The Valiants of Virginia

By Hallie Erminie Rives

(Mrs. Post Wheeler)

Illustrated by Lauren Stout

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"Look-a-yere," he said in a hissing voice. "Ye remember me. I'm a bad one ter fool with. Yer maw foun' that out, I reckon. Now ye'll promise me ye'll tell nobody who ye've seen. I'm only a tramp; d'ye hear?" He shook her roughly.

Rickey's fingers and teeth were clenched hard and she said no word. He shook her again viciously, the blood pouring into his scarred face. "Ye snivelin' brat, ye!" he snarled. "I'll show yer!" He began to drag her after him through the bushes. A few yards and they were on the brink of the headlong ugly chasm of Lovers' Leap. She cast one desperate look about her and shut her eyes. Catching her about the waist he leaned over and held her out in mid-air, as if she had been a kitten. "Ye ain't seen me, hev yer? Promise, or over ye go. Ye won't look so pretty when ye're layin' down there on them rocks!"

The child's face was paper-white and she had begun to tremble like a leaf, but her eyes remained closed.

"One—two—" he counted deliberately.

Her eyes opened. She turned one shuddering glance below, then her resolution broke. She clutched his arm and broke into wild supplications. "I promise, I promise!" she cried. "Oh, don't let go! I promise!"

He set her on the solid ground and released her, looking at her with a sneering laugh. "Now we'll see ef ye belong here or up ter Hell's-Half-Acre," he said. "Fine folks keeps their promises, I've heerd tell."

Rickey looked at him a moment shaking; then she burst into a passion of sobs and with her face averted ran from him like a deer through the bushes.

CHAPTER XXX.

In the Rain.

Shirley stood looking out at the rain. It was falling in no steady downpour which held forth promise of ending, but with a gentle constancy that gave the hills a look of sudden discomfort and made disconsolate miry pools by the roadside. The clouds were not too thick, however, to let through a dismal gray brightness that shone on the foliage and touched with glistening lines of high-light the draggled tufts of the soaked bluegrass. Now and then, across the dripping fields, fraying skeins of mist wandered, to lie curdled in the flooded hollows where, here and there, cattle stood lowing at intervals in a mournful key.

The indoors had become impossible to her. She was sick of trying to read, sick of the endless pacings and purposeless invention of needless tasks. She wanted movement, the cobwebby mist about her knees, the wet rain in her face. She ran upstairs and came down clad in a close scarlet jersey, with leather gaiters and a soft hat.

Emmaline saw her thus accoutered with disapproval. "Lawdy-mercy, chile!" she urged; "you ain't goin' out? It's rainin' cats en dawgs!"

"I'm neither sugar nor salt, Emmaline," responded Shirley listlessly, dragging on her rain-coat, "and the walk will do me good."

On the sopping lawn she glanced up at her mother's window. Since the night of the ball her own panging self-consciousness had overlaid the fine and sensitive association between them. She had been full of horrible feeling that her face must betray her and the cause of her loss of spirits be guessed.

Her mother, had, in fact, been troubled by this, but was far from guessing the truth. A somewhat long indisposition had followed her first sight of Valiant, and she had not witnessed the tournament. She had hung upon Shirley's description of it, however, with an excited interest that the other was later to translate in the light of her own discovery. If the thought had flitted to her that fate might hold something deeper than friendship in Shirley's acquaintance with Valiant, it had been of the vaguest. His choice of her as Queen of Beauty had seemed a natural homage to that swift and unflinching act of hers which had saved his life. There was in her mind a more obvious explanation of Shirley's altered demeanor. "Perhaps it's Chilly Lusk," she had said to herself. "Have they had a foolish quarrel, I wonder? Ah, well, in her own time she will tell me."

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There was some relief to Shirley's overcharged feelings in the very discomfort of the drenched weather: the sucking pull of the wet clay on her boots and the flirt of the drops on her cheeks and hair. She thrust her dog-skin gloves into her pocket and held her arms outstretched to let the wind blow through her fingers. The moisture clung in damp wreaths to her hair and rolled in great drops down her coat as she went.

The wildest, most secluded walks had always drawn her most and she instinctively chose one of these today. It was the road whereon squatted Mad Anthony's whitewashed cabin. "Dah's er man gwine look in dem eyes, honey, en gwine make 'em cry en cry." She had forgotten the incident of that day, when he had read her fortune, but now the quavering prophecy came back to her with a shivering sense of reality. "Fo' dah's fiah en she ain' afeah'd, en dah's watah en she ain' afeah'd. Et's de thing whut eat de ha'at outen de bress'—dat whut she afeah'd of!" If it were only fire and water that threatened her!

