The Fall 200 88 88 of PompeyBy G. T. FERRIS. 88 58 A Story of The Blue and Copyright, 1900, by 88 The Gray. G. T. FERRIS. 83 88 83 88 88 88 88 88 88 88 88 88 83 88

CHAPTER I. key river, loitered on the bank with to be its bestowal at the end of a pair a string of freshly catight sea trout in of tongs. his hand. The distant boom of cannon Tom Wentworth's heart reeked with

which he craved. He turned his head and a look of reproach. at a rustling.

"When did I become 'Miss Polly' to she went on, with kindling eye, "with Uncle Jonas had been fanning the the Yankce gyard of my grandfather's all his mincin airs an graces, would 'a' files from his master's face, and, interplantation?" the girl flashed out as she bowed down an smirked befo' a ba' preting a glance, he hobbled out. Distepped into full view.

the battered straw hat, the faded ging- heart." And she threw her lithe grace butts on the bricks and a harsh, "Gimham gown and the hideously cobbled into fencing position and made a me that, old ebony!" Tom leaped from shoes wherewith faithful Uncle Jonas, thrust with her switch as if she would the end of the porch and faced a burly the family factotum, had striven to have liked to skewer President Lincoln ruffian in blue, decanter in hand, with eke out a scanty wardrobe. This and all his generals at one fell coup. half a dozen men at his back. Federal cavalry trooper, not long out of college, could think of nothing but some fabled hamadryad just emerged from the cloven bark of the big oak. As they turned, each with a sense of your goin to a seminary an acquirin in his quarters, for instinct foresaw a the polish of your long line of distin-Polly Brundage's hat, which had fallen, guished ancestors!" Whereupon the rival that bristle of weapons which allowing countless motes of gold to young woman with hug and kiss sooth stamped alert authority. shine aureolelike on her silky topknot. ed the spinster into her wonted calm. "Ho, ho!" sneered the big marauder, She took the straw monstrosity with a Tom, pondering much, leaned on the who wore a corporal's stripes, though selzed her, for this was a maid of Cæsarian victory. Uncle Jonas hob- Yer one o' the downy coves, I s'pose,

watermelon.

now!" called Polly, and she placed fallen Brundage fortunes, their wreck of yer wise an vally yer own skin." brave Confederacy, an you must fight soldier's presence. like a hero in a great cyause, for Cæsar -the lad's quaking soul foreboded the another licking when he comes back."

uncompleted sentence. The clash of the "Fo' de Lawd, Mars' Yank," the old as they butted and wres-

hostility of her face, but she hadn't forgotten the morning episode and took not part in the table talk. "Ah," sighed the elderly maiden. "if

waw could only be waged by pussons of gentle blood an tempered with the fine cyurtesies of speech an deed! Surely, Mr. Wentworth, your own 'family name bespeaks descent most as good as that of our own Virginia gentry." "My forbears and their people, I believe," said Tom carelessly, "have cut some figure in New England for a couple of centuries, but that doesn't count 88 for so much in the north."

Miss Brundage fluttered her corkscrew curls at this plebeian point of view, and so the modest feast slid on about this Yankee soldier, Auntie toward its end, with the lady's maun-Pam?" she remonstrated. ""Better let derings and Tom's strain between po-The soldier guard at General Brun- Uncle Jonas act for you." Polly esti lite replies and his keener desire todage's place, which lay on the Pamun- mated fitness of favor in this instance ward the fine, weary old face and the equally speechless Polly, whose lashes, however, sometimes opened wide ashine "Lord Chesterfield regyards polite of laughter in the wells unveiled at the front rolled low, thunder, and ness to one's inferiors as the finest test at the spinster's flights. At last garof good breedin," answered the spin- rulity harked home to the Brundage discontent. It was epic and not idyl ster, with a bridling of her thin seck pedigree and remembered that a Hunker-Wentworth of New Hampshire had "Bother Lord Chesterfield!" said the married into the Brundages about the

"Good morning, Miss Polly," raising irreverent Polly. "Do let that pom- time of the Revolution. "So perhaps his cap. "I have a mess of fish here for Aunt Chloe's frying pan." pous old fool sleep in his tomb, auntle, dear. An d'you think Lord Chesterfield." she simpered.

