

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1870.

VOL. V.--NO. 15.

CHAS. BILLINGSLEA, D. D. S., AND J. WELLS, DENTISTS.

Office Westminister, Md., 2d door West of Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

PLEASE pleasure in informing their friends and the public generally that they have increased their facilities for business, they are at all times prepared to perform any operations in operative or mechanical dentistry.

Full Sets of Teeth, \$10, \$15, and \$20.

Paris Nit. Ox. Gas, on hand at all times. Dr. G. Billingsleas will continue to visit the following places:

Union Bridge, 1st Wednesday in every month, remaining until Friday afternoon. New Windsor, 2nd Wednesday in every month, remaining until Friday afternoon. Uniontown, 3rd Wednesday every month, remaining until Friday afternoon. Taylortown, 3rd Friday in every month, remaining until the Wednesday following.

PRIVATE SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY IN WESTMINSTER.

A valuable property lying in the city of Westminister, offered at Private Sale. The property consists of a Lot fronting on Main Street fifty five feet five inches and running back 138 feet to an alley. The improvements thereon are a two story brick building, and a small brick building, and a building suitable and now used for a Store Room, also Stabling and other necessary out-buildings. There is a quantity of choice fruit on the premises, with such conveniences as make it one of the most desirable residences in Westminister.

For further particulars apply to W. H. Vanderford, Editor of the Democrat Advertiser.

House and Lot AT PRIVATE SALE, IN NEW WINDSOR, MD.

THE former residence of the subscriber, every way convenient and in good repair, excellent well of water, and a large variety of shrubbery and fruit trees, large stable and carriage house. Also an adjoining building lot. The above property is suitable for the private residence of a mechanic, as it contains an excellent room for a shop and is centrally located.

Valuable Town Property FOR SALE.

THE subscriber, as Agent, offers at Private Sale, a HOUSE and LOT situated on Main Street, near the Sentinel Church, and opposite to the Methodist Church. The improvements consist of a two story dwelling in thorough repair, with large kitchen, cellar in rear of house, embracing a fine garden, with such fruit trees, such as apples and cherries, with a great variety of selected currants, &c. There is also a fine Log Stable.

LAND AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers at Private Sale, two parcels of land. No. 1 is a WOOD LOT, situated within a mile of the forks of the Washington and Deer Park Road; contains 7 and 8 Acres, is heavily covered with Timber, principally Chestnut, with some Oak and Hickory. No improvements, and fine Springs of excellent water.

National Hotel, WESTMINSTER, MD., BOAZ SNEACER, Proprietor.

HAVING thoroughly refitted and otherwise improved this Hotel, so that it will be spared to insure the comfort of the guests, and make it the favorite resort of the traveling public. The Table will always be supplied with the very best market produce, and the Bar stocked with the choicest liquors, Wines, Cigars and Tobacco.

Agent Wanted! THE undersigned has purchased the Store in Westminister, formerly kept by A. R. Darbin, where he keeps constantly on hand, and for sale at prices to suit the times, a full stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING OF HEAVY Fall and Winter Goods, AND MEN'S AND BOYS' Furnishing Goods Generally.

I have also a fine selection of piece goods consisting of Plain and Fancy Cassimeres. Also fine Plain and Fancy Cloths, and fine Beaver and Chinchilla for Overcoats. Having secured the services of a competent Cutter and Tailor, (J. A. Kretzer), I am prepared to furnish and make suits to order, at the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable terms. The patronage of a generous public is solicited.

Farm for Rent OR 200 ACRES LIMESTONE AND BLUESLATE AND, well improved, and in good condition. Liberal terms. Share rent.

FOR SHERIFF. THE friends of William Stiner, of New Windsor, in Hampstead District, present as a candidate for Sheriff in 1871, subject to the decision of the nominating convention of the Democratic Conservative

L. Fritchey & Co., Stock and Bill Brokers, WESTMINSTER, MD.

PRIVATE SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

THE subscriber offers for sale all of his Real Estate, being and lying in and adjoining the town of Union Bridge, Carroll county, Md. The premises consist of Three Several Tracts, to wit: NO. 1—Being the Home Place, upon which he now resides, containing

40 Acres of Land, more or less, adjoining lands of Grayville Haines, John Davis Clomson and others, and having thereon all of the requisite and necessary buildings and improvements, constituting an eligible and

BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE, commanding a fine view of the town of Union Bridge, the railroad and surrounding country, with first-rate quality of soil, and Pipe Creek running through the meadows thereof.