She struck her hands together with an inarticulate cry. She remembered the laugh in Valiant's eyes as they had planted the roses, the characteristic gesture with which he tossed the waving hair from his forehead—how she had named the ducks and the peacock and chosen the spots for his flowers; and she smiled for such memories, even in the stabbing knowledge that these dear trivial things could mean nothing to her in the future. She tried to realize that he was gone from her life, that he was the one man on earth whom to marry would be to strike to the heart her love and loyalty to her mother, and she said this over and over to herself in varying phrases:

"You can't! No matter how much you love him, you can't! His father deliberately ruined your mother's life—your own mother! It's bad enough to love him—you can't help that. But you can help marrying him. You would hate yourself. You can never kiss him again, or feel his arms around you. You can't touch his hand. You mustn't even see him. Not if it breaks your heart—as your mother's heart was broken!"

She had turned into an unbeaten way that ambled from the road through a track of tall oaks and pines, scarce more than a bridle-path, winding aimlessly through bracken-strewn depths so dense that even the wild-roses had not found them. In her childish hurts she had always fled to the companionship of the trees. She had known them every one—the black-gum and pale dogwood and gnarled hickory, the prickly-balled "button-wood," the lowly mulberry and the majestic red oak and walnut. They had seemed friendly and pitying counselors, standing about her with arms intertwined. Now, with the rain weeping in soughing gusts through them, they offered her no comfort. She suddenly threw herself face down on the soaked moss.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "I love him so! And I had only that one evening. It doesn't seem just. If I could only have him, and suffer some other way! He's suffering, too, and it isn't our fault! We neither of us harmed anyone! He isn't responsible for what his father did—why, he hardly knew him! Oh, God, why must it be so hard for us? Millions of other people love each other and nothing separates them like this!"

Shirley's warm breath made a little fog against the star-eyed moss. She was scarcely conscious of her wet and clinging clothing, and the soaked strands of her hair. She was so wrapped in her desolation that she no longer heard the sound of the persevering rain and the wet swishing of the bushes—parting now to a hurried step that fell almost without sound on the spongy forest soil. She started up suddenly to see Valiant before her.

He was in a somewhat battered walking suit of brown khaki, with a leather belt and a felt hat whose brim, stiff with the wet, was curved down visor-wise over his brow. In an instant he had drawn her upright, and they stood, looking at each other, drenched and trembling.

"How can you?" he said with a roughness that sounded akin to anger. "Here in this atrocious weather—like this!" he laid a hand on her arm. "You're wet through."

"I—I don't mind the rain," she answered, drawing away, yet feeling with a guilty thrill the masterfulness of his tone, as well as its real concern. "I'm often wet."

His gaze searched her face, feature by feature, noting her pallor, the blue-black shadows beneath her eyes, the caught breath, uneven like a child's from crying. He still held her hands in his.

"Shirley," he said, "I know what you intended to tell me by those flowers—I went to St. Andrew's that night, in the dark, after I read your letter. Who told you? Your—mother?"

"No, no!" she cried. "She would never have told me!"

His face lighted. With an irresistible movement he caught her to him. "Shirley!" he cried. "It shan't be! It shan't, I tell you! You can't break our lives in two like this! It's unthinkable."

"No, no!" she said piteously, pushing him from her. "You don't understand. You are a man, and men—can't."

"I do understand," he insisted. "Oh, my darling, my darling! It isn't right for that spectral thing to come between us! Why, it belonged to a past generation! However sad the outcome of that duel, it held no dishonor. I know only too well the ruin it brought my father! It's enough that it wrecked three lives. It shan't rise again, like Banquo's ghost to haunt ours! I know what you think—I would love you the more, if I could love you more, for that sweet loyalty—but it's wrong, dear. It's wrong!"

"It's the only way."

"Listen. Your mother loves you. If she knew you loved me, she would bear anything rather than have you suffer like this. You say she wouldn't have told you herself. Why, if my father—"

She tore her hands from his and faced him with a cry. "Ah, that is it! You knew your father so little. He was never to you what she is to me. Why, I've been all the life she has had. I remember when she mended my dolls, and held me when I had scarlet fever, and sang me the songs the trees sang to themselves at night. I said my prayers at her knee till I was twelve years old. We were never apart a day till I went away to school."

She paused, breathless.

"Doesn't that prove what I say?" he said, bending toward her. "She loves you far better than herself. She wants your happiness."

