The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1884. VOL. XIX.-NO. 18.

LARGE SALE
OF VALUABLE
STOCK, FARM IMPLEMENTS, &c.

The undersigned, as administrators of John Henry Drechsler, deceased, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, will sell at the late residence of the deceased, on the Westminster and Reisterstown Turnpike, 2½ miles from Westminster, on

Wednesday, March 19th, 1884,

at 9 o'clock, A. M., sharp, the following property:—3 work horses, one of which is a brood mare, 4 years old; 3 colts, one 3 years old, by Vassal; one 2 years old, by Andrew Drechsler's Chester Lion, and one yearling, by the same horse; 16 milch cows, some will be fresh by day of sale; 8 heifers, some fresh and others will be by day of sale; young Alderney bull, 2 bulls, sow and 5 shotes; six-horse broadtread wagon, 4-horse broadtread wagon, 2-horse narrowtread wagon, spring wagon, nearly new, for one or two horses; 1 large spring wagon, 1-horse spring wagon, no-top buggy, 2 old buggies and 1 sulky, 2 sets of breechbands, 5 sets of front gears, 2 hay carriages, cart harness, buggy harness, 6-horse line, 4-horse line, housings, wagon saddle, collars, halters and bridles, threshing machine and horse power, grain drill with seed and fertilizer attachment, windmill, roller, cider mill, 3 Wiard chilled plows, 2 plug plows, 2 double shovel plows, 3 corn forks, single shovel plows, double A harrow, 2 harrows, forks, rakes, shovels, hoes, cow, log and halter chains, fifth chains, single, double and triple trees, fodder cutter, chopping mill, pickaxes, mattock, broadaxe, morticing axe, adz, set of quarrying tools, cross-cut saw, wood saw, lot of carpenter tools, 2 postdiggers, crowbars, jackscrew, block and fall, lot of rope, hay knife, hay rake, sleigh and sled, ice hooks and tongs, and many other articles necessary for conducting a first-class farm, all of which are in good condition. Also, 25 tons of clover and timothy hay by the ton, about 25 or 30 acres of growing wheat, lot of growing rye, 25 barrels of corn by the barrel, 200 bushels of potatoes by the bushel; dairy fixtures—consisting of 10 five-gallon cans, 11 three-gallon cans, 19 two-gallon cans, and 23 one-gallon cans, milk coolers, strainers, churn, &c.

Household and Kitchen Furniture, such as beds, bedsteads and bedding, cookstove and fixtures, sofa, chairs, tables, bureau, chest, book case, sausage grinder and stuffer, lot of vinegar barrels and vinegar, boxes, tubs, buckets, lot of old iron, and many other articles.

Terms of Sale.—All sums under $5, cash; on sums of $5 and over a credit of 6 months will be given on note with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale. No property to be removed until settled for.

ANNA B. DRECHSLER,
ANDREW DRECHSLER,
Administrators.

mar 1-ts Wm. Brown, Auctioneer.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
Stock and Farm Utensils.

The undersigned, intending to quit farming, will offer at public sale, on the premises, at Trevanion Mills, on the road from Uniontown to Taneytown, about three miles from either place, on

Wednesday, March 26, 1884,

at 9 o'clock, a. m., sharp, the following personal property: 1 mule, 9 good horses, heavy draft and driving horses, 2 are mares, heavy with foal to my trotting stallion Alert; some of the horses and mares are well-bred; 7 excellent milch cows of Durham and Alderney stock; 1 pedigree Durham or Short-horn bull, 2 years old; 2 2-year-old heifers, 9 head of young stock, heifers and steers, 10 head of thoroughbred Cotswold sheep, 30 to 40 head of hogs, several are brood sows; 3 extra fine pedigree Poland Chinas, many of the rest are of the Jersey Red and Poland China breeds; lot of harness, 2-horse plows, 3-horse plows, Gillelan harrow, spring harrow, Champion reaper, 6-foot cut, new; fodder cutters, separator, horse-power, threshing machine rods, threshing machine jack, wagons, 3-horse cultivator, corn cultivator, Champion new mower, 3 hay forks, new rope for hay fork, pulleys for hay fork, 2 old mowers, windmill, horse rake, old grain drill, harrows, roller, new grain drill; double A harrow, road scraper, corn coverers, sled, stone beds, wood bed, hay ladders, single shovel plows, double shovel plows, corn forks, sewing machine, treble, double and single trees, chains, grain cradles, scythes, and a great many other articles generally found on a farm. Lot of meat and lard by the pound, potatoes by the bushel.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; on sums above $10 a credit of six months will be given, purchasers giving their notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with. JOHN W. McFADDEN.

