose swiftly to her feet and looked around the room. Its every feature was familiar to her; the roughened walls, the gun and the hunting knives that hung upon them, the open fireplace and the pile of brushwood that lay stacked against it, ready for use. She glanced at the door and shivered slightly. Outside the wind was sighing in the forest. She was afraid to stay, yet feared to venture forth. There was in her manner a dumb timidity that told of months of fear. She had had ample cause for it. Scarcely a year had elapsed since King George's soldiers had passed that way on their March on Albany, and her father had joined the villagers in opposing their advance. He had taken his wife and daughter into Easton, had loopholed the windows, and for four hours had kept up a desperate defence. But the struggle had been too unequal. The redcoats had rushed the village, and in the melee a stray bullet, aimed at random, had struck down the girl's mother and had made of her father a gloomy fanatic, in whose mouth were the tremendous denunciations of Revelation and in whose eyes glittered the evil light of religious mania. He had not fought again. The spirit seemed to have been crushed out of him. He had taken his daughter back to their lonely cottage on the outskirts of the forest, and there, seeking comfort in his Bible, had found instead a dangerous stimulant to madness. There were those in the village two miles away who looked upon Ezekiel Horner as a prophet, and who reverenced his sayings as foretelling the destruction of their common enemy. But his daughter heard his exalted ravings with an ever increasing fear. She was little more than a child, and her father was daily becoming more and more of a stranger to her.

She looked at him again as he sat in the lamplight, and noted the straggling white hair, the fiercely compressed lips and the long fingers that clutched his temples, on which the veins stood out like cords. Experience had taught her that before very long he would spring to his feet in uncontroliable fury and pace the room, shouting fragments of the Scripture, foaming at the mouth, until he sank exhausted into slumber. This night she felt that she could not bear such a scene, and with a beating heart she stole toward the door. Her father did not even raise his eyes to look at her. He kept them steadily upon his book, as though in a trance. His lips moved without sound as his mind lingered over the fiery words that he loved. Very softly she lifted the latch and passed out into the darkness. Her heart beat wildly. She knew well that the woods were not safe. Three days before the English troops had passed southward toward Bemis, and, though the forest was clear of them, it might be that some of their Indian allies were hovering on their flank, seeking plunder and scalps from such of the peasantry as had returned to their homes. But anything was better than staying within that house. She knew of a small hollow on the outskirts of the forest where she might lie hidden until a few hours had allowed the old man's fury to abate.

The line of the forest lay not a hundred yards away. A thin moon drifted in the sky, peering where it might through the masses of storm driven clouds that hurried across the face of heaven. Its gleams were scanty and faint. More by instinct than by any sense of sight she guided herself in the direction of the hollow that she was seeking. At length she reached it. It was but a little hole that lay between the roots of a huge tree. With a half sigh of relief she descended into it, and at the same moment the moon shone out and her heart almost stopped beating as she realized that she was not alone.

A man lay in the hollow—a man dressed in a red uniform that marked him for an English soldier. He seemed to her to be young and good looking, but his face was grimed with dirt and his matted hair had escaped from the ribbon that bound it. At her coming he looked up quickly, and she saw by his startled glance that for a moment he was afraid, even as she was. The sight gave her courage, and though she drew back as far as the nature of the ground would permit her, she was able to collect herself and to await what might come with such fortitude as she could muster.

He peered at her anxiously for a moment before he spoke.

'Why, child,' he said, with an inflection of astonishment in his voice, 'what are you doing here on such a night?'

'I—I was afraid,' she stammered.

'Of what?' he asked. 'Of something very dreadful, no doubt, since it drives you out into the woods in times like these. What was it that you feared?'

'My father,' she whispered, looking round as though she expected to find him at her elbow.

'Your father?' he ejaculated. There was a profound commiseration in his voice.

She was quick to resent it.

'You mustn't think he's a bad man,' she said quickly. 'He's a very good one. But since my mother died he has been so strange—so strange. Oh, I oughtn't to speak to you about it. You are one of those who killed her.'

'Poor child,' he said tenderly. 'Many have suffered in this quarrel.'

'And you?' she cried, 'what are you doing here?'

'I was wounded by a chance shot not far from this place,' answered the Englishman. 'My men were in front of me, so I was not discovered.'

'Where are you wounded?' she asked quickly.

'In the leg. I can scarcely walk. I should only have been in the way.'

'How long ago was it?'

'Two days.'

'How have you lived? What have you had to eat?'

'I have tightened my belt, my dear,' he answered with a slightly embarrassed laugh.

'If my father were to find you, he would kill you,' she whispered.

'What—a wounded man?' he asked incredulously.

