The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1884. VOL. XIX.-NO. 42.

VALUABLE FARMS and Superior WOOD LAND,

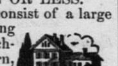
Near Westminster, Carroll County, Md., AT PUBLIC SALE.

By the authority of Joshua Sellman and wife, and for his account, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

Thursday, the 4th day of September, A. D. 1884, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following valuable Farms and choice Timber Land: First, a farm containing

244 ACRES, 3 ROODS AND 32 PERCHES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements thereon consist of a large and substantial Stone Dwelling House with backbuilding, porches, cellar, &c., large bank barn, newly built, with threshing floors, ample stabling, granaries, &c., conveniently arranged; dairy, smoke house, wagon shed, hog house, and a number of other out-buildings, water convenient to the buildings, good spring, orchard of apple and other choice fruit, the fields are laid off in convenient size, with running water. The buildings and fences are all in excellent repair, and the land is in a high state of cultivation. There is a large quantity of superior meadow land, and 40 to 50 acres is heavily covered with choice timber, oak, hickory and chestnut, chiefly oak.



Second, a farm containing

105 ACRES AND 30 PERCHES of LAND, more or less. There are no buildings upon this tract. This farm is in a good state of cultivation, conveniently watered, and a large proportion is in excellent timber, white oak, hickory, black oak, maple, chestnut, &c.

Third, a farm containing

42 ACRES AND 2 PERCHES, more or less, about one-half is in choice timber, oak, chestnut, &c., and is conveniently watered, also; the cleared land is of the most productive character. There is also on this parcel a limestone quarry, and large quantities are believed to exist there, which with little cost can be developed into valuable quarries.

Also the following valuable Wood Land:

Lot No. 1 contains 20 Acres, 2 Roods and 23 Perches, more or less.

Lot No. 2 contains 16 Acres, 1 Rood and 31 Perches, more or less.

Lot No. 3 contains 5 Acres, 3 Roods and 15 Perches, more or less.

Lot No. 4 contains 4 Acres, 2 Roods and 26 Perches, more or less.

Lots No. 5 No. 6, No. 7, No. 8 and No. 9, each contain 5 Acres and 14 Perches, more or less.

Lot No. 10 contains 5 Acres and 10 Perches, more or less.

Lot No. 11 contains 22 Acres, more or less.

Lot No. 12 contains 8 Acres, 3 Roods and 21 Perches, more or less.

Convenient roads are provided for the woodland and farms.

All the above property is the most desirable that has been placed upon the market for many years.

The farms are of good soil and produce well, and all the land is naturally of good quality. The woodland is all of first-class quality, a very small portion of the timber land has been cut over, the timber is well matured and stands heavily upon the land.

This property is located on the road leading from Westminster to Warfieldsburg, is about one mile from Warfieldsburg, about five miles from Westminster, about 2½ miles from two stations on the Western Maryland R. R., and adjoins the land of Messrs. Joseph Lindsey, John Smith and others. These farms and woodland are convenient to market, churches, mills, schools, &c.

An opportunity is here offered for the purchase of such property as is seldom presented.

A plat and survey of all the property has been made by a competent surveyor which will be exhibited on the day of sale, and any further information in reference to the same will be furnished upon application, either to Mr. Joshua Sellman, or the undersigned, at Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof, one-third in one year, and the other one-third in two years from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Attorney and Trustee.

aug 9-ts R. C. Matthews, Auctioneer.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE,

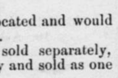
In Manchester District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2243 on the docket of said Court, wherein John W. Tracy next friend of Andrew L. Bowser et. als. is complainant, and Andrew L. Bowser and Charlotte L. Bowser are defendants, the undersigned, Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situate on the Black Rock road, about one-half mile from Lineboro' Station on the Baltimore and Hanover Railroad, and about one mile from Black Rock Station on the Bachman Valley Railroad, adjoining the lands of said John W. Tracy and others, on

Saturday, the 6th day of September, A. D. 1884, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the following lots of land:

Lot No. 1, situate as above described, contains

10 ACRES AND 2 ROODS OF LAND, more or less, and is improved with a comfortable Log Dwelling House, Stable and other out-buildings. An excellent spring of water is near the house. There is a good orchard in bearing condition. The land has been recently limed.



Lot No. 2, adjoins Lot No. 1, and contains

8 ACRES AND 1 ROOD OF LAND, more or less. Lot No. 3, adjoins Lot No. 2, and contains

14 ACRES AND 3 ROODS OF LAND, more or less; is well wooded with oak and chestnut.

The above Lots are well located and would make excellent building lots.

If the above lots are not sold separately, they will be offered in a body and sold as one lot.

Terms of Sale.—One-third in cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof by the Court, the balance to be paid in equal instalments of one and two years respectively, with interest from day of sale, and to be secured to the satisfaction of Trustee.

JOHN W. TRACY, Trustee.

E. Frank Tracy, Charles B. Roberts, } Solicitors.

At the same time and place will be sold the following Personal Property:—A lot of wheat, a lot of oats, double shovel plow, single shovel plow, corn fork, wheelbarrow, grain cradle, forks, axes, a lot of barrels and tubs, 2 bedsteads and bedding, 4 chests, 2 bureaus, half dozen chairs, 2 rocking chairs, clock, tenplate stove and pipe and other articles.

Terms of Sale.—Cash on all sums of five dollars and under; on sums above five dollars a credit of six months will be given, purchasers to give their notes with approved security bearing interest from day of sale.

JOHN W. TRACY,
Trustee.

aug 9-ts

SPRINGFIELD INSTITUTE, A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL for girls, near Sykesville, B. &. O. R. R., will re-open SEPTEMBER 8th, 1884. Location healthy and attractive; building new and commodious; instruction thorough; standard of scholarship high; course of study comprehensive. Vocal and Instrumental Music will receive special attention. Limited number of boarders received. Terms moderate. Circulars at Cushing & Bailey's, Baltimore.