J. Hamilton Singer, M. G. Shaw, Clerks.
mar 1-ts A. Smith, Auctioneer.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Commissioners of Carroll county, at the expiration of thirty days from the date hereof, to lay out and open a public road in said county, beginning in the middle of the road leading from Taneytown to Littlestown, opposite the road leading to Peter Hilterbrick's mill, and running by an old road on the line between the lands of Samuel Galt and Joshua Koutz to the lands of Hezekiah Study; thence on the line between said Study and Koutz to the lands of John Renner; thence on the line between said Study and Renner to Heck's lot (now Dayhoof's); thence on the line between Matthew Harner and others to Tawney's lot; thence on the line between Tawney's lot and the lands of Edward Streawig to the lands of Jacob Marker; thence on the line between the lands of said Streavig and Marker to the lands of Rufus Rohrbaugh; thence on the bed of an old road and on the line between said Rohrbaugh's and Streavig's lands below a stone pile; thence across the lands of and by or near the barn of said Rohrbaugh to a pair of bars near Mrs. Mark's house; thence on the bed of the old road, through the lands of Frank E. Roberts, to the Plank road; thence on or as near as practicable on the bed of the old road to Copperville.

JESSE ROBERTS,
SAMUEL GALT,
MATTHEW HARNER,
feb 23-5t And 39 others.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF A VERY
VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOT
In the city of Westminster, Md.

By virtue of a deed of trust from James Blizzard, the undersigned trustee, will offer at public sale on the premises, on

Tuesday, the 18th day of March, 1884,

At 1 o'clock, p. m., that lot of ground fronting on Liberty street, in the city of Westminster, opposite the residence of Edward Lynch, Esq. This lot is improved by a two-story double DWELLING HOUSE, with large and commodious rooms. The attic is also plastered and finished; the cellars are ample and dry. There are also large stabling and other out-buildings, all new and well-built. For those desiring a home in town, this property offers every attraction, as everything about the property is in perfect order.

Terms of sale are:—One-third of the purchase money cash on the day of sale or upon its ratification by the Court; the balance in two equal payments of twelve and eighteen months, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security satisfactory to the trustee and bearing interest from the day of sale.

JAS. A. C. BOND,
feb 23 ts Trustee.

NO. 2147.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county sitting in Equity.

William Stultz, Jr. and Frances J. Stultz, &c. versus Ella R. Stultz and others.

Ordered this 27th day of February, 1884, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by William P. Maulsby, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 22d day of March next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $800.00.

FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
mar 1-3t FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.

WE BUY DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

TRUNKS,

VALISES and UMBRELLAS.

BY MAKING A SPECIALTY of the above named goods, we can offer great inducements.

Having had 15 Years' Experience

In this line of business, we claim to be judges of goods and to understand the wants of the people, and to give them in exchange for their money

Goods that will Please Them,

Both as to quality and price. Look at the figures:

Men's Plow Shoes	*90 cents and up.*
Ladies' Lace Shoes	*75 " "*
Child's Pegged Shoes	*45 " "*
Men's Hats	*25 " "*

A FULL LINE OF THE LATEST STYLE

STIFF HATS.

CALL AND SEE THE "FEDORA."

☞Having made arrangements with the largest manufacturers, and buying for cash, we will be enabled to give our customers such bargains as will retain their confidence and patronage. Respectfully,

U. L. REAVER & CO.,

First National Bank Building, R. R. Depot,
WESTMINSTER, MD. mar8-1y

EXECUTORS' SALE
OF VALUABLE
Stock and Farming Utensils.

The undersigned, executors of James A. Richardson, late of Carroll county, deceased, by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, passed on the 3d day of March, A. D., 1884, will sell at public auction, on

Thursday, 20th day of March, A. D., 1884,

at 9 o'clock, a. m., on the farm of the late James A. Richardson, known as "Beaver Meadows," one mile from Finksburg, Carroll county, Maryland, the following valuable personal property, to wit:—2 work horses, Tom and Prince; 2 mares in foal, Gipsey and Dolly; bay carriage horse, Don; gray mare, Bessie; colt, 2 years old; 2 colts, yearlings; 4 cows, some fresh by day of sale; one "grade" bull; 4 sows and pigs, pure Jersey Reds; 7 large shoats, 10 small shoats, twenty-months-old barrow; 2-horse family carriage, jagger wagon, spring wagon, dog cart, four-horse broadtread wagon, two-horse narrowtread wagon, Champion single reaper, Champion single mower, Willoughby grain drill, one, two or three-horse springtooth harrow, 2 Acme harrows, Thomas smoothing harrow, 2 rollers, 2 double shovel plows, 4 single shovel plows, Syracuse 2-horse plow, Remington 2-horse plow, Davis chilled plow, patent horse power, for four horses; also one patent circular saw, with movable table, new; set of double carriage harness, set of single carriage harness, set of spring wagon carriage harness, 3 riding saddles, side saddle, wagon saddle, 4 riding bridles, 2 sets breeching, wagon harness, 2 sets lead gears, 5 collars, 4 wagon bridles, 4 sets of plow harness, cart, 6 halters, 12 cow chains, set of cart harness, grindstone, churn, lot of garden tools, such as axes, mattocks, shovels, spades, forks, hoes, &c.; corn sheller, scythes, cradles, grain sacks, fodder cutter, 2 corn forks, 2 corn coverers, lot of chickens and ducks, lot of furniture and household and kitchen utensils.

