READY

—FOR—

Early Spring.

MEDIUM AND EARLY

Spring Clothing!

Representing all the latest Foreign and Domestic Fabrics, now open for inspection.

OUR LINE OF

Spring Overcoats!

Is the largest ever shown.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S

Early Spring Wear Suits,

Embracing everything in the line of newest material, and at such low prices that will astonish you.

Points of Superiority

Artistic Cut, Elegant Trimmings, Best Workmanship and Perfect Fit, are the Characteristics of Our Garments.

And we warrant them fully equal to any produced by high-priced competitors in expensive localities, while our prices are much lower.

Sharrer Bros.

Wantz Building,

Main Street, - Near Depot,

Westminster, Md.

Our Styles and Prices

WILL ASTONISH YOU.

WE HAVE A LARGER AND MORE VARIED STOCK OF

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES

Than any other house in the county.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

SUCH AS

SHIRTS, DRAWERS,

COLLARS, GLOVES,

HOSE, TIES, SCARFS,

SILK AND LINEN

HANDKERCHIEFS,

&c., &c., &c.

OUR CUSTOM DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE,

Comprising everything new in

Suitings and Trowserings,

Both for business and dress use.

SHARRER BROS.

mr-24

AMERICAN SENTINEL.

VOL. 55, NO. 14. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1888. ESTABLISHED 1833.

To Farmers, Agents and Manufacturers.

Having patented an improved

Reaper and Binder Tongue,

which is adjustable and easily regulated, and which will save one-seventh in cutting, I call your attention to the following facts: It will cut as full on a hillside as a machine without it will on a level; in turning a corner no grain is left standing; in passing around trees or curves its work is perfect; it is adjustable while in motion as easily as handling the reins, and it can be fitted to any machine. By its use every farmer is largely benefited, and many practical farmers who saw it in use last season say that it adds from $20 to $35 to each machine.

Are you going to buy a new machine this season? If so, insist upon having Dudderar's Tongue on it. Agents will tell you that it will add nothing to it, but send to me for testimonials from those who have seen it work. On a hillside, in a distance of 96 feet, there was a fall of 35 feet, and the grain was cut as well as with the old machine on a level, and with no greater draft to the horses.

Following are a few well-known farmers who have seen it work, and will answer any questions in regard to the Improved Tongue: J. R. Davis, Daniel, Md.; Geo. W. Grimes, R. Dorsey and Thomas A. Barnes, agent for Deering Binder, Taylorsville, Md. Read what Dennis W. Dudderar says of it:

TAYLORSVILLE, MD., July 29, 1887.

This is to certify that I have been using the Improved Tongue for binders, mowers, &c., as invented by Mr. Daniel W. Dudderar, for the past two seasons on my Buckeye binder with perfect satisfaction. I have some very steep hills on my farm; have been unable to cut the full length of the sickle. On hillsides that before I could not cut more than half or two-thirds of the sickle, thereby losing a great deal of valuable time, can cut around stumps and rocks with perfect ease, and would not be without it for one-third of the price of the binder. I consider no machine is perfect without it. DENNIS W. DUDDERAR.

For further information apply to or address
DANIEL W. DUDDERAR,
Taylorsville, Md., or
C. AULTMAN & CO.,
Canton, Ohio.

fe-25-7t

☞ By the Insurance Department.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Dug Hill, Carroll county, Dec. 31, 1887.

ASSETS.

Value of real estate owned by the Company, less amount of encumbrance thereon	$ 500.00
Unpaid assessments	8,360.00
Cash in Company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in bank	224.09
Premiums due and in course of collection	187.28
Premium notes in force $285,358.16 All other admitted Assets detailed in statement on file in this office	60.00
Total cash assets	$9,271.37

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid	$ 3,690.40
Premium notes in force $285,358.16 All other claims	1,730.50
Total liabilities	$5,420.90
Surplus as regards policy holders	$3,850.47
Total income	$ 9,357.98
Total expenditures	9,274.54
Amount of policies in force in Maryland on 31st Dec., 1887	3,842,442.00
Amount of Policies written in Maryland during the year 1887	659,599.00
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1887	171.40
Losses paid in Maryland during 1887	4,074.27
Losses incurred in Maryland during 1887	6,884.67

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Insurance Department, Com'rs' office,
Annapolis, February 29, 1888.