For further particulars address
REV. S. W. BEACH, of Baltimore, or Misses BEACH, Principals, Sykesville,
aug 2-tf Carroll county, Md.

A CARD—To Suffering Humanity.

DR. A. B. ALBAUGH,

Late of Indianapolis, Indiana, now located in Westminster, Md., MAKES A SPECIALTY OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Liver Complaint, and all Female Complaints, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, St. Vitus' Dance, Epilepsy, Hysteria, Nervousness, Neuralgia, General Debility, Blood and Skin Diseases, Old Ulcers and Sore Limbs, Lame Back, all Urinary and Kidney affections, enlarged Tonsels, Erysipelas, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, &c. Guarantees to cure Headache in one minute. Will visit any part of the country. Consultation free. Your patronage solicited. Respectfully,
A. B. ALBAUGH, M. D.
OFFICE—Opposite Derr's old stand, Main street, Westminster, Md. june14:3m

TRUSTEES' SALE OF ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE PROPERTIES

in the vicinity of Westminster, Carroll co., Maryland.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in Equity, passed in cause No. 2177, wherein John A. Krouse is plaintiff, and John F. Mitten and others, are defendants, the undersigned, trustees named in said decree, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, situated on the public road, leading from Westminster to Tannery Station, on the Western Md. Railroad, and within five minutes walk of the Court House, on

Saturday, August 30th, A. D., 1884,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., the following valuable parcels of Land, to-wit:

1st. The Home Place, of which Daniel Mitten, died, seized, and possessed, containing

16 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS.

The improvements consist of a good Dwelling and Tenant House, new Switzer Barn, Wagon Shed, Corn House and all other necessary out-buildings, in good repair. There is a never failing well of excellent water near the kitchen door, an abundance of fruit of the choicest varieties; while the whole tract is under good fencing.

This land is in a high and productive state of cultivation, and its proximity to Westminster makes it very desirable and well worthy the attention of any one in want of a good home.

2nd. A lot or parcel of Land, situated near the Washington road, leading, from Westminster, and within 1½ miles of said city, containing 3 Acres, more or less. This tract adjoins the lands of Eli Buckingham, Jeremiah Slorp and others, and has some timber on it.

The sale will take place at the late residence of Daniel Mitten, deceased, within a few minutes' walk of the Court House, Westminster.

Persons desirous of viewing the premises can call upon Chas. E. Mitten, residing thereon, and for further information call upon or address the trustees at Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, and the residue to be paid in two equal annual payments from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the trustees and bearing interest from the day of sale.

WM. N. HAYDEN,
WM. A. McKELLIP,
P. A. Gorsuch, Auct. Trustees.
aug 2 ts,

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM,

Near Carrollton, Carroll county, Md.

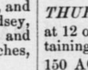
By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2246 on the docket of said court, wherein James E. Smith is complainant and Andrew Drechsler, administrator, &c., et al. are defendants, the undersigned, trustee, will offer at public sale, on the premises, situate in Carroll county, on the Baltimore and Reisterstown turnpike, 2½ miles from Westminster and about one-half mile from Carrollton, on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1884,

at 12 o'clock, m., all that valuable farm containing

150 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

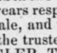
and improved with a weatherboarded frame Dwelling House, Switzer Barn, hay barrack, cow stable, hog house, &c. This farm lies immediately on the turnpike; the fencing is good; it is well watered and is in good productive condition. A young orchard, recently planted, is thrifty and promises well.



At the same time and place will be sold a lot of land containing about

4 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

situate adjacent to the above farm, and also adjoining the lands of William Lockard, &c., and improved with a 2-story rough-cast Dwelling House, Switzer Barn, corn house, &c. There is a well of water at the house, and a good orchard, in bearing condition, on the lot.



Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; the balance to be paid in two equal instalments, of one and two years respectively, with interest from day of sale, and to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

ANDREW DRECHSLER, Trustee.
Charles B. Roberts, Solicitor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of John Henry Drechsler, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, within two months from the day of above sale.

ANDREW DRECHSLEP, Trustee.

SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

At the conclusion of the above sale the undersigned will sell at public sale the following personal property: 1 heifer, about 25 tons of hay, clover and timothy; cook stove and fixtures, 2 tables, 3 bedsteads and bedding, lot of single trees, stretcher, half-dozen chairs, lot of old chairs, sink, corner cupboard, coal stove and other articles.

Terms of Sale.—All sums of $5 and under, cash; on all sums above $5 a credit of six months will be given, on note with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

ANDREW DRECHSLER,
Surviving Administrator of John Henry Drechsler, deceased. aug 9:tf

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

In Bachman's Valley, Carroll Co., Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2214 on the docket of said court, wherein William Leese is complainant and Rachel Frock et al. are defendants, the undersigned, trustee, will offer at public sale, on the premises, situate near Bachman's Mill, on the county road leading from said mill to the Littlestown turnpike, adjoining the lands of Jonathan Bixler, Philip H. L. Myers and others, on

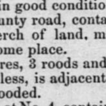
Wednesday, the 3rd day of September, 1884,

at 12 o'clock, M., the real estate of which Michael Frock died seized and possessed.

First, will be offered the HOME PLACE, containing

110 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 10 PERCHES,

more or less. This is a very desirable farm, improved with a good 2-story Dwelling House, a good Switzer barn, wagon shed and corn house, smoke house, new carriage house, chicken house and a tenant house. This place is well fenced, has running water in almost every field, and also at the house and barn. It has been thoroughly limed and is in good condition.



Lot No. 2 contains 27 acres, 3 roods and 30 perches, more or less, lies near Pipe Creek and adjoins No. 1, and is in good condition.

