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Through minutes that seemed nours she crept painfully along, her hands scratched and bleeding, her bare head catching ever and anon some vagrant twig, some down dropping bough. path was the merest trace, hardly a foot wide. Even when at last she followed it upright, hers was a snail's progress, so thick, so clinging, so interlocked were the briers and tangle on either hand.

Slowly, blindly, she followed it. had no idea whence it came, whither it ran, by what feet it was made. All her thought was it must lead her somewhere. If she persevered, it would take her out of this wilderness that might otherwise

Up hill, down dale, it ran, now crossed by other and fainter tracks, now cutting sharp through a disused cartway. Dare had lived enough in the fields to know its smooth surface meant the habitual tread of human feet. Evidently they went upon a secret errand, else the wild growth would not be so left to mask the path.

Miles and miles the girl tramped Dare saw him fling up the lid of a huge through the waning day. More than one ruffed grouse flew up from the thicket set against the wall, saw him delve deep as she came too near. A fox stopped and in its heterogeneous depths and bring up looked her full in the face on top of a a small pine box, most incongruously high hill. A wild turkey, with young fastened with a wrought brass lock half grown, went with wide skimming Trembling through and through, she wings adown a 'oog narrow valley.

Sunset came on, full of red, stormy light. At the very last a bloody rim sted upon the hill crests. The sky was full of warring clouds driven hither and yon as flawy winds swept up from south or north. Dare shivered at the sight. There was thunder in the air. What if she must face it, the storm, the night, alone in this wild waste! The dread lent wings to her feet. She almost ran along the path, which was now broader, better trodden, less encumbered with kindering boughs.

Bats came out and circled low above her head. She listened hopefully, but in vain, for the whippoorwill, whose crying means no rain. Sunset faded out in dusk; dusk fell to black darkness. Still the path stretched endlessly before her. She had climbed a long hill, and had been for some minutes descending, when a log by the wayside caught her eye. It lay, a mass of fox fire, gleaming through the dark. Spent and breathless, she sank down upon it, saying under her breath:

"I cannot go much farther in this darkness. Maybe I had better stay here until morning.

Suddenly she started to her feet. A wild droning chant was borne upward to her ear, the sound of many strong voices pitched in a minor key. from the right, evidently below where she sat. After a minute she knew what it was-the death song wherewith negroes seek to ease the passing soul. Feeling each step in advance, she went for-ward a little way, to find the path dip sharply in the direction of the sound and at last run into the small clearing about Jineey's cabin.

Door and window stood wide, letting big blurs of faint light fall outward athwart the dark. A dozen were within, men and women, standing about the bed where the old woman lay, her gasping breath coming shorter, shorter, with each cadence of the wailing chant. At the bed's foot stood Jubilee, Jincey's sole living descendant, his wide, solemn eyes fixed hard upon her withered face. As Dare paused for a moment in the door, she caught the eye of a tall, white haired old man, evidently the leader of the watchers, who beckoned her to come forward as though her presence was expected and said as the rest fell back: "Speak to her, Miss Dare. She's most

gone, but I reckon she'll know you. Seems like the fam'bly's been all day on her min'. "

"Granny Jineey, do you know me?" Dare asked, taking the withered clammy fingers within her own. The song had died to a brooding hush, broken only by the far muttering of thunder, the tick of the deathwatch in the wall.

The old woman stirred uneasily. Her lips moved, but no word came, and still the lids lay heavily over her eyes. Dare bent almost to her ear and said clearly:

'Granny Jincey, can I do anything for you? Is there any message I can take for you?

The young voice pierced through the gathering mists of death. Jincey's eyes flew wide; her hands clinched; she sat convulsively upright, crying aloud: "Mistis! Miss Alice! Jincey never

meant to hurt you!" 'She takes yo' fer her mistis, yo' great

grandmother. Yo' ar lik' her," the old man said in Dare's ear. Jincey's hand was groping feebly under her pillow while her lips moaned:

"The key, the key, find it, find it for Miss Alice!"

'Is this de one?" Jubilee said, holding a bit of brass close to the dimming

'Yes, yes," panted the old woman. "Give it ter her. Papers-in chest-atde bottom, " falling back at the last word with the death rattle in her throat.

