The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879. VOL. XIV.-NO. 40.

TRUSTEE'S PUBLIC SALE OF

A VALUABLE FARM!

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned, Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, at one o'clock P. M., on

Saturday, the 23d day of August, 1879,

all the real estate whereof Samuel Messinger, late of Carroll county, Maryland, died seized, ordered to be sold by said decree, consisting of a small but valuable Farm, containing, by recent survey, the quantity of

67 Acres, 1 Rood and 29 Perches of Land,

more or less, situated in Myers' District, Carroll county, Md., about one quarter of a mile from the turnpike road to Littlestown, Pa., on the West side, and about same distance South of the Pa. Line, adjoining lands of Joseph Brown, Henry Weimert and others. The improvements consist of a good two-story Log Framed Dwelling House, cased with brick, 32 by 28 feet, with seven rooms, built 13 years ago; a good Bank Barn, 50 feet square, built 7 years ago; Wagon Shed, Carriage House, Wash House, Hog House, &c., all good as new. There is a cistern and pump near the house, supplied with excellent spring water—also a Dairy in part of cellar supplied with Spring water—also a pump in the barn yard, an ORCHARD of good Apples, and plenty of Fruit Trees of the various kinds. There are about 8 Acres of WOODLAND, Oak and Chestnut; the rest of the land tillable and laid off into convenient fields, all of good quality of land, well limed and productive. It will be sold clear of the widow's right of dower therein. It is under rent to April 1st, 1880, and the right to the rent will be reserved from sale.

Possession given April 1st, 1880.

TERMS.—One-third of the purchase payable in cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof; one-third in one year and one-third in two years from the sale, with interest; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser with security to be approved by the Trustee.

SAMUEL J. MESSINGER, Trustee.
Jos. M. Parke, Solicitor.
Wm. Brown, Auctioneer.

Notice to Creditors.

THe creditors of said Samuel Messinger, deceased, having claims still unsatisfied, are hereby notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof with the Clerk of said Court within four months from the day of sale aforesaid.

SAMUEL J. MESSINGER, Trustee.
aug. 2, 1879.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

On Little Pipe Creek, in Wakefield Valley, Carroll County, Maryland.

BY virtue of a power contained in a Mortgage from Augustus Ensor and Anna M. Ensor his wife to David Roop, bearing date May 8, 1875, and Recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S. No. 8, folio 550, &c., and by said David Roop assigned to Deborah A. Baile on the 2d day of April, A. D. 1877, as will fully appear by reference to said Mortgage Records, the undersigned, as Assignee of said Mortgage, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situated near David Roop's mill, on the public road leading from Westminster to Wakefield, on

Saturday, the 30th day of August, A. D. 1879,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., that valuable farm now occupied by Augustus Ensor, containing

153 Acres, 3 Roods and 13 Perches of Land, more or less.

The improvements consist of a large and comfortable Dwelling House, two stories, partly brick, a large Switzer Barn in good condition, Smoke House, Hog House and other necessary outbuildings; Wagon Shed attached to barn and Grain Shed in field. There is an Orchard of bearing trees, principally apple, and other fruit trees in variety. The land is in a good state of cultivation and well enclosed with fence. This property lies in one of the most fertile valleys in the State, is well watered, Little Pipe Creek running through it; there is a fair proportion of Timber, and it is conveniently located in respect to Churches, Stores, Post Office, &c., and within a mile and a quarter of Wakefield Station on the Western Maryland Railroad.

To any one in want of a first-class farm this place offers rare inducements.

For further information call upon or address Smith & McKellip, Attorneys at Law, Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-half of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in six months from the day of sale, the purchaser giving his notes with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

DEBORAH A. BAILE,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
Jno. M. Yingling, Auctioneer.
aug 2-ts Smith & McKellip, Solicitors.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

IN CARROLL COUNTY, MD.

THE undersigned, Attorney and Agent for the heirs of Frederick Helwig, late of Carroll county, and State of Maryland, deceased, under and by virtue of a power of Attorney, duly acknowledged and executed by them, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situated on the public road known as the Stone Road, about one mile from the village of Pleasant Valley, in said county, on

THURSDAY, AUGUST, 28th, 1879,

At 1 o'clock, P. M., the Real Estate or Farm of said Frederick Helwig, deceased, containing and laid out for

157 ACRES OF LAND

More or less, of which 25 or 30 Acres is in Excellent Timber of the best variety, and 15 acres of natural Meadow Land. The improvements consist of a good and substantial Stone Dwelling House, conveniently planned, a large Switzer Barn, Wagon Shed, Carriage House, Spring and Wash House and other buildings, in good condition, with an excellent and never-failing Spring near the dwelling; also a good Apple Orchard and a variety of other fruit. This farm is conveniently laid off, well fenced, with a stream of water running through the same, and situated in one of the best and most healthy sections of Carroll co., and conveniently located in reference to churches, schools, post offices and Stores. Persons desirous of viewing the farm can call upon the subscriber, residing thereon; or for information, call on Thos. Tipton, at Frizzellsburg, Md.