In compliance with Act of 1878, Chapter 106, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Dug Hill, to December 31st, 1887, now on file in this Department. JESSE K. HINES,
Insurance Commissioner.

mr-24-3t

Trustees' Sale

—OF—

Real Estate

In Carroll county, Md.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in Equity, passed in cause No. 2496 Equity, wherein Samuel Baxter and others are complainants and Frank M. Harney and others are defendants, the undersigned, Trustees named in said decree, will offer at public sale, on the premises, situate on the road leading from Carrollton station, W. M. R. R., to Dutrow's blacksmith shop, and about one-fourth mile from said railroad station, on

Tuesday, 10th day of April, A. D. 1888,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., sharp, all that tract of land called Deep Valley, containing

53 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

of which about 35 Acres are in Timber.

The improvements consist of a comfortable dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings, a large two-story carpenter shop, well of water, fruit, &c. There is also a small log house on this land, with spring of water, fruit, &c. It adjoins the lands of Harry E. Mann, Elijah Leppo, John E. Hesson and others.

The above tract of land, called "Deep Valley," has been surveyed by James Kelly, and a plat of same will be exhibited on the day of sale, and offered at the point of beginning of said tract at or near the residence of Harry E. Mann.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; balance in two equal payments of six months and in one year, the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the Trustees, bearing interest from the day of sale. A deposit of $200 will be required upon the day of sale.

For further information call upon George L. Stocksdale, Attorney-at-Law, Westminster, Md.

JAMES BLIZZARD,
GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE,
Trustees.

S. Grover Wilson, Auctioneer.
Geo. L. Stocksdale, Solicitor. mr-17-ts

DESIRABLE FARM

AND

WOOD LAND

At Public Sale.

BY virtue of a Power of Attorney from Eden Penn, Nancy Penn and others, to the undersigned, duly executed, we will sell at Public Sale on the premises, on

Saturday, 7th day of April, A. D., 1888,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., all that parcel of land composed of parts of tracts of land called "Bite Himself Softly Resurveyed," and "Caleb's Delight," containing

216½ ACRES, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements thereon are a large and comfortable Two Story Log and Frame Dwelling House, Barn, Wagon Shed and other outbuildings, water convenient to the buildings. A large proportion of the land is covered with Superior Timber.

This property will be laid off in two or more separate parcels, and will be offered as one entire parcel, also in two or more so as to make desirable wood lots and leave a due proportion of Meadow and Timber land with the buildings.

The property is on the Mount Airy road leading from Taylorsville, is about 3 miles from Mount Airy, on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, 2 miles from Taylorsville, Franklin District, Carroll county, Md., and adjoins the land of Thomas Shipley and others, and is now in the occupancy of John Penn of S.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale.

JAMES A. C. BOND,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Attorneys.

R. C. Matthews, Auctioneer. mar-10-ts

VALUABLE

Personal Property, Huckster Route,

HORSES, WAGONS, &c.,

AT PUBLIC SALE.

AS agent for Mrs. William A. Grimes, I will sell at Public Sale, at the warehouse of E. O. Grimes & Co., at the Depot, Westminster, Md., on

SATURDAY, 7TH OF APRIL, 1888

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following Household Furniture consisting in part of 1 set of Bedroom Furniture, Child's Crib, Single Bedstead, Dining-room Stove, Tin Safe, Kitchen Cupboard, Table, Ice Cream Freezer, Sausage Cutter and Stuffer, Churn, Wood Saw, Axe, a lot of Wire Paling Fence, and a large number of other articles too numerous to mention; also the HUCKSTER ROUTE, Wagon, Horses, Good Will, &c., consisting of 2 young and superior Horses, Spring Wagon, Chests, Tubs, Buckets, &c., 2 sets Gears, Coops, &c., with all the fixtures belonging thereto.

This Route is first-class in every respect and lies in the best and most convenient part of the county, is easily gathered, and an excellent opportunity is here offered to any person desiring to purchase a good and profitable huckster business.

Terms of sale of the Huckster Route, &c.: One-half cash and the other one-half to be paid in one year, with interest, and to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned, and as to the balance of the property, the terms will be cash. E. O. GRIMES,
Agent.

mr-31-ts

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NO. 2583 EQUITY.