Terms.—All sums under $5, cash; on sums of $5 and over a credit of six months will be given, purchasers giving their notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until settled for.

WM. H. MILLIKIN, JOHN R. KELSO, Jr. } Executors.
Wm. H. Blizzard, Auctioneer.
mar 8-ts Jabez A. Bush, Clerk.

VALUABLE HORSES, MULES, SHOTES, &c., AT PUBLIC SALE.

Intending to reduce stock of Horses, Mules, &c., will offer for sale, on

MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1884,

at 9, a. m., at their farm, known as the Meadows, at Stonersville, on the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike road leading from Westminster to Littlestown, the following personal property: 6 SPLENDID HORSES AND COLTS, SIRED BY THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE VASSAL, as follows: 2 ELEGANT YOUNG DRIVING HORSES, well broken to single or double harness, free goers, splendid drivers and of great endurance, afraid of nothing, can be driven right up to a locomotive; STALLION COLT, 3 years old, dark chestnut, 16 hands high and very handsome; has been handled single and double and very gentle; will make a magnificent horse; the attention of stock farmers is called to him; also one SORREL GELDING, 3 years old, has been driven occasionally and is kind and gentle; will make a splendid driver with proper attention; one SORREL MARE COLT, 4 years old, a beauty, will make an elegant single driver, very gentle; has also been used single and double. These Horses and Colts are worth the attention of parties wishing good stock, as they are all as represented. ONE PERCHERON HORSE, suitable for any work, well broken, kind, and any child can drive him; grey in color and very large. 4 GOOD MULES, broken to all work, 2 of them good leaders. Also 20 THRIVING SHOTES, Wagon Gears, 2 Buggies, single and double Carriage Harness, Collars, &c., Farming Implements, &c. For further particulars see posters.

B. F. SHRIVER & CO.
mar 1-ts Wm. Brown, Auct'r.

BIRTH-DAY

—AND—

EASTER CARDS.

NOW OPENING

A HANDSOME LINE, to which we invite attention of

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

AND

STATIONERY DEALERS.

Order a sample of our ONE-DOLLAR

STYLOGRAPHIC PEN.

WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,
Wholesale Booksellers and Stationers,
332 and 334 W. Baltimore St.,
feb 23 BALTIMORE, MD.

WM. H. BLIZZARD, Auctioneer, learning that R. Charles Matthews has discontinued Auctioneering Sales of Personal Property, offers his services to those who have engaged Mr. Matthews and the public generally. Seventeen years experience. Satisfaction guaranteed and terms moderate. Address Wm. H. Blizzard, Patapsco, Carroll county, Md. Orders can also be left with G. W. Crapster, Westminster, Md. feb 9-tap1

AXES, the best in the market, for sale by A. N. STEPHAN.

SHARRER BROS.,

CLOTHIERS

AND

MERCHANT TAILORS,

HAVE MOVED INTO

THE

NEW WANTZ BUILDING

And now show the largest stock

OF

Cloths, Cassimeres, Worsteds,

SUITINGS, &c.,

From which their customers can select.

OUR STOCK OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING

AND

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

Cannot be excelled in the State.

☞WE MAKE A SPECIALTY of this business; therefore, we carry a larger variety of goods than any other house in the county.

Prices as low as first-class goods will justify.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER

AND

FITS GUARANTEED.

SHARRER BROS.,
oct13 Westminster, Md.

A FULL AND CHOICE LINE

OF FRESH AND

☞ PURE GROCERIES ☜

may now be found at the popular store of

M. C. STRASBURGER,

Main street, in the room formerly occupied by Theodore Derr, next door to the Central Hotel. I am now prepared to supply housekeepers with

Raisins, Currants, Cranberries, Citron, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Cocoanuts, Nuts, Fruit, Cakes, Crackers, &c., at Bottom Prices.

Our Confectionery Department

Is full and complete, and cannot be surpassed in quality, as we handle only

PURE AND FRESH FRENCH AND AMERICAN CANDIES,

Of all kinds and descriptions, and sell them way down. Call and see them.

☞ **Glass and Tableware** ☜

We have a full line of the latest designs and patterns of Glassware, Goblets, Tumblers, Wine and Toilet Sets, Vases, Castors, Cake and Fruit Stands, Fancy Glass Dishes, Table and Tea Spoons, all of which we offer at low prices.

In Our Grocery Department

Will be found a Large and Fresh Stock of Red Sugar for Icing, Light Brown Sugar, only 7 cents per pound; best White Sugar for 9 cents per pound, Green and Roasted Coffees, Fine Teas, Fresh Spices, Canned Goods, Limburger and Cream Cheese, Hominy, Dried Fruits, Syrups, Potatoes, Apples, Beans, Peas, Flour, Buckwheat and Corn Meal, Bologna Sausage, Coal Oil.

FRESH MINCE-MEAT

Always a SPECIALTY. Rum and Brandies for Mince-Meat; also other kinds of Liquors. Come and see our 5-CENT COUNTER, where you will find many useful articles for use and presents.