Terms of Sale:—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal payments at one and two years; the credit payments to be satisfactorily secured and bearing interest from the day of sale. JOSEPH HELWIG,
Attorney and Agent for the Heirs.
aug 9 ts Wm. Brown, Auct'r.

THE UNDERSIGNED,
AMB. M. EMORY,
Of the late firm of Seim & Emory,
Would inform his friends and the public that he has resumed business again, and has associated with him his nephew, A. WALSH EMORY, under the firm name of

A. M. & A. W. EMORY,

for the purpose of conducting a Wholesale and Retail business in

French & American Window & Plate Glass
ORNAMENTAL GLASS,
LOOKING-GLASS PLATES,
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.,

And have taken the Warehouse North-west corner of Liberty and Fayette street, Baltimore, and respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage.

AMB. M. EMORY,
feb 15'79-1y A. WALSH EMORY,

HARDWARE!

ANDREW N. STEPHAN,
SUCCESSOR TO REIFSNIDER & STEPHAN

WILL continue the Hardware business of the late firm at the old stand CORNER MAIN AND LIBERTY STREETS, WESTMINSTER, and has on hand and will continue to keep at all times a full stock of

Builder's Hardware,
Nails, Spikes, Locks, Screws, Window Glass, &c.

Coachmaker's Material,
Hubs, Spokes, Rims, Ducks, Drills, Oil Carpet, Bolts, Axles, Springs, Bows, and Ready-Made Wheels.

Blacksmith's Supplies,
Iron, Nail Rods, Cast Steel, Old Car Steel, Horse Shoes, Steel Fire Hoop, Band and Sheet Iron, Anvils, Bellows Blowers, Vises, Screw Plates, Rasps, Bolts, Nutts, &c.

Saddler's Hardware,
Buckles, Rings, Bridle Bitts, Webbing, Hand Parts, Gigtrees, Hames, Harness, Leather, &c.

Painter's Material,
Oils, White Lead, Varnishes, Colors, Brushes and Bradley's Ready Mixed Paints.

Carpenter's and Woodworker's Tools,
Planes, Hatchets, Chisels, Augers, Braces, Draw Knives, Hand Axes, Plane and Brace Bitts, Mill, Circular, Cross Cut and Hand Saws, Rules, Squares, Gauges, &c.

Housekeeper's Articles,
Tubs, Churns, Buckets, Coffee Mills, Ladles, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Flat Irons.

Depot For
The Celebrated Excelsior Cook Stove, Heating and Parlor Stoves.

Farmer's Supplies,
Forks, Shovels, Spades, Mattocks, Picks Hoes, Rakes, Hames, Traces, Breast, Halter and Cow Chains, Leather Belting, Axes.
Agent for the Celebrated Kanawha Cucumber Pumps.

Leather,
Hemlock and Spanish Sole, Calfskins, Kips and Upper Leather, Sheep Skins, and Shoe Finding.

Revolvers,
Guns, Razors, Pocket Knives.

All the above and innumerable other goods at lowest Cash Prices. dec 22-tf

1879 SUMMER 1879

THE OLD, RELIABLE & POPULAR STORE OF

J. Yingling & Co.

IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING

Black, Colored & Fancy Silks,
Cashmeres, Plain and Fancy Grenadines, Buntings, and

Dress Goods Generally,
WHITE GOODS, LACES, TRIMMINGS,
GLOVES, HOSIERY, PARASOLS,
NOTIONS,
Men's Wear and Men's Furnishings.

—N. B.—
Depot for Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, and House-Furnishing DRY GOODS.

Our stock is always complete with FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

NO MISREPRESENTATIONS,

SAMPLES sent to any address, and orders promptly attended to. Respectfully,
may 31-79 J. YINGLING & CO.

HAINES & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS!!

RESPECTFULLY call attention to their large stock of Groceries &c., at their Store, a few doors east of the Railroad Depot, Westminster, Md.

Our facilities are such as to enable us to offer great inducements in prices, as we purchase for Cash and sell at Short Profits. Our stock consists of

Choice Flour, Groceries, Queensware, Stoneware, Glassware, Willow-Ware, Woodenware, Fine Cutlery, Fish, Bacon, Lard, Salt, &c., &c.

OUR LIQUORS

are the finest and best ever offered in this city, and for medicinal or family use are unsurpassed. Sole agents for the well known Welty Whiskey.

Ale, Porter and Beer, by the bottle or barrel.

Sole agents for Briggs Bros. World-renowned Garden and Flower Seeds.

The highest market price paid for Country Produce.

feb 22, 1879 HAINES & CO.

TO ERR IS HUMAN.

BUT failing to call before purchasing elsewhere and examining the Stock of

FURNITURE AND STOVES,

at IRA E. CROUSE'S, is a disregard of your own interest that is wholly inexcusable. Having had a long experience in the business, he now flatters himself that he can always exhibit to those wishing to purchase any article in his line, a stock not excelled in variety and quality by any other establishment in the county, and his prices are guaranteed not to exceed those of Baltimore city, or any other place in the State.