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

Eli Warehime and Philip H. L. Myers, Trustees and Plaintiffs, vs. Henry S. Warehime and Susannah Warehime, his wife, Defendants.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the creditors of Henry S. Warehime, who were such on or before the 29th day of August, A. D. 1887, the date of the deed of trust, a copy of which is filed in the above entitled cause, to file their claims, duly proven and authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county on or prior to the 17th day of May, A. D. 1888.

JNO. J. BAUMGARTNER, Jr.,
Auditor.

mr-17-4t

Personal.

IF the person who is known to have taken two brushes and a curry-comb from my barn, on the day of sale, returns them to their place he will not be further published or prosecuted.

EDWARD CHRIST.

mr-24-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NO. 2584 EQUITY.

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

Charles B. Roberts and Charles T. Reifsnider, Trustees and Plaintiffs, vs. George F. Beaver and Annie R. Beaver, his wife, Defendants.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the creditors of George F. Beaver, who were such on or before the 16th day of January, A. D. 1888, the date of the deed of trust, a copy of which is filed in the above entitled cause, to file their claims, duly proven and authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county on or prior to the 17th day of May, A. D. 1888.

JNO. J. BAUMGARTNER, Jr.,
Auditor.

mr-17-4t

Select Poetry.

THE HOLLOW.

The hollow in the old oak tree,
Where happy children play,
Where woodbines climb and cling amid
The roses' clustering spray.

The hollow in the old oak tree,
Where happy lovers meet,
To linger long and whisper low
Upon its mossy seat.

This hollow in the old oak tree,
Where old men feebly come
To tell their tales and crack their jokes
Or ere they totter home.

The hollow in the old oak tree—
One haunts it when the moon
Gleams on the dewy wood walks, close
Beside the streamlet's tune.

Upon the roughened bark to spend
Hot kisses, passionate tears;
To murmur to the old oak tree
Life's grief for Love's lost years.

Select Story.

AT LAST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Beautiful as a poet's dream, an artist's ideal, Vivia Marchwell stood looking out over the sea, unmindful of the two men so near her.

The red mantle had half dropped from her shoulder, disclosing the slight, remarkably erect figure. The rich, bright-brown hair, reaching half down the waist, was tossed and lifted by the cool sea-wind, until it lay in great masses, waving over the temples, curling over the shoulder, drifting down the back, and forming one grand frame for the wonderful face.

"Yes, a wonderful face!" Richard Howe was saying to Carlton Neville. "There! getting a profile view, or better, a half profile, like this, what a study she is? By Jove, Carl, how I would like to paint her now. See those eyes; deeper, darker, more mournful than Evangeline's, and the long, straight, slight brows above them. That perfect nose—neither Grecian, aquiline, nor celestial—not so small it requires an eye-glass to discover it, as do the noses of our milk-and-water society belles, nor yet large enough to be masculine, but in fact a perfect nose. And the oval, half-pointed, egg-shaped chin—just the chin artists love. The full, exquisite mouth; the broad forehead, and the whole, colorless face framed in with that glorious hair. I say, Carl, why don't you say something and not stand there half asleep?" And Richard Howe, portrait and scenery painter, turned his wide, gray eyes upon the quiet man at his side, frowning savagely.

Carlton Neville looked up quietly, but there was a soft light in his blue eyes and a red flush on his usually pale cheek.

"You know what I think of Miss Marchwell, Dick, but I am not as enthusiastic as you, and cannot express my admiration in quite your artistic style."

Richard laughed good humoredly. "And I cannot string off stanzas in your poetical style, remember. Poets and artists are soul-brothers, and feel and appreciate the beautiful similarly. If Vivia Marchwell is a fit study for a painter, she is also a theme for the poet's pen."

"That does not always follow," Carlton answered thoughtfully. "Mere physical beauty can be copied upon canvas, and delight the soul of the artist and the eye of the world, and prove one glorious success in the artistic line, but no real, true poem can be founded upon mere outward beauty. Though we appreciate this even as you do, though symmetry and grace and beauty give us the most exquisite pleasure in all its forms, still I think we feel the need of mind and soul-beauty more than you and your brother artists. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps—yes, I think you *are* right, but the present case is not an example. Vivia Marchwell's mind and soul I think—nay, *know*—are as beautiful as her face. I am seldom deceived in faces. To be sure, I admire physical beauty in a very great degree, but I appreciate it more fully when coupled with mental graces. And I think I know, with little study, who possess them. I like a face that has *expression*. Surely, Vivia Marchwell's does not lack that!"