'You do not understand,' she answered hurriedly. He is so strange at times. He walks up and down, saying such awful things, all out of the Bible. I did not know that there were such dreadful things in it. Oh, he must not find you.'

'One of the saints, I perceive,' said the soldier with a suspicion of a sneer. 'I have met the breed. Well, my child, it matters very little if he does. He will merely do quickly what hunger is taking its time over.'

'You must have food,' she said in a whisper. 'I will bring you some if I can. But I shall have to do it secretly. He would kill me if he knew it.'

He looked at her searchingly. There was a curiously elf-like suggestion about the slightness of her figure and the tangled fair hair that fell about her shoulders. Her blue eyes had distress and fear in them, and he forgot his own troubles in looking into them.

'My dear little girl,' he said, softly, 'I won't have you running your pretty little head into trouble on my account. You had better say nothing at all about me, but go quietly back to your home.'

'And what is to become of you, then?' she answered.

'Oh, I'll stay here,' he replied lightly. 'I'll wait until my leg gets better—I can walk a little now. When it does, I'll go South to join the troops.'

'And in the meantime you would starve!' she answered indignantly. 'And do you suppose I could allow it? No, indeed. I will go back to the house and see what my father is doing. If I can I will bring food to you.'

The soldier gave a little smile, half of pity, half of relief.

'Indeed, my dear,' he said, 'I shall be very grateful to you. I don't like to think of your taking any risks; but starvation, I find, is scarcely as pleasant a sensation as one might imagine.'

'Wait here,' she said, her finger on her lip, 'I will come back to you.'

She stole away in the direction of the cottage. Ensign Fraser, of the 47th Foot, looked after her through the darkness with an eager interest. His faculties, which had been dulled by the prospect of starvation without chance of help, were now quickened by the hope of life. With food he would grow stronger, his leg would allow him to walk, if slowly, and he might be able to rejoin his comrades. He was conscious also of a certain curiosity about this elflike creature, half woman, half child, who had come to his aid in the night as though sent by some supernatural power. He awaited her return, keenly conscious of his hunger. He had scarcely realized until now that there was a possibility of satisfying its cravings.

In the meantime the girl had reached the cottage, and now stood a few yards away from the lighted windows, listening intently. If her father should be in the exaltation of his mania, she knew she would have no choice but to wait. But no sound came from the house, and she judged that the period of excitement was over and that it was even possible that he might be sleeping. She lifted the latch and stole in. Her first glance told her that everything was well. Her father sat in his chair, his eyes closed, a heavy sense of weariness showing itself around his sunken eyelids and in the drooping despondency of his pose. Very softly she stole across the floor of the room toward a cupboard in the corner, from which she took a loaf of bread. There was meat if she could have found it, but she dared not waste the time. Food of any kind was what was necessary, and she judged that the soldier would have little inclination to be dainty. She crept back to the door, glancing fearfully at her father. To all appearances he still slept. Perhaps it was only her imagination, overstrung by fear, that saw in the lines of his figure a certain stiffening, as though he did but imitate an attitude that had before been natural to him. She dared not stay, and, lifting the latch she fled out into the night again, bearing the precious loaf.

The moment she had gone the man rose swiftly, his face drawn and hard, his eyes full of the brilliancy of insanity. He stepped toward the wall and took down a gun that hung upon it. Then, crossing to the door, he went out after his daughter.

He saw the girl in front of him on the beaten track that led toward the edge of the forest. The fleeting gleams of moonlight lit up her slender figure and directed him upon his way. For one moment he saw her look back and crouched behind a bush. Then, rising again, he moved on with the silence and swiftness of a panther.

The girl had reached the hollow and stood looking down into it. The wounded man looked up quickly to greet her coming with a smile. If there was fear in her face there was triumph in it also. She panted from the effects of her speed, her breath came fast, and she held her hand to her side.

'I have brought you food,' she gasped, 'but, oh, I have been so frightened.'

She held out the loaf. The sight of the food put all other thoughts out of the soldier's head. He took it and began to eat it ravenously. The girl could not bear to watch him. She dropped her eyes.

After a few mouthfuls of the bread he had time for a word.

'I should like to know,' he said, with a smile, 'the name of my little preserver.'

'Ruth,' she answered, with a blush.

'Ruth —?'

'Ruth Horner,' she said.

'It is a name I must remember,' he replied, nodding at her in a friendly way. 'I must tell it to my comrades, so that Ruth Horner, or any one dear to her, may go in safety at their hands from this time forever. If I could talk the jargon of your folk, my dear, I should say that Providence has sent you to me.'

'Its ways are indeed mysterious,' replied a solemn voice. 'It hath guided my footsteps hither, and it behooves me to see that I am not slack in doing the work of the Lord.'