"Could that mean hers?" she demanded, her bosom heaving. To see us together — always — always! To be reminded in everything—the lines of your face—the tones of your voice, maybe—of that! Oh, you don't know how women feel—how they remember—how they grieve! I've gone over all you can say till my soul cries out, but it can't change it. It can't!

Valiant felt as though he were battering with bruised knuckles at a stone wall. A helpless anger simmered in him. "Suppose," he said bitterly, "that your mother one day, perhaps after long years, learns of your sacrifice. She is likely to guess in the end, I think. Will it add to her pleasure, do you fancy, to discover that out of this conception of filial loyalty—for it's that, I suppose!—you have spoiled your own life?"

She shuddered. "She will never learn," she said brokenly. "Oh, I know she would not have spoken. She would suffer anything for my happiness. But I wouldn't have her bear any more for my sake."



"Doesn't That Prove What I Say?" He Said, Bending Toward Her.

His anger faded suddenly, and when he looked at her again, tears were burning in his eyes.

"Shirley!" he said. "It's my heart, too, that you are binding on the wheel! I love you. I want nothing but you! I'd rather beg my bread from door to door with your hand in mine than sit on a throne without you! What can there be in life for me unless you share it? Think of our love! Think of the fate that brought me here to find you in Virginia! Think of our garden—where I thought we would live and work and dream, till we were old and gray—together, darling! Don't throw our love away like this!"

His entreaties left her only whiter, but unmoved. She shook her head, gazing at him through great clear tears that welled over and rolled down her cheeks.

"I can't fight," she said. "I have no strength left." She put out her hand as she spoke and dropped it with a little limp gesture that had in it tired despair, finality and hopelessness. It caught at his heart more strongly than any words. He felt a warm gush of pity and tenderness.

He took her hand gently without speaking, and pressed it hard against his lips. It seemed to him very small and cold.

They passed together through the wet bracken, his strong arm guiding her over the uneven path, and came to the open in silence.

"Don't come with me," she said then, and without a backward glance, went rapidly from him down the shimmering road.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Evening of an Old Score.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!—Major Bristow's ivory-headed camphor-wood stick thumped on the great door of Damory court. The sound had a tang of impatience, for he had used the knocker more than once without result. Now he strode to the end of the porch and raised his voice in a stentorian bellow that brought Uncle Jefferson shuffling around the path from the kitchens with all the whites of his eyes showing.

"You dog-gone lazy rascal!" thundered the major. "What do you mean, sah, by keeping a gentleman cooling his heels on the door-step like a tax-collector? Where's your master?"

"Fo' de Lawd, Major, Ah ain' seen Mars' John sence dis mawnin'. Staht out aftah breakfas' en he nevah showed up ergin et all. Yo' reck'n whut de mattah, suh?" he added anxiously. "Peahs lak sumpin' preyin' on he mind. Don' seem er bit hese'f lately."

"H-m-m!" The major looked thoughtful. "Isn't he well?"

"No, suh. Ain' et no mor'n er hummin-buhd dese las' few days. Jes' hangs eroun' lonesome lak. Don' laugh no mo', don' sing no mo'. Ain' play de planny sence de day aftah de ball. Me en Daph moght'ly pestered 'bout him."

"Pshaw!" said the major. "Touch of spring fever, I reckon. Aunt Daph feeds him too well. Give him less fried chicken and more ash-cake and buttermilk. Make him some juleps."

The old negro shook his head. "Moghty neah use up all dat mint-baid Ah foun'," he saidg "but ain' do no good. Majah, Ah's sho' 'feahed sumpin' gwineter happen."

"Nonsense!" the major sniffed. "What fool idea's got under your wool now? Been seeing Mad Anthony again, I'll bet a dollar."

Uncle Jefferson swallowed once or twice with seeming difficulty and turned the gravel with his toe. "Dat's so," he said gloomily. "Ah done see de old man de yuddah day 'bout et. Ant'y, he know! He see trouble er-comin' en trouble er-gwine. Dat same night de hoss-shoe drop offen de stable do', en dis ve'y mawnin' er buhd done fly inter de house. Das' er mighty bad hoodoo, er mighty bad hoodoo!"

"Shucks!" said the major. "You're as loony as old Anthony, with your infernal signs. If you Mars' John's been out all day I reckon he'll turn up before long. I'll wait for him a while." He started in, but paused on the threshold. "Did you say—ah—that mint was all gone, Unc' Jefferson?"

Uncle Jefferson's lips relaxed in a wide grin. "Ah reck'n dah's er few stray sprigs lef', suh. Step in en mek yo'se'f et home. Ef Mars' John see yo', he be mought'ly hoped up. Ah gwineter mix yo' dat julep in two shakes!"