Carlton Neville's dreamy eyes turned to the statue-like figure, clearly defined against the evening skies, and rested there longingly.

Richard Howe watched him narrowly. Something in the gentle, boyish face he saw that he had never guessed before. He turned upon him fiercely. "Carl," he said, almost rudely, "you love this girl! You, whom I have trusted, and I never trusted man before—are you going to come between me and the only woman I ever loved? Is this your friendship?"

Carl Neville's blue eyes were purple now as he turned to Richard Howe. "I have not come between you. I have never spoken one word of love to her. I probably never shall. But I do love her, and if this is a breach of trust and a declaration of war, so be it. I have no excuses to make."

Impulsive Dick Howe grasped both his friend's hands. "Oh, Carl!" he cried, "I did not mean what I said—forgive me. This shall not divide—it shall unite us still closer. You have as much reason to love her as I. Seek her, old fellow, and God prosper your suit. Each for himself in love you know. I am no John Alden, and I shall try and win her for mine. But we are always friends, Carl, no matter what happens, whichever or whoever wins her. Give me your hand, old boy, again. There, now we will go. These cold winds are too bleak for you and the beach is almost deserted. Come."

And the two men, with one glance toward the motionless figure on the sands, moved away. Vivia Marchwell stood there until the twilight shadows came creeping on, and then suddenly, as one awakening from a dream, she drew her mantle over her shoulders, and bringing the hood closely around her face, sped swiftly away.

You might find her there by the sea a great portion of every day—this girl with the fathomless eyes, that were always and ever looking out over the billows with such a word of longing and sorrow in their depths. She was a mystery to the whole sea-shore party—the butterfly "set" who had come down to the sea to rest and recuperate after their winter's dissipation.

They had been there but a few days when Vivia Marchwell appeared among them. Who she was, from whence she came, none knew. Only, that one day, after dusk, a lady closely veiled alighted at the steps of a quiet boarding-house, and many trunks accompanied her, and the following morning a new face, the wonderful, peerlessly beautiful face of Vivia Marchwell, appeared at the breakfast table. She bore the scrutiny and polite stares of those assembled with remarkable composure for one so slight and seemingly so young. Indeed, she seemed oblivious of their presence and ate her meal in silence. She shunned this gay party, too, for a few days, but she was sought out and courted and fairly forced into their midst, and became belle and star without one effort on her own part. It seemed to weary and oppress her strangely, all this admiration and adulation and flattery. One saw this even in her most brilliant moments. For she could be brilliant and sparkling and bewildering. And it seemed strange to see that tired, world-weary expression on so young a face. Not just that alone, but sorrow and longing and hunger were written on that face.

"Very odd," the young ladies pronounced her; "and something mysterious about her." But a lady with such accomplishments and such a wardrobe it would hardly do to snub, and so they courted her society. For Miss Marchwell could not be patronized; they saw that at a glance. And the men—well, the men loved her. Richard Howe's artist-soul blossomed out suddenly in the passion flower of love after one glance from those haunting eyes. And Carl Neville, poet and dreamer, was fostering a passion too mighty for that frail frame. Nor artist nor poet were destined to stir the slumbering depths of Vivia Marchwell's heart.

"Oh!" she said over and over again, "these men love me, and they want an answering love from me. I wish I could, oh! I wish I *could* love some good man. But I never can, I never can. I think my heart is dead, and its ashes are over the sea."

So she said to Richard Howe when he pleaded his suit with all his artist eloquence.

"But give me hope," he said; "try to love me, and let me win your heart if I can."

"Well," she said wearily, "I will try; but I shall never give my hand where my heart does not go—never again."

Richard Howe glanced at her wonderingly, but her great eyes were out seaward and he did not question her words then.

An hour afterward Carlton Neville found her sitting there in the bay window, silent and alone.

"I have come," he said, "to tell you that I love you with all my heart and soul and strength. To ask you, to plead with you, to be my wife. I have houses and lands and riches. I will make you a royal queen over all. My darling, will you come?"

