

THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I, And twenty years have passed since I was hung high and dry...

'Twas twenty years ago, I say, When Mr. Enos White Came kind of hanging found my way...

My lot was happy for a year, No courting night or day I had no thought, I had no fear...

THE BIER BITTEN.

One Case in Which the End Justified the Means.

There was death in the house; there was horror on every face; there was the trampling of men's feet striking a chill to the hearts of those whom mourned.

For Charles Wurtz, who lay upon his bed, waiting the coroner's coming, had died by his own hand, lifted in a passion of unbearable remorse.

In one of the lower rooms, a sort of a home work-shop with a bench, tools, books and drawings scattered about, Charles Wurtz, the son of the suicide, sat with his head upon his crossed arms, motionless, rigid in the agony of despair.

The young man lifted a face that, in spite of the wretchedness stamped upon it, was still a handsome one, and spoke heavily: "You here, Katie? Then you did not receive my letter?"

"I did. We will not talk of that now. Come." Mechanically he obeyed the tender voice, the light touch of the little, soft hand.

"But, Katie?" Charles persisted. And the dark-eyed girl who had coaxed him into the room spoke. "Karl?" she said bravely, though a deep blush crept to her cheeks.

"I will make Katie give me her answer to-day," he said to himself, as he bustled about, driving the servants frantic by his fussy orders.

"What is it?" she asked. "How pretty it is! What is it made of?" "That is what I would give ten thousand dollars to know," was the answer in a quick, savage tone.

"Do you mean Charlie Wurtz?" she asked, innocently. "Why, he was an old beau of mine. But I never knew he invented anything."

"It was his father. And after he had sold me the right to manufacture and the machinery the old tool blew his brains out."

"Oh, how dreadful! Was that the reason Charlie and Bertie went away?" "I suppose so."

"But if you bought it all, why don't you make these? I don't believe you did buy it," she said, in a coquettish, challenging tone.

"I know, dear." "But what you did not know, coward that I was not to tell you, was that my father was a gambler. It was a passion with him. He could not resist the sight of a card. One of his friends—Heaven above! a friend!—knowing this weakness, coaxed him yesterday to play; gave him a drink, won money from him, and at last obtained his signature to a bill of sale of the machinery, the entire process of our invention. There was a mockery of pur-

chase, the price being a thousand dollars, which we found in father's pocket book. When the fumes of drink were gone away from my poor father's brain, when he recalled the ruin he had wrought upon us all, he took his own life."

Here Bertie, creeping into her brother's arms, broke into a passion of sobbing, and Katie drew both into a close embrace.

"I see," she said, "that you must begin the world again, Karl, but you are young, brave and strong. Do not fear. Tell me, who is this false friend?"

"Herman Schorn, our patriot." "The girl's face became very pale and a look of terror for a moment crept into her dark eyes. Then it was replaced by one of stern resolution, as if she mentally registered a vow she would keep till death."

The next month passed in a whirl of business perplexities. The gentlemen who had advanced money to buy the machinery demanded it back; the new proprietor flourished his bill of sale, and forbade the work to go forward until he was ready to direct it, and then Charles Wurtz had his revenge, and but an empty one.

Not one man in the factory understood the preparation of the material needed for the invention. This had been prepared by the father and son. Without it the entire factory was worthless. Through a sharp lawyer Charles Wurtz was offered terms. The money advanced by the silent partners was to be paid in full, and he was to be taken into full partnership. The offer was peremptorily refused, and the false friend found himself the owner of expensive machinery he could not use and a patent he could not sell.

It might have ended in some compromise, but Charles was offered a clerkship in another city, and Bertie a home in Germany with her mother's sister. So the old home was broken up, and Katie, brave and true, left to wait until fortune smiled again upon her lover.

But women are hard to understand, and there were not wanting significant smiles and sneers when Herman Schorn was seen visiting at Katie's, making friends with her widowed mother, sending gifts of flowers, fruits, books or music. It was well known in the little circle of society to which they belonged that Herman Schorn had been Katie's suitor since she was a mere school girl.

Gossip saw the whole thing through with its usual clear sightedness. Katie had accepted Charles Wurtz when fortune seemed within his grasp, and had thrown him over when he was ruined. Herman Schorn was the wealthiest man, even without his recent purchase, and he hugged himself close in triumph when Katie, coyly, and with due maidenly reserve, let him see that his attentions were not unwelcome.

She was very pretty, with large brown eyes, and rich, dark hair, that contrasted with a pure, soft complexion and pearly teeth. And she wore her most becoming dresses when Herman came to spend the evening, studied the songs he loved to sing with her; accompanied him to concerts, to drive, to walk, until Charles Wurtz might well have added to his sorrows that of desertion by his false love-love.