BOOTS AND SHOES for the MILLION AT

M. C. STRASBURGER'S,
Adjoining W. H. Grumbine's Tin Store,
dec 8-tf Westminster, Md.

A. H. HUBER,

NO. 3 CARROLL HALL,

DEALER IN

DRUGS,

CHEMICALS,

PATENT MEDICINES,

AND PERFUMERY.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO PHYSICIANS' ORDERS AND PRESCRIPTIONS.

april 25-tf

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS for sale at this office.

FOR SIXTY DAYS ONLY!

$7,000.00 WORTH

—OF—

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

TRUNKS, VALISES,

UMBRELLAS, &c.

TO BE SOLD

REGARDLESS OF COST.

GREAT BARGAINS,

As I am determined to clean up my Winter Goods, and at prices lower than ever quoted in Carroll county. Call and be convinced.

WM. H. BIXLER,
AT THE OLD STAND,
Zeiber Building, Near Railroad,
WESTMINSTER, MD. m1-tf

WATCHES and JEWELRY.

A. H. WENTZ

Is sole agent for the

ROCKFORD QUICK TRAIN WATCH.

Buy no other if you want

A GOOD, RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER.

He also has other

AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES

at greatly reduced prices, from $11 upwards.

MANY NOVELTIES IN

PINS, EAR RINGS,
CUFF BUTTONS,
BRACELETS, RINGS,
CHAINS, &c.,

SILVER & SILVER-PLATED WARE

In great variety. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Ask for the Rockford Watch, and Buy no Other.

A. H. WENTZ,
Opposite Catholic Church,
mar 1-4t Westminster, Md.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

—FURNITURE—

$5,000 WORTH TO BE SOLD

WITHIN THE NEXT 60 DAYS,

REGARDLESS OF COST.

Parties desiring to purchase will do well to call and examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere, and we will convince you that

WE SELL AS LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN THE COUNTY, TAKING QUALITY OF GOODS INTO CONSIDERATION.

J. GEISELMAN & SON,
mar 8-2m Westminster, Md.

NO. 1785 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county.

Charles T. Reifsnider, Attorney and Trustee, vs. John Alban and Frances M. Alban, his wife.

Ordered this 7th day of March, A. D. 1884, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of March inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
mar 8-2t FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.

NO. 2150 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county.

Ephraim Haines and wife versus Mary E. Haines and others.

Ordered this 6th day of March, A. D. 1884, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of March inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
mar 8-2t FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.

SILKS and Satins at Albaugh's, Westminster, Md.

Original Poetry.

THE PAST.

Written for the Democratic Advocate
BY J. S. G.

We live, we move, still night and busy day
Grow into months, and months pass into years;
Change rules us all with its remorseless sway,
Now cheers with hope, now mocks our anxious fears.

Swiftly we follow Fancy's waving light
That lures with smiles fair as the rainbow's gleam,
But vanishes forever on the sight,
As fades the fleeting splendor of a dream.

The future cheats our vision, nor unfolds
Its hidden secrets to the mortal ken;
Within its close shut gates securely holds
The coming days and destinies of men.

We may not know what evil thing shall fall
Across our life thro' the slow-stepping years;
We only know there waiteth for us all
The shocks of fate, the heritage of tears.

Why strive we still with speculations vain
To read the mystic scroll of destiny?
Why stand upon the shores of time and strain
Our human gaze to pierce eternity?

'Tis vain! 'tis vain! the tale remains untold
To listening ears! silent the lips of stone,
While clouds and gloom the coming scenes unfold,
Save the one tremulous ray that hope has thrown.

Yet though uncertainty hangs like a pall
Upon the future, and its darkness lowers,
The present is, ah yes, but more than all
The glories of the fruitful past are ours.

The storied past! how like a vision bright
Its hills delectable in beauty shine;
Their towering summits bathed in radiant light,
And clothed with majesty almost divine.

There knowledge lifts to heaven her hundred domes
With treasure stored more rich than gems of gold;
Within her spacious halls have made their homes
The secrets which the centuries have told.

There dwell the heroes who the sacrifice
Of life did make for freedom's cause sublime,
Whose valorous deeds for evermore shall rise
Like stately pillars o'er the wastes of time.

There dwell the bards, who in the days of old
Sang of the triumphs of the age afar;
When men of every nation shall behold
The peaceful splendor of truth's risen star.

Shakespeare is there, whose lustre never dies;
Whose mind transcendent rose like some great sun,
And shall within the depths of thought's clear skies
Blaze evermore while circling ages run.

There we may wander 'mid the classic glades,
Or on the bank of classic streams recline;
Enter with Dante the infernal shades,
Or climb with Milton to the heights divine.

We share with them the mutual sympathies
Which makes us kin by nature's kindly bands,
And 'cross the widening gulf of centuries
We reach and clasp inseparable hands.

Ours th' inheritance by right inviolate
Of all that heroes wrought or bards have sung,
And all the wealth of that sublime estate
Of thought, slow-gathered since the world was young.