barous foe? No! He'd 'a' whipped rectly again his footstep limped on the It was a charming apparition despite out his rapier an stabbed 'cm to the walk, succeeded by a clang of rifle

this awful waw is that it prevented plored the lack of saber and pistol, left

you," and suddenly an impish fancy grown lane on the afternoon of the from the cap. "That's all in my eye. gray!

against irrepressible bubbles of mirth empire puckering his wizened face. hev to do the fightin an get chucked and mischief. Not far away squatted Every kink of snowy wool had bris- into the guardhouse fur a little fun. two half grown negro boys, frowning tled on this ancient servitor's head Ther's too much o' protectin the rebels with incipient war over a half ripe when he had been informed of Pom- anyway, an we hain't here fur nuthin pey's helnous crime. Major domo of today; so, Mr. Cavalryman, ye'd better "Pyompey, Casar, cyome heah right the meager following which waited on jest shet yer teeth an yer bloomin eyes them in pose of combat. Pompey, the had not abated his sense of the family The already half drunken rascal took

bully of the plantation juveniles, had importance. Shaking his rheumy fist a big pull of the "peach" in the decanoften hammered Cæsar to submission. at the distant woods and talking ve- ter and passed it to one of his gang. and Poly felt sure of her champion. hemently to himself about "dat mis'bul while he laid a hand on Tom's arm, "Now, Pyompey, you stand for our niggah Pomp," he scarcely noticed the which the latter shook flercely off and with a couple of bounds was again on "Hello, Uncle Jonas," said Tom. "I the porch, with the look of a wolf de-

CHAPTER III.



Tom Wentworth sank to the ground, pierced by a bullet.

lade. It would go sorely against the grain to fire on his own uniform, though that uniform had been disgraced by its wearers, and he would be clearly within the line of his duty. But fate took the problem out of his hands. The jingling of scabbards smote the ear sharply, for the grass grown road had muffled the nearing hoof beats. Carbine shots and yells rang out as a squad of gray coated troopers rode to the gate, while others pursued such of the flying thieves as had not dropped. What wonder that in the confusion of the scene shots flew at the solitary blue figure standing, sword in hand, on the grass! Tom Wentworth sank to the ground, pierced by a bullet, and Polly, who had watched the swiftly changing drama with heart in her mouth, felt a mist swim over her senses. Blind to all else, she sprang from the plazza and bent over the huddled heap of blue, the hero who had fallen for her and hers. What matter giagerly little fist and an arctic "Thank rickety gate opening into the grass regimental marks had been removed to her now whether he wore blue or

> "Polly, Polly, what does all this mean?" said a familiar voice, and she looked up into the face of her brother. who commanded the troopers.

"He, this soldier, the Federal gyard," panted the girl-"he saved us from those wretches, an now you have killed him for it, Walter. An 1, only this mornin, I hated him an eyalled him bad names," whimpered poor Polly.

surgeon's trephine.

gripped him snew.

about as if even there he would hedge

in a perilous secret-"we attack the

Yet, perhaps, Polly"-his voice

His glance unwittingly roved, with a

other. "I don't know what to do with

this man. Were he one of those mis-

creants a few minutes would settle it.'

His look of interrogation was answer-

ed by the nod of a tall sergeant. "But

the fellow's wounded an has done us

right gyallant service, even if 'twere

"I'll settle that, Walter. He must

ever, it is an invaluable visitor to "I'm sorry," said Walter Brundage, "for that missent shot, but it couldn't the home, the office, the club or be helped. Anything blue, you know, is a magnet for bullets." And he took

work room. her in his arms and kissed her tenderly.

The Observer contains all the "Good God, look at grandfather!" Full of an awful dread, the pair ran to the news of the world. Has the Asporch. General Brundage was dead,

literally slain by the violence of his sociated Press Dispatches, the





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moods, whose pride was not proof bled up to him with the weight of an that spots all the soft 'snaps,' while we

is the no'th, an if you don't whip him" hope you're not going to give Pompey | fending the cave where its cubs lay.

gah," and, once released, scuttled away over field and fence.

No words can do justice to the storm mars' ev' was, an Missy Polly jes' lak close of the vicarious strife. Big drops watermillion." swelled in Polly's eyes, and she raged



He knelt on the squirming body and pommeled it with a tattoo of thwacks,

with the suspicion that this northern invader was laughing in his sleeve. But all waggish impulse had fled from his sympathetic heart as he felt how sorely smitten a beautiful young woman had been by the outcome of staking the auxieties of a great cause on the soothsaying of a bagatelle.