NO. TWO—The Celebrated MILL PREMISES, with SIXTY-FIVE ACRES of Land, more or less, belonging thereto, lying on the west side of said town. This Mill Seat has been improved and used for more than 100 years, and is the nucleus around which the settlement is originally grown. The Mill House, now a very large building and fitted up with all of the modern and improved machinery and fixtures complete, for the perfect manufacturing of the various grades of Flour, &c., as may be desired, and is located in the heart of an almost exclusively grain growing neighborhood.

SAW MILL, BRICK DWELLING and other out-houses, are also all of them new, well built and in good condition. The BARN is two stories high and very convenient. The soil is also of the best quality with Quarries of Limestone thereon.

NO. THREE—consists of the HOTEL PREMISES, in said town of Union Bridge, adjoining the Depot grounds of the Western Maryland Railroad.

All of the said Real Estate is so well known in the neighborhood, that no long detailed description thereof is deemed necessary. Persons from a distance and others, wishing to view the said premises, or obtain more particular knowledge of any part thereof, will be shown the same by the subscriber.

Prices, Terms and times of payment will be made to suit the purchaser. The object of the subscriber being to retire from an active business life by reason of growing age and infirmity.

WILLIAM STULTZ, Union Bridge.

No More Deaths OR Destruction of Property from KEROSENE EXPLOSIONS.

PERKINS & HOUSE'S NON EXPLOSIVE LAMP.

THE following is a brief enumeration of the superior qualities of this Lamp over all others: It is absolutely safe under all circumstances both from breakage and explosion; it glows with a soft light, and uses much less oil than any other lamp in making; the same amount of light, it is ornamental and durable; gives no odor in burning, turned never so low; the steadiness of the flame is especially wonderful and it is a successful rival of gas at a trifling expense.

Read the following certificate from well known and influential citizens of our own county: NEW WINDSOR, CARROLL COUNTY, Md.,

DAVID ENGL, J. B. ENGLAND, J. B. BUFFINGTON, PETER BAILE, PLAIN & CASSELL, Sole Agents for Carroll county, New Windsor, Md. feb 17-3t

Merchant Tailoring THE undersigned has purchased the Store in Westminister, formerly kept by A. R. Darbin, where he keeps constantly on hand, and for sale at prices to suit the times, a full stock of

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A. P. ALBAUGH, Opposite the Catholic Church. jan 18-1y

WATER Proof Boots, and Ladies' and Gents' Shoes, at reduced prices. W. H. GEATTY, dec 31

Furs, Furs, Furs. A LARGE assortment Siberian Squirrel, Water Mink French Sable, Capes and also Children's Furs, in great variety and cheap, at

M. N. Norris & Co's. feb 17-1y

Rubbing. ALL widths and styles for sale at ap 1 Mrs. A. E. Armstrong's.

ADIES.—Mrs. H. Geatty has just received a fine lot of French Lasting Garters. may 7

BARNEY'S Blood Cleanser and Panacea, John W. Finney, Druggist, West End. jan 20

WOODEN, Willow and Cedar Ware, Kettles, &c., a full stock of goods in this line. John C. Reifsnider. dec 10

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PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, intending to curtail his farming operations, has now laid off into Lots, a portion of the Union Tannery Farm, which he will offer at Public Sale, and the remainder of the same, east of Manchester, and directly on the Parkton and Manchester Railroad, on

Saturday, the 5th of March, next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.,

14 very Valuable Lots, a portion of them in Timber, and the balance in a high state of cultivation, several of the lots quite desirable for building, and well supplied with water:

Lot No. 1, contains 2 Acres, 2 Rods and 20 Perches, all in Timber. Lot No. 2, contains 2 Acres, 3 Rods and 10 Perches, part in Timber. Lot No. 3, contains 5 Acres and 2 Rods, in cultivation. Lot No. 4, contains 3 Acres, 1 Rod and 20 Perches, in cultivation. Lot No. 5, contains 3 Acres and 2 Rods, in cultivation. Lot No. 6, contains 6 Acres and 3 Rods in cultivation. Lot No. 7, contains 2 Acres, 2 Rods and 20 Perches, all in Timber. Lot No. 8, contains 2 Acres, 3 Rods and 10 Perches, part in Timber. Lot No. 9, contains 4 Acres, 1 Rod and 10 Perches, in cultivation. Lot No. 10, contains 3 Acres and 20 Perches in cultivation. Lot No. 11, contains 3 Acres and 2 Rods, in cultivation. Lot No. 12, contains 2 Acres, 2 Rods and 20 Perches, in cultivation. Lot No. 13, contains 2 Acres, 3 Rods and 20 Perches, in cultivation. Lot No. 14, contains 2 Acres, 3 Rods and 12 Perches, in cultivation. Principally a plat will be exhibited on the day of sale, showing the location of each Lot, when due attendance will be given and terms made known.

HENRY FALKENSTINE, feb 17-1s

LARGE SALE OF VALUABLE Personal Property.

THE undersigned, having rented his Farm also his Mill and Warehouse, will sell his entire personal property, on

Tuesday, the 8th day of March, 1870, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M., consisting of 7 good WORK HORSES,

they cannot be surpassed in the county for speed and endurance. A very fine young pair of blooded horses, 2 brood mares, 10 head of Milch Cows, nearly all of them young and of good breed and quality, and some will be fresh by the day of sale; 1 good young Bull, 16 head of large Shorthorn Cows, will have pigs about time of sale; 3 good wagons, broad tread; 1 cart, 1 good threshing machine, 1 clover mower, 1 windmill, 1 cutting box, plows, harrows, cultivators, double and single chains, log chains, single and double trees, spreaders, number sets of good wagon gears, also wagon saddle and plow gears, 1 set of blacksmith tools, including bellows, vice, 1 set of cooper's tools with rounded Stables with HOUSEHOLD GOODS, Consisting of beds and bedding, tables, chairs, cupboards, 3 ten-plate stoves in good order, some good cider, 2 iron ranges, 1 set of potatoes, meat hogsheds, tubs, buckets, pans, and many other articles too tedious to enumerate.

Terms of Sale.—All sums of \$5 and under cash; on all sums over \$5, credit of 90 months will be given, the purchaser or purchasers giving their notes with approved security, bearing interest from date. No property to be removed till settled for.

JOSEPH GREENDORFF, feb 10-1s Wm. B. Snow, Auctioneer.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF Valuable Property IN THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER.

THE undersigned, by virtue of a deed of trust executed by Uriah B. Mikesell and wife, for the benefit of the creditors of said Mikesell, will, on

Saturday, the 5th day of March, 1870, at 1 o'clock, P. M. precisely, at the Hotel of Charles Zacharias, in the City of Westminister, offer at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, the following property, viz:

A LOT OF GROUND fronting 64 feet on Main street in said City of Westminister, and a tract between the Monitor House and Zacharias' Hotel, with the improvements thereon, consisting of a commodious 2 story frame weather-boarded DWELLING HOUSE,

with two story back building, and two story brick Store House, with excellent cellars under both; a well of excellent and never failing water with pump, large frame weather-boarded Stable with three large stalls and Carriage House with floor, and sufficiently large to hold four Carriages, frame weather-boarded Hog House and other buildings. The lot is fenced with the best pine palings. All the above buildings have been erected within a few years past and are in excellent condition.

The above is a very desirable property, being situated in a business part of the City of Westminister.

The terms of sale of the above property are as follows: One-third part of the purchase money to be paid in cash and the residue to be paid in two equal payments, one to be paid in six and the other in twelve months from the day of sale bearing interest, and to be secured by the purchasers' notes with security to be approved of by the undersigned.

The possession of the above Store House will be given as soon as the stock of goods can be disposed of, and of the Dwelling House and other buildings and lot in Westminister, on the first day of April next.