Bredren, sisters, sing whiles I pray fer dis departin soul," the old man said, dropping on his knees at the bedside with rapt upraised eyes and moving lips from which came only soundless pe titions Low and wild, with a ringing undernote, the death song swelled out through the summer night, to end only the old man, rising from his knees, laid the dead hands straight, say-

ing, with simple solemnity:
"Dust an ashes dow art become. De silver cord is loosed, de golden bowl is broken, de soul has gone back ter God who gave, an blessed be de name er de

Dare's eyes were brimming. She knew how these simple souls interpreted her appearance. To them it was evident that,

hearing the old woman was dying, she had come as a last kindness to one who had been her grandfather's slave. It was no strained interpretation. She would not undeceive them. Jubilee would put her in the road to Ridgeley, and weary ns she was it would not take so very long to reach it.

As if obedient to her thought, the boy came to her elbow and whispered:

'Miss Dare, I know de box dat key fits. Hit's in de bottom er de big chis'

I'll git it. Den yo' better go home."
Following him in silence, Dare saw him fling up the lid of a huge coffer that



Trembling through and through, she turned the key in it, saw the lid fly open, and within a long, thick, folded paper, with a seal at one end.

As she thrust it within her bosom a nfused noise of hoofs and trampling feet came from the outer dusk. Three or four tall, roughly dressed men came into the cabin and stared curiously Dare recognized the foremost as a hillman who often did odd jobs for her grandfather. Now she stepped eagerly forward and spoke his name

Instantly he fell back a step in blank amazement, then said hurriedly:

'Oh, Miss Dare, your grandpa's outside. I-I think he wants to see you.'

CHAPTER XXL "My girl, we can show them the

Overtons know how to die." Dare had indeed found her grandfather with the mob, found him bound and

helpless, yet sitting as upright and fearess upon his horse as though for the chase. It had all passed like a dream, the sight of him, the mounting behind one of the leaders, the tramp into the wilderness, from which she had but just escaped. Now the hillmen had halted in front of the house Cleve had chosen for her prison, had hurried the two within it and were deep in counsel outside.
"We can die," Dare echoed, "but we

shall die innocent. We have never harmed, but always helped as far as lay in our power, these lawless men. What charge can they bring against us?"

"That we are Overtons," the old man said bitterly. "Overtons," he repeated, "the rightful owners of this which other men wish to sell and buy. At sundown as I sat in my study these fellows came upon me, demanding that I give up my rights. In their phrase, 'Take it or leave it and let men who have money set the wheels turning.' They were tired of waiting and starving if I was not. If I dared to refuse, I must take the consequences. I did refuse, then and forever. I was alone in the house, almost so upon the plantation. Gagged and bound, I was sat upon my horse and headed for this place. I know it well, the loneliest, the wildest spot in all the tract, so wild and lone murder might be done here a hundred times with no risk of detection. All the way I was thanking God that you were safely away. Tell me, my child, how it happens that you, too, are entrapped?"

Dare told him, keeping back nothing save the scene in Jincey's cabin. The more than midnight darkness of their prison house hid the old man's face as he listened, but his hand lay on that of his grandchild, and amid all her stress of feeling she noted the surging leap of his pulse as she told of her peril, her es-

'Oh, for one more day of life to meet that gentleman!" he said through his set teeth. "My child, my child, it seems I let you go into the very lion's den. Forgive me, my girl. I have not been tender and thoughtful of you. I shall love you more through our little inch of

time than in all the years of your life." 'There is nothing to forgive," Dare said, laying her cheek softly against his 'A quiver of lightning played along the floor and showed her big tears

dropping from the brave old eyes.
"I have not shed a tear before since Margaret died," the old man said, with gulp over the name.

You must not cry now. We need all our spirit," Dare said, nestling closer. "Keep a good heart, grandfather. These men surely dare not murder us outright, and help must come before long."

'You don't know them as I do, daugh-Major Overton said, with a sigh. They have gone too far to draw back now. Our lives are the price of their own safety no less than their prosperity. My wonder is that they have not given us shorter shrift-indeed that we came into this room alive."

The hillmen themselves wondered not a little. In truth, there was a division

of opinion among their heads.
"I tell ye, both must die, er we'll swing for it," said the man Dare had recognized. "I tell ye, ye might 'a' knocked me down with a feather when I seen that thar gal in ole Jincey's cabin an she spoke up so, 'Why, this is Mr. Hensley!' I'd ruther take er year's whippin 'an ter tetch her rough, but hut's er man ter do? She knowed me. I tell ye thar ain't no safe way but the