He disappeared around the corner of the porch and the major strode into the hall, threw his gray slouch hat on the table, and sat down.

It was quiet and peaceful, that ancient hall. He fell to thinking of the many times, of old, when he had sat there. The house was the same again, now. It had waked from a thirty-years' slumber to a renewed prime. Only he had lived on meanwhile and now was old. He sighed.

How gay the place had been the night of the ball, with the lights and roses and music! He remembered what the doctor had said about Valiant and Shirley—it had lain ever since in his mind, a painful speculation. The recollection roused another thought from which he shrank. He stirred uneasily. What on earth kept that old darky so long over that julep?

A slight noise made him turn his head. But nothing moved. Only a creak of the woodwork, he thought, and settled back again in his chair.

It was, in fact, a stealthy footfall he had heard. It came from the library, where a shabby figure crouched, listening, in the corner behind the tapestried screen—a man evilly clad, with a scarred cheek.

It had been with no good purpose that Greef King had dogged the major these last few days. He hugged a hot hatred grown to white heat in six years of prison labor within bleak walls at the clicking shoe-machine, or with the chain-gang on blazing or frosty turnpikes. He had slunk behind him that afternoon, creeping up the drive under cover of the bushes, and while the other talked with Uncle Jefferson, had skirted the house and entered from the farther side, through an open French window. Now as he peered from behind the screen, a poker, snatched from the fireplace, was in his hand. His furtive gaze fell upon a morocco-covered case on a commode by his side. He lifted its lid and his eyes narrowed as he saw that it held a pistol. He set down the poker noiselessly and took the weapon. He tilted it—it was rusted, but there were loads in the chambers. He crouched lower, with a whispered curse: the major was coming into the library, but not alone—the old nigger was with him!

Uncle Jefferson bore a tray with a frosted goblet over whose rim peeped green leaves and which spread abroad an ambrosial odor, which the major sniffed approvingly as the other set the burden on the desk at his elbow.

"Majah," said the latter solemnly, "you reck'n Mars' John en Miss Shirley—"

"Good lord!" said the major, wheeling to the small ormolu clock on the desk. "It's most four o'clock. Haven't you any idea where he's gone?"

"No, suh, less'n he's gwineter look ovah dem walnut trees. Whut Ah's gwine ter say—yo' reck'n Mars' John en Miss—"

"Walnut trees? Is he going to sell them?"

"Tree man come f'om up norf' somewhah ter se erbout et yistidday, Yas, suh. Yo' reck'n Mars' John en—"

"Nice pot of money tied up in that timber! He saw it right off. You're a lucky old rascal to have him for a master."



Greef King Stood an Instant Breathing Hard.

"Hyuh, hyuh!" agreed Uncle Jefferson. "Dam'ry Co'ot er heap bettah dan drivin' er ol' stage ter de deepo fer drummahs en lightnin'-rod agents. Ah sho' do pray de Good Man ter mek Mars' John happy," he added soberly, "but Ah's mought'ly 'sturbed in mah mind—mought'ly 'sturbed!"

The hidden watcher waited motionless. From where he stood he could look. He waited till through the rear window he saw the negro's bent figure disappear into the kitchens. Then he noiselessly lifted himself upright, and resting the pistol on the screen-top, took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger.

The hammer clicked sharply on the worthless thirty-year-old cartridge, and the major sprang around with an exclamation, as with an oath, the other dashed the screen aside and again pulled the trigger.

"You infernal murderer!" cried the major. It was all he said, for, as he swung his chair up, the one-time bully of Hell's-Half-Acre rushed in and struck him a single sledge-hammer blow with the clubbed pistol. It fell full on the major's temple and the heavy iron crashed through.

Greef King stood an instant breathing hard, then, without withdrawing his eyes from the prostrate form, his hand groped for the cold goblet and lifting it to his lips, drained it to its dregs. "There!" he said. "There's my six-years' debt paid in full, ye lily-livered, fancy-weskited hellion! Take that from the mayor of the Dome!"

There was a man's step on the gravel and the sudden bark of a dog. The pistol fell from his hand. He stole on tiptoe along the corridor and leaped through the French window. As he dashed across the lawn, a startled cry came from the house behind him.

No human eye had seen him, but he had been observed for all that. Run your best now, Greef King! Double and turn how you will, there is a swifter Nemesis pursuing. It is only a dog, and not a big one at that, but it is of a faithful breed that knows neither fear nor quarter. Like white lightning, without a bark or growl, Chum launched himself on the fleeing quarry, and in the shadow of the trees his teeth met in the ragged trousers-leg.