Then let uncertainty its darkness lower
Upon the future and its shadow cast;
It cannot touch the mind's perpetual dower
Nor dim the immortal splendor of the past.

Select Story.

STEPHANIE.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

"How on earth could we love her? She had caused us such bitter disappointment!"

"And how could Gerald care for a pale, strange-looking little witch, with her queer name from her French mother? For witch, of course, she must be to have fascinated our fastidious brother to the extent of marrying her."

Gerald was our only brother, 26 years of age, tall and *svelte* and handsome, and the idol of his sisters—two of us—one widowed and the other, myself, an old maid.

Few sisters are perfectly satisfied, as a rule, when their brother has found some one dearer to him than those who have loved him and administered to his comforts all their lives. Yet I really think we should have been moderately content if his choice had been to our taste.

Why it had not been so was just a mystery. Edith Falconer, whom we had set our hearts on seeing Mrs. Gerald Fane, was a "daughter of the gods," tall and divinely fair, and it puzzled us how his heart or his fancy could have traveled towards the daughter of a Canadian planter, when our letters were constantly full of Edith's beauty and Edith's goodness, and when we had made a point of dilating on her attractions from morn till eve whenever he was at home.

Edith was with us when the letter came bidding us welcome his wife, and I saw the surprise and disappointment legibly written in her beautiful blue eyes.

Not that Edith was really in love with him, but she had always felt an enormous interest in the brother of her dearest friends—an interest which we fully thought would ripen into love.

And this is what Gerald wrote:

"I shall bring her to you, my poor, stricken little Stephanie. She would be quite alone in the wide world now if it was not for me! We were married beside the death-bed of her father, and she was scarcely a wife before she was wholly an orphan, with never a relative on earth. I have promised her so much love from you both that she will not, I know, feel the loss of mother and sister, who were drowned on their way out to America—while I shall fill the place of all others—father, brother, husband."

As we read this we felt convinced how it was that Gerald had married her. It was from sheer pity. We fully decided this point, and it did not make us feel more pleasantly on the subject, for we were sure that poor Gerald had been victimized, sacrificed, &c.

We went about our preparations, however, for their coming, furnished the rooms newly and prettily, and did our best to insure comfort to the bride, but it must be confessed our hearts were not in our work.

On the evening they were expected we had no one at the house, thinking Stephanie would prefer it so. That is, we had only Edith Falconer—but then she was just one of ourselves.

Gerald looked handsomer than ever as he sprang out of the carriage and rushed up the steps, and with a radiant face kissed us both. Then he ran down again and lifted out a tiny figure, which he bore in his arms as if it had been a child, and, placing it before us, said:

"Here's my darling!—the sweetest little darling that ever trod the earth!"

He went away then to attend to the luggage, and she made a sort of movement as if to rush after him, but stopped abruptly. Then, with quivering lips, she lifted her glance to us with a helpless, wistful look; but presently a softer light crept into her great dark, wild-looking eyes, and she clasped our hands and bent and kissed them.

After this we took her into the drawing-room and introduced her to Edith, and I saw her queer, dark little face brighten up strangely as Edith greeted her affectionately.

"Please call me Ste and not Mrs. Fane," she whispered, in a low, frightened voice; "my heart yearns to be called by that name. Papa loved it so!" and, turning her face away, she sobbed once or twice.

Gerald came in just then, and, shaking hands with Edith, went over to his wife at once.

"Come, my bird! You had better let my sisters show you to your room so as you can trim your feathers a little," he said, lovingly stroking back the soft, fluffy dark hair gently from the forehead. My sister carried her off at once and of course Gerald followed. He did not seem able to take his eyes off her for a moment.

"What a queer little fright she is—she looks like an elf! He must only have married her from pity, I suppose!" I could not help saying.

"Not a fright, surely!" Edith answered quickly. "We see her in an unfavorable moment. Her grief has told on her face, but she has glorious eyes, and I can see what took Gerald. It is her winning manner—just like a petted child's."

I glanced at Edith admiringly, thinking what an angel of forgiveness she was, and when the bride came down again I took a malicious pleasure in comparing her with Edith.

Edith, so fair and so lovely, with hair like spun gold and a wild rose bloom on her cheeks, and a graceful, willowy figure. And Ste—to call her by the curious abbreviation she wished—so small and dusky, with a colorless skin and nothing to recommend her but two immense black eyes, which certainly were as lustrous as twin stars and soft as velvet.

Later in the evening, when dinner was over and Edith had drawn her away to look at Gerald's drawings, he came up and sat down by me.

"Ellen, you must not form an opinion of Ste's attractions now," he whispered, earnestly; "she is not herself; naturally she is as bright and happy as a bird, and altogether charming. You must help me to chase away her trouble and bring back her smiles. And then, you don't know how pretty my little one is when she smiles," he went on, enthusiastically.

And wondering how she could ever be pretty, I forgot to answer. So after a momentary pause he said:

"Edith is more beautiful than ever, I see!"