Don't mistake the place, one hundred yards east of the Railroad, on Main street, nearly opposite the new Catholic Church, Westminster.

may 21

INSOLVENT'S NOTICE.

Elijah Wagoner vs. his Creditors.

ORDERED this 26th day of May, A. D. 1879, that Elijah Wagoner, an applicant for the benefit of the 48th Article of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, entitled "Insolvents," give notice to his creditors, endorsers and sureties, that the 2d Monday of November, A. D. 1879, is fixed for the said Elijah Wagoner to appear in the Circuit Court for Carroll county to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him; and that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Carroll county, once a week for three successive months prior to the said 2d Monday of November, 1879, as such notice.

Test:
my 31-3m FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.

ESTABLISHED 1860.

WILLIAM MOORE,

WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER,

At His New Store,

Main Street, (Opposite Wheeler's Hotel,)

WESTMINSTER, MD.

REPAIRING of all kinds attended to promptly and warranted.

A liberal share of the patronage of my friends and the public is respectfully solicited.
ap 12, 1879.

L. BAR'S

Tailoring House,

CORNER
GAY & FAYETTE STREETS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Good Quality of Clothing,
OUR OWN MANUFACTURE.

LARGE STOCK AND Low Prices.

Always on Hand a Good Pair of

PANTS FOR $2.

We sold over 5000 Pairs within 12 months, and our sales of them are constantly increasing. They are well worth the attention of Country Merchants.

LARGE STOCK OF

Piece Goods,
OF THE LATEST STYLES,
FOR CUSTOM WORK.

Only First-Class Work Turned Out.
aug 2-6mos

PRODUCE DEPOT,

AT THE RAILROAD, WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

THE undersigned, at the old stand of Gehr & Orndorff, is prepared to purchase

FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN and COUNTRY PRODUCE

of all descriptions. Also to receive and forward

PRODUCE AND GOODS

of all kinds. He also keeps constantly on hand a large and full stock of

GROCERIES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Flour, Bacon, Feed, Grain, Salt, Fish, &c., together with Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Rakes and Farmers' and Gardeners' Implements generally. Also

GUANO AND FERTILIZERS

of all descriptions; and in fact all articles in a first class store.

Sole Agent for Carroll County for Dupont's Celebrated Gun, Rifle and Blasting Powder. Also agent for the well-known Breinig, Fronefield & Co's. German Cattle Powder.

With long experience and by strict attention to business I hope to receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

may 3-1y DENTON GEHR.

PLOWS! PLOWS! PLOWS!

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS.

275,000 of them now in use. Over $500,000 invested in their manufacture. 30 Car Loads of 500 Plows were made at one shipment in December, 1877.

WARRANTED to scour in any soil.

WARRANTED to run lighter than any Plow in use.

WARRANTED to give perfect satisfaction.

WARRANTED to wear three times as long as a steel Plow.

It will cost nothing to try one and thoroughly satisfy yourself. They now have the endorsement of over fifty of the best farmers in Carroll county.

Send or call for circular giving an interesting account of their manufacture.

Agency for Carroll county, at Agricultural Implement Warehouse of
aug 2-tf J. C. WEAVER.

NEW COAL YARD.

HAVING opened a new coal yard, I would respectfully inform the public that I am now prepared to furnish ALL THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF COAL promptly, and at most reasonable rates.

Being determined to sell at less than usual profits I ask the public to

Give me a call Before Buying.

By strict attention and constant endeavor to give satisfaction, I hope to receive and merit a share of your patronage.

I have also on hand and for sale Stone and Oyster Shell Lime.

OFFICE in Perkins' Photograph Gallery, opposite the Catholic Church.

GEO. C. CRASS,
aug 17'78-tf Westminster, Md.

DON'T FAIL TO CALL

BEFORE purchasing, and examine the large stock of

FURNITURE

AT

BANKERT & DAILY'S,

which they are selling at the Lowest Cash prices. Having had much experience in the business, we now flatter ourselves that we can always exhibit to those wishing to purchase goods in our line not excelled in variety and quality by any other house. Don't mistake the place, OPP. MONTOUR HOUSE,
mar 1-tf Westminster, Md.

NOAH STOCKSDALE, V. S.

Professor of the Veterinary Art

OFFICE NEAR FINKSBURG,
CARROLL COUNTY, MD.

OFFERS his services to the public generally. Can be consulted by letter.

Medicine sent to any address C. O. D. Charges moderate, and perfect satisfaction given. By strict attention to business I hope to receive the patronage of my friends and the public generally.

sep 22-tf NOAH STOCKSDALE, V. S.

SELECT SCHOOL.

MRS. C. SPALDING will open a Day School for young ladies and little children, at her home, corner of Centre and Green Streets, on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22d.