Kicking, beating with his hands at the dragging weight, the man dashed on. Not till they had reached the hemlocks was that fierce grip broken, and then it was with a tearing of flesh and sinew. Panting, snarling with rage and pain, the man seized a fallen branch and stood at bay, striking out with vicious sweeping blows. But the bulldog, the hair bristling up on his thick neck, his red-rimmed eyes fiery, circled beyond reach of the flail, crouching for another spring.

Again he launched himself, and the man, dodging, blundered full-face into a thorn-bush. The sharp spines slashed his forehead and the starting blood blinded him, so that he ran without sense of direction—straight upon the declivity of Lovers' Leap.

He was toppling on its edge before he could stop, and then threw himself backward, clutching desperately at the slippery fern-covered rock, feeling his feet dangling over nothing. He dug his fingers into the yielding soil and with knee and elbow strove frenziedly to crawl to the path.

But the white bulldog was upon him. The clamping teeth met in the striving fingers, and with a scream of pain Greef King's hold let go and dog and man went down together.

* * * * * * *

Ten minutes later a motor was hurling itself along the Red Road to the village. The doctor was in his office and no time was lost in the return. En route they passed Judge Chalmers driving, and seeing the flying haste, he turned his sweating pair and lashed them after the car.

So that when the major finally opened his eyes from the big leather couch, he looked on the faces of two of his oldest friends. Recollection and understanding seemed to come at once.

"Well—Southall?"

The doctor's hand closed over the white one on the settee. He did not answer, but his chin was quivering and he was winking fast.

"How long?" asked the major after a lengthy minute.

"Maybe—maybe an hour, Bristow. Maybe not."

The major winced and shut his eyes, but when the doctor, reaching swiftly for a phial on the table, turned again, it was to find that look once more on him, now in yearning appeal. "Southall," he said, "send for Judith. I—I must see her. There's time."

The judge started up. "I'll bring her," he said, and his voice had all the tenderness of a woman's. "My carriage is at the door and with those horses she ought to be here in twenty minutes." He leaned over the couch. "Bristow," he said, "would you—would you like me to send for the rector?"

The major smiled, a little wistfully, and shook his head. He lay silent for a while after the judge had gone out—he seemed housing his strength—while the ormolu clock on the desk ticked ominously on, and the doctor busied himself with the glasses beside him. Presently he said huskily:

"You've had a bad fall, Bristow. You were dizzy, I reckon."

"Dizzy!" echoed the major with feeble asperity. "It was Greef King."

"Greef King! Good God!"

"He was hiding behind the screen. He struck me with something. He swore at his trial he'd get me. I was—a fool not to have remembered his time was out."

A look, wolf-like and grim, had sprung into the doctor's face. His eyes searched the room, and he crossed the floor and picked up something from the rug. He looked at it a moment, then thrust it hastily into his breast pocket.

"I—remember now. It was a pistol. He snapped it twice, but it missed fire."

"He can't hide where we'll not find him!" The doctor spoke with low but terrible energy.

"Not that I care—myself," said the major difficultly. "But I reckon he'd better be settled with, or he'll—be killing some one worth while one of these days."

A big tear suddenly loosed itself from the doctor's eyelid and rolled down his cheek, and he turned hastily away.

"There's no call to feel bad," said the major gruffly. "I've sort of been a thorn-in-the-flesh to you, Southall. We always rowed, somehow, and yet—"

The doctor choked and cleared his throat.

"I reckon," the major murmured with a faint smile, "you won't get quite so much fun out of Chalmers—and the rest. They never did rise to you as I did."

A little later he asked for the restorative. "Ten minutes gone," he said then. "Chalmers ought to be at Rosewood by now . . . what a fool way to go—like this. But it wasn't—apoplexy, Southall, anyway."

At the sound of wheels on the drive, Valiant went out quietly. Huddled in a corner of the hall were Uncle Jefferson and Aunt Daphne, with Jereboam, the major's body-servant. Aunt Daphne, her apron thrown over her face was rocking to and fro silently, and old Jereboam's head was bowed on his breast. Valiant went quickly to the rear of the hall. A painful embarrassment had come to him—a curious confusion mingling with a fastidious sense of shrinking. How should he meet this woman who recoiled from the very sight of his face? In the swiftness of the tragic event he had forgotten this. From the background he saw Judge Chalmers lift down the frail form, and suddenly his heart leaped. There were two feminine figures; Shirley was with her mother.