Lot No. 3 lies at the county road, contains 46 acres, 2 roods and 1 perch of land, more or less, and adjoins the Home place.

Lot No. 4 contains 5 acres, 3 roods and 25 perches of land, more or less, is adjacent to Home place and is well wooded.

Lot No. 5 lies adjoining Lot No. 4, contains 4 acres, 2 roods and 30 perches of land, more or less, and is well wooded.

Lot No. 6 lies adjoining Lot No. 5, contains 5 acres, 2 roods and 20 perches of land, more or less, and is also well wooded.

Any person desiring information concerning the above real estate, can obtain the same by application to the trustee or his solicitors, who reside at Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third in cash on the day of sale, or upon ratification thereof by the court; the balance to be paid in two equal instalments of one and two years respectively, with interest from day of sale, and to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

WILLIAM L. FROCK, Trustee.

Chas. B. Roberts, Wm. L. Seabrook, } Solicitors.

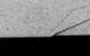
NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Michael Frock, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, within two months from the day of above sale.

WILLIAM L. FROCK, Trustee.

aug2-ts

FOR SALE.—A FINE ALDERNEY BULL, three years old, not registered. Price $50.



L. P. SLINGLUFF,
aug 16-3w* near New Windsor, Md.

Original Poetry.

ODE TO PRINTING.

Written for the Democratic Advocate.

BY J. S. G.

Hail! Art preservative of Arts!
How many thousand grateful hearts
Throughout the wide domain of earth
Now bless the day that gave thee birth!

When Ignorance o'ershadow'd all,
Like a dark funeral pall,
And Learning was to cells confined
By knavish Monks, who ruled the mind
With Superstition's fearful power,
And millions cursed their natal hour;

When Labor toiled without reward,
And Despots reigned by fire and sword,
Broke forth from Germany thy light,
Which, piercing thro' the gloom of night,
Illumined the world with Reason's ray,
And the long darkness turned to day.

God's holy word, to mortals given,
To guide their wand'ring steps to Heaven,
Had long remained a volume sealed,
Till by thy magic power revealed;
And millions, who in error trod,
Were brought to know the living God.

High on their thrones, maintain'd by blood,
Mankind's oppressors trembling stood;
And Priestcraft, held no more in dread,
Affrighted, hid its ghastly head,
While Liberty, from realms of light,
Burst on the world's enraptured sight!

Far in the western wilds arose
A shrine to Freedom! reared by those
Who knew no monarch but as foes;
Who held that man of right should be,
E'en as his God had made him—free!
And thousands flew from slav'ry's chain,
To keep alive that altar flame,
Who laughed the tyrant's threat's to scorn;
And lo! another world was born!

Throughout the earth, in every age,
Warrior, poet, statesman, sage,
Are debtors to thy letter'd page!
Else why their toil to win a name,
Since thou alone preserv'st their fame?

And where the man, in vice so bold,
Who would for power, place or gold,
Degrade, pervert, or strive to bind
Thy freedom, engine of the mind?
Oh may his lot, if one there be,
Be cast in hopeless slavery;
Traitor to mankind! may his name
Be through all time a mark of shame.

Then hail thee, Press! Shield of the free!
Palladium of Liberty!
And lisping youth and hoary age
In pæans to their praise engage,
Whose fame will time itself exhaust—
Hail! Schæffer, Guttemburg and Faust!

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Select Story.

AN ALPINE BRIDE.

From Household Words.

Christina Schmidt was married to Hans Jeni when she was only eighteen.

They were both natives of the village of Sargans, a name some English travelers may remember noticing on the line from Coire to Zurich, though it is very unlikely that they ever spent a longer time there than the two minutes that the train waits at the station, for there is nothing to tempt them to do so. It is a commonplace Swiss village, in a valley only fertile enough to support about half of its population, and obliging the rest to travel to the cities or to emigrate to other lands.

Christina's father was one of the richest and most important men in the place. He lived next door to the inn, in a good-sized, imposing-looking, white house, part of the ground floor of which he used as a bakehouse—for he was himself the baker—and the other part of it as the shop to sell his bread in. Before she married, Christina had tried for a little while to manage the shop; but she did not like having to stay in it all day long; just in case anyone should come in and want to be served; and as she was an only and a motherless girl, and her father had indulged her all her life, he soon engaged a middle-aged woman for the business of the shop, and allowed Christina liberty to do as she pleased. She generally spent part of her mornings in the bakehouse; not where the big ovens were, and it was hot and her father too busy putting in the loaves to notice her, but in a cool outhouse, where her father mixed the dough, and left it to rise. She liked to watch him handle it so cleverly, and she generally persuaded him, when all the black bread for the village was done, to make her a few delicious white rolls, such as she had tasted once at a hotel in Zurich. She knew exactly when the said white rolls would be baked; and after working in the house and getting the dinner ready (which, being a true Swiss maiden, was a pleasure to her) she would trot down again to the bakehouse just when her father was taking them out of the oven, and would sit on the steps of the front door and eat them. For Christina was rather proud of showing how she was spoilt and petted in having white rolls made on purpose for her.

Her lover, Hans Jeni, many and many a time came to her as she sat there, and, accepting one of her proffered rolls, leant against a door-post and looked down at her, enjoying his view of her small round figure and sweet, innocent young face. She was a brown-eyed, browned-skinned girl, with masses of soft hair of a golden-brown shade, growing artistically round her low forehead. She might have passed unnoticed in a crowd, because she was small and unpretending; but she was undoubtedly the belle of Sargans; and perhaps many a larger place has not boasted such a popular one, because Christina "was kind as she was fair."