J. T. BAUMGARTNER, C. T. REIFSNIDER, Trustees. feb 17-1s

NOTICE. I AM closing up my old business. Those indebted will please call and settle either by Note or the money.

John L. Reifsnider. Bonnets and Hats. BONNETS and Hats made to order in the very latest styles and at the shortest possible notice.

Mrs. A. E. Armstrong, feb 17-1s

INDELIBLE MARKING PENCILS, some thing new, for sale by A. H. HUBER, No. 3, Carroll Hall. as 7

Select Poetry.

From Harper's Magazine for March.

SHADOWS. When I see the long wild birds Waving in the winds like fires,

See the green skirts of the maples Barred with scarlet and with gold, See the sunflower, heavy-headed, Shadaws then from yellow departed,

Can I with their tender trembles Wrap my bosom, fold on fold. I can hear sweet invitations Through the sobbing, and vibrations Of the winds that follow, follow, As from self I seek to fly—

Come up hither! come up hither! Leave the rough and rainy weather! Come up where my royal robes Never fade and never die!

When May was blushing, blooming, Brown bees, bluebirds, singing, humming, That we built and walled our chamber With the hum of the leaves; Made our bed of yellow mosses, Soft as pile of silk flowers, Dreamed our dreams in dewy brightness Radiant like the moons and eyes.

And it was when woods were gleaming, And when clouds were wildly streaming, Flying from us, cloud on cloud, Streaming in the north wind's breath, That my little rose-mouthed blossom Fell and faded on my bosom, Cankered by the coming coldness, Blighted by the frosts of death.

Therefore when I see the shadows, Drifting in across the meadows, See the troops of summer wild birds Flying from us, cloud on cloud, Memory with that May-time lingers, And I seem to feel the fingers Of my lost and lovely darling, Wrap my heart up in her shroud.

Original Story. For the Democrat Advertiser.

MY AUNT ETHEL'S SECRET. BY STRATHMORE.

"It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

I looked up as I repeated the quotation, for I felt sure I heard a sigh from the quiet corner where my Aunt Ethel sat in her usual place. Tennyson is my favorite poet, and this betrayal of her sympathy with my taste made me pause in the passage of the exquisite "In Memoriam" I had just been reading, and she met my gaze, a half smile curling the lips that never would purse up like those of other maiden aunts of my acquaintance.

Dear Aunt Ethel! far back in my childhood I remembered her as the same quiet little figure in the same place in my father's cozy back parlor. A face pure in its expression as that of the "Madonnas" that hung on the wall opposite, soft, shining braids of auburn hair, folded away from her fair, smooth brow, not a wrinkle marred its intellectual beauty, but the earnest, almost mournful, expression of the brown eyes seemed ever to my childish fancy telling tales of sadness. How often I wondered what were the deep shadows that lay in their depths!

This evening Aunt Ethel and I were alone; my sister Louise and Evelyn had gone out with brother Fred, and the younger ones had all been sent to bed. Aunt Ethel's embroidery lay for once on the table by her side, and her hands were folded idly in her lap. Of what was she thinking, with that far-away look on her face? Could the sentiment I had just read have anything to do with her thoughts? After a silence of a few moments I arose and kneeling beside her looked up into her eyes. She took my hands in her own, and said in low sad tones:

"Lola my darling, do not read such sentiments! They are false, though as Tennyson expresses them, very beautiful."

"Why Aunt Ethel!" I cried, almost indignantly, "surely you are only teasing me. It is better to have felt the emotion of love once than to go through life unloved and unloving, even if we can only have the memories of a lost love." When she answered me her voice was full of pain.

"No, no, Lola, there is nothing in life so utterly miserable as a heart bereft of what was all its joy and brightness."

I looked at my Aunt in amazement, in all my life I had never seen her so moved, and all my old suspicions were aroused.

"Lost! lost!" she murmured as if forgetting my presence, "Ceilil how wretched is my fate! Living, yet dead to me forever!"

I sat quietly essaying to comfort her in my childish fashion, by softly kissing the taper fingers once on which the tears were fast falling. That evening was a new episode in my life. I felt intuitively that nothing more must be said upon a subject that brought up memories Aunt Ethel seemed struggling daily and hourly to forget.