"Ah!" I thought, "he could not help comparing these two—the girl he had needlessly thrown aside and the girl he had linked himself to for life."

It was not long before Ste "was more like herself," as Gerald said. Her sorrow had been so wild and so passionate that naturally it soon wore itself out. The color came back to her dark cheeks, additional luster to her eyes, and I could often hear her carolling snatches of songs.

They were mostly French ones—some with a wonderful pathos ringing through them; and the pronunciation of her maternal tongue was the prettiest thing imaginable. Yes, she was growing merry enough.

Gerald's love was so perfect and he filled the place of father, brother and husband so entirely, as he had said, that he left her nothing to wish for.

My sister was growing very fond of her, and declared her to be remarkably pretty, but I could see no beauty in her, neither could I love her—my devotion to Edith utterly precluded it.

Ste grew to be popular with Gerald's men friends, too. They thought her charming, and his especial friend, a young fellow who was rapidly rising in his profession, and who had been an admirer of Edith's, came more frequently than the rest.

Before Gerald's marriage Dr. Percival had made small progress in his wooing, but since Edith had seemed more favorable inclined toward him.

He was passionately fond of singing and had a superb voice. Edith could not sing a note, but Ste's and Mark Percival's voices blended splendidly together. Thus hours were spent, every hour, I thought, that he could spare from his practice, in these duets.

And Gerald, who was also *fanatico per la music*, never seemed to tire of listening to the two.

I was very wicked, I know. I really believed Ste to be artful and designing; her childlike, blithe manner I fancied was assumed. I saw how happy she was in the hours spent in Mark Percival's society, and it made me dislike her ten times more for finding pleasure anywhere but with her husband.

I consoled myself with believing that she was trying to bewitch poor Edith's lover as she had bewitched my brother, and listened indignantly when she said in her pretty, childish fashion:

"I wish Edith and Dr. Percival would come; it's getting quite late and they are not here yet, and I miss them so! Isn't Dr. Percival handsome and accomplished Ger?"

I don't think a doubt of her ever entered his mind until I put it there. I began with a look or a little word opportunely dropped.

Then I rushed into the thing suddenly, and shall never forget the expression of pain on his face when I said:

"Mark Percival admires Ste very much, Gerald. How well their voices suit! I think if he had chanced to meet her before her marriage you would have had a very formidable rival!"

He did not answer; he grew dreadfully white, and, biting his lips, turned away.

But I had not done.

There was an excuse for me, for I loved my brother with all my heart, and I was jealous for him.

"Hasn't Ste a wonderful, powerful voice for such a little creature?"

"That is a lovely thing she is singing now. It is Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' isn't it?" he answered quietly.

"Yes; her favorite song or rather Mark Percival's, which is about the same!"

He looked at me sternly for the first time in his life, and then said:

"You have never really loved anyone, Ellen. But be careful that you don't plant thorns that may prick you more than anyone else."

His words were prophetic. How deeply I repented my wickedness no one knows. Yet at this time I hated Ste for being the cause of the first rebuke that Gerald had given me, and in Edith's ear I put a word now and then that soon built up a wall of ice between her and my brother's wife.

Gerald grew silent and even a little morose.

And Ste felt it, and was hurt that he did not tell her the cause of his change. She became reserved, crushing back her loving impulses; and as Mark Percival's visits had suddenly grown less frequent, Gerald thought Ste was grieving over this. Gerald, who was not a rich man, and an artist by profession, worked by night as well as by day—worked to keep himself from thinking. And so some months went by. He was looking miserable, at last, and Ste, declaring he was really ill, begged him to take a rest. Her anxiety chasing away her latter reserve, she insisted on his seeing a physician, but he steadily refused. She begged then that she might send for Mark Percival.

When she said that I looked at Gerald—a look that spoke volumes. She just wanted an excuse to have him again near her, I thought, and my glance told that and more.

Then there came into Gerald's blue eyes an expression that defied my understanding. I could not tell if it was a defiance of me or a curious sort of resignation to the will of a woman whom he worshipped with all his soul.

"Yes," he said, languidly, "send for Percival, if it will relieve your mind."

The next day Mark Percival came, and for a long while he and Gerald were closeted together, while Ste and my sister and myself were told not to go near the room, but when Mark Percival came out into the hall Ste spied him from the lawn, and in a moment she was by his side, speaking intently—so intently that she never saw my eyes watching from a bow-window in the morning room that jutted out, giving a view of the rest of the building.

By and by they went down the steps, side by side, into the garden, and I heard him say, in rather a low voice:

"He must stop work and rest a little, Mrs. Fane. He complains of a pricking sensation in his right side and shoulder. I do not like that. It is rather unfavorable. Still, with our united care, and with rest, I think we shall bring him around."

And Ste answered him with a smile. I could not see that, and believed that she was young and sanguine, and that she never realized her husband's danger. How could I give her credit for this when I suspected her—suspected as foully as I could—that it was not Gerald whom she loved, but—Mark Percival.