Mrs. Hill, Katie's mother, looked on and wondered. After all her endeavors to make Katie see the advantage of accepting Herman Schorn, after the tearful scenes, in which Katie protested her devotion to Charles, without one word of explanation Herman was taken into favor and Charles was gone.

It was a year since Mr. Wurtz had been taken to his last resting-place, and Herman Schorn was bustling about in his own home, preparing a luncheon for visitors. The house, his own property, was situated on the outskirts of the city, where he transacted his business, and where Mrs. Hill's modest home lay. Often he had talked to both ladies of his house, his garden, his paintings, and at last had invited them to drive out and lunch with him.

"I will make Katie give me her answer to-day," he said to himself, as he bustled about, driving the servants frantic by his fussy orders. "She has played fast and loose long enough. To-day she will say yes or no."

But Katie, as if divining his resolution, kept close to her mother until late in the afternoon, when Herman having given Mrs. Hill an immense portfolio of pictures, resolutely drew Katie's hand through his arm and led her into a small room, half library, half business den. Before, however, she had been a moment in the room she took from a shelf a small article, which she examined with a child's curiosity.

"What is it?" she asked. "How pretty it is! What is it made of?" "That is what I would give ten thousand dollars to know," was the answer in a quick, savage tone. "That is Wurtz's confounded patent."

"Do you mean Charlie Wurtz?" she asked, innocently. "Why, he was an old beau of mine. But I never knew he invented anything."

"It was his father. And after he had sold me the right to manufacture and the machinery the old tool blew his brains out."

"Oh, how dreadful! Was that the reason Charlie and Bertie went away?" "I suppose so."

"But if you bought it all, why don't you make these? I don't believe you did buy it," she said, in a coquettish, challenging tone.

"Don't you?" he said, opening a drawer in a large desk. "Read that."

"But what is it?" "It is what Charlie Wurtz would give his eyes to hold in his hand. It is the bill of sale his father gave me, and which I was fool enough to pay for without learning the secret that made it of any value."

"But it is of value, is it not?" "No. But if it did not exist Charlie Wurtz could work his confounded patent without hindrance. And so I keep it. I'll have my revenge for the old fool's swindle."

"I see! It is in this envelope, is it not? What a pity it is of no use. Would you get me a glass of water, Herman? I see you have a cooler in that corner."

But as she took the water she handed him the envelope, which he put carefully away in the drawer just as Mrs. Hill, mindful of the proprieties, entered the room.

"Just a year ago to-day since I came here," Charlie Wurtz thought, as he entered the small room of a boarding-house that he called home, "and I am as far from Katie as ever. My patient, loving darling, but for her letters I think I should utterly despair. But while she is content to wait, surely I am am enough to work."

Then he espied a letter, a bulky document, upon the blaze of the gas he had just lighted. A folded paper dropped as he tore it open, and lay at his feet as he read it.

"At last, at last, Charles, I send you the bill of sale that frees your invention. Don't blame me for the country that won my way into Herman Schorn's house where mother and I lunched to-day. And don't think I stole this. I have put into the envelope that held it two five-hundred-dollar notes, part of my little patrimony, dear, which you shall repay me some day. He has the full price he paid, but has not been driven to suicide. I saw Mr. Pratt about a week ago, and he says everything is as you left it, as he and Mr. Wagner were hoping that either you would sell your secret or Schorn's interest, and they get back the money they had invested in the machinery. Burn it! Tear it up! It is yours far more honestly than it ever was Herman Schorn's. And come home, Charlie, to—"

"Come faint and Katie." "Tear it up! Burn it! After reading it Charlie Wurtz did both and packed his trunk for home and Katie. Herman Schorn blustered and swore when he passed the factory in full work with Charlie Wurtz directing the men. But when he hurried home to find the document that would shut the doors once more he found only the price he had paid, and said some words about woman's treachery that will not bear repetition."

But Katie Wurtz, the wife of the great manufacturer, who makes her name as the day is long, can never be brought to admit any wrong in winning back what was fraudulently obtained, by strategy, when the full price of purchase was paid.

"But she says sometimes to Bertie, once more an inmate of her brother's home, 'I really would have to count to tell you how often Charlie has paid me that thousand dollars.'"—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

Kentucky's Outlaws.

Details of the Battle in Which Six Howards Were Killed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 4.—Full confirmation of the reported deadly battle on last Tuesday morning between Judge Lewis party and the Howard faction of Harlan county has been received. Six of the Howards were killed instantly and eleven wounded, while not a man of the Lewis force was hurt.

Judge Lewis is in command of what is called the Law and Order party, composed of the best people of the county, while all the outlaws have enlisted under the banner of Wils Howard. The Turners, who originally were in opposition to the Howards, have been nearly wiped out, and now the people are endeavoring to secure the destruction of the Howards.