Ruth gave a cry of dismay. The soldier looked up to see a sombre figure clad in garments of rusty brown, bearing a gun, around the lock of which his fingers played nervously.

Fraser compressed his lips tightly, glancing from the man to the girl. When he looked at the man again there was a grim expression on his face that had not been there before, and a note of scorn in his voice that stung the girl as though she had been cut with a whiplash.

'A trap, I see,' he said slowly, 'a trap for a mouse and not even baited with cheese. Why, what matter when the bread would do? I see the children of the saints are worthy of their parents.'

The girl gave a cry but her father checked her sternly.

'The maiden hath guided me hither,' he said, 'being, as I take it, marked out to that end by Providence. You are my prisoner.'

'I can make no fight,' replied the soldier; 'I can scarcely stand. What do you propose to do with me, worthy sir?'

'It will be revealed to me,' replied the Puritan gloomily. 'I will fulfil the commands of the Most High, even though it should chance with thee as it chanced with Sisera when he came out against Barak.'

'Ah!' sneered the soldier unpleasantly, 'he also, I believe, trusted in a woman.'

'Blaspheme not,' returned the Puritan sternly, 'but arise and make ready to accompany me to my house, where it shall be revealed to me the manner in which I shall deal with you.'

Fraser rose to his feet slowly. His leg gave him considerable pain, and he winced as he put his weight upon it. With infinite difficulty he scrambled out of the pit.

'Put your arm upon the maiden's shoulder and lean upon her,' commanded Horner. 'She will support your steps. I follow with the gun.'

The girl was at his side in a moment, but he drew back with a whimsical repugnance.

'Excuse me,' he said lightly. 'I think I can manage it alone.' She shrank a little, but answered nothing.

'Do as thou art bidden,' said the Puritan, 'and do you, Ruth, look that you speak no word to him.'

Fraser put his hand upon the girl's shoulder as she stood ready to receive his weight. He was worse hurt than he had thought, and he felt her stagger beneath it. A feeling of scornful amusement at her distress possessed him. He set his lips tighter, and, hardening his heart, put more weight upon her than he had at first intended.

She made no complaint, and very slowly the little cortege passed back in the direction of the house.

Once inside, Horner put the heavy bar across the door, and motioned the soldier to a chair. He himself took another a little distance away, and sat watching him, with his gun across his knees. Long and eagerly he looked, and every moment hatred looked out of his eyes more openly.

'Fetch me yonder coil of rope,' he said to his daughter, indicating one that hung upon the wall, 'and bind the malignant with cords that he stir not.'

The girl dared not disobey. She went to the wall and took down the rope, returning with it to the soldier's side. Much as she feared her father's wrath, the cynical smile on Fraser's face was even harder to bear.

'Bind him, I say,' insisted Horner savagely. 'Pass the rope around his breast.'

Trembling, she did as she was bidden, following her father's directions. Only once did she hesitate, as he bade her pass it around the wounded leg. But his savage command hurried her, and she did that also, using a curious gentleness even while she secured it tightly. And all the while his smile struck her like a blow.

When he was bound the Puritan spoke again.

'Your name?' he said.

'What does it matter?' replied the soldier. 'I am one of King George's soldiers. That is enough for you. You do not know my face; then why ask my name?'

'How know you that I know not your face?' answered Horner gloomily. 'Verily it should be familiar to me, seeing that it is the face of the man who shot down my wife not two miles from this house a year ago.'

'You are mad, sir,' said the ensign firmly. 'A year ago I had not landed in America.'

'Add not a lie to thine other crimes,' replied Horner bitterly. 'It will avail you nothing.'

'A lie!' cried Fraser fiercely. For the first time he struggled with his bonds, but was soon convinced of the uselessness of his efforts. 'I should have known,' he said bitterly, 'that I could expect little of honor in the father of such a daughter.'

'You know not yet what you have to expect,' answered the Puritan, with ever increasing gloom. 'Nor do I know it myself. I must go in and seek the purpose that shall be revealed to me in prayer.'

He nodded his head in the direction of an inner room. Then he arose slowly and turned to his daughter.

'The Lord has delivered into mine hands the slayer of my wife and of your mother,' he said slowly. 'I charge you, on your obedience, to take this weapon and see that he escape not. I will go in and seek direction of the Lord concerning this matter.'

He gave his gun into the hands of the astonished girl and went slowly back into the inner room, leaving them alone together. For a moment they were too surprised to speak. Then the soldier smiled insolently once more.

At his smile pity gave way to resentment within the girl's breast. Her fingers stiffened upon the gun barrel, and Fraser marked the movement.

'Do not be afraid,' he sneered. 'These cords are quite unnecessary. Without them I could not have escaped.'