Her fortunate lover, Hans Jeni, was twelve years her senior, and had known and loved her ever since she was a little girl toddling by her father's side. He was an orphan, brought up by his grandmother to follow his uncle's calling; that is, in the winter time, he lived at Sargans and carved wood, but the summer months he spent in the high Engadine valley as guide, coming down from thence in the autumn, with a pocket full of money and a splendid stock of health and spirits. He had spent his first summer in the mountains when he was fifteen, going up with his uncle, Peter Jeni, who was a well-known Engadine guide, and with him doing some of the easier ascents, carrying knapsacks and provisions to the foot of the mountains and learning the first principles of glacier climbing. His uncle was well pleased with him, and told him that his head was steady as a rock, that he had unlimited nerve, pluck and energy, and that there was in him the making of a first-rate guide. When Hans heard that, he made up his mind that he would not waste his capabilities. By the time he was five-and-twenty he had been up every peak in the Engadine, and most of those in the Tyrol, and by the time he was thirty, Peter Jeni would proudly point out to stangers his nephew and pupil as the best guide in the east of Switzerland, and such he probably was. He was a splendidly made man, tall and strong, with regular features, keen gray eyes, and a fair skin sunburnt; and Christina answered her own question with an emphatic negative, when she asked herself if there was a better sight in the world than Hans presented, as he started for the mountains, the year before they were married, in his suit of strong gray homespun, his knapsack made of chamois skin on his back, the rope coiled round and hung over his left shoulder, his ice-axe in his hand.

If Christina's father could have chosen he would have preferred that his daughter should not marry a man who from his calling must necessarily be much away from her, for he knew the tender, clinging love which she would bestow upon her husband, and dreaded for her the pain of separation; but then he dreaded any and all pain for her, and since she loved Jeni, and he was a good fellow and loved her too, it would obviously distress her less to part with him sometimes than to be separated from him for always.

And so all Sargans was *en fete* for Christina's wedding. It was the 1st of July, her eighteenth birthday; Jeni had put off going to the mountains that year until later than usual, that he might take his bride with him for a holiday—a honeymoon. The villagers in after years used to tell, with tears in their eyes, how that wedding was the prettiest sight they had ever seen; the handsome young couple coming out of church hand in hand, and Christina's father, with his iron-gray hair and stern though kindly face, walking so proudly with Jeni's grandmother behind them. Christina was quite a mountain bride, for at Hans' special request she wore in her hair a wreath of soft "Edelweiss," which he had gathered for her with considerable trouble—the first blossoms, as he believed, of the season.

The evening after their wedding the young couple went by train to Coire, the terminus of the railway in that direction, and the next day a very long drive in the diligence brought them to Jeni's usual headquarters, the village of St. Moritz, in the Engadine Valley. Jeni had been very extravagant, and had taken the *banquette* of the diligence; he had always walked up other years, but Christina was not accustomed to being obliged to walk to reach a given point, and now he had married a wife he must take care that all things were made pleasant and easy for her. Now, although she was a Swiss girl, Christina had never seen any really fine snow mountains until the lumbering diligence, with its five strong horses, reached the top of the Julier Pass, and began to drop down the other side into the Engadine Valley—then they burst upon her in their matchless, indescribable grandeur, their dazzling sheets of whiteness standing out against the clear, cloudless evening sky, while the rosy tint of the strange, beautiful "Alpenglühn" shone upon some peaks of the mighty Bernina chain, and turned the whole scene into a fairyland. Hans looked at it with pride as well as pleasure, for he felt somehow as if the mountains belonged to him, and although he well knew their power to destroy, their avalanches, their treacherous crevasses, their changing slopes, he was proud of a knowledge within himself which made him able to defy their dangers, and, by mounting to their highest summits, claim them as his own possession.

Christina clasped her husband's hand. "I had not imagined they would be so grand," she said; but I shall not like to know that you are on them, Hans; they do not look made to be climbed."

"Wait till you have tried one yourself, my girl. I mean to make a mountaineer of you before the summer is over."

And to a certain extent, Jeni succeeded. Christiana was not naturally either very brave or very strong, but the fact of living at St. Moritz, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, in the pure, bracing air only to be found at such a height, gave her, for the time being at least, fresh energy and power, and climbing with Hans' help was, after all, a very easy matter. He made her begin so slowly, he arranged so cleverly that she should not walk in the heat of the day, he gave her his arm and supported her when they came to any place which, to her inexperienced eyes, looked dangerous or difficult, and of course, he did not take her anywhere which was in reality either the one or the other.

As a rule, he was employed as a guide every other day; sometimes during August he went out every day; but if the excursions were long ones he did not care for this, and if they were short and easy, he generally sent some younger and less able man than himself. He only once left Christina for more than twenty-four hours, which was when he was away in the Tyrol with an Englishman named Stanley for nearly a week; but then he had been guide to Stanley for three years running, and the two had become firm friends, as well as willing companions. Stanley came to see Christina when they returned from their expedition, and charmed, although he confused her, by his warm praise of her husband.

"He is one of the best fellows I have ever met," he said, "and I hope you may have a long and happy life together, for you deserve it."

Stanley was a bachelor of keen susceptibilities, and a very strong impression was made upon him by the young Swiss girl and her stalwart guide husband.

That first happy summer came too soon to an end; all the visitors had left the high valley by the middle of September, and a heavy snowstorm happening to fall then, Hans and Christina were obliged to cross the Julier Pass on their way home, in a sleigh.

The next year Christina was not able to go to the mountains with her husband. She sighed, lamented a little, as was natural, but looking forward to the future, was brave and good about it, and after her little boy was borne, early in August, Hans came home just for a week to see her. She was staying at her father's house, but although Hans knew she was well taken care of and cherished, he found it far harder than he had expected to leave her again, and her young baby; she looked so fragile and ill, and cried so bitterly when he said good-bye to her.

"I could let you go quite easily, my darling," she said, "if it were only to the towns and the valleys, but it is on those dreadful mountains that I cannot bear to think of you."