'An I tell you, you fool, " said a deeper voice, "if harm comes to her, ter so much as a hair of her head, we'll all have our trouble fer our pains. The fel-

ier dat's got most er de money we re s anxious he should spend here is plumb crazy about her. The man dat touches her is as sure ter swing fer it as de spendin of a million dollars can make him. I know, fer H-, yo' know who, told me dat was in de game. Ef he don't git her, most lik' he'll quit de country I say de thing ter do is keep 'em here, 'em comfortable, treat 'em lik fightin cocks, but keep 'em close till they're willin ter agree ter hold their

'That'd be eenabout always. Man, yo' don't know them Overtons. Bad as hate 'em fer their high headed, high handed ways, I know they're game ain't afeared o' man ner devil and wouldn't budge a hair from what they said was right fer all dis world, with de next thrown in. Talk about makin terms! Put it tervote, I say. Fixer hat, somebody. All in favor of makin a sure thing o' dis job put crossmarks on their tickets. Dem ergin it, leave 'em white."

A little time, and 30 men came past the hat, over which hung their solitary lantern, each dropping from his hand a fluttering slip whose import was life or death.

'Mr. Somebody didn't think whut his letter wus ter be used fer when he writ it," Hensley said, with a grim smile, as the ballots fell in.

'Reckon it wouldn't 'a' bothered him much if he had," his opponent remarked. The teller raised a hand, saying la-

better be fixin. Thar's 20

'We'll draw lots who's ter do de job. De rest kin go erway," Hensley said, speaking thickly in spite of his sense of necessity. "'Twon't take but two-one erpiece, ye know." Inside Major Overton talked in low tones to Dare.

'It was a miracle, your escape, and to think you are thus brought back," he said, breathing bard.

'There is fate in it, I am sure,' Dare answered. "Do you know, grandfather, I believe Jincey had made the path I found tramping to this place. What motive could possibly have brought her so often over such a weary way?"

'Maybe we will know soon. Jincey was a mystery always. We are at the gate of mysteries. I wonder why they are so slow?

Dare pressed his hand hard and said in his ear: "Hush! I hear hard breathing. Some

one else is in the room. "If it is the scoundrel who lured you here, let me throttle him before I die, and death will lose half its sting," the

old man cried aloud. Instantly a light flashed out, the light of a dark lantern in Royal Cleve's hands. Weary with his fruitless search for Dare, he had come back and at last dropped into sleep so sound that only within the last few minutes had he awakened from it. He walked directly over to Major Overton, saying as he held out a revolver:

"I deserve that you should shoot me, sir. But pray postpone it until I have paid my respects to those scoundrels out-

You do well to turn against them, sir, after inciting them to their present course," Major Overton said, with curling lip. "By contrast with yourself they are almost respectable. They have at least the palliation of ignorance and mecessity. Cleve fell back in amazement.

"Can you think, believe," he asked, that I had any hand in, any knowledge of, this outrage

"Why not? You are guilty of worse," the other said, with a deep frown. Dare laid a hand on her grandfather's arm

and said, half timidly:
"I think, sir, Mr. Cleve is innocent
of this. I know, too, he will save us from all harm if only we do not fhrust his help aside."

Whether you will or no," Cleve said, striding to the door. "Open, open," he shouted. "Open, you villains, or the last one of you shall hang."

There was a noise of unbarring, a rush and intrampling of many feet, a volley of shots and shouts and curses, but no foot came inside. Royal Cleve had barred the way, and as they recoiled from his rapid fire swung the door to, calling huskily:

"The bar, the bar! Keep them back! They shall not touch"

Quick as thought Dare sprang to his de, shot the inner bar in place and called aloud:

'Help, grandfather, he is falling!" -dead-almost," Cleve said, reaching for her hand. By the lantern's glimmer Major Overton saw that blood as pouring from his breast. Outside a babel of rude speech, more than one deep groan, undervoiced the wild roar of swiftly coming storm.

"Listen! I hear horses galloping. You are saved," Cleve said as Dare bent above him, trying to stanch the blood. He went on huskily, "Throw-the light on-her face. I have not much longerto see it. Let me-see it plain.



"Throw the light on her face. Let me see it plain."

"Don't talk," Dare said, pressing her hand hard against the welling blood. Slowly, painfully, Cleve laid her fingers upon his mouth and panted rather than oke the one word "Forgive!"

"I do forgive you fully, freely, as I hope God will forgive me at the last " Dare said; then, answering the appeal of his eyes, put her mouth to his in a tender kiss.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PROOF THAT WHITTIER'S HERO-INE WAS A REAL WOMAN.

Was Born at Lancaster, Pa., in 1776 and Her Ancestors Played a Prominent Part in the History of the Infant Republic.