The doctor stood just inside the library door and Mrs. Dandridge went hastily toward him, her light cane tapping through the stricken silence. Jereboam lifted his head and looked at her piteously.

"Reck'n Mars' Monty cyan' see ole Jerry now," he quavered, "but yo'-all gib him mah love, Mis' Judith, and tell him—" His voice broke.

"Yes, yes, Jerry, I will."

The doctor closed the door upon her and came to where Shirley waited. "Come, my dear," he said, and dropped his arm about her. "Let us go out to the garden."

As they passed Valiant, she held out her hand to him. There was no word between them, but as his hand swallowed hers, his heart said to her, "I love you, I love you! No matter what is between us, I shall always love you!"

(Continued next week)

GOOD BUSINESS ENVELOPES
FULL SIZE AND WEIGHT 82 M.

List of Judges of Election and Officers of Registration, Additional Judges and Clerks of Election of Carroll County, in the State of Maryland.

Office of the Board of Supervisors of Election of Carroll County.

Westminster, Md., June 15, 1914.

By virtue of and in accordance with Section 11 of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws of the State of Maryland, as mentioned by Chap. 456 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at its January session, 1910, notice is hereby given that the Board of Supervisors of Election of Carroll County has appointed the following named persons to serve for one year as Judge of Election and Officer of Registration, (hereinafter designated as "Registrars") Judges and Clerks of Election of the several Election Districts of Carroll County. Those in the list marked "Democrats" being intended to represent the Democratic party, and those in the list marked "Republicans" being intended to represent the Republican party.

REPUBLICAN OFFICERS OF ELECTION FOR 1914.

District No. 1, Precinct No. 1.—David A. Bachman, Registrar, Kumps; John J. Reid, Judge, Taneytown; William D. Ohler, Clerk, Taneytown; Chas. A. Lambert, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 1, Precinct No. 2.—Norman R. Hess, Registrar, Taneytown; Milton A. Ohler, Judge, Taneytown; J. William Reck, Clerk, Harney; Samuel Harner, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 1.—John E. Heck, Registrar, Uniontown; Alfred H. Young, Jr., Judge, Uniontown; Samuel Wilson, Clerk, Middleburg; Nathan Rowe, Gatekeeper, Union Bridge.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 2.—Arthur S. Stevenson, Registrar, Westminster, R. F. D.; Oliver L. Heltebridle, Judge, Westminster, R. F. D.; Truman L. Babylon, Clerk, Westminster, R. F. D.; William I. Babylon, Gatekeeper, Westminster, R. F. D.

District No. 3.—Moses J. M. Troxell, Registrar, Westminster, Carrier 16; Dennis J. Brown, Judge, Westminster, Carrier 1; George W. Bankert, Clerk, Westminster, Carrier 15; Jonas D. Myers, Gatekeeper, Westminster, Carrier 16.

District No. 4, Precinct No. 1.—William Tracey, Registrar, Patapsco; William M. Gist, Judge, Lamotte; Richard Miller, Clerk, Patapsco; Alfred Ward, Gatekeeper, Reese.

District No. 4, Precinct No. 2.—Geo. B. Knox, Registrar, Gamber; David A. Arnold, Judge, Eastview; Obediah Buckingham, Clerk, Gamber; James W. Spencer, Gatekeeper, Westminster, R. F. D.

District No. 5.—Wm. H. D. Hepner, Registrar, Sykesville; W. M. Arrington, Judge, Sykesville, R. F. D.; Wm. N. Haight, Clerk, Sykesville; Geo. Bennett, Gatekeeper, Sykesville.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 1.—Jno. K. Miller, Registrar, Millers; G. W. J. Everhart, Judge, Manchester; Geo. Z. Miller, Clerk, Linebore; Leonard H. Schmidt, Gatekeeper, Manchester.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 2.—Jacob B. Lynard, Registrar, Manchester; Wm. A. Burgoon, Judge, Manchester; Geo. E. Smith, Clerk, Manchester; Geo. Amint, Gatekeeper, Manchester.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 1.—John T. Zahn, Registrar, Westminster; Charles M. Bankert, Judge, Westminster; Charles L. Wampler, Clerk, Westminster; Geo. A. Chrest, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 2.—John E. Yingling, Registrar, Westminster; Jesse Royer, Judge, Westminster; Granville Lippy, Clerk, Westminster; John Greenwood, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 3.—Paul E. Robertson, Registrar, Westminster; Wm. H. Coppersmith, Judge, Westminster; Jas. W. Beacham, Jr., Clerk, Westminster; Hezekiah Bowersox, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 4.—Harry C. Sullivan, Registrar, Westminster; Samuel C. Stoner, Judge, Westminster; Harry Starr, Clerk, Westminster; Jno. F. Byers, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 8.—E. Watson Turner, Registrar, Hampstead; Harris Vandever, Judge, Hampstead; J. Wm. Kelbaugh, Clerk, Hampstead; Whitfield Murray, Gatekeeper, Hampstead.