For terms, apply to
aug 2-2m MRS. SPALDING.

1879 Wheat Seeding 1879

ATTENTION FARMERS.

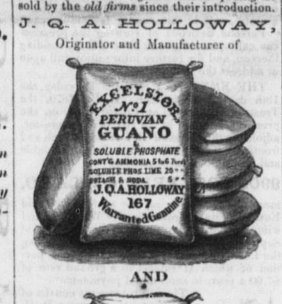
THE undersigned, PIONEER in the manufacture of FERTILIZERS in this city, and engaged, since 1858, first as a member of the firm of J. J. & F. Turner, by whom the formulas and processes of manufacture of

"Excelsior" and "Ammoniated Phosphate"

Were *originated*, and since 1864 a member of the late firm of J. J. Turner, & Co., (dissolved 19th March, 1878,) relying upon his experience and personal reputation, hitherto acquired in the uniform excellence of these FERTILIZERS as manufactured by him, offers them *in his own name* to the agricultural public.

Having secured the *works of the old firm*, 111 McElderry's wharf, with the complete machinery, *specially constructed for their uniform manipulation*, he will continue the manufacture of "EXCELSIOR" and AMMONIATED PHOSPHATE on his own account, with his office adjoining the works, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons, assuring them that the FERTILIZERS manufactured by him shall be of the *same uniform and high standard quality* as sold by the *old firms* since their introduction.

J. Q. A. HOLLOWAY,
Originator and Manufacturer of



AND

The above are the most concentrated FERTILIZERS ever offered to the Farmer—combining all the stimulating qualities of Peruvian Guano, and the ever-durable fertilizing properties of Bones, in fine, dry powder, prepared expressly for drilling in with Grain—and it is the the universal opinion of the farmers of Maryland and Virginia, after over twenty years experience in the use of the Excelsior manufactured by me, that an application of 100 pounds is equal in its effects to 200 pounds of any other Fertilizer or Guano, therefore fully 50 per cent cheaper.

With my present advantages and superior facilities for manufacturing, I challenge competition with any Fertilizer sold in the United States in Quality, Mechanical Condition and Price.

By strictly adhering to my Original Formulas, using only the most concentrated materials, and superintending in person their manufacture—as for the past twenty years,

UNIFORM QUALITY IS GUARANTEED.

Farmers to secure the ONLY GENUINE EXCELSIOR AND PHOSPHATE, prepared according by *my Original Formulas established in 1858*, should see that every Bag is branded as above, with the *Analysis* and *my name in Red Letters.*

J. Q. A. HOLLOWAY,
Originator and Manufacturer,
107 McElderry's Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE BY

GRIMES & WEAVER, Agents,
Westminster, Md.
P. ENGEL & SON, Agents,
aug 2-oct 11 New Windsor, Md.

MEN'S Summer Suiting

Business Suits.

Working Suits.

YOUTHS' AND BOYS'

SUMMER SUITS!

Children's Summer Suits,
FROM 3 YEARS OLD UP.

A LARGE VARIETY OF

LINENDUSTERS

Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular or money returned.

NOAH WALKER & CO.,

165 and 167 West Baltimore St.,

OPPOSITE ADAMS EXPRESS,
aug 2-tf BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.
Westminster, Md., June 30, 1879.

IN pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly, passed at January Session, 1874, I hereby give the following Notice to Tax-Payers:

This is to give notice that the County Commissioners of Carroll county have made their annual levy on the assessable property of said county, for State and County Taxes, for the year eighteen hundred and seventy-nine, and that all persons or incorporate institutions that shall pay their State and County Taxes on or before the first day of September next, shall be entitled to a deduction of five per centum on the amount of said taxes; and if paid on or before the first day of October next, a deduction of four per centum; and if paid on or before the first day of November next, a deduction of three per centum; that said taxes will be in arrear on the first day of January next, and bear interest from that date; that all persons or incorporate institutions failing to pay their State and County Taxes before the same shall be in arrear will render the property and estate of such delinquent liable to be sold for the prompt payment of said taxes. L. C. TRUMBO,
aug 2-5t County Treasurer.

MANSION HOUSE HOTEL,

Northeast corner Fayette and St. Paul Sts.,

OPPOSITE BARNUM'S CITY HOTEL,
BALTIMORE.

Isaac Alberston, Proprietor.

This is one of the most pleasant and central locations in the city.

TERMS..............................$1.50 per day.
may 7-1y

Select Poetry.

From the Acta Columbiana.

SUMMER-PLANS.

I.
ROMANCE.

With winds that set the leaves astir
In Nature's ceaseless murmurings
(Like some melodious dulcimer
Whose music dies upon the strings,)
With bird-song sweet, in smiling May,
Our term of toil shall pass away.

Then, strolling near some plaintive stream
With her seems most divinely fair,
I'll watch the rippling sunlight gleam
Athwart her braids of golden hair;
And, lingering in the leafy grove,
We'll tell once more the tale of love.