Dame Fritchie's Deed. Over Barbara Fritchie's grave. Flag of freedom and union wave! Peace and order and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law; And ever the stars above look down On thy stars below in Frederick town

Of late there has been much discus

sion concerning the old dame whom Whittier has immortalized as flaunting the fing of freedom in the face of Stone wall Jackson's ragged brigade. Arguments have been advanced tending to prove, as do all cut and dried addutions, that no such woman ever existed. much less having performed such a ridiculous feat as described by the Quaker poet. Such statements are idle. and are not worth the time spent in their consideration. In the face of the took place on May 6, 1806. No children indubitable proof that she had been al- came to her, but her strong motherly most a life-long resident of Frederick love found occupation in the care and town, only those who are actuated by training of several nephews and nieces. jealously, or who know nothing of the While of aspect stern and cold, it is matter, attempt to deny her. As to the said that she was a gentlewoman of incident described in Whittier's lines, fine sensibilities and tender heart, her

BARBARA NOT A MYTH | her marriage, was born in Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 3, 1776. Her ancestors had played a prominent part in the early history of the infant republic, and every drop of blood in her body came from the founders and preservers of the republic. When but a child she removed with her parents to Frederick, Md., and there she lived until her death.

When 30 years old Barbara Hauer became Barbara Fritchie, the wife of



BARBARA FRITCHIE'S GRAVE.

John Casper Fritchie.

BARBARA FRITCHIE'S HOME, FREDERICK, MD.

13, 1862. However, she was goodly wholesome pleasures of all kieds.

dame, loyal to the backbone, to claim

did not fire upon her house, yet all through the war, it is said, the stars

little dormer window of the colonial

old photographs now in the possession

of William H. Riley, an old soldier, and

Barbara Critchie

an employe in the city court of Brook-

lyn, N. Y. Mr. Riley has made a thor-

He was in Frederick on Sept. 12, 1862.

Immediately after the rebels had

marched through the place. During

the last thirty years Mr. Riley has

made a trip each summer to Frederick

and has secured considerable proof in

support of his claim. He has preserved

several old photographs of Barbara,

Dan to Mu Barbara

her house, and one of the grove.

substantial citizens, and for

Willard, N. Y., has a check drawn in words:

Barbara Fritchie's favor and indorsed

by her. Since the check has been in his

possession Mr. Shearman has received

many communications from people who

would like to get possession of it, but

he prizes it too highly to think of part

ing with it. He lately received a let-

ter from George W. Oakley, comman-

der of the Barbara Fritchie Post, No.

11, G. A. R., of Brooklyn, asking him

upon what terms he would dispose of

named after the heroine whose name

adorns the check, and that it was in

possession of a photograph and a

crayon portrait of her and would like

to add the check to the valued collec-

tion. But the present owner cannot be

induced to part with the check with the

autograph at any price.

ough investigation of the controversy.

residence on Patrick street.

Union sympathizers. Flags hung fro the windows, the houses were gay wi bunting, and the streets presented holiday appearance. The townsper cheered the boys as they marched a the women waved their handkerchi-It was a brave day. The sold narched over the old wooden brid and down Patrick street, passing Barbara Fritchie house. From the de mer window floating the Union flag had done since the opening of war, a niece of old Barbara, a pre Southern girl of 18 years, Fourteenth Brooklyn passed the ho the young fellow I spoke of caught he eye and bowed. The girl blushed a went into the house. This was about o'clock in the morning. At 5 in afternoon the troops were hotly gaged at South Mountain, and the days later they were struggling Antietam. A year from that time ; Fourteenth Brooklyn again mare through the streets of Frederick their way to Gettysburg. Curior enough, young Miss Dollie was star ing in the doorway of Barbara Frie le's house on Patrick street. The mr young soldier recognized her and a luted. The troops camped in the ma for two days and I made his acque That friendship lasts to f ance. day. He asked me about the yor lady in the doorway. I introduced hi to Miss Dollie, and it was a case love at first sight. After a day of w ing he had to leave with his regime At Gettysburg he was wounded a was brought back to this town. was taken to Barbara's house, Doille Jeffrey nursed him back health. She had a long slege of it a for after recovering from his wo he was taken with typhoid for While on his bed he and Dollie w married. Unable to do any more fig ing, he was appointed chief clerk the United States general hospi which position he held to the close he war. They lived in the town in Barbara's death, when they m North. Twice a year he sends new flags to me, that they may placed on Barbara Fritchie's gn hus following out the lines of Whit With his wife and children he v here every summer. They are then ones who take any interest in the woman. They cut the grass and flowers on the grave." A MARVEL DUS CLOCK.