"Don't feel so about this triffe. 'Twas a mere accident." said Tom, his voice mellowed by an indescribable feeling. She started as if a hornet had stung

her. "Never speak to me again, you wretch!" she flung back at him over her shoulder, hastening toward the house with as quick a pace as comported with smarting dignity.

The soldier scowled at the back of the offended young Diana. "Don't fret yourself, Miss Brundage, I shan't weep over it."

CHAPTER II.

of the couple. The spinster, Miss Pamela Brundage, absorbed as she was babble only his own family could consoldier guard was something more

man replied solemnly, "Missy Polly tled and thrashed each other with drefful mad, 'cos she 'spected Pomp to windmill strokes was scarcely Homer- w'op, an it war 'e's duty to w'op an do ic, but a pretty mill of its kind. At w'at missy t'ink. She lak to hab 'er last Pompey stumbled and went to own way, lak all de Brundages, an fo' grass, whereupon the unchivalrous w'y not? Das allus de rite way w'at Cæsar, with memories of contumely de Brundages want. Lawd 'a' massy, and defeat festering in his black bos- dars Mars' Wat, 'e ossifer in Mars' om, knelt on the squirming body and Ginnul Stuart's calbary now." and pommeled it with a tattoo of thwacks. Uncle Pompey waxed garrulous. "W'en At last Pompey, all other thoughts 'e war young, nubbudy c'ud put a bit blotted out by the play of those ruth- in 'e's mouf 'cep' ole Mars' Ginnul, 'e's less fists, bawled out, "I gives in, nig- gran'pa, 'fo' he done gone up norf to Wes' Pint, 'e war dat beyutiful rampagyus. Yassah, 'e de best young

of Polly's spirit. All glimmer of hu- 'em. W'y, Mars' Wat, 'e'd jes' cut a mor faded as the battle waxed, while sassy niggah ober de 'aid wid 'e's w'ip her wide eyes were full of woe, and the an den gib 'em a dollah. Yassah, das absurd was blown away in the terror w'at he done. Yo' sh'ud jes' see de of a portent. There was something pa- cap'en now. 'E carry s'o'd six foot thetic in her quivering eagerness and long. Pray de Lawd yo' nebber cum the dismay which darkened over the 'fo' 'em. W'y, 'e slice yo' 'aid jes' lak "What an ogre to eat up little boys!"

laughed Tom. "Well, I shall have to be on my guard against your head slicing captain."

"Uncle Jonas, Uncle Jonas, I want you!" called a voice from the house, and Tom saw Miss Pamela Brundage beckoning. The old fellow shuffled away, to return again with the importance of an embassador. Bowing as low as his rusty joints would serve, he said: "Yo'se greatly 'onnahed, Mars' Yank, I 'suh yo'. Dey family ax de plaishar ub yo' company at deh own dinnah table at fo' dis a'ternoon. I spects 'twar dat fish, de fust trout ub de yare," he mumbled discontentedly. yet smacked his toothless gums. Tom accepted his novel billet and went to his quarters in an outbuilding to smarten his toilet. His meals had always been served to him alone, and now he was to be the guest of threadbare gentility. His pulse quickened a heartbeat or two in spite of himself at the thought of Polly.

The board spread on the front porch carried a glitter of old family plate on

the curiously darned and bepatched cloth. The fried fish was flanked with a savory platter of bacon and greens, and appetite pricked sharply at their homely bidding. A stately wreck of a man sat in the wheeled chair at the foot. Brilliant black eyes, still afire with indomitable spirit, gave the lie to twitching features and rigid limbs, and there was something which went to

the heart in the struggle to lift an impotent hand in salute. His thick tongue broke into a splutter of sounds, and his daughter translated to the soldier guest

> cyurtesy an desires to apologize that He allowed himself to be rudely joshe cyan't talk with you. My father, tled as the man lurched by toward you know, suh, is greatly afflicted."