Gerald was resolved to work on in spite of everything. We were not rich, he said, and work was necessary then for several weeks. Ste, instead of passing the hours in his studio, as she used to do, would remain in her own room with her door locked—sulking, I told our sister.

At last one day a blow fell on us all—a dreadful blow and harder to me since I believed I had helped to bring it—that perhaps I was really the instrument that had dealt it. Had I not made my brother unhappy? Perhaps he would not have worked so incessantly in the vain hope of banishing thought.

Ste found him one bright summer's day apparently lifeless beside his easel, and for weeks he lingered, hovering, as it were, between us and eternity.

And his wife, remorseful of her treachery and want of faith, seemed to have no thought but him. She never left him for a moment, and if she slept it was by snatches only, with her head against his pillow, when his slightest movement would awaken her.

After what seemed an age of anxiety to us the doctor said he would live, but never more to work, for Gerald's right arm was paralyzed. I had been growing less bitter in my feelings towards Ste during my brother's illness—she seemed to be really so devoted to him. But when they said he was not to work any more with his brush a look of triumph came into her eyes which puzzled me, and again I began to doubt her, and the doubt grew stronger when I saw her meet Mark Percival in the porch, and stand for many a minute in earnest whispered conversation. Once—from behind a Laurentinus bush—I saw her place her hand on his arm, and look up into his face, her great, wild, dark eyes full of glittering tears, while she said, with quivering lips:

"How much longer? Oh, these last weeks have been centuries to me. And if—oh, if you have not been deceiving me—I may hope"——

"Everything!" he answered, interrupting her, and taking the mite of a hand in his. "I tell you that you have not many days to wait, and then we shall both be very happy."

Upon this Ste smiled up into his handsome eyes with a strange, wistful yearning look that drove me almost wild with the bitterest anger and suspicion. Now I dare not even look back to the horrible feeling that filled my heart with regard to the woman whom my brother had made his wife, and in whom he had placed his happiness, his infinite faith, and, more than all, his honor.

But Gerald was in a weak and critical state, and I did not dare to warn him of what I feared. He was very loving and tender to her, and I could see his eyes follow her slight figure wherever she moved with an expression of mingled affection and doubt that was sad to look upon.

When one day she heard Mark Percival's voice at the door, she darted out of the room to meet him, forgetful of a mass of roses on her lap with which she was making a bouquet, and heedless of the lovely fragile flowers in her haste and evident agitation, she trod out their beauty with her feet.

Then I heard Gerald murmur to himself, "Poor little one! She is so young! I hoped to make her happy, but I am so grave and quiet that she cannot love me. God give me strength to bear it!"

I told my sister of this, but she would hardly listen. She had bewitched her and she declared that my brother's wife was a thoughtless child, but nothing worse.

The death of the summer had come and autumn brought its wailing wind, and the leaves died in company with the long brigh-days, wrapped in splendid cerements ot rainbow hues. And Gerald grew no betf ter.

The truth was, that he did not care to live.

She was in a state of feverish excitement, which seemed to grow worse each hour. One day I felt the crisis was near. Her cheeks burnt with two red spots; her eyes had a wilder look, and I knew that her ear was strained to catch every sound of coming footsteps.

At last she heard the welcome sound of Mark Percival's laugh. He had not been near us for a whole week, and regardless of us, she flew down the stairs to him.

I heard him exclaim:

"Hurrah! it's all right."

And her answer was:

"God bless you! how good you are."

In another moment or two she ran upstairs again and I followed her, but if she was aware of my supervision, she did not care.

Gerald was reclining in an easy chair; his face was ashy pale and he looked a shadow of his old self; but still his face was beautiful in its classical features, and its large, deep blue eyes, over which a fond look always crept when his wife came near.

Ste threw herself on her knees before him, and, catching his thin, white hand, she kissed it passionately.

"At last I can tell you," she gasped between tears and smiles; "you will doubt me no longer, Ger, and forgive me for having had a secret from you; I dared not tell, I was so fearful of a failure. See, Ger, darling, there is no need for you to paint any more; I shall work for you, for us all. Oh, Ger! wont it be a labor of love?"

And she held before him a letter from one of the best firms of publishers in London.

He looked at it, then at her, as if just awaking from a strange, wild dream. Before he could speak, however, she dived into her pocket and drew out a roll of banknotes and thrust them into his hand.

"This is yours, Ger, all yours; I am all yours, am I not? And I shall have more, much more, I hope; oh, do speak to me Ger; say one little word, please?"

Gerald drew her to him with all the strength left to him and kissed her fondly; oh, the radiant joy that beamed over his poor, wan face as he murmured:

"Thank God, thank God, you are all my own, my Ste."

I stole away then. I wanted to hide myself from their sight. How dreadfully I had wronged her. Could she ever forgive me?

Well, I did the most sensible thing I could; I made a clean breast of everything, and Ste forgave me fully and freely, with her slender arms around my neck, and in her great black eyes an honest affection, and she laughed in her own elfish, merry fashion as she said:

"So you thought I could look at any one else in the world when I had Ger, my own, own Ger, to look at and love, with all my might and main?"