Or, when the twilight dims the sky,
And night lets down her dusty bars,
I'll gaze upon those love-lit eyes
That shame the splendor of the stars;
While from the drowsy forest nigh
Resoundeth Nature's lullaby.

II.
REALITY.

All day, with unrelenting munch,
And aggravating buzz of wings,
The gay mosquito takes his lunch,
Till man half dies beneath the stings.
The mercury, even in the shade,
Skips up to 500 Centigrade.

And Nature's minstrels, where are they?
In scorching heat their powers are spent;
The birds have struck for higher pay;
The streams don't murmur for a cent;
But all night long, repose to rout,
The beastly beetles boom about.

And she I love, that festive maid
Who figured largely in my plan,
Is whispering, 'neath the maple's shade,
Soft nothings—to another man;
While, in the bog across the way,
The bullfrog pipes his roundelay.

Select Story.

THE FATAL MIRROR.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

Years ago, when I was first in Paris, before I went to study, I was at the opera ball alone. It is rather heavy work to be there alone, and I went wandering about until, growing tired of the noise and nonsense, I found a darkish corner and leaned against the wall in peace. In a moment or two I saw a couple approaching, attracted, I suppose, by the quiet, as I had been. I had noticed them before; the man was tall, and dressed simply, in a large white burnous with short sleeves, leaving his arms bare—splendid sinewy arms, with a bracelet about an inch wide, just below the shoulder. It was made of yellow gold, and had "Enfer" enameled on it in blood-red fantastic letters. The hood of the burnous was drawn over his head, and a mask with a very long fall of silk disguised him entirely. The girl on his arm wore a white domino and a mask of pink velvet. She was a delicate, fragile little creature, and when she sat on the bench near me, and took off her mask, I saw that she was not more than seventeen, and had the loveliest, happiest little face, set in deep golden hair. He seemed passionately in love with her—he seized her little hands in his as if he would crush them, and once I heard him say, "For heaven's sake don't look at anybody: it drives me mad." I heard no more. I only saw, as I moved away, the happy light die out of those sweet eyes and a deprecating, sacred expression take its place; but as I looked back, she had her head nestling on his shoulder, and he seemed to soothe her tenderly; poor little dove.

Later in the evening I was attracted by a sudden confusion and excitement, so great as to be marked, even through the perpetual tumult of the place—a crowd swaying and pressing noisily in one direction. I pushed my way to the spot, and there, with her fair face exposed, the long locks already dimmed by contact with the dusty floor, lay the white domino, her little soft hands falling helplessly. A tall old woman kneeling down, took the poor little soulless body in her arms like a baby, and pressed it passionately against her breast. In reply to my questions, they said that her companion, "a great mask in white cloak," had suddenly shot her—"through the heart, monsieur; she fell like a lamb, pauvre petite." The man had fled; they found the white burnous lying near the door, but in the confusion he had escaped. I shall never in all my life forget the horror of that night. The happy innocent, pure life choked out in an instant, and the little girlish figure lying on the dirty floor, instead of on some dainty white bed; and then to be so miserably surrounded by hideous, grotesque creatures staring curiously! It was terrible.

Two years after that, I was settled in Paris, studying. I had been there about a year, when Anatole Barbey brought a young Englishman to my studio. Some attraction, or accident perhaps, threw us, George Holcomb and me, much together, until we were considered by the rest of the fraternity as intimate friends. We were friends, if constant companionship and hearty affection make friends, but we were not *intimate* if confidence is necessary to intimacy. He was a gay companion, sympathetic, kindly, loving nature deeply, full of a quaint knowledge on many subjects. I cannot describe him, but I loved him in spite of a never recurring conviction that a black drop lurked somewhere in that passionate nature. He had one failing: he sometimes drank deeply, and at such times, he had two moods, one of wild, reckless gayety, in which he did and said most brilliant things; in the other he was gloomy and unreasonable, with flashes of furious, short-lived anger. He painted strange pictures; they were masterly in drawing and color, but the subject always concealed some deadly surprise or some fatal misfortune. A doe feeding tranquilly beside a stream, while in the thicket a lion lurked ready to spring; a young girl gayly tending her flowers, unconscious of the snake coiled up among them; or a child clapping its little hands, and laughing while the earth crumbled beneath its feet. There were times when I fancied something was wrong with his brain. One evening I was to have a supper in my studio—a farewell to Anatole, who was going to England to try his fortune. I was in luck just then; I had sold a picture, and Anatole's departure was a good excuse, if one was needed. The table was laid in my studio: it was gay with lights and flowers, and other things—things to eat, and too many things to drink I fear. George was late. He came at last, answering our uproarious greeting joyously, and took his seat by me. I saw with some regret that he had already been drinking, though he only betrayed it by a certain restlessness of manner, and a deeper flush than usual on his face. We were very gay, and George outshone himself; he was full of an almost boyish jollity, which grew wilder and more boisterous as the night drew on.