"I wish I could," she said. "I wish I could love you as I respect you. But my heart is dead, I think, and its ashes are over the sea. No, I cannot be your wife."

"But give me hope; let me at least try to win it back to life and love."

"Well," she said wearily, "you may try, even as I have said to Richard Howe, and I will not resist your wooing. I am willing to love if I can—oh! so willing—but I can never give my hand without my heart—never again."

And Carlton Neville turned away wondering, while Vivia Marchwell's eyes went out seaward.

They were down upon the beach that night just at sunset. The whole party were down, walking in groups or singly. Carlton Neville watched the figure of a man striding rapidly down the path from the town.

"Dick," he said, "look yonder."

Dick looked. A splendidly knit frame, a trifle above medium height; a massive head covered with short, crisp, light brown hair; strong, grand features; a beardless face and deep, hazel eyes.

"Herbert Bell!" cried Dick in joyful surprise, while he grasped one hand and Carl the other "Where did you hail from?"

"From home," laughed Herbert. "I found the city intolerable after you all left, so packed up and followed you."

Down the beach the three friends sauntered, asking questions and answering.

Herbert Bell paused suddenly.

"Who is that, Carl?" he whispered, glancing toward a group of girls a few feet distant.

"Which?"

"The girl with dreams in her eyes."

Carl Neville understood, indefinite as the words were.

"Vivia Marchwell," he said. "You shall be presented this evening—and prepare to lose your heart. But be warned in time, for Miss Marchwell has no heart to give in return. She cannot love, she says."

"You seem to know the state of the lady's mind," laughed Herbert; "I think I understand. Oh, well, I shall not trespass."

But a nameless thrill shot through Herbert Bell's heart that evening as he met the fathomless eyes "with dreams in them." And yet again at the sound of her voice, "a voice with tears in it," he said in the privacy of his room that night—

"What is she, who is she, that affects me so strangely? Herbert Bell, are you, at the age of thirty, going to make a fool of yourself over a pretty face that you never saw before in all your life?" And then, falling asleep, he dreamed that he was standing upon the sea shore, holding out his arms to Vivia Marchwell, and she, with a glad cry, was coming to them, when two fierce, fiendish black eyes bore down upon them like balls of fire through the gloom, and a long, deathly white hand clutched her and plunged her into the sea. And out of the depths came a demoniac laugh that rang in Herbert Bell's ears weeks after.

That same night Vivia Marchwell lay awake and questioned her heart. "Why does the face of this man haunt me so?" she asked. "I cannot close my eyes but his face glows in the mists before me, and my heart thrilled at the sound of his voice like a harp to the touch of a master hand."

Ah, Vivia Marchwell! there are mysteries in life that can never be explained this side of the grave, and we cannot conquer Fate.

There was a grand piano in the drawing-room, and Herbert Bell sought it the following morning. You would know, to see him touch the keys, even before the sound came forth, that he was king and master there. Heaven endowed him with great musical talent, and all that education could add had been added. You knew this when the sound rolled out beneath his masterly touch. Vivia Marchwell knew it, sitting hidden there in the bay window. It touched her soul and opened the fountains of her heart as they had not been opened in years.

She was weeping, her face upon her hands, when the music ceased. Herbert Bell sought the window and stood amazed at the sight.

"I beg pardon," he cried, at length, "I am intruding—I did not know—"

"Oh!" she said, looking up through her tears, "it was your music; I thank you for it—I have not wept in so long."

He sat down by her then and took her hand. "Poor little girl," he said. And she did not rebuke him.

It was strange, too; but it seemed to them just then as if they had known each other for years, and it was but a day instead. They never spoke again while he sat there. But I think they saw into each others' hearts and yielded to Fate.

He left her after a few moments. But ever after they looked into each others' eyes with a new knowledge.

And Fate stood at the helm and they drifted down into the fathomless ocean of Love. The poet saw it, and his song grew louder, sweeter, as if to call her back. The artist saw it, and his whole soul flamed out upon his canvas; but song nor painting could waken Vivia Marchwell from her dream.

Down in the drawing-room Herbert Bell sang—

"O come! if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee;
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found."

He ceased suddenly and held out his arms. "Come," he said. And Vivia Marchwell went.