My home at Logwood was a pleasant one. Every comfort and luxury that loving hearts could desire were scattered profusely around me, and yet I loved Aunt Ethel and her quiet ways far more than my elder sister's gay company and pleasures. No change of any sort occurred until my eighteenth year, when Aunt Ethel's health appeared to be declining. I was with her almost

constantly after leaving school, and it was at last decided that I should accompany her on a visit South. Before going to Florida where we intended spending the winter, we concluded to stop for a few weeks in the "Crescent City."

How I revelled in those bright balmy days, and the Parisian manners of those whom we met, so different from the cold formality of my Northern home, surprised and delighted me. On a sunny afternoon we were riding on the Boulevard, as the French call Canal Street, when my aunt complained of fatigue and requested the driver to stop at the Maison Doree, an elegant establishment, one of the best in the city, noted for its almost princely restaurants. The apartment that my aunt and myself entered was small and luxuriously furnished; the walls were hung with curtains of amber colored satin, and the Turkish carpet betrayed no footfall. A curtain partly looped back with gold cord divided the apartment, and as we thus sat a door opened upon the hall outside and some one entered. My Aunt Ethel's sofa was too far back for her to notice the stranger, but from my seat, near the window, I could see him very plainly. He was a man of perhaps fifty years, and of a somewhat haughty bearing. Sitting down at a small table, he appeared for a few moments lost in thought. A noble form a little above the middle height, handsome English features, and a mouth sweet in expression as a woman's.

Unconsciously, I, as usual, began in my foolish way to weave a romance upon the spot. My gentle Aunt Ethel, and my unknown hero, as he sat unheeding my scrutiny, ruthlessly gnawing at the corners of his moustache (that inevitable sign of a man in perplexity or trouble), might they not in some way be connected in each other's thoughts? While I was delightfully indulging in my "Castles de Espagnas" a waiter entered and the gentleman addressed some remarks to him.

I happened to glance towards my Aunt and was startled by the grey p. I had that settled on her face.

"Oh! Lola!" she moaned, "let us go away. Surely it was his voice!"

In that moment my castle loomed up an edifice of fair proportions. Here was my Aunt Ethel's mystery revealed. I glanced again towards the apartment but the stranger had left it. With a prayer in my heart that in some way connected with him, the roses would again bloom on her pale cheek, I followed her out into the carriage.

The St. Charles was filled with guests and there was no lack of gaiety, but my sole pleasure and care was for Aunt Ethel.

One evening I left her for an hour's promenade upon a gallery opposite the Academy of Music, where D' Albert's most exquisite arias were attracting many persons. A strange feeling of unrest seemed to haunt me, and as the notes of Lucia di Lammermoor floated out on the moonlit night, the feeling deepened into gloom. Why was the world so full of brightness and joy, if human hearts should so droop in sorrow?

Would mine be the lot of those who "make idols but to find them clay?"—Ah! how like a mockery seemed the gayly dressed groups around me, when I thought of her whom I had left so white and still a few moments before. In the midst of my reveries a voice startled me, and looking up I met the gaze of the person whom I had seen at the Maison Doree. He appeared deeply agitated, and as he placed a small package in my hand, asked, in a voice of deep emotion, "if I was the owner of it."

It was a small velvet case enclosing the miniature of Aunt Ethel that I had lost the day before.

"Tell me," he said, after begging pardon for his apparent rudeness, "does this picture belong to you, and why do you have it, for I saw you drop it almost in this very spot?"

I confess I was rather frightened at the manner of the stranger, but I replied as quietly as possible:

"Yes, it is mine, and I am very grateful to you for finding it. It is my Aunt's picture."

"Ethel Clare," he repeated, "it is the picture of my wife; and young lady, as you value the happiness of a human being, do not trifle with one who would give all on earth to meet the original of that picture."

I was too much surprised to speak, but as soon as I could do so I interrupted him:

"No, my dear sir, you are mistaken, my Aunt was never married. Still my words did not seem to have any effect on him, and he earnestly begged me to take a few turns upon the gallery while he would tell me his story.