Judge Lewis and his men, with Harlan Court House as the head of their operations, had been for two weeks making frequent excursions into the wilderness surrounding in search of the Howards. Last week with a large party he inspected the camp of the Howards and their friends, the Jennings, in the mountains, but concluded that it was too strong to attack. He then withdrew without any hostilities and returned to Harlan court house. There he secured re-enforcements and more arms. He thought he was then strong enough to attack Wils Howard and his party, and started on a second expedition.

When Judge Lewis left Harlan Court House he had under his command sixty-five determined men thoroughly familiar with the mountains and resolved to kill. Each carried a Winchester repeating rifle and a Colt or Smith & Wesson revolver. He marched first to Briarfield gap in the Cumberland mountains, twenty-three miles distant from Harlan Court House.

This journey occupied two days. Hence the party descended the Cumberland mountain into Lee county, Va. Then they turned and marched up the valley to Sulphur Spring, which is just over the mountains from Martin's Fork. Sulphur Spring is the seat of the largest moonshine distillery in the mountains.

An old man named Longford is the head and king of the mountaineers of that section. Howard and his friends had been in the habit of visiting the distillery, buying liquor and having a carousal there. Judge Lewis learned that the Howards were near the distillery and he determined to bring on a fight.

Howard had many friends in that section, and they warned him and his men of Judge Lewis' approach. The Howards were collected in the mountains, not far from the distillery. They were frightened by the strength of Judge Lewis' force, and wished to get back into Kentucky, but the road over the mountains was held by Judge Lewis who decided to attempt the surprise of the Howard band in their entrenchment.

Neither he nor his men were familiar with that part of the country, and for some time they were puzzled how to reach the Howards. Three of his men while scouting captured Jack Sergeant, a Howard partisan. He was taken before Judge Lewis in a camp full of armed men. The Judge offered him his ultimate release if he would pilot them to the Howard entrenchments. Sergeant refused. He was then threatened with death. He refused again, and they began to make preparations for the execu-

tion. Sergeant then yielded and offered to guide them. He was told that if he led them into an ambush he would be instantly killed. With Sergeant at their head the party ascended the mountain to Pocket gap. This was on last Tuesday morning.

Then they cautiously made the descent. Having gone three miles they met a mountaineer. He informed them that Howard and his men were a short distance away, coming in their direction. An ambush was planned, for in the mountains any kind of fighting is considered legitimate. Leaving the path, Judge Lewis and his men passed seventy-five yards to the right until they came to a cave in the side of the mountain. In the month of this cave they concealed themselves. Sergeant and the mountaineer were taken with them and kept under guard. The path was in full view. There they awaited the coming of the Howards.

In about fifteen minutes Howard and twenty-five or thirty men came in full view. Half of Lewis' men fired upon them, and a few moments later the other half sent in a volley. Six of Howard's men were killed, their dead bodies being left in the path.

Eleven were wounded, as was afterward learned from people of the neighborhood, but it is not known whether any of the wounded have since died. The names of the killed and wounded have not yet been learned here.

As soon as the two volleys were discharged the Howard party broke and ran into the woods. Neither Wils Howard nor his lieutenant, Jennings, was hurt. With the remnant of their men they escaped by the way of Pocket gap over the mountains.

Wils Howard, as soon as he was safe, rallied a powerful party of his friends from both the Virginia and Kentucky side. Twenty men from one place joined him. He also re-enforced by a number of tough characters who are employed on a new railroad crossing the mountain. He also forced into service twelve or fifteen farmers, threatening to kill them if they would not join him and fight for him. With nearly 200 men he returned through the Pocket gap in search of Judge Lewis.

Lewis' scouts warned him of the approach of a party three times his own in strength, and he retreated rapidly through the mountains toward Harlan Court House. Howard followed in hot pursuit, and continued the chase almost to Harlan Court House, but could not overtake the fleeing regulators, who arrived at Harlan Court House on Friday morning without having suffered the loss of a man. Howard and his men then withdrew further back into the mountains and nothing has been heard of them since.

The last battle in this seven years' war has increased the death roll to about fifty names. But most of those who died through their boots on fall by assassin bullets rather than in face to face conflict.

Gen. Jackson's Birth Place.

It has never been definitely settled where President Jackson was born. The Wilmington, North Carolina, Messenger, of last week, makes this statement:

We used to believe that Andrew Jackson was born where he said he was born—in Waxhaw Settlement in South Carolina. We finally yielded to testimony that seemed to fix his birthplace in Union county, North Carolina. Mr. James Patton, the able biographer of Jackson, puts his birthplace in North Carolina, and he spent some time in Union county investigating the matter. He became satisfied that his birthplace was in that county and not over the State line.