war fever, and enlisted in a Brook

regiment, the Fourteenth, I believe.

was on Sept. 12, 1862, a Sunday me

through the streets of the town

was just after the rebels had occur

the place, and there was consider

rejoicing at the coming of the Yanks

The inhabitants were, in the m

when his regiment mare



The house inhabited by Barbara relationship with whom would be an Fritchie at Fredrick was a story and a onor. Though the Confederate troops half cottage of brick and stone, with Tiny Human Skeletons Sound high gables and dormer windows, de-Passing Hours. void of external show or decoration and stripes fluttered loyally from the It stood on Patrick street, a short dis Probably the most wonderful pi of mechanism ever seen or dream tance from Carroll's Creek, over which is the property of an inland he ran an ancient wooden bridge. On one The pictures shown were drawn from side of this bridge there was a flight of It was the work of the va stone steps, which led to a large, square skilled artisans of the east, and only white man, probably, who e spring, from which the Fritchie family obtained its supply of water for drinkset eyes upon it was the Euglish at officer who went to the palace of ing and all household purposes. There were two iron dippers fastened by chains to one side of the rocky wall and here the thirsty wayfarers stopped

to drink and gossip. When the Confederate army, under General Lee, evacuated Frederick. closely followed by the Union troops under Gen. McClellan, Barbara Fritchie kept a small sitken flag flying from the dormer window of her house. It was an old revolutionary flag handed down to her from her ancestors and deeply prized through many memories. When the Union soldiers entered the town later she took it down, and as the troops marched by she stood in her doorway, proudly waving it above her

Barbara Fritchie died in December, now rest in the cemetery of the Reformed Church on Bentz street, opposite Third, in the western portion of the town. There, when strangers go to see the mound, the stars and stripes are always floating, and there one cannot help remembering the closing lines of Whittier's poem:

And even the stars above look down On thy stars below in Frederick town!

Above the grave of Barbara Fritchie two flags of freedom and union for ever wave. Winter and summer, rain and sun, the stripes and stars float

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave

Flag of Freedom and Union wave,

light and law" come, but the old sex-

ton in reply to the query of a correspon-

couldn't tell you the name. He has

good reason to remember the old wo-

man for he married one of her nieces

It was a romantic marriage-a war-

time wooing. He was a young fellow

Bollafa

Frederick Med Sept 12 9356

dent said:

The letter stated that the post was about it; but, after all these years, I

CHECK DRAWN TO THE ORDER OF BARBARA FRITCHIE.



inglish government, and, r the coast, told of the marvel be witnessed. The dial of this clock was out

n gold upon a carved slab of some culiar marble, and beneath it was pended, between two uprights, at ver gong. Then a broad, flat surface marble spread out before that little from end to end with miniature be and skulls, and here and there a silver hammers, with little round be for heads. The bones seemed 19 entirely disconnected, and looked a like so much rubbish remnants of tiny dead.

The clock stood in the dining where the ceremonious meal was ing served, and as 1 o'clock drew se the prince called the visitor's atte to a rustling among the dry be With a faint clatter they began wit and come together, a skull set is upon the shoulder structure, and in the mass of dry bones one ting si ton rose complete, with a little is mer clutched in his bony fingers stood beside the shining gong until minute hand pointed precisely to hour. Then, with a quick swing Mr. Shearman, one of Penn Yan's above the otherwise neglected mound. lrove the hammer against the sk surface, and a silver note, fine many It almost seems that Whittler must thread, burst forth and echoed years a trustee of the insane asylum at have written in a prophetic vision these in soft cadences among the distant lars of the place. Before its when ceased in the stillness the little is ton had, like the ghost of John in down again," and the scattered by Christopher Benjamin Binas As soon as the flags become old and weather-worn new ones are put in their lay motionless once more upon place. It is a matter of mystery to many from whence these "symbols of marble plain.

Pleasures of the Seashorn She-I have often wondered win

"I dunno as I ought to say anything ay they were joining the gener guess it won't do any harm. It is a against the high prices at this re pretty story. It's an old chap up in Philadelphia North American. New York, a government official, but I

An Unlucky Number. Mr. Johnson-Is yo' Miss Mandy? Miss Mandy-Oh, I

What makes yo' fink da Barbara Fritchie, or Hauer before when the was broke out. He had the Mr. Johnson-I see yo' ber 18 shoes?-New York Herald

wild waves are saying. He-Judging from their rear 15