"My darling," he said, and folded his arms about her. And then the dream rose before him as a vision, and he drew her closer to his breast.

The shrill whistle of an approaching train, a few miles distant, broke suddenly upon the silence, and Vivia shuddered as in an ague chill.

"What is it," she said, looking in her lover's eyes, "that chilled me so then? The shriek of that engine cut my heart like a knife."

Two hours afterward she knew. Standing in the bay window, through the early twilight she saw the tall figure of a man coming up the pathway—a tall foreign figure, with a Spanish cloak thrown over the shoulders and a wide-brimmed hat slouched over the eyes.

She clutched Herbert Bell's arms with hands like ice and her face grew ghastly. As the stranger passed the bay window he lifted two fierce, black eyes—eyes that Herbert Bell saw in his dream—and touched his hat with a mocking smile.

A moment later he entered the room and Vivia Marchwell dropped down at Herbert Bell's feet. He stooped to lift her, but the swarthy stranger was in advance.

"My wife has fainted, I think," he said, calmly. "Will you please bring me a glass of water?"

And Herbert Bell, as one in a dream, obeyed and waited until the dark eyes unclosed.

"Oh, God, pity me," she moaned, as the dark face of the stranger bent over her. "Paul! Paul Inerzo, I thought you were dead. I saw you go down, down into the sea. Must you haunt me even after you are dead?"

Paul Inerzo laughed and stroked his face with one long, deathly-white hand, and again Herbert Bell thought of his dream and shuddered. He bent over the woman who was dearer than life to him, and would have taken her in his arms, but she put up her hands.

"No, no," she said, slowly. "That can never be, Herbert. I am his wife. Oh, God! pity me. But I thought him dead until this moment."

Again the stranger laughed. "I am sorry I was so selfish as to live," he said, "but that being the case, what more natural than that I should follow my wife. I am glad to find her so faithful," and the fierce eyes, like coals of fire, were lifted to Herbert Bell's face.

"And now," he continued, "having found her, I shall hasten with her over the sea, where her numerous friends are anxiously waiting. We will start early in the morning, my love. The house is full, I understand, but I will accommodate myself with the sofa and my cloak during the night, and to-morrow morning, remember, we will go."

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I will go."

But in the morning, while Paul Inerzo lay in a sound sleep upon the sofa, Vivia Marchwell was many leagues distant, and under the door of Herbert Bell's room she had slipped this note—

"DEAR HERBERT: Yes, dearer to me than any other man was, is, or ever will be, I am going away and you may never see me again, but I want to tell you who and what I am. My real name is Vviance Markweiler. I am an Italian and was born in Florence. In my infancy I was betrothed to Paul Inerzo, a Spanish nobleman's son. As we grew older the thought of the union became more and more distasteful to me, and when at eighteen my parents commanded the nuptials to be celebrated, my whole soul abhorred it. He was vicious, wild, bad, unprincipled. But they forced me to it. Herbert, they *made* me marry him. He was very wealthy, and one of a noble race, and I was married to him, and then when the whole terrible truth rushed over me, that I was chained for *life* to this man, I fled from him—from the very altar—ere the words were scarcely said which made us one. Out into the night I sped through streets and by-alleys until I reached my home. Then swiftly covering my bridal robes with a thick, dark cloak, I sped out again—on, on, I knew not whither. I was mad, I think, and I never paused until the morning light broke upon me. Then I sank exhausted at a peasant's threshold and begged for food and shelter. I drew off one of my rings and gave it her, asking imploring protection. For one day I rested here and then on again, anywhere, only to flee from this man; sometimes resting a few days with the peasants and buying their protection, for I had gold and jewels—oh, beautiful, priceless jewels on neck and arms and hands. At last, through one kind, good man's aid I was on board a ship bound for America. I had purchased clothing and all things ready for the life upon the ocean and in the unknown land to which I was going. We were rocking upon the waves almost within an hour of sailing, when suddenly, as I sat upon the deck, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and turning, I met the dark, evil eyes of Paul Inerzo. 'My dear,' he said, 'I have concluded to accompany you on your trip to the new world. How pleasant it will be to spend our honeymoon thus!' And then he leaned upon the rail and looked mockingly in my face. The boat rocked suddenly just then and I saw him reel and fall down, down. 'Man overboard' the cry rang out, and the boats were lowered, but he was not found. A few minutes later and we were out at sea. 'Free, free,' I cried, with a great joy in my heart. I came to America, entered an academy as teacher of Italian, living much secluded and retired. I have been in America two years and I never knew what subtile instinct led me down to the sea shore for a season of rest and recuperation. I had thought, after I met you, it was of divine origin. I think now my evil genius told me to go. But for this *he would not have found me*, I sometimes think. But I am going to flee from him even if it is to the utmost extremity of the earth. And now, dear Herbert, farewell. V. M."