"And yet you know how really and truly safe I am upon them; I understand them too thoroughly to be careless; I cannot come to any harm."

"Heaven grant you may not; but I do not see the impossibility."

"You must try and not think about me these next few weeks, little woman," he said encouragingly; "and by next year, if you are still frightened, I will find some work to do at Zurich or Coire. But I must go back again to St. Moritz now to earn some money to pay for all that this little fellow costs us," looking at the baby, "and you must get quite well and strong and then you will not feel inclined to fret about me."

So he bent over her very tenderly and kissed her, and looking at her for a moment with infinite love, he left her. He spent a most successful month at St. Moritz, working every day, and earning more than ever he had done before; but as his wife wrote to him anxiously, and was, besides, according to her father's account, anything but strong or well, he decided not to stay away from her after the 5th of September.

On the afternoon of the 4th, as he was in his room arranging matters for an early start home the next morning, there was a knock at the door, and Stanley came in. The two men, who had not seen each other since the year before, met with pleasure on both sides, and Stanley, accepting the chair Jeni offered him, sat down for a long chat on mountaineering matters. He had only just come over from England, where business had kept him later than usual; and was eager to know the condition of the snow and how many high expeditions it would be safe to undertake so late in the year.

"I think at present you may do any you like," was Jeni's favorable answer.

"Then I'll engage you for as long as this fine weather lasts, and we will see if we cannot manage something altogether astonishing."

"Oh no, sir! not this year, I am sorry to say, for I am going home again to-morrow morning."

Perhaps Jeni was almost as disappointed at having to say this as Stanley was to hear it; for, notwithstanding his love for his wife and child, Jeni was, as he always had been, a keen mountaineer, and the prospect of a week or two's work with such a good walker and climber as Stanley, and such a pleasant companion, too, was very attractive to him. From Stanley there followed a long protestation. He did not care for the Engadine; he did not care for his holiday; and, in fact, he might as well go straight back to England, he said, since Jeni would not change his mind and consent to stay.

"And, indeed, I would give the whole thing up," he concluded, "if it wasn't for another fellow who is out with me, and with whom I have promised to make at least one or two ascents. Look here, Jeni, put off leaving just for a day, and take us up the Piz Bernina, and I won't plague you to do anything else, but will be eternally grateful to you."

"Up the Bernina! You never would be so foolish as to start with that for a first ascent?"

"I should not choose to do so, but I'm determined to go up it this year, and so is my friend Langley. He has got into training already in the Tyrol, and I—well, I'm never so very much out of it, you know."

Jeni looked at the wiry, muscular figure of the speaker, and believed him.

"Come, now, you won't refuse me this," Stanley persuaded. "I'm ready to start to-night; and instead of your reaching your wife to-morrow evening, why, it will only be the evening after; for I suppose you'll go down in the diligence now you are a married man. You'll do this to oblige an old friend, I am sure."

"Yes, I will do it, if you think that everything can be got ready and another guide found; for if your friend is going we must have a second guide, and then," he added suddenly, "how about your friend? Is he safe? I do not like going up the Bernina with an untried man?"

"You may trust me that he is all right. I am no fool to risk your life and mine with a fellow who does not know what he is about. Langley is a member of the Alpine Club, and has this summer been up the Ortler Spitz and Monte Cristallo."

"I trust to you, Mr. Stanley."

And they fell to arranging details of the expedition.

The Piz Bernina is the highest mountain in the district, but by no means the most difficult to ascend, and Jeni, who had once been up it in mid-winter, taking twenty-seven hours without any rest over the expedition, thought lightly of it now that all the conditions were favorable. After some discussion he decided to leave the preparations to Stanley, who thoroughly understood such maters, as he was anxious to keep a promise he had made long ago, and visit that afternoon a cousin of his wife in the neighborhood. Stanley suggested as a second guide a man called Hardt, whom Langley had brought with him from the Tyrol, and to this Jeni consented.

"I sent on my ropes to Coire yesterday," Jeni said. "Will you see that Hardt brings sufficient and strong ones?" Stanley promised to do this and everything else, and Jeni having arranged to call for him at 1 A. M., the two men separated.

Jeni was vexed with himself now the whole thing was settled, for he disliked having to telegraph to his wife, and he disliked to having, for the first time in his life, entrusted the preprations to some one else; however, there was no help for it now; he went to the postoffice and sent the following teiegram: "Sorry, but cannot come till the 6.20 P. M. train on the 6th." And then he dutifully started to see Christina's cousin, because he knew his little wife would be sadly vexed if he failed to do so. He did not get back before 8.30 P. M., when he threw himself on the bed, and with his useful but acquired faculty of going to sleep and of waking at any given time, he slept until midnight.

The two gentlemen and the two guides met punctually at the rendezvous; it was too dark, in spite of the lanterns they carried, for Jeni to examine the faces of Langley and Hardt, but he saw that both were young and heavy, powerful-looking men. He asked Hardt if he had everything that was necessary.

"Yes, everything."

"You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then let us be off."

And in the silence which characterizes men at the beginning of any long undertaking, they started, skirting the small dark lake of St. Moritz and through the pine woods towards the foot of the Bernina. When daylight broke they were climbing slowly up its snowy slopes; Jeni was the only one of the party who knew the mountain, but he had not been up it that year, and he found the snow, after the long hot summer they had had, unusually soft, and consequently tiring; they could not make as rapid progress as usual. Jeni broke a long silence by announcing a fact that was by no means encouraging:

"This will be longest ascent of the Bernina I have ever made."

"What, twenty-seven hours?"

"Except that one, of course, which was folly!"

They were toiling over a long snowslope without much incline, and Jeni seemed impatient and more out of temper than Stanley had ever seen him.

"I'm afraid, after all, you are abusing me for having kept you from your home to-day," Stanley said.