District No. 9.—James A. Easton, Registrar, Winfield; David Cover, Judge, Winfield; Wm. E. Gosnell, Clerk, Mt. Airy; George G. Mering, Gatekeeper, Mt. Airy.

District No. 10.—Chas. H. C. Bowman, Registrar, Middleburg; A. N. Forney, Judge, Keymar; Bruce C. Weant, Clerk, Keymar; F. Leroy Crouse, Gatekeeper, Middleburg.

District No. 11.—John W. Helm, Registrar, New Windsor; C. T. Repp, Judge, New Windsor; John H. Brown, Clerk, Dennings; Thos. J. Stevenson, Gatekeeper, New Windsor.

District No. 12.—Wm. Wood, Registrar, Union Bridge; D. Fred Englar, Judge, Union Bridge; C. Howard Myers, Clerk; Union Bridge; Evan T. Smith, Gatekeeper, Union Bridge.

District No. 13.—Alvin F. Conaway, Registrar, Mt. Airy; Jesse Leatherwood, Judge, Mt. Airy; David W. Smith, Clerk, Mt. Airy; John E. Davis, Gatekeeper, Mt. Airy.

District No. 14.—John S. Bushey, Registrar, Woodbine; Cornelius A. Mullinix, Judge, Woodbine; Harry L. Pickett, Clerk, Woodbine; Walter Jordan, Gatekeeper, Westminster, No. 7.

DEMOCRATIC OFFICERS OF ELECTION FOR 1914.

District No. 1, Precinct No. 1.—Harry Senft, Registrar, Taneytown; C. Albert Fox, Judge, Taneytown; Albertus G. Riffle, Clerk, Taneytown; John Smith, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 1, Precinct No. 2.—Reuben Alexander, Registrar, Taneytown; Jas. J. Forney, Judge, Taneytown; Dulaney Eckenrode, Clerk, Taneytown; Hezekiah Ohler, Gatekeeper, Taneytown.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 1.—Harry B. Mehring, Registrar, Uniontown; Charles E. Smelser, Judge, Uniontown; James S. Waltz, Clerk, Uniontown; Charles W. Caylor, Gatekeeper, Uniontown.

District No. 2, Precinct No. 2.—William Sullivan, Registrar, Westminster, No. 11; Chas. P. Welk, Judge, Westminster, No. 11; Carroll Myerly, Clerk, Westminster, No. 11; Henry Eckard, Gatekeeper, Westminster, No. 11.

District No. 3.—D. Wesley Yingling, Registrar, Union Mills; Charles J. Crabbs, Judge, Carrier 14, Westminster; Irwin Kroh, Clerk, Silver Run; Charles M. Furry, Gatekeeper, Union Mills.

District No. 4, Precinct No. 1.—Samuel J. H. Frazier, Registrar, Finksburg; John E. Loug, Clerk, Tannery; Reuben J. Leppo, Clerk, Patapsco; Alfred Keeney, Gatekeeper, Finksburg.

District No. 4, Precinct No. 2.—John Conaway, Registrar, Eastview; Eli C. Davis, Judge, R. F. D., No. 7; Charles N. Stocksdale, Clerk, R. F. D. No. 5; Ezra J. Little, Gatekeeper, Smallwood.

District No. 5.—James A. Grimes, Registrar, Sykesville, Carrier 1; John R. Richardson, Judge, Marriottsville; Harry J. Koller, Clerk, Sykesville; James M. Shipley, Gatekeeper, Sykesville, Carrier 1.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 1.—Harry T. J. Lamotte, Registrar, Manchester; Charles Henry Zepp, Judge, Manchester; William E. Lucabaugh, Clerk, Miller's; George Zepp, Gatekeeper, Manchester.