Two days afterward Carlton Neville unlocked his boat from the shore and rowed out into the calm sea. He never came back. God only knows whether he cut short the thread of his own sorrowful life, or whether the winds and waves overcame his feebleness.

Richard Howe laid down the pallet and the brush, and went out a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And Herbert Bell, he went back to his old home, and every Sabbath the grand organ rolled out its wonderful symphonies beneath his touch, only with a new and added beauty and volume, and the great love and grief of his life found utterance thus, and so he lived until two years passed away.

Then one morning a note was handed him by an errand boy. "A lady from the White Inn, sir, sent this," he said. It was only this—

"He is dead and I am free. V. M."

But Herbert Bell understood, and with a great joy in his heart he went to her. She was alone, and without one word he took her in his arms. "I have been very patient," he said at length, "for I felt sure God would send you to me at last, and He has."

Yes," she whispered, "but oh, Herbert, it has been so long, so long. I have fled from place to place, and each time Paul Inerzo tracked me, and each time, thank God, I escaped him. He was crushed between the cars and instantly killed, three days past, in trying to spring upon the moving train where I had a moment before entered. I come to you even as I left you."

"And nothing shall ever part us, my darling," he said; "nothing but death."

"Nothing but death," she echoed.

LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD.

Uncolored Facts That 600,000 People Will Sanction.

TRUTHS BY AN OLD RESIDENT.

FROM FAULK COUNTY (DAK.) TIMES.

BURKMERE, Faulk Co., D. T.,
March 13, 1888.

Mr. Editor:—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper for the discussion of a question in which all are interested. As a reader of the *Times* for some time, I am fully convinced that your name and object is, and has been, to defend the territory of Dakota, and especially Faulk county and the interests thereof, against the enemies of good government at home and abroad, and believing that you are equally desirous of spreading the truth, thus checking, if possible, the erroneous impression caused by unprincipled slanderers, I submit these facts: Now, I have, and no doubt you have been very much annoyed by the injustice done to your young and enterprising territory by the misrepresentations that are continually appearing in the eastern papers; and when read by people who are not accustomed to western countries—and no doubt there are many who are not—they undoubtedly are led to say: "what a terrible country Dakota must be." There never was a time in the history of man when newspaper reading was general as it is at the present time. This being true, those papers, in my estimation, should scorn to publish such ridiculous stories. If they were facts it would not be so bad; but when they are the essence of misrepresentation it is terrible in the extreme. In their columns have been found about as follows: "Dakota, the land of blizzards; with mercury down to points where animal life could not exist; all railroads continually blocked because of such dreadful drifting storms," etc. Now, I have been a resident of this territory for five years, and during that time I know all such statements to be false, with the single exception of the storm of January 12th, of this year, which was without precedent in this region; yet not to be compared to the terrible storm that swept the western states for three days in January, 1873, and was more than equaled by the blizzard in the eastern states this winter. If this storm had visited Dakota, and no other state or territory, it would be something to talk about, but not even then to say it was not fit for man to live in, for even in this storm the man who had provided his stock with shelter and fodder, and who had provided for himself and family a comfortable house and made ordinary provision for life and comfort, neither man nor beast suffered. Again. Four-fifths of the lives were lost by not considering the consequence or realizing the danger, as such storms are not peculiar to this country, and the one in question took in a range of north and south from central Manitoba on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and from Duluth on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and without an exception lives were lost and stock perished in each and every state and territory through which the storm passed. This could not be wondered at very much, for on the day of the storm the air was still and warm. I never saw a more delightful winter morning in my short experience. The sky was clear and the sun shone out in all its splendor until about half-past nine in the forenoon when, in one short hour, it commenced snowing, blowing, and drifting from the north-west at a terrible rate, and in a very short time travelling was out of the question. Notwithstanding this, there were numbers of people on their way to and from the different towns—and in a new country like this long distance intervenes between dwellings, and the people are not accustomed to such storms—who continued their journey or endeavored to do so at the peril of their lives. Again. A great many lives were lost by teachers dismissing the schools and venturing out into the storm only to perish. Had they remained indoors by the warm coal fires, comparatively few lives would have been sacrificed, as, according to all accounts, with but one or two exceptions they had plenty of coal. Now, as spring has come, we can look back and say that on the whole, excepting the one day in January, we have had a very fine winter. Tomy certain knowledge the employes of the Chicago & North-western railroad who are engaged between this town and Faulkton, had worked 10 hours per day for the entire winter, with the exception of two days, and the stock-yard gang who engaged on the railroad, built the yard at this place during the most severe week of the winter, as far as cold and stormy weather is concerned, except the unprecedented day in question. Again. The eastern papers state that the people of Dakota are destitute of coal, food, and money. This is most absurdly incorrect. Dakota has shipped to the east more wheat than any other state or territory of the west. She has shipped 60,000 bushels of as fine potatoes as can be grown in any country east or west, and besides shipping the above mentioned wheat and potatoes, she has shipped quantities of pork, oats, corn, hay, butter, eggs, and other productions too numerous to mention to eastern consumers. She has contributed in car-load lots to the sufferers in Kansas and other destitute sections. In addition to all this, she has shipped east in large amounts, good, hard money; and with just consideration I think the least thing they can do is to just let us alone, if they cannot give us credit for what we have done. Brother Dakotians, we have this to console us—that if we were not a rival we would not be considered worth mentioning, and too, we can claim the old adage: "under the choice apple tree you will find the clubs and stones."

