

JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILL HEADS. EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. 58. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897.

849

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Washington City and Potomac Railroad Company.

Time Table—In Effect Tuesday, June 1, 1897, 5:30 P. M.

Table with columns for Stations—South, P. M. A. M., Stations—North, and A. M. P. M. listing various stations and their respective departure and arrival times.

IN A BORDER TOWN.

The little town of Brownton was like a camp. The inhabitants had forgotten the time when white tents had not shone on their hilltops...

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some word from him. He had changed his regiment, and had been put on special duty near one of the generals.

As the months went by, there were changes in the positions of the two armies, which made Brownton a strategic point of importance.

One night, about dusk, a man in a tattered blue army overcoat knocked at the Miller's back door. All was quiet about the house.

'G'long 'way frum heah!' she said. 'We ain't feedin' no po' white trash.'

'Is your mistress at home?' 'None yo' business.'

'Will you take her this button, and ask her to buy it? I need money.'

It was a worn gold collar button. Cely took it, and shut the door. She had seen that button before.

'Harry!' she said, and flew toward him. 'Your father told me to come here to you, but I will not stay.'

'You are not. I should be a poor soldier if I could not take care of myself almost anywhere.'

'I will not let you go out into this town, a camp of wolves.'

'Suppose they were to trace me here? The servants must think that I was your father's messenger, and that I have gone.'

'That night Rosie sat all night long at her white curtained window, and looked at the camp fires on the hill. Somewhere, holding his life and her happiness in his hand, Wrenn was going about his work.'

The next afternoon Rose Allen, on her big black horse, the white feather that curled over her black braids sweeping her shoulder, rode by the side of the colonel from Vermont along a narrow road which led by the river to the hill camp.

'The earth was soft and the horses' hoofs made no sound. A ledge of rock, hung with leafless vines, jutted out into the road.

'Only one of those rebel officers I thought you had driven out of the country,' she said in a tone of annoyance.

The colonel from Vermont wasted no words, but when he reached the camp he gave some orders, and one of them referred to a slim bearded man in a ragged blue army overcoat.

That night Rosie slipped out of the kitchen door with her basket of food under her cloak, and waited in the arbor.

The two men had drawn closer. One had crawled to the fence and signaled, and half a dozen had followed him back.

'You have all you want?' Rosie was saying. 'Everything,' Wrenn answered.

As if his words had been a signal, a light flashed upon him, and they looked up to see the barrels of revolvers in their very faces.

'Go!' she gasped out, and he sprang through the low window in the back.

'Is she dead?' he asked. 'It's no business of yours,' the soldier said roughly.

'In God's name, man, let me see if she is dead, and take her to her mother!'

The sergeant had lifted her. 'She is not dead. We will carry her in,' he said kindly.

Matters went rapidly with a spy in those days. A court martial was called at ten o'clock the next day, and half an hour later, Harry Wrenn, captain in the Tenth Georgia, was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Everybody had known and loved the gay boy, and the story of his fate came like a physical shock.

Rosie, weak, unable to move, lay in her own white bed, and watched her mother's tears. It was after the sentence had been pronounced, while women stood weeping in their doorways, weeping for the boy they knew, who might have been a son to any of them—weeping in a community of sorrow which sought comfort from the general grief—that Mrs. Miller found Rosie looking at her consciously.

'I know what has happened,' she said. 'Harry was killed.'

'I would rather it had been so, than they should have taken him.' A shudder went over her.

'I will be. I am glad he was killed, if he could not get away. Will you send for Rose? She is so strong.' Rosie seemed to have forgotten the estrangement.

Rosie, dumb with agony, white and miserable, was in her own room. 'I cannot go, I cannot,' she said, but in a moment she rose and pushed back her braids, and stepped across the lawn.

Rosie looked up in her face, her blue eyes dry. 'Will you hold me, Rose? They have killed Harry,' and the stronger girl, the girl who loved him too, and who had betrayed him to a shameful death, took the gentle, suffering body in her strong arms and held it.

It was mid-afternoon when down the street came the sound of fife and the solemn roll of drums. Aunt Cely looked out of the window with a cry of 'Oh, my sufferin' Jesus!' put her apron over head and rocked in hysterics on the stairs.

Rosie began to cry weakly, and Rose put her down and ran from the room. She rushed past Cely on the stairs like a wild thing, her lip caught in her teeth.

He sat, grave as ever, writing at his camp table. Rose fell to the ground before him, while he stood up bewildered.

'Her voice was husky with emotion. 'Reprieve Wrenn,' she said, 'and telegraph the President—he always spares a life!'

'Why do you care?' She heard suspicion in his voice. 'He is to marry my friend, and I love her,' she replied.

'I ask you this in the name of my love for you,' she said. The colonel turned toward the door.

Doors, any size, 1 1-2 inches thick, \$1.

Nails, best steel, 100 lb. kegs, \$1.60.

12 inch boards, 1 cent a foot.

Blinds, any size, 1 1-2 inches thick, \$1 a pair.

Flooring, 6, 8, and 10 inches wide, \$1.25 per 100 feet.

Mantels, No 1, any size, \$1

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a first-class order. Good table and accommodations. Meals 40 cents. \$1.50 per day. Special prices by the week or month.

Stables and feed and good care of horses.

A. A. LAWRENCE.

Many of the Northern sympathizers had crossed the river into Ohio during the Southern occupation; but when the Federal troops came, the Southerners were cut off from their own.

Perhaps it was shyness, or the birth of joy at having a new world of her own, which made Rosie keep her secret to herself.

Only 'the Roses' had remained friends in all this unpleasantness. Rose Allen and Rosie Miller had been friends from their babyhood.

But all the spite and heart burning never touched the children. When they were babies, their nurses gossiped while the children played.

Rose Allen, black eyed, red cheeked, daring, pert, and saucy, was no prettier than Rosie Miller, with her yellow curls and soft, shy blue eyes.

The friendship lasted even to the evil day when armies pushed each other back and forth over the broad sweet country, and Brownton became a camp.

In a week the Vermont regiment was firmly established, and the colonel was the constant guest of Mr. Allen.

It was while the Georgia Zouaves were swaggering through the streets each one of them a brilliant and picturesque hero, that Rose met

Harry Wrenn, the youngest lieutenant of the company. He was only a boy, full of dash and enthusiasm and entire belief in the South and its cause.

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A. L. DUANE.

Vertical text on the right margin, possibly a signature or date.