

The Fall of Pompey

A Story of The Blue and The Gray.

.....By G. T. FERRIS.

Copyright, 1900, by G. T. FERRIS.

CHAPTER I.

The soldier guard at General Brundage's place, which lay on the Pamunkey river, loitered on the bank with a string of freshly caught sea trout in his hand. The distant boom of cannon at the front rolled low thunder, and Tom Wentworth's heart reeked with discontent. It was epic and not idyl which he craved. He turned his head at a rustling.

"Good morning, Miss Polly," raising his cap. "I have a mess of fish here for Aunt Chloe's trying pan."

"When did I become 'Miss Polly' to the Yankee girl of my grandfather's plantation?" the girl flashed out as she stepped into full view.

It was a charming apparition despite the battered straw hat, the faded gingham gown and the hideously cobbled shoes whereby faithful Uncle Jonas, the family factotum, had striven to eke out a scanty wardrobe. This Federal cavalry trooper, not long out of college, could think of nothing but some faded humbugged just emerged from the cloven hoof of the big oak.

As they turned, each with a sense of keen irritation, the soldier picked up Polly Brundage's hat, which had fallen, allowing countless motes of gold to shine aureolelike on her silky topknot. She took the straw monstrosity with a glowering little frown and an acetic "Thank you," and suddenly an impish fancy seized her, for this was a maid of moods, whose pride was not proof against irrefragable bubbles of mirth and mischief. Not far away squatted two half grown negro boys, frowning with ineffectual war over a half ripe watermelon.

"Pompey, Caesar, cyome heah right now," called Polly, and she placed them in possession of Pompey, the bully of the plantation juveniles, had often hammered Caesar to submission, and Polly felt sure of her champion. "Now, Pompey, you stand for our brave confederacy, an you must fight like a hero in a great cyase, for Caesar is the north, an if you don't whip him—"

The lad's quaking soul forebode the uncompleted sentence. The clash of the champions as they butted and wrestled and thrashed each other with windmill strokes was scarcely Homeric, but a pretty mill of its kind. At last Pompey stumbled and went to grass, whereupon the unchivalrous Caesar, with memories of contumely and defeat festering in his black bosom, knelt on the scuffing body and pommelled it with a tattoo of thrucks. At last Pompey, all other thoughts blotted out by the play of those ruthless fists, bawled out, "I gives in, nig-gah," and, once released, scuttled away over field and fence.

No words can do justice to the storm of Polly's spirit. All glimmer of humor faded as the battle waxed, while her wide eyes were full of woe, and the absurd was blown away in the terror of a portent. There was something pathetic in her quivering eagerness and the dismay which darkened over the close of the vicarious strife. Big drops swelled in Polly's eyes, and she raged



He knelt on the scuffing body and pommelled it with a tattoo of thrucks.

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 wanking the anxieties of a great cause on the scuffing of a bagatelle.

"Don't feel so about this trifle. 'Twas a mere accident," said Tom, his voice mellowed by an indeliberate 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 comforted 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.

This episode, with its trag-fareful interlude, had been the first tete-a-tete of the couple. The spinster, Miss Pamela Brundage, absorbed as she was in nursing her paralytic father, whose bubble only his own family could construe, had shrewdly guessed that the soldier guard was something more than the "miserable Yankee hireling" current in southern phrase. Pride in the family tree, her ruling passion, was matched by a kindness which sweetened it to the core.

"Perhaps Mr. Wentworth—" 'twas thus she was wont to put it—"would like some readin to beguile his time." And, with much condescending flourish of language, she gave him sundry volumes of Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope and Addison, which, with similar old-fashioned classics, made up the stock of a southern gentleman's library of the period. Polly's fine eyes had shot daggers of scorn at this complaisance. "Why should you trouble yourself



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

hostility of her face, but she hadn't forgotten the morning episode and took not part in the 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 an their people, I believe," said Tom carelessly, "have cut some figure in New England for a couple of centuries, but that doesn't count 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 toward its end, with the lady's maunders and Tom's stum between possible replies and his keener desire toward the fine, weary old face and the equally speechless Polly, whose lashes, however, sometimes opened wide ashine of laughter in the wells unveiled at the spinster's flights. At last garulity harked home to the Brundage pedigree and remembered that a Hunker-Wentworth of New Hampshire had married into the Brundages about the time of the Revolution. "So perhaps you may be our faraway kinsman," she snubbed.

Uncle Jonas had been fanning the files from his master's face, and, interpreting a glance, he hobbled out. Directly against his footstep slipped the walk, succeeded by a change of ride butts on the bricks and a harsh, "Gin-ma, that, old ebony!" Tom leaped from the end of the porch and faced a burly ruffian in blue, decanter in hand, with half a dozen men at his back.