Gerald is quite resigned to the will of heaven now. True, he cannot put his thoughts on canvas, but he tells them to Ste, and she, in her charming manner, weaves them into romances that win her fame and give us luxuries in our home that we never had before.

How much she gives us, does little Ste, and the best gift of all is her love—it is so true, so unselfish.

She has given us something else, too, to brighten the old house. It is a tiny boy, with golden curls and large, serious blue eyes, like Gerald's, and the sweetest smile, like his mother. They have christened him Raymond, after Ste's father, but he is a snatch of sunshine to us all, so we call him "Ray."

My life is devoted to him. I love him with a love devoid of selfishness—a love purified by experience and suffering and remorse.

Railroads up Mountains.

From Demorest's Monthly for February.

America is the scene of many notable railway enterprises. We have such a diversity of surface that great engineering difficulties have to be overcome which are not thought of in other countries. One of the most difficult feats is to get to the top of a mountain in a steam car. This has been accomplished frequently, however, and by different devices. At Mount Washington the railway climbs the uprise, advancing foward like a cat climbing a tree. The iron clamps or claws are pulled up by main force. It is a novel sensation to ascend Mount Washington, while the descent seems still more perilous. At Central City, Colorado, a different method obtains. The cars move forward, then backward, but each change switches them off to a higher elevation. After plying to and fro, like a bobbin in a weaver's loom, the cars at length reach the top of the mountain. It is now proposed to build a railroad to the top of Pike's Peak, the summit of which is 14,000 feet above the sea level—that is, 8,000 feet higher than Mount Washington. In this case the road will run around the mountain, in a sort of spiral path until it reaches the top. The entire distance from the base to the summit will prabably be forty miles. When completed, the road will be one of the wonders of the country, for the traveller in ascending Pike's Peak will meet at every mile a new scene, the one more picturesque than the other. The first twelve miles will be of surpassing beauty. Camping grounds will be located at various points, where people can live in tents enjoying the pure air and weird grandeur of the Rocky Mountains, while in constant receipt by railway of all the necessities and some of the luxuries obtained in large cities. Another mountain railway will be up the Catskills, which will carry travellers to some of the grandest and most picturesque scenery in the world. An ingenious dreamer predicts the construction of a railway extending from Alaska to Patagonia and running on the top of the mountain ranges of North and South America. Who dare say that even this wild scheme may not some day be realized?

Rise of the Ohio River at Cincinnati.

The following table gives a comparative view of the highest points touched by the river at Cincinnati during fifty-two years. Until the present last year had been the highest record, with 66 feet four inches at 5 o'clock in the morning on February 15. On the 14th of February at noon the river was 71 feet ¾ of an inch, and at 8 p. m. had begun to fall. Not since the years 1832 and 1847 had the river risen near so high as in 1883 and the present year.

Year.	Feet.	Inches.
1832—Feb 18	64	3
1847—Dec 17	63	7
1858—June 16	43	10
1859—Feb 22	55	5
1860—Aplril 16	49	2
1861—Aplril 19	49	5
1862—Jan. 24	57	4
1863—March 12	42	9
1864—Dec. 23	45	1
1865—March 7	56	3
1866—Sept. 26	42	6
1867—March 14	55	8
1868—March 30	48	3
1869—April 2	48	9
1870—Jan. 19	55	3
1871—May 13	40	6
1872—April 13	41	9
1873—Dec 18	44	5
1874—Jan. 11	47	11
1875—Aug. 6	55	5
1876—Jan. 29	51	9
1877—Jan. 20	53	9
1878—Dec. 15	41	5
1879—Dec. 27	42	9
1880—Feb. 17	53	2
1881—Feb. 16	50	7
1882—Feb. 21	58	7
1883—Feb. 15	66	4
1884—Feb. 14	71	1

The Swallowtail Point Lighthouse.

The light in the lighthouse on Swallowtail Point, on the northern end of Grand Manan, is the highest and most powerful in the Dominion of Canada. The lighthouse is situated on the rocks, eighty-five feet out of water. It is of wood, painted white, and is fastened down with heavy cables. It is 32 feet in circumference at the base, and 60 feet high, making in all 145 feet above the level of the sea. The light consists of eleven lamps, placed against sliver-plated reflectors, and consumes about 1000 gallons of oil annually. It is expected that a large fog-bell will soon be added to the station. Some idea of the fury of the storms which rage around Swallow-Tail Ledge in winter, can be formed from the fact that, although the light is 145 feet above the seas, the spray dashes over the lantern and flies white like a snowdrift across the path leading to the keeper's dwelling, so that he has to watch his opportunity to run from one point to the other. The light was finished in 1860, and but one keeper, Mr. Kent, has been in charge ever since, he being only 20 years old at the time of his appointment.—*Toronto Globe.*

A clever maiden lady once said that it was far better to be laughed at because you were not married than not to be able to laugh because you were. There is sound logic in that. It is well for woman to marry if she meets a good, true man, who loves her, and whom she loves; if not she had better remain single.