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Grey, left England for a new home, and soon in America I found all that wealth, talent and industry could give me. The scion of an old though impoverished family, I soon obtained admittance into the first families of the city of B. At a ball given in honor of some foreign Ambassador, I first formed the acquaintance of Ethel Clare. You who have known her, know also, that with great personal attractions she also possessed every mental quality that could render her truly lovable. I lost no opportunity of meeting her, and when I learned from her own lips that my affection was returned, I was indeed a happy man.

Ah! those moments of pure unalloyed happiness were too perfect! How often while the sea gulls shrieked above the waves I wished that I might have found a grave beneath them, if my hopes of earthly joy were to be blighted forever! In a few short months Ethel Clare became my wife. Home, that to an Englishman is the synonym of felicity, seemed to me a Paradise. Everything that I could do for her, whom I loved so truly, was done, not from a sense of duty, but for the sweet pleasure of seeing her happy.

"Among all the good qualities of my wife's mind there lurked one single poisonous weed that was to become the bete noir of our existence. She was jealous, though the evil trait was seldom known. About three months after our marriage I was called from home on business, and leaving Ethel in the care of a friend, hurried away. How well I remember that last farewell! For it was the last time I ever saw her. While in C—I met very unexpectedly an old friend from England, whom I had not seen for years, and his lovely sister, a young girl of eighteen years. My friend Leslie not feeling very well asked me to accompany his sister to the Opera, and not thinking of the terrible consequence that would follow from a mere act of politeness, I escorted the beautiful Ada Leslie there. The house was filled to overflowing, for a new baritone was announced on the bills, and I felt regret that my wife could not enjoy it with me, for she had a finely cultivated ear.

The evening after that I again retired home, all anxiety to fold to my heart my sweet Ethel, but imagine my feelings, when instead of the fond welcome I had anticipated, a letter was put in my hands by a friend addressed to me in her familiar handwriting. On opening it, these lines met my eyes:

"Ceilil Grey, your treachery has been discovered, and from this hour you are free. Do not seek to see me again for we are parted forever."

"Good Heavens!" could it be my gentle wife who had written these cold, cruel words? I wrote explaining everything, but my letter was returned unopened. Nothing could win back her confidence, and from that hour, she who had been nearest and dearest, have lived estranged. She lived in the family of her brother, and as you never knew that she was ever married, her resentment must have been as great as her love once was for me."

"Once was!" I cried, "Aunt Ethel loves you still, her heart is breaking!"

"Tell me where I may find her" cried Mr. Grey, "surely she will listen to me now."

I need not say how radiantly happy I was at that moment. "To-morrow you shall see her at the Maison Doree," I replied, and so it was decided.

I could scarcely wait for the morn to dawn, but hurried Aunt Ethel away on our accustomed drive. Oh! how great a charm their liss in those few words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," for never did I know such as at that moment, when through my simple means, one lonely heart could find peace and happiness.

I left Aunt Ethel in the little parlor to go on some fancied errand to the waiter's domain. Of course I did not hurry back, and when I did return I could scarcely believe my senses. Surely this woman with the shy, rosy blushes coming and going on her sweet face, could not be my pale, sad Aunt Ethel!

As I came near Col. Grey held out his hand, and said in a tone of deep feeling, "God bless you Lola, we owe all our happiness to you."

Thus were they at last united, never again to part in anger or sorrow, no more days of weary longing for love and happiness.

In a fair Southern home we live to-day, for my home is with Ceilil Grey and his beautiful wife. Beneath the blue skies of the South-land I revel still, the Magnolia blossoms fall in snowy clouds upon the velvet turf, and the mocking birds fill the air with melody, and I am happier than I ever dreamed I could be before I knew my Aunt Ethel's Secret.

When a person has got so far as to accuse the sidewalk of trying to throw him down, it is time to go home.

Rural Wedding in Sweden. I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanting larks, mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden looks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and the horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their black cloaks streaming to the winds; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand and monstrous nose-gay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away towards the village where the bride already sits in a carriage. Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreen; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute. And straight from every pocket flies a black jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighborhood, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the last replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the Maypole, which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in an old church painting. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linnen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich: rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first year, fervent love. The blessing of a parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying, in deep solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast of Cana of Gal