"This place is under Federal guard, and I warn you off the property," he roared, but he was bitterly he rebuffed the back of a sabre and pistol belt in his quarters, for instinct foresaw a crisis, and no sharpness of word could rival that bristle of weapons which stamped alert authority.

"Ho, ho!" sneered the big marauder, who wore a corporal's stripes, though regimental marks had been removed from the cap. "That's all in my eye. For one of the downy coves, 'sposen that spots all the soft snaps, while we hev to do the fightin an get chucked into the guardhouse for a little fun. Ther's too much 'o' protectin the rebels anyway, an we hain't here for nuthin today; so, Mr. Cavalryman, ye'd better jest shet yer teeth an yer bloomin eyes of yer wise an vally yer own skin."

The already half drunk rascal took a big pull at the decanter on the table and passed it to one of his gang, while he laid a hand on Tom's arm, which the latter shook fiercely off and with a couple of bounds was again on the porch, with the look of a wolf defending the cave where its cubs lay.

CHAPTER III.

The intruders wavered and counseled before scattering over the place in the most of prudent haste. Yassah, dat Polly, and her eyes flashed bravely back to his as she nodded and darted into the big hall, where such of the negroes as could be gathered for shelter. She gave directions to Caesar, who scurried out of the rear door to reach the soldiers' quarters unseen if possible. The leader and a couple of the rascal crew came now to the front and gazed at the speaker on the decked hand of Polly, who stood defiantly by her grandfather's chair.

"I shall hev to report ye to yer commandin officer for bein on guard widout yer belt," said the corporal, with a mocking smile, "my dandy hose sojer. I'm good mind to court marshal ye here myself, but we ain't time. I'm r'ally 'shamed of ye, though, for the sake 'o' the discipline 'o' the army. I'm a great stickler for discipline," he went on, with drunken humor. Just then one of his party rushed up, dragging the scowling Caesar by the ear, with Tom's weapons hanging on their belt over his arm. The corporal, with a great chuckle, snatched the pistol from the scowling Caesar by the ear, and buckled on the scowling Caesar.

Our soldier, finding himself stripped of his arms under conditions of such deadly insult, burning with rage and humiliation unspoken, stood speechless, maddly 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 content only with the turn of the cards. The rascal had laid their rifles on the grass and gathered close, grinning at the fun of such congenial comedy.

"We'll pay that bigger we tellin 'o' the words fur tellin 'em 'bout this soft 'lay' by freein 'em from slavery, fur slavery is an orful, orful crime, an ole 'orns and hoof 'il git ye fur it, ye wicked ole man, as he's already on ye to wit both claws, I see."

The corporal, tickled at his own conceit, shook his finger with mock reproach at General Brundage. The helpless Virginian's face was empurpled, his eyes bloodshot with the stare which rended him within this old man who had the strength of a city and the wrath of a Titan. His scolding tears rolled down his face in his tortures.

"A gal, too, as handsome as a prize doll at a church fair. Waal, I say, we her struck it rich, boys!" The ruffian, leering at Polly, threw a kiss to her with his dirty paw and ascended the steps to approach the family group. Wentworth instantly snatched his plan. He allowed himself to be rudely jostled as the man hunched by toward Polly, but with a motion of lightning he snatched the pistol from his holster and felled the rascal with a smashing stroke of the butt. Before the gaping trio could shake off their daze he stood between them and their guns, with leveled six shooter in hand.

"Quick, Caesar, a rifle there, and stand ready!" he sang to the black boy, who had watched the spectacle with big eyes, and scarcely had this recruit armed himself when another tumbled over the fence and clutched a second gun. With a gasp of penitence, Pompey had followed the marauders from the woods, "I've blubbered," dem Uncle Jonas gwine to shoot me, an I t'ole 'em 'bout Mars' Ginmull. But I've fight now, 'deed I will." And he pulled the trigger with such remorseful zeal as to send the bullet humming far wide of its mark. The stupor of the rascals was broken by the shot, and they scuttled like rabbits around the far side of the porch to join their comrades, busy in plundering hen roost and smokehouse.

The shot upset Wentworth's calculations. He had fancied that the gang, deprived of their leader and confronted with arms, would retire without further mischief. Now he dreaded a fus-

COOK STOVES!

We sell them with all necessary vessels at \$8.25, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00.

Sewing Machines!

How would you like a DROP HEAD machine at \$16.75? We can furnish you one at this price.

The Weather

Is gradually turning cooler. Why not make yourself and family comfortable by buying one of our ART SQUARES? Big assortment of RUGS just received.

Do You Want

A good easy going Rocking Chair at a low price? May be you don't care to buy but would like to see them, then come, your call will be appreciated.