It was late when the conversation drifted gradually into a ghostly channel. Our party represented several nationalities, and each one brought his characteristic contribution, until a young Italian, with a pale delicate face like an old carving in ivory, who sat opposite to George, began to speak of the idea that every face which looked into a mirror left its indelible impress there, until there came to be a confused mass of outlines invisible to unenlightened eyes, but which under certain favorable circumstances arranged themselves in order, and came out into shadowy distinctness, one after the other.

"An ancestress of mine," I heard him saying in his dreamy voice, "had a mirror of Venetian glass, set in a frame carved wonderfully, and swinging between twisted columns. She was a beautiful woman, with great blue eyes, and red golden hair like that of Titian's women. It was said that my ancestor loved her with such jealous rage that he could not bear her to even look at aught beside himself; even the sunlight and the evening sky were hateful to him, because her sweet eyes looked at them. She must have led a gloomy life at best, in the high castle perched upon a lonely rock, and who can wonder if the painter who came to take her portrait stirred a little blood in those pale cheeks, if only as a sudden stone disturbs the surface of some still mountain lake? Her husband watched her grimly, as she sat in her thick satin dress, sowed with great pearls, and her hair gathered beneath a diadem, and flowing in long locks behind.

"The next morning they found her lying in the great bed with its blood-red hangings—dead. The women who made the death toilette, whispered that the fair neck was dark and swollen, with the cruel gripe of strong hands; and it is said that when she laid in state, her long hair was curiously dressed, so that her neck and throat were vailed by it, and her fair pitiful face was framed like some of the Madonnas of Fra Angelico, in burning gold.

"That night my ancestor shut himself in his wife's chamber, and in the dull dawn they found him on the floor before the mirror; they lifted him, but his dark face was rigid, and his gloomy soul had gone to its appointed place. He had gone alone into the deserted room, and with his dim candle went to search in the secrets of the dead. It was midnight, and as he looked involuntarily in the mirror, out of its shadowy depths suddenly looked forth the face of his dead wife, with all the lonely wretchedness and despair of her short life gathered into her eyes. She implored him mutely to give rest to her poor wandering soul; she held him with a ghostly strength in the dark room, until she conquered, and he fell and died before her mirror. And so she was avenged."

There was a painful silence for a moment, then George laughed aloud:—"Ah, Giovanni, how easy it is for you infidel Italians to believe! "It is said, it is said," that is enough for you: who knows what your grim ancestor saw in the mirror! Did he come back to tell? His own black face might be enough to frighten the soul out of his old body. And moreover, suppose a man should choose a mirror into which no one he knew had ever looked, what then?"

Giovanni answered tranquilly, "The hand of fate would lead him silently; he would be constrained to choose the mirror holding the face which made or marred the past."

"Look Jack," George suddenly exclaimed, "it is nearly midnight; if you had a lonely room and a mirror, I would try Giovanni's theory to-night."

I had a mirror and a lonely room; an antique mirror which I had found the day before in an old shop in the City, and brought home in triumph as a veritable work of art. As Giovanni proceeded in his story a strange fancy had taken possession of me—for this mirror swung in its carved frame between two twisted columns.

"Have you a mirror, Jack?"

"Yes," I answered, "there is one in the lumber room, but George, don't try any experiments to-night; it is cold and abominable in there, and it will strike midnight immediately."

"So it will, there is not a moment to lose." He sprang up, and snatched a candle out of an old-fashioned candleabrum on the mantelpiece. As he lighted it, I was painfully struck with his restless, excited manner. As he passed me, I laid my hand on his arm; a strange fear choked my voice and oppressed me. He shook me off hastily, and laughed out:—"Why, Jack, are we fools? Do you believe in such rubbish? Bah!" He walked quickly to the door of the salon, and opened it: he looked back and made a mocking gesture of farewell to us, as we sat and stood, in dead breathless silence around the supper table, with its gay confusion, its light and flowers. Perhaps the feeling of dread which evidently had taken possession of all these reckless fellows was a sort of contagion from Giovanni and me; for the Italian sat immovable, with burning, horrorstricken eyes, and I, if I had been a woman, would have cried out or fainted. We listened to his firm footsteps, as they echoed across the wide, empty room. They stopped. The little clock on the mantel and the bell of Notre Dame began to strike. Then there rang through our ears a terrible cry, then a heavy fall, then dead silence. I was at the door in a moment, and the rest followed. I knew, before I could see, that I should find him there before the mirror. The only light was from the studio door, and from the moonlight struggling through the cobwebbed window. He lay on his face with his arms outstretched. I turned him over, and lifted up his handsome head. His teeth were clenched, his eyes wide open; the face was full of dispair and horror, but even as we looked it settled into the calm repose of death. He was dead. Dr. Laurent kneeled down beside him and bared his arm. Not a drop of blood followed the lancet, but as I still held him my heart gave a great leap at the sight of a broad golden band below the shoulder. I hastily pulled down the sleeve. I had no need to decipher the fantastic bloodred letters on it. A flood of light illumined the past months. No wonder, no wonder! I understood in a moment. There was a secret in his life, an anguish against which he might well wound himself to death. Dr. Laurent said it was disease of the heart; but Giovanni whispered in my ear, "Giacomo, it is Beatrice's "mirror," and he crossed himself furtively. After all the necessary formalities were ended, we followed him to his lonely grave. There was one person who stood with us beside the grave; a woman tall and withered, with great bright eyes, set in a brown Italian face; she said nothing, she never took her eyes off the coffin, but as they lowered it, she knelt down and stretched out her withered hands, and muttered something rapidly. Giovanni, who stood by me, said, "Amen." He thought it was a blessing, but I, who saw in her the old woman at the opera ball, knew too well that it was a curse.