To those who are contemplating seeking new homes or investment in Dakota, do not be deceived by unprincipled papers that have printed such misrepresentations mentioned, for it is only selfishness on their part. They hope to decoy good western men to some burnt up, drought and fever-stricken locality. You can readily see that Dakota has a prosperity unparalleled in the history of new countries. But a few years ago Dakota was unknown to the white man. To-day she has a population of over 600,000 prosperous people. Beyond a doubt she can grow more and a better quality of grain than any state or territory in the Union. According to tests that have been made central Dakota has an inexhaustible supply of coal and natural gas. As for stock raising purposes, she has every natural facility. She can grow corn equal to the states east of her, and consequently hog raising is very profitable. Now, I wish the reader to come with me to Faulk county, which is centrally located and possesses as fine farming lands as the sun ever shone upon. At our territorial fair, held at Mitchell, Faulk county took the second prize on her county exhibit of farm products. Two years before Faulk county took the third premium for farm products, and in both cases in competition with the older counties of the territory. With this record for our county it is not necessary to enlarge upon the inexhaustible richness and fertility of the soil, or dwell upon the healthful and invigorating climate. Our shipping accommodations are simply immense, for through the county from north to south we have a grand system of railway, the C., M. & St. P. With Duluth and Sault Ste. Marie to the north we can get the best possible prices for our grain, and with St. Louis to the south and Chicago to the east, we have the best market in the world for stock. We also have the C. & N. W. railroad, another grand system, running through our country from east to west, bringing the eastern markets to our very door. Dakota has inexhaustible mines of mineral and coal, and it is only a matter of a short time when the iron furnaces and manufacturing establishments will be in operation in this western country. We already have creameries, cheese factories, pork-packing houses, flour and feed mill, etc. Still better; we are to a man prohibitionists. The territory is dotted with public, private and graded schools, in all directions. All these advantages in a country but a few years old is simply wonderful. Considering all this, can we not, with the permanent survey already made by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railway which is to be pushed the coming season through our county from the north-east to the southwest, and with prospects of the Illinois Central from the southeast to the northwest, look forward with wonderful expectations, and tender to those contemplating seeking new homes or investment the grandest opportunity that is possible in any country? Our soil has been well tested, its product conceded to be the best in America, and the land as yet cheap; but this will not long be the case, for we are sure to have an immigration to this country which will be unsurpassed by any western state or territory.

Most respectfully yours,
W. J. JACKSON.

Soot burning on back of chimney indicates storm.

Dirty streets possess much to add mire.

Working on shares—plowmen.

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