K. J. & H. L. CARPENTER.

THE HOME FURNISHERS.

The Charlotte Observer,

NORTH CAROLINA'S FOREMOST NEWSPAPER.

Bigger and more attractive than ever, it is an invaluable visitor to the home, the office, the club or work room.

The Observer contains all the news of the world. Has the Associated Press Dispatches, the finest press service in existence; special correspondents at the State and National Capitals and an experienced corps of correspondents throughout the State.

The Daily Observer is \$8 per annum; \$4 for six months; \$2 for three months.

The Semi-Weekly Observer, a perfect family journal. All the news of the times. Only \$1 per annum. Sample copies of either upon application.

The Charlotte Observer,

Charlotte, N. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed and having qualified as administrator of Peyton Green, 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 February 6th 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate payment. This 6th day of February 1901.

W. M. WATSON, adm'r.

S. Gallert, attorney.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed under the will of, and having qualified as executor of J. 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 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 30th day of January, 1901.

M. L. Goode, Executor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed under the will of, and having qualified as executor 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 J. K. Lynch, deceased, I will sell at his old home place on Saturday, March 9th, 1901, the following lots of produce, to wit: 1700 bushels of corn, more or less; 175 bushels of wheat and rye, more or less; 100 bushels of soybeans, more or less; 6000 bundles of fodder more or less; 20 bushels of peas, more or less; 15 gallons of molasses, more or less.

M. LYNCH, Adm'r.

February 6th, 1901.

NOTICE.

Having been appointed under the will of, and having qualified as executrix of James Griswold, 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 13th day of February, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 13th day of Feb., 1901.

MRS. MARY JANE GRISWOLD, Executrix.

WM. F. RUCKER,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

Rutherfordton, N. C.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him. Office in brick building on corner above the court house.

W. H. HESTER!

THE - CHEAPEST STORE

On Earth!

Prices cut to a cash basis. Call and get his prices. A complete stock. New goods arriving every day. Bring me your produce and get cash for it.

Old Man Clower still on hand.

A Flat Experiment

By Jeannette H. Walworth

Is one of the most spirited and spicy short stories that ever came from the pen of this gifted writer.

Read It in This Paper

It will appear soon, along with seven others by Wolcott Le Clear Beard, John J. a Becket, G. T. Ferris, A. E. W. Mason, Martha McCulloch Williams, Howard Fielding and Zoe Anderson Norris.



"Ain't you got no better than that to give your man w'en 'e comes 'ome!"

Eight Good Short Stories

Gabriel of the Triangle
By Wolcott Le Clear Beard
Gwynn Gwent's Daughter
By John J. a Becket
The Fall of Pompey By G. T. Ferris
A Flat Experiment
By Jeannette H. Walworth
An Inconvenience of Habit
By A. E. W. Mason
The Bubble Reputation
By Martha McCulloch Williams
A Puzzling Bequest
By Howard Fielding
Bill Scroggin Civilized
By Zoe Anderson Norris

All to appear in this paper from time to time, beginning soon. The cut illustrates a scene in "Gabriel of the Triangle," by Wolcott Le Clear Beard.



"Oh, might I have a hundred dollars right now?" Cornelia said.

The Bubble Reputation

By Martha McCulloch Williams

This is the title of a charming short story which will soon appear in this paper. The reputation of the writer is sufficient to guarantee the character of the tale. It is one of a series of eight short stories by authors of the highest reputation which we have purchased and which will be published for the entertainment of our readers.

WATCH FOR THEM

The Bean Harness Shop

Opposite Court House.

Harness, Saddles, Bridles of All Kinds Always on Hand at Lowest Prices. Will Not be Undersold.

Horse Collars, a specialty. All work guaranteed. Repairing promptly and neatly done.

John P. Bean.

C. Eskridge

Before you have any Blacksmithing done. He does all kinds of repair work. All work executed on short notice and in first-class style. Horse and mule shoeing a specialty. I have a good one-horse wagon for sale. The best is always the cheapest. You had better

C. Eskridge.

THE BOOK STORE.

The place to buy BOOKS, STATIONERY, SCHOOL SUPPLIES, ETC.

A. L. GRAYSON

J. G. & L. G. REID, DENTISTS.

Marion and Rutherfordton. All work guaranteed. Our prices reasonable.

City Barber Shop,

W. H. GIBSON, Prop.

For white people only. The only first-class shop in town. Call and see me opposite the shoe store. Also Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of tobaccos.

STOP SMOKING

It costs you nothing to try our new pipe-smoking tobacco. It is the best you ever smoked. It is the only one that will give you a real pipe-smoking pleasure. It is the only one that will give you a real pipe-smoking pleasure. It is the only one that will give you a real pipe-smoking pleasure.