'You tie them curiously well,' he went on, after a pause. 'I dare say it is not the first time you have done such work.'

'And if I had,' she retorted with a quick flush, 'I should be glad of it this night—seeing that I have helped to bind the man who slew my mother.'

'Tush, girl,' he said impatiently. 'Your father is mad. A year ago I was not in America, but on the sea.'

'What right have you to expect me to believe you?' she cried quickly. 'What faith have you had in me, that I should have faith in you?'

He looked at her searchingly.

'My father took you,' she cried. 'He must have followed me, and you thought that I had led him.'

'Then you did not?' he asked quickly.

'Oh!' she cried. 'How dare you ask me? And I had brought you food!'

As he looked the sneer passed away from his face and was succeeded by an expression of remorse.

'I believe I have done you an injustice,' he said. 'If I am to meet my death here, as seems not unlikely, I shall deserve it.'

'What have I been saying?' she cried quickly. 'I have been thinking only of myself. You must fly—fly while there is time. A knife!' she whispered; 'a knife!' She rushed rapidly to the wall and took one down.

'You can do no good,' he said. 'Even though you cut these cords I could not escape.'

But she was already hacking at them. She had severed them in two places when she was aware of her father's step returning. A moment later he had entered the room. His face was set like a flint and his eyes spoke of danger. As he looked at his enemy his mouth twisted violently, and the apple of his throat moved up and down as though he were swallowing something.

'The Lord hath spoken to me,' he said solemnly. 'He hath spoken, saying. Surely I will abhor the wicked, and surely I will destroy the bloody and deceitful man. Give me that gun, girl.'

He came toward her swiftly, but, with the energy of despair, she caught it up and presented it full at him.

'Back!' she cried. 'Get back! You shall not!'

He paused, astonished. Rage flamed in his face.

'Give it me!' he repeated.

'I would not! It would be murder!'

He broke forth into a wild laugh. The madness of his religious exaltation came upon him like a flood.

'A house divided against itself,' he cried, 'and it cannot stand. Yea, it shall be destroyed utterly, and its place shall know it no more!'

His voice rose to a shriek and his eyes roved about the room.

'For these are the days,' he cried, 'when power is given unto him to scorch men with fire.'

As though his text had given him the clew he sought, his fingers closed upon the lamp, and with all his force he flung it into the pile of brushwood by the fire. The glass shattered into a hundred splinters, the blazing oil flowed over the dry wood, and the flames licked up to the roof. The room was plunged in darkness, save for the lurid light of the fire, and the shadows flickered in ghastly distortion upon the rough walls. In the midst of the ruin he had wrought Horner moved up and down, blind to his danger, both hands raised to the heavens, shrieking out semi-Scriptural imprecations. A chooking smoke filled the room. The girl's head swam, she grew dizzy, the gun fell from her hands; and, a moment before she lost consciousness, she felt herself caught up in Fraser's arms and borne swiftly toward the door. The cool night air revived her, and she saw that they had not been a moment too soon; for now the flames were pouring out of the windows, and licking upwards toward the roof. And from the burning house came the loud chanting of her father's voice.

'Thou hast forsaken me, saith the Lord, thou art gone backwards; therefore I will stretch out my hand against thee and destroy thee. I am weary' — The voice choked and stopped.

Wildly she ran toward the door, desperately she endeavored to enter in; but the fire drove her back. Fraser, sorely hurt by his efforts in taking her from the house, had sunk upon the grass.

'It is useless,' he called. 'You could not save him.'

And, indeed, the truth of his comment was but too apparent. The house had kindled like tinder and was now going up to the skies in flame and smoke. Nevertheless she ran round and round it helplessly; calling upon her father. No voice answered her, and at last she came back to the soldier.

'My father!' she cried desolately, 'my father!'

'My dear,' he said compassionately, 'it was his own doing. You could not have saved him.'

She stood very still a moment. Then she took her breath with a sob.

'I have no one to care for me now!' she cried.

He rose painfully to his feet.

'Poor child,' he said, 'I fear I have brought you much unhappiness. But, come with me and I will take care of you to the end of your life.'

'Where will we go?' she stammered.

'Back to the hollow first,' he said. 'The bread is there, and we will share it. When we have rested we will go south to find the English troops. Will you trust me?'

She was silent.

'I am selfish, I fear,' he said. 'I did not want to lose you. Perhaps you have friends near here who will give you shelter? If so, go and seek them—and we will say goodby here.'

'No, no,' she cried suddenly. 'I want to be with you. I will go with you always.'

'Come, then,' he answered. 'Give me your arm again. You will have to help me, my dear, just at first.'

'I want to help you.'

He put his hand upon her shoulder once more, and they set out for the forest.—The Graphic.

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