"I am thinking that I did wrong, and naturally I am not pleased with myself."

"At least you are giving Langley and me a great pleasure."

"This slope is interminable," Jeni exclaimed shortly afterwards; "let us turn sharp to the right, it must be shorter."

The four men were roped together, Jeni leading; they followed him over a ledge of rock, on to another steeper snowslope; Jeni did not usually cross it, but the mountain had changed a little that year, and he deemed it advisable to do so.

As far as Stanley could tell—and he had reason enough to remember afterwards every detail—they were all attending to the business in hand. The rope was not too slack, there was nothing careless in their gait, and indeed there could not have been, when Jeni took one of his long, striding steps, and the snow beneath him gave way—suddenly—he did not sink in it as they had been doing all along, he dropped right down till only his head was visible.

"For heaven's sake stand firm," gasped Stanley, and the three strong men planted themselves in the snow, and pulled with all their might on to the rope. Surely they would be able to hold up Jeni? Ay, so they would; but, as he moved to try and raise himself, the rope gave a sharp snap and broke in two, just between Stanley and Jeni, and, with a ringing cry of despair, the guide fell down the unmeasured depths of the crevasse below.

Details of the next few hours and of the return of the remaining three to St. Moritz need not be given. It was altogether impossible to recover Jeni's body, and in his icy grave they left him. Maybe, if the poor fellow could have chosen his own resting place it would have been somewhere among those mountains he loved but too well. It is also unnecessary to enter at length into the painful question as to who was to blame for the accident; primarily, perhaps, Jeni himself, for a guide should trust to no one the supervision of anything so important as the ropes, and certainly in this case the rope was a worn one, which Jeni, if he had seen, would never have thought of using; then Stanley was more or less to blame; he promised Jeni he would see to everything, and instead of doing so he left the arrangements to Hardt; and finally, of course, Hardt was bitterly to blame for taking an unsound rope. He had but a feeble excuse to make for himself, *i. e.*, that he had no better one, and did not like to put off the whole expedition because the rope might possibly be a trifle rotten.

Stanley was almost indifferent as to the cause, he was so entirely taken up with its effect, for he felt altogether frantic at the thought which never left him, of pretty Christina and her awful sorrow. At first he intended to travel down without pause to Sargans, and break her the news himself; then, it seemed to him that she would better hear to hear it from her own father, and to him he telegraphed the facts. Schmidt was a brave man, with strong feelings, which he held under all circumstances in perfect control; and perhaps he thought his little daughter more like himself than she was, in her present weakness. Possibly things might have been different if he, realizing her feebleness, had prepared her for the bad news, before telling it to her in its utter hopelessness; but he treated her as he would have preferred being treated himself. With the telegram in his hand he went into her room where she sat by her baby's cot, and said to her:

"Christina, your husband is killed!"

And he put the telegram into her lap. She looked scared for an instant, and then she said, with a sweet pretty smile playing about her mouth:

"Oh, no, he isn't; he is coming home to me to-night."

"But, my child, he was killed yesterday on the Piz Bernina!"

She turned terribly white, and that hopeless monosyllable, "Dead," escaped from between her closed lips, whilst, snatching up the telegram, she read and re-read its contents and understood its cruel meaning only too clearly for her reason to bear the shock it received. Gradually a change most cruel to watch came over her agonized face. Again it was lightened by a smile—but a senseless, feelingless, meaningless smile—and she said gaily:

"He is coming on the 6.20 train. We must go down and meet him, father."

Good heavens, was she mad?

Ay, mad she was, although her father could not believe anything so horrible until the doctor, fetched from Zurich, in his certainty of the fact, asked what asylum Schmidt proposed sending her to; then he said fiercely that he would look after his own daughter himself. And he did so, with the tenderness which belongs to a strong man, as long as the poor girl needed it.

Far more pitiful than any heartbroken woman was she in her senseless expectancy, which gave way after a day or two to dull despair. But she continued to insist that Hans was coming by the 6.20 train; and after a while, not content with meeting that one, she spent nearly the whole of her time just outside the station, where she could see the trains come in and watch who goes out of them. When Stanley arrived one evening, in pouring rain, she was standing there bareheaded (for she excitedly refused any interference), her long golden-brown hair streaming over her shoulders on to her dripping clinging black gown. She tried to dart towards the train as it drew up, but her father gently but firmly putting his arms round her, kept her near him. She struggled violently for a moment and then remained passive. Everybody in the train was watching and pitying her, and, it may be, wondering concerning her sad story. When she caught sight of Stanley she fled to some steps which led to the basement of a neighboring house, and crouching down on them, began twisting up her hair in desperate haste.

"This is Hans' friend," she said, "who will tell me why he does not come; but Hans would like me to be very tidy and neat to meet the gentleman."

And then, with the impetuosity of madness, she rushed up to Stanley, and falling on her knees on the wet ground at his feet, she begged and implored him to send her husband back to her.

The last time Stanley had seen Christina she was standing by Jeni's side, holding his hand and looking proudly and fondly into his face, her own lightened by happy realities and happy hopes; and now, with her wild eyes, her white face, her awful, terrified, senseless expression, she was pleading for the treasure which could never, never be given her again in this world. Stanley left her, half maddened by the sight.

But, mercifully, Death soon claimed her for his own; and we trust that the husband and wife are together again now, in that dim shadowland beyond the grave, of which while we know so little, we can hope so much.

BREEDING FOR HEIFER CALVES.—The late John Merryman, of Hayfields, Baltimore county, Md., in his Hereford catalogue, issued in 1876, says:—After having had 19 bull calves out of 26 dropped in 1882, I called my friend Mr. William C. Wilson's attention to the fact. He informed me the practice upon the Island of Jersey was, when heifer calves were desired, to have the cow served while her udder was full, and immediately before the hour of milking. I adopted the practice, and my experience has been satisfactory, a heavy milker proving the most certain to bring a heifer calf.