> A world of impatient scorn spoke in he snatched the pistol from its holster the paralytic eyes, as one disdaining and felled the rascal with a smashing

young soldier fancied he could read those sparkling glances: "The clay is between them and their guns, with This episode, with its tragi-farcical chained fast, but the will and spirit interlude, had been the first tete-a-tete are a-saddle, leading a column of sa-"Quick, Cæsar, a rifle bers in the thick of the war game." The eloquence of his look softened to who had watched the spectacle with in nursing her paralytic father, whose another mood as it was bent on the big eyes, and scarcely had this recruit frank intelligence of Tom's aspect. His armed himself when another tumbled strue, had shrewdly guessed that the own grandson, the last to uphold the over the fence and clutched a second

erner and enemy, was part of the pey had followed the marauders from than the "miserable Yankee hireling" dreadful machinery forever lacerating the woods. "I'ze a wicked niggah, the family tree her ruling pression and crushing out lives. Both, too, mars'," he blubbered. "Dem Unioners didn't give this brave man shelter an of said deceased, to exhibit them to the nudersigned on or before the 18th dece the family tree, her ruling passion, was might within a few weeks be its vic- gwine to shoot me, an I tole um 'bout nursin. An he's out there, perhaps dymatched by a kindliness which sweet- tims, with cold faces turned up to the Mars' Ginnul. But I'ze fight now, 'deed

The intruders wavered and counseled own wrath and outraged pride, a thin before scattering over the place in trickle of blood smearing his white quest of plunder. Tom whispered to beard as it oozed from the dilated nos-Polly, and her eyes flashed bravely tril. The daughter who had loved and into the big hall, where such of the ne- arm's length, blindly winking, for her groes as could had gathered for shelter. wits had gone woolgathering, and it She gave directions to Cæsar, who was the sudden vision of Walter which throughout the State, scurried out of the rear door to reach | pulled them together. the soldiers' quarters unseen if possirascal crew came now to the front and ing light and ken from their convlused three months. greedily eyed the silver on the table faces to the shock of the dead face sagand the sparkle of a ring on the clench- ging limply on the breast. ed hand of Polly, who stood defiantly When the wounded Wentworth was by her grandfather's chair. roused from the first torpor of his shat-"I shall hey to report ye to yer com- tered rib, there came to his perceptions mandin officer fur bein on guard wid- the loud lamentations of the negroes, out yer belt," said the corporal, with the grief stricken faces of the Brun-

a mocking smile, "my dandy hose sojer. dage ladies bowed over the chair. I'm good mind to court marshil ye here where the majesty of death was myself, but we hain't time. I'm r'ally throned, and the sympathetic group of 'shamed o' ye, though, fur the sake o' gray troopers standing apart. It seem- Charlotte Observer, the discerpline o' the army. I'm a great ed to belong to the imagery of a dream. stickler fur discerpline," he went on, Then the torturing pain racked him with drunken humor. Just then one and cleared his brain for a space. He of his party rushed up, dragging the heard the words of command ordering scowling Cæsar by the ear, with Tom's the body of the marauder, which had

weapons hanging on their belt over his been tumbled from the porch, to be arm. The corporal, with a great chuc- dragged away. That was beyond the kle of laughter, slipped off his own and buckled on the cavalry belt. Our soldier, finding 1 imself stripped of his arms under conditions of such deadly insult, burning with rage and humiliation unspeakable, stood speechless, madly impelled to hurl himself against this jeering devil at any risk to himself. But for the sake of others he dared not yet force the issue and could only wait on the turn of the cards. The rogues had laid their rifles on the grass and gathered close, grinning at the fun

of such congenial comedy. "We'll pay that nigger we found t'other side o' the woods fur tellin us 'bout this soft 'lay' by freein 'em from slavery, fur slavery is an orful, orful crime, an ole 'horns and hoof' 'll git ye fur it, ye wicked ole man, as he's already on to ye with both claws, I

The corporal, tickled at his own conceit, shook his finger with mock re-Tomorrah the mem'ry of this'll sharpproach at General Brundage. The hemless Virginian's face was emparpled, softened a little-"that will fade away his eyes bloodshot with the storne with other things of life, for I may be which rended him within, this old man what he is now, an you alone, with no who had the strength of a baby and one to lean on." the wrath of a Titan, till scalding tears rolled down his face in his torture. frown of annoyance, to the wounded "A gal, too, as handsome as a prize Wentworth, who quivered with a feedoll at a church fair. Waal, I say, we ble movement. The pressure of facts hey struck it rich, boys!" The ruffian, was complex and immediate, and one leering at Polly, threw a kiss to her feeling clashed with the impact of an-

with his dirty paw and ascended the steps to approach the family group. "The general thanks you for your Wentworth instantly shaped his plan. Polly, but with a motion of lightning

any overt sympathy, and the strong stroke of the butt. Before the gaping trio could shake off their daze he stood two women heah; I cyan't send him into Richmond; he cyan't be returned to his own lines." Captain Brundage