To think kindly of each other is good, to speak kindly of each other is better; but to act kindly one towards another is the best of all.

LONDON LETTER.

Correspondence of the Democratic Advocate.

LONDON, Aug. 2, 1879.

An International Literary Congress recently held its first sittings in London, and, with Victor Hugo as its President and Alfred Tennyson at the head of the English committee appointed to receive the distinguished foreign visitors, it may be fairly said that the poetry of the two countries was well represented. As in all gatherings of this kind, festivity played its part; the members of the Congress were received at a Mansion House banquet, and afterwards the very Shakespearian Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon welcomed them as his guests. One of the London clubs opened its portals to all the members, while the more distinguished were the objects of cordial hospitality at some public and many private entertainments.

It is not at all surprising, that the official language of the Congress was French, for no other tongue has acquired such peculiar prominence. English is more widely spread, and Spanish is of greater commercial use in South America and the adjacent seas, while Italian has still an international superiority as the interpreter of the highest kind of music. The Courts, the aristocracies, the statesmen, and the cultivated classes in Europe, however, find French the most convenient common link. It is now what Latin was in the middle ages, and even down to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Russians and Turks, Germans and Spaniards, Italians and Swedes, Englishmen and Dutchmen, all use French in diplomatic or social intercourse. It is the inevitable second language of all who have two. A foolish Chauvinism has recently induced Prince Bismark to force German into diplomatic use and when he grew angry at Versailles he insisted upon talking it to M. Thiers. Yet, though he may thus impose some additional trouble on Foreign Office clerks in various capitals, he will do nothing to induce other nations to displace French from its international position. Though not the vehicle of the best literature of the world—in this respect second both to English and German—French is the native language of the best modern drama and of the most highly cultivated literary style.

It is curious to note that at this International Congress, mainly concerned with "copyright," the French delegates, who were anxious to make arrangements to secure their rights here, found no authorised representative of the publishers of the United States with whom to carry on negotiations. The fact is that they need not much fear being wronged by reprinting, translation, or adaption on our side the water. Though citizens of our Great Republic travel much and flock to Paris as a paradise, their ignorance of the French language is as great as was the English during the Continental War, when George III applauded one of his courtiers for refusing to learn French, and when that language was considered a kind of dialect natural enough in the manly Briton's sisters, but not to be expected from the Briton himself. Few French books are reprinted in the United States, and as to translations and adaptions, why should American publishers pay native hands for such work when they can "steal them ready made" from the English publishers. Thus, if the French authors secure their rights in England they are pretty safe from Transatlantic depredations. Nevertheless it cannot be forgotten that in a Congress professedly "International" dealing with the laws of copyright; the omission of the United States leaves a huge gap. It resembles a discussion on Mediterranean piracy in the last century with studious avoidance of Algiers. While "translation" and "adaptation," the two evils from which Frenchmen most suffer occupied the Congress for two days, not one word is said about "reproduction." The Frenchman finds himself partially robbed, his ideas are pilfered piecemeal by the Englishman, but the Englishman is swallowed body and bones by the American pirate. No "translation" or "adaptation" vexes him, he finds that he is captured whole by the enemy and sold for his profit. The highclass American publishers have lately discovered that, as Lord Beaconsfield said in 1869, "confiscation is contagious." Now, unfortunately for them, some Chicago publishers have taken to reproducing at a very cheap rate the English books republished in New York. They are, in fact, so lost to patriotism that they actually treat their own countrymen as they treat Englishmen. The astonishment and indignation of the great New York houses at this conduct is exactly the same as that of Bret Harte's Yankees, who, conspiring to cheat the "Heathen Chinee," found that he had whole packs of aces up his sleeves, and they now cry out, "Let us all be honest?" much as the hens in the stable who, finding themselves worsted by the horses, nobly exclaimed, "Let us all stop kicking!"

This is a statement from the standpoint of English authorship, but it is not more than right that we should have some reprisal for a product of the American brain which England and Europe use in many instances, without price or thanks. I refer to our mechanical and labor saving inventions.