As a sample of the profits they make in Southern Illinois, Mr. Endicott owned up that he made, clean profit, $4,200 this year from twelve acres of strawberries and grapes. This, he said, was, after the picking and crates had been deducted, the net profit; and some of the berries, Sharpless, were so poor a crop as to yield only about a dozen crates of marketable fruit per acre. His berry for money is the Crescent, with the Captain Jack or Wilson. The grapes, Ives, pay an annual profit of from $200 to $300 per acre, with good culture.

Tour of the Cycling Ramblers.

[Reported for the Democratic Advocate.]

The next halt was made at Rest, from which point postal cards were again sent to the wives and sisters. After a further ride of eight miles, Winchester, Va., was reached at 12 o'clock. The ride of 22½ miles from Martinsburg to Winchester was over a macadamized road, in excellent condition except where new metal had been put on, through a rolling country, with high mountains rising in the distance on either side. Along the greater part of the road the farms seemed to be in a reasonably good state of cultivation, but to our boys, accustomed to the handsome farms and large crops in Carroll county, the ground seemed very poor, and made them think of the conversation with the farmer—"Say, old man, your corn looks yaller." "Yes; I planted the yaller kind." At Winchester headquarters were at the Taylor House. After dinner our boys strolled around town and visited the Court House, where Mr. Riley, the clerk of the court, was very attentive, and showed them numerous old documents, among them a copy of the will of Lord Fairfax, written in 1737. They then mounted their wheels and rode out to the National Cemetery, a beautiful sleeping place, in which rest 4,400 Union soldiers, of whom 2,337 are unknown. The only thing that mars the beauty of the spot is the nearness of the graves to each other. After calling at the keeper's lodge, where Mr. A. B. Drum, the keeper, showed them every attention in his power, they returned to the city and ran out to the citizens' cemetery, where sleep 2,800 Confederate dead. Here to the unknown dead has been erected one of the handsomest of monuments, surmounted by a large figure of a Confederate soldier, in butternut coat and broad-brimmed hat. Many of the states have erected beautiful monuments in memory of their sons who here rest. The one which most attracted the vistors was that erected by their own state. This is a handsome square marble monument, about 20 feet high, with a life size figure of a Confederate soldier, standing at rest, with reversed musket. The four sides of the monument are inscribed as follows:

TO THE MEMORY OF
HER SONS
Who Fell on Virginia Soil,
MARYLAND.
Manassas,
1861.
Appomatox,
1865.

Alike in blood,
Alike in faith,
They sleep alike
The last sleep of the brave.
Unheralded,
Unorganized,
Unarmed,
They came for conscience sake
And died for right.

Returning to the hotel, they were met by Mr. Barton, with whom they visited the city spring. This is a large rock basin, about 12x15 feet and 4 feet deep. The water gushes up from a large black hole in the centre, which it is said has been sounded to a depth of 500 feet without reaching the bottom. From the basin the water flows through the city by two mains, one 18 inches and the other ten inches in diameter, while the waste water rushes out in a stream 15 inches thick—enough to supply another city as large as Winchester. It is said that this spring has never failed. After supper our tourists, at 6.49 o'clock, again made the mount, and accompanied by Mr. Barton, proceeded on their journey. At Kernstown they met a young lady on horseback, attended by a bicycler on his wheel. The numerous pretty girls and the preparation for a festival which they saw here, made them think of Longfellow's Excelsior boy and the Warden's call, but remembering his example, they resisted the temptation and pressed onward to Stephens city, or Newtown. Here Mr. Barton left them, and they rode on through the gathering darkness toward Middletown, which place they reached safely at 8.32, having made the run of 12 miles from Winchester in 1 hour and 38 minutes, nearly half of the distance in the dark and over a strange road. Riding up to Larrick Hotel, a blast from all the whistles failed to bring a response, but a rap or two with the old-fashioned knocker on the door speedily brought an answer. The Ramblers soon learned that they were the only guests, and that their coming had created great excitement in the little community. A walk down the street soon proved that they were in a local option town, but, "if you uns want some whiskey, I'se de boy dat gits him fo' you, sah." As they did not want any whiskey, this information did them no good except to show them that local option laws are evaded way down in "old Virginny" as well as in our state capital. After writing the usual notes to wives and sisters, they retired with many misgivings, for the night was cloudy and dark. Rising on the morning of the 31st at 5 o'clock, the heavens were still beclouded, and soon the rain began to fall and continued until 7.30, when the sun appeared, a welcome sight. At 7.54 the mount was made on a road made soft by the rain. Notwithstanding the rain and the badly washed roadbed, the ride to Strasburg, 6 miles distant, was a very enjoyable one. Cedar Creek, running just to the left of the road, with high mountains four miles beyond, made the scenery very beautiful. Entering Strasburg, the bicyclists were very much astonished to see one of the Poyneer wagons, and the gentleman with whom the captain and secretary ran a race on the Washington road a few months ago. Without stopping in this little town, famous simply because during the war one of Westminster's well-known citizens occupied it for 24 hours as provost marshal; after a halt of a few minutes on the rock bridge at the foot of the mountain beyond Strasburg, our adventurers proceeded to attack Fisher's Hill. And what a hill! No wonder Early and his army escaped if Sheridan and his forces had to climb such a hill. They call mountains hills in that country: A mile and a half long, rough and stony, surrounded by land more barren than the most unproductive of the "Barrens." A rest of twenty minutes on the summit prepared them for another mount, but after a ride of two miles the first handsome farm house they had seen for a long time tempted them to another halt. Here, while resting fifteen minutes, our tourists partook of a lunch of bread, butter and milk. A further ride of eight miles, through Tom's Brook and Maurertown, over a rough road, up steep hills, against a strong head wind, brought them to Woodstock, the county seat of Shenandoah county, at 11 o'clock a. m. One of the most notable circumstances of the trip up to this point is the fact that nearly all the horses met in the road, and quite all the drivers, were frightened by the strange looking animal ridden by our wheelmen. No horses, however, were badly frightened, and nearly all could have been passed safely without a dismount, as is generally the case, if it had not been for the timidity of their drivers. Up to this point the tourists encountered many small streams crossing the road, without either bridges or foot-logs, some fifteen and twenty feet wide and quite deep, with but two ways to cross, either by wading and carrying their wheels on their backs, or to boldly ride through, they summoned up their faith and courage and succeeded in crossing all in safety, with no other damage than wet feet. At Woodstock the Shenandoah House was made headquarters. Here at dinner a very intelligent gentleman, who seemed much impressed with the marvellous powers of the bicycle, inquired: "Why do you not ride on the railroad track? You would certainly find it much smoother riding than on the turnpike." Our friends informed him that the railroads were as a rule in the hands of monopolists, who would allow nothing on their tracks except their own rolling stock without the payment of large sums of money for the privilege, and therefore bicycle riders had as yet found it cheaper to stick to the turnpikes. After dinner the president and secretary visited the old Court House, where they learned that there is a voting population of 4,500 in the county, and only 140 colored voters; that the county offices are filled by Readjusters, and that the county will be carried for Blaine in November. Woodstock, by the by, is the home of U. S. Senator Riddleberger. While sitting in front of the hotel after dinner two of the Poyneer men, who had followed us up the road from Strasburg, came over from the other hotel and told the boys that they had tried to overtake them on the road to haul the wheels up hill for them. Before leaving Woodstock a visit was paid to the large store of Mr. T. B. Richey, formerly of Sam's Creek, Carroll county. Mr. Richey seemed much pleased to hear from his acquaintances in his old home, and sent back well-wishes to the ADVOCATE and all his friends in Carroll.