District No. 6, Precinct No. 2.—Clinton V. Lippy, Registrar, Manchester; Simon Giggard, Judge, R. F. D. 4; Harry C. Wertz, Clerk, R. F. D. 3; Abraham Albaugh, Gatekeeper, Manchester.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 1.—Abraham Winters, Registrar, Westminster; Theodore S. Mitten, Judge, Westminster; Wm. H. Buckingham, Clerk, Westminster; Charles Horner, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 2.—Harry C. Hesson, Registrar, Westminster; Geo. P. Gunther, Judge, Westminster; George I. Fisher, Clerk, Westminster; Jacob H. Bemiller, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 3.—John C. Doyle, Registrar, Westminster; Joseph A. Waesche, Judge, Westminster; Amos W. Hamilton, Clerk, Westminster; John Bernstein, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 7, Precinct No. 4.—J. Gloyd Diffendal, Registrar, Westminster; Eli Butler, Judge, Westminster; Maurice Martin, Clerk, Westminster; John Greenholtz, Gatekeeper, Westminster.

District No. 8.—John W. Shank, Registrar, Hampstead; Ananias Rineman, Judge, Hampstead; Cecil A. Snyder, Clerk, Hampstead; Samuel Asper, Gatekeeper, Hampstead.

District No. 9.—T. J. Gunn, Registrar, Bloom P. O.; William Yohn, Judge, Westminster, Carrier 9; Theodore G. Kiler, Clerk, Dennings; Chas. W. Stem, Gatekeeper, Dennings.

District No. 10.—Walter W. Hape, Registrar, Middleburg; James E. White, Judge, Middleburg; Charles H. Knott, Clerk, Middleburg; Thos. C. Fox, Gatekeeper, Middleburg.

District No. 11.—Nimrod T. Bennett, Registrar, New Windsor, Md.; Josiah H. Roberts, Judge, New Windsor, Md., Route No. 2; Amos W. Wagner, Clerk, New Windsor, Md.; Leonard W. Kress, Gatekeeper, New Windsor, Md., Route No. 1.

District No. 12.—Edward Smith, Registrar, Union Bridge; Daniel R. Fogle, Judge, Union Bridge; Milton T. Haines, Clerk, Union Bridge; John W. Whitmore, Gatekeeper, Union Bridge.

District No. 13.—Emory A. Harrison, Registrar, Mt. Airy; Otis B. Buckingham, Judge, Mt. Airy; William E. Browning, Clerk, Mt. Airy; William E. Snider, Gatekeeper, Mt. Airy.

District No. 14.—George Jenkins, Registrar, Woodbine; James C. Hewitt, Clerk, Sykesville; Charles Riddlemoser, Clerk, Hoods Mill; Henry Cook, Gatekeeper, Woodbine.

G. MORITZ ZEPP, President.
WILLIAM F. BRICKER,
EDWARD O. DIFFENDAL,
Board of Supervisors of Election for Carroll County.
Test:—Wm. H. Paynter, Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S AND ASSIGNEE'S OF MORTGAGEE SALE OF A

Valuable Farm

ON DEER PARK ROAD ABOUT 4 MILES SOUTH OF EAST VIEW, KNOWN AS THE "BARTHOLOW FARM," IN CARROLL COUNTY, MD.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from William C. Bartholow and Julia C. Bartholow, his wife, to W. Frank Thomas and Joseph E. Hunter, recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll County, in Liber O. D. G., No. 62, folio 140, &c., and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from William C. Bartholow and wife, to The Westminster Savings Bank, dated October 29th, 1900, and recorded among said mortgage records in Liber J. H. B. No. 44, folio 413, and duly assigned to W. Frank Thomas and Joseph E. Hunter, both of which mortgages are filed in cause No. 4787 Equity, in the Circuit Court for Carroll County, the undersigned as mortgagees and assignees of mortgagee, will offer at public sale on the land herein described and now occupied by Hershall Ford, tenant, on

TUESDAY, JULY 21st, 1914,

2 o'clock P. M., all the land and premises described in and conveyed by said mortgages, known as the "Bartholow Farm," containing

125 ACRES

2 Roods and 21 Perches, more or less, situated on the Deer Park Road, about 4 miles South of East View, adjoining Lewis H. Stockdale's farm, in Carroll County, Maryland; it being the same land conveyed by George McHenry Bartholow and wife to William C. Bartholow and Julia C. Bartholow, his wife, by deed dated October 29th, 1900, and recorded among the land records of Carroll County, in Liber J. H. B., No. 91, folio 448.

The improvements thereon consist of a two-story

DWELLING HOUSE,

good barn and all necessary outbuildings, and is one of the most valuable farms in Carroll County.

Terms of Sale:—$500.00 cash on day of sale, balance to be paid on the ratification of sale by the Court, or these terms may be changed to suit purchaser, by applying to Ivan L. Hoff, attorney.

W. FRANK THOMAS,
JOSEPH E. HUNTER,
Mortgagees and Assignees of Mortgagee.

Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney.
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