THE CONTRARY JAPS.—A piece of cord in Japan is twisted from left to right in process of manufacture. A plane is drawn toward the person who is using it. The teeth of a saw are so "set" that it is the upward pull which cuts. Their books begin at what we call the end, turning the leaves from left to right, while the lines run up and down the page, instead of across, and the pages are numbered at the foot. The face of their clock moves and the hands are stationary. They say, "It's four o'clock," meaning that it lacks four hours of being noon, while with us it is always so much past the starting point.

One of the institutions of London is the charwoman, or chorewoman. Does a woman fail as a servant, does the eyesight of a seamstress give way, is the wife or widow of an artisan or laborer overtaken by adversity, she falls into the great army of charwomen. Some are trustworthy, and are employed for years in the same family and take care of the house. Their pay is from fifty to seventy-five cents a day, with food.

Remember, you cannot be suspicious of others without making others suspicious of you, and you cannot spend time in talking against the honesty of others without exciting the feeling that you yourself will bear watching.

If a man can be happy and contented in his own company, he will generally be good company for others.

A philosopher once told a miser:—"You do not possess your wealth, but your wealth, possesses you."

The Turks have a proverb which says that the devil tempts all other men, but that idle men tempt the devil.

Wit and Humor.

Getting a Boy to Take Castor Oil.

His loving mother said, "If you take some of the castor oil, "I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful; just a spoonful," she replied.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked:—"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite, no ile," he said, as he stepped back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor oil down me!" he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to; and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you will buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no ile."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy, and swallow it down."

"Oh yes; I'll swallow that stuff, I will," he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that castor oil down my throat.

A Lenient Judge.

Frederick Schmidt, said the Essex Market Court Justice in New York to a sleepy looking fellow, "you are fined $10 for intoxication. But what's the matter, my friend, you appear to be on the point of crying?"

"Nodings, Shudge, I was only dinking."

"Thinking? of what?"

"Vell I'll spoke it, if you told me so."

"Then I do tell you."

"I vas dinking, Shudge, dot you vas me und I vas you. Dot ish, you know, mitout no change. You vas der poor Dutchman. I saw you come in mitout friends und sorryful, und I say, "Schmidt, vat vas dose trubbles?" und you spoke out "Shudge I took me some leetle peer." Und I say mit a look on your face, "Schmidt, you vas married?" You say, "Yah." "Und got you some childer?" "Yah." "Und you don't vas so trunk as you can't valk?" "Nein." "Vell, Schmidt, you go right avay home." Und dot vas my dinking."

"Those are very pleasant thoughts," said the magistrate in good humor. "I think we'll make the fine $3, but I can't let you off altogether."

"Dree dollar! Vell, I paid it, and vas dankful; but you vas not so good a Shudge mit me as I vas mit you."

The tongue will sometimes make the most awkward slips. It is told of a clergyman in one of the towns near Boston that he had given him to read from the pulpit an announcement that "the Bellingham praying band" would conduct the services at the evening meeting; but by some strange perversity of the unruly member, the congregation were astounded with the announcement that there would be a service by the "Prayingham belly band."

Old Phineas Rice was one of the quaint types of itinerant Methodist preachers. He had a difficult charge to care for once, and when he made his report to the Conference following, he reported the church "looking up." The Bishop presiding expressed his pleasure, but asked for an explanation, because no one expected success in that parish. Mr. Rice was equal to the occasion, and added, "Well, Bishop, the church is on its back and can't look any other way."

A contributor to the *Democratic Advocate* puts this conundrum:—Can any male biped answer this question—Why is it that money is always scarce when the wife wants a new bonnet, a dress, a pair of gloves, a pair of gaiters, or a parasol? But always plenty when the husband wants a cigar, a julep, a lunch, or any other self-indulgence?

The reporter who wrote, with reference to a well known belle: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in his handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning:—"Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might been have taken for ferry boats."

An old farmer intent on making his will was asked by the lawyer the name of his wife, when he gravely replied:—"Well, indeed, I really don't recollect what it is; we've been married for upward of forty years, and I've always called her my old woman." The lawyer left a blank, to be filled up when his old woman's name was ascertained.

A worthy Baptist minister in the West gently rebuking his flock for their extravagance in dress, used the word "garbage," supposing it to be a more elegant form of "garb." Wild hilarity succeeded in the choir and horrible consternation among the devout portion of the flock.

When you see a woman going toward the river with a good sized pole in her hand, and a wrinkle across her nose, you needn't think she's going fishing. Not much; she's got a boy down that way who promised her, with tears in his eyes, he wouldn't go in swimming.

"Johnny," said a fond mother to her boy, "which would you rather do, speak French or Spanish?" "I would rather," said Johnny, rubbing his waistband and looking expressively at the table "I would rather talk Turkey."

A cynical writer says:—"Take a company of boys chasing butterflies; put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you have a beautiful panorama of the world."

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he couldn't find bread for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic, "I am obliged to work for it."

Although a funeral is a very solemn affair, it always begins with "fun"—a fact to which your attention may probably have been directed before.

Motto for the married—Never despair.