Here a great many people visited the hotel to look at the bicycles, which to many of them were a great curiosity. A large crowd was present at 3 o'clock, p. m., to see the mount. The high wind which prevailed in the morning had fallen, and, although very hilly, the road was found smooth and hard. For about four miles Cedar Creek, about one-half mile to the east, was almost constantly in sight, winding around the foot of lofty mountains. The land in this section seemed more fertile and in a better state of cultivation. Handsome farm houses and barns told of its productiveness. Coasting a long hill to Cedar Creek, a steam threshing machine was seen in a model farm yard, and its shrill whistle was answered by the tourists' whistles.

Edinburg, a pleasant little town of 800 inhabitants, 6 miles distant from Woodstock, was reached at 3.50 o'clock. This town raises more boys to the square inch than any other town of its size in the country. A yell from one, upon the approach of our tourists, seemed to be the signal for the gathering of the clans. They came from stores, houses, alleys and fields, all sizes, ages and colors, to the number of about 100, a shouting, howling crowd followed the Ramblers, while the captain preached a sermon on the cussedness of boys. A long coast out of the town soon left Edinburg and its boys far behind. Reaching the open country again, the sound of rolling thunder and dark clouds in the southwest gave warning of the approaching storm. With mountains to the right of them, mountains to left of them, mountains behind them and storm clouds in front of them, their wheels were urged forward rapidly with the hope of reaching Mt. Jackson before the storm burst. Suddenly a great noise was heard in their rear and dismounting our wheelmen saw a most beautiful sight. The storm had passed them on their right and now stretching from the mountain on the west, to the mountain on the east, across the road over which they had come, the clouds poured fourth their contents not half a mile away, forming a veil so thick that the mountains were hidden from view, with a rushing noise as of the roaring of a mighty torrent.

Mt. Jackson, a town of 900 inhabitants, 7¼ miles distant from Edinburg, was reached at 5.12 o'clock.

This community is the centre of the most fertile country the tourists had seen since leaving Maryland. They received many kind invitations to spend the night here. One old gentleman, possibly thinking they were Methodist preachers, promised to feed them with tomatoes and fried chicken. One of the boys, it would be unfair to the others to tell which, made the first mash of the trip. And oh what a mash there would have been if she had fallen on him! From her face they thought she was about 16 years old, but her size indicated that she had been growing for at least 100 years. Added to these attractions was the fact that Mt. Jackson has never heard of local option. All these things almost tempted the boys to spend the night here, but, anxious to move on, they took the road again at 5.26 o'clock.

All That Glitters is Not Gold.

Some country editor, in a moment of bitterness of spirit, makes these truthful observations: One of the beauties of an editor's life is in his deadheading it on all occasions. No one who has never tasted the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in its glory and happiness. He does $100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, rides $25 worth; and then he is looked upon as a deadhead or a half-blown deadbeat. He puffs a concert troupe $10 worth and gets $1 in "complimentaries," and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man donates a few dollars for the Fourth of July, baseball club or church is gratefully remembered. Oh, it's a sweet thing to be an editor. He passes "free," you know.

This annual loss of national wealth is on the steady increase, growing greater year by year, and month by month, swelling the amount of property reduced to ashes. The recorded fires for June in the United States and Canada, where the reported loss exceeded $10,000 each, amounted to 167 fires, the aggregate loss by which was over $5,800,000, to which must be added at least $1,200,000 for smaller fires which escaped record, and the aggregate reaches $7,000,000. And yet June is not regarded as a first-class fire month. The totals for the months of 1884 are for January, $12,000,000; February, $7,000,000; March, $8,250,000; April, $10,300,000; May, $9,200,000; June $7,200,000, making a total in excess of the fire loss for the same months of 1883 of more than $9,000,000, or a ratio of 20 per cent. increase. —*Baltimore, Md., Underwriter.*

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.