The latest biography of the great Southern is by Prof. William G. Sumner, of Yale University. It was published in 1882 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, and is one duodecimo volume of 400 pages. Prof. Sumner says "the settlement called the Waxhaw Settlement, was in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, but close to the South Carolina boundary." He does not say where Jackson was born. Amos Kendall, in his life of Jackson, said he was born in South Carolina, and in Jackson's famous proclamation aimed at South Carolina in 1830, as well as in his will, he says he was born in that State.

Our reason for supposing that Jackson was born in this State is based mainly upon Patton's examination. We remember that the late Mr. Yates, of the Charlotte Democrat, was a firm believer in the fact of Jackson's North Carolina nativity, and published evidence to establish it. We are unable now to reproduce it.

We have referred to this matter because a friend in this city, of South Carolina birth, is sure that Jackson was born on his grandfather's estate in South Carolina. We note that Col. J. C. Dunlap, in a communication in the Atlanta Constitution, says that he visited the spot where Jackson was born, and that it was 430 yards from the South Carolina line and in North Carolina. He writes:

The following account of Andrew Jackson's birth was given to Massey by an old lady, Mrs. Mary Barton. Mrs. Jackson, after the death of her husband, fled from the Pedee Indians, who were hostile, and was seeking protection among the Catawba tribe, who were friendly. After walking 12 miles she stopped at Mr. McKamey's, her cousin, to spend the night. Here it was that Andrew was born, and when a few hours old was placed in the arms of Mrs. Barton, then a young girl of 12 years, who was on a visit to her uncle McKamey. When the baby was six years old Mr. Jackson moved across the State line into South Carolina on the Crawford land.

North Carolina can with probable propriety claim Jackson as a son. If correct in this, then three Presidents—Jackson, Polk and Johnson—were all "native here." It is singular that the three Tennessee Presidents should all have been born in North Carolina. As we have mentioned there are some who believe, and with some show of reason that Abraham Lincoln was a native of North Carolina and not of Kentucky as almost universally believed.

Union county was erected in 1842, out of Mecklenburg and a small part of Anson. This explains Waxhaw Settlement being in Mecklenburg, but it was in that part that was cut off in 1842.

The West Virginia Vendetta.

Another Battle Between the Hatfields and McCoys—Wounded Prisoners Tied to Trees and Shot.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—A special dispatch from Milton, W. Va., says: "Reports of another battle between the Hatfields and McCoys have reached here. 'Friday night a party of about thirty of the McCoys came across a Blumfield camp in the woods about six miles from Green Shoals. Both bands were bound for headquarters of their respective factions and were heavily armed. 'When the McCoys discovered their enemies they sent out scouts and discovered that there were about a score in the camp. They crawled up through the dense underbrush and poured in a volley on their sleeping foes. 'In an instant it was returned and the Hatfields, although taken by surprise, were so much better armed than the McCoys, having repeating rifles, that they soon put them to flight. 'The one volley fired by the McCoys did terrible execution. Half a dozen men were wounded and two were slain. John Blumfield, one of the leaders of his factions, was instantly killed. 'By his side lay Owen Brown, the son of the woman who was shot in her farm house at Padgy's Creek. Two bullets had gone through his body, one piercing the heart. Six other men were wounded, one of them, whose name is unknown, being fatally hurt. 'After dawn the Hatfields found two more dead men and four desperately wounded men were captured. Some of the wounded McCoys must have been carried off by their friends, for the trail of their retreat through the woods was marked by blood stains. 'The prisoners captured are Charles Lambkin, John Cain, Cain and Peter McMillin. The names of the dead are unknown. 'The Cain whose first name was not learned was so badly wounded that his captors left him to die where he lay, but the other three were compelled to march to the Hatfields headquarters, which they reached about noon yesterday. As soon as the story of the attack and capture was told a sort of court-martial was held. 'The prisoners were not allowed to speak in their own defense, and after a short deliberation a vote on their life or death was taken by the entire Hatfield party. The result was unanimous, and the three men will be tied to trees and shot to-day. 'Nothing can save them unless the McCoys can defeat the entire Hatfield force and effect a rescue. This is not likely, as they are out numbered two to one and the Hatfields are better armed. The courier who brought this news was shot at twice from ambush while riding through Lincoln county. 'The prisoners captured are Charles Lambkin, John Cain, Cain and Peter McMillin. The names of the dead are unknown. 'The Cain whose first name was not learned was so badly wounded that his captors left him to die where he lay, but the other three were compelled to march to the Hatfields headquarters, which they reached about noon yesterday. As soon as the story of the attack and capture was told a sort of court-martial was held. 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