"Quick, Cæsar, a rifle there, and twisted his mustache in moody vezastand ready!" he sang to the black boy, stay heah." Polly's eyes were swimhonor of his name, like this fine north- gun. With a gush of penitence, Pom-

finest press service in existence: special correspondents at the State back to his as she nodded and darted nursed him so tenderly sat within and National Capitals and and experienced corps of correspondents

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"Deah boy, welcome," she smiled ble. The leader and a couple of the and then her eye traveled with gather- annum; \$4 for six months; \$2 for

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ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Having been appointed and having An Inconvenience of Habit ualified as administrator of Peyton Green, deceased, late of Rutherford county, N. C., this is to notify all permending of the gallows tree or the sons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the un-"I have no time to mourn," said the dersigned on or before February 6th 19-Confederate captain, with a studied 02, or this notice will be pleaded in bar control of his voice. "Two hours more, of their recovery. All persons indebted an we must ride. I barely got leave to the estate will please make immediate payment. This 6th day of February 19to evome, an it was to such a grief as W. M. WATSON, adm'r. this! Tomorrow at dawn"-he glanced S Gallert, attorney.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Federal right with crushin odds, for Having been appointed under the will f, and having qualified as executor of W. Goode, deceased, late of Rutherford county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 30th day pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed under the will of, and having qualified as executors of A. B. Long, Sr., deceased, late of Rutherford county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 23rd day of January, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 23rd day of January, 1901. W. L. AND G. W. LONG, Executors.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of K. Lynch, deceased, I will sell at his old home place on Saturday, March the 9th, 1901, the following lots of produce, "Oh, might I have a hundred dollars right his duty. By heaven, the problem's to wit. :1700 bushels of corn, moro or maddenin! I cyan't leave him, with less; 175 bushels refuse corn, more or less; 100 bushels wheat and rye, more or less; 6000 bundles of fodder more or less; 20 bushels of peas, more or less; 15 gallons of molasses, more or less

T. M. LYNCH, Admr. February 6th, 1901. NOTICE.

ming with the grief that would have its Having been appointed under the will of, and having qualified as executrix of way, but determination glittered through their mist, and her voice rang James Griswold, deceased, late of Rutherford county N. C., this is to notify all clear. "My face 'u'd shame me in the undersigned on or before the 13th day



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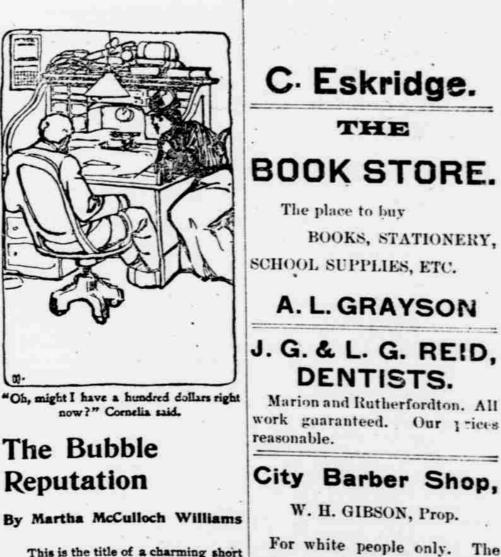
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For white people only. The story which will soon appear in this only first-class shop in town. paper. The reputation of the writer Call and see me opposite the is sufficient to guarantee the charac-

'Stonewall' Jackson has arrived with his whole army to strengthen General Lee, an the Yankees suspect nuthin. We shall grind them to powder an end the waw, for the victory in our hands will make the world ring." Fierce elation lifted his accent above of January, 1902, or this notice will be sorrow, though the tension quickly please make immediate payment. This 30th day of January, 1901. M. L. Goode, Executor. "An now we must bury this deah old man till we can give him propah funeral honahs worthy of the Brundages.

