The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1885. VOL. XX.-NO. 15.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM,

In Myers' district, in the immediate vicinity of Union Mills, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1885, in a cause in said Court, wherein Joseph Bankert and others are complainants, and Josiah Bankert is defendant, being 2279 Equity, the undersigned, as trustee appointed by said decree, will offer at public sale, on the premises, within one-quarter of a mile of Union Mills, on the county road leading from said village past Wolf's mill and David B. Earhart's factory, on

Saturday, 28th day of February, A. D. 1885,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following valuable real estate, to wit: All those tracts or parcels of land which Isaac Bankert, late of Carroll county, died seized and possessed of at the time of his death, being part of a tract or parcel of land called "Hill Spring," a part called "Caroline" and a part or parcel of land called "Addition to Caroline," lying contiguous to each other and situated in the county aforesaid, containing

111 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

of which about 25 acres are heavily timbered, as will more fully appear by the plat and certificate marked "Exhibit A" and filed in the above entitled cause. The improvements consist of a comfortable Log Dwelling House, tenant house, log barn, carpenter shop, smoke house, dairy and other necessary outbuildings. There is a never-failing spring of excellent water convenient to the dwelling house, and also a like good spring near the tenant house. There is an abundance of fruit of various kinds, with a young and thriving orchard in full bearing condition. The land is well watered, Pipe Creek running through it, and the whole is in a high state of cultivation and under good fencing. There is a limekiln on the farm, situated on the turnpike leading from Westminster to Littlestown, and the land runs up to and across said turnpike.

The proximity of this property to the thriving village of Union Mills, its convenience to churches, schools, postoffices, and fronting, as it does, on the turnpike, makes it one of the most desirable farms offered at public sale in that vicinity for a long time, and is well worthy the attention of purchasers.

For further particulars call upon J. Wm. Earhart, Esq., residing at Union Mills, or call upon or address the undersigned trustee, 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; balance in one and two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee, and bearing interest from the day of sale.

WM. A. McKELLIP, Trustee.

McKellip & Clabaugh, Solicitors.

jan31:ts Jacob B. Earhart, Auct'r.

A DESIRABLE TOWN PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

The subscriber offers at Private Sale the property upon which he now resides, situated on the corner of Green and Sycamore streets, Westminster, Md., immediately opposite the residence of Col. Wm. A. McKellip, containing 3 Lots, fronting 158 feet on Green street and running back 198 feet on Sycamore street to an alley. There is also an alley on the West side of the property. It is improved by a comfortable and well arranged Dwelling with 3 rooms, Kitchen and Pantry on the first floor, and 4 chambers and bath room on second floor. There is also double porches, closets, &c. Brick walks to pump, barn and to the street; cistern at the kitchen door, excellent well of water, brick smoke house, bank barn 40x40 feet, with carriage house attached, also new corn and hog houses; all buildings in good repair and the property under good fencing. There is an abundance of choice fruit, ornamental trees and shrubbery, and a number of large and handsome shade trees, making it a very desirable and attractive home in summer. This property will be sold at a very reasonable price and on easy terms. For further information apply to the undersigned, or to Dr. J. W. Hering, at the Union National Bank.

L. C. TRUMBO.

Wesiminster, Jan. 17th, 1885-tf

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of two writs of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, Maryland, one at the suit of John F. Hammond, one at the suit of Benjamin F. Stewart, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John T. Ingles, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity of the said John T. Ingles, in and to the following property, viz: All those contigous parts of tracts of land called "Dodson's Trust," Lawrence's Pleasant Vallies," and "Epington's Forrest," situated in Carroll county, State of Maryland, being Lot No. 1 in the division of the lands of the late Hanson T. Ingles, containing 156 Acres and 17 square perches of land, more or less, and is the same property conveyed to the said John T. Ingles, by Julia A. Ingles and David E. Stem, Trustees, by their deed, bearing date September 29th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S. No. 57, Folio 504, &c.

I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 21st day of February, 1885,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door in the city of Westminster, in Carroll county, Maryland, I will offer the above property, so seized and taken in execution, at Public Sale, to the highest bidder, for cash.

GEORGE A. SHOWER,

jan 31-ts Sheriff.

GENERAL AGENCY.

We take this means of informing the public that we have opened a Real Estate Agency in Westminster, and will give special attention to the purchase and sale of Real Estate in Carroll and the adjoining counties, and to the renting of property and collection of rents, negotiating loans on mortgage, and all other business usually conducted by agencies of this kind.

One of the members of the firm being a practical surveyor of large experience will continue his profession, and will also attend to all manner of conveyancing, searches, investigation of land titles, &c., on the most reasonable terms.

☞ Office in the building of the Carroll County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

WM. A. WAMPLER,

jan 5 RICHARD MANNING.

CENTRAL HOTEL,

CORNER MAIN AND CENTRE STS.,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

JOHN MARSH, Proprietor.

This Hotel, situated in the most convenient section of the city, in close proximity to the Court House, has recently been entirely refitted and generally improved. First-class accommodations are afforded to permanent or transient boarders. The Table, Bar and Stabling will be found equal to the best in the State, and the rates equal to the accommodation and the times. The proprietor appreciating the patronage of the past, extends his New Year's greeting to his friends, old and new, and solicits a continuance of their encouragement. Special attention paid to Commercial Travellers. jan 3:1y

BLESSING & CO'S. PULMO CURA and General Vitalizer,

a Sure Cure for CONSUMPTION, Colds, Debility and all Nervous Diseases. Prepared by a Practising Physician. For sale by all dealers in medicine.

J. J. THOMSEN, General Agent,

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Our Discourse on the Germ Theory of Disease sent free on application.

BLESSING & CO.,

n 31 4t New Windsor, Md.

VEYOR, CONVEYANCER SCRIVENER.—Having had erience as Surveyor, Conveyer, I take this method of that I am prepared to do ess and upon reason- tfully solicit a share ffice near Patapsco

Z A. BUSH, unty Surveyor.

w. Only a few

Poetical.

HEAVIER THE CROSS.

From the German.

Heavier the cross, the nearer Heaven:
No cross without, no God within—
Death, judgement from the heart are driven
Amid the world's false glare and din,
Oh! happy he with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

Heavier the cross, the better the Christian:
This is the touchstone God applies,
How many a garden would be wasting,
Unwept by showers from weeping eyes!
The gold by fire is purified;
The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded pain strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
And courage grows where danger comes,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised reeds most fragrant are,
If sky and wind were always rare,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's psalm had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring:
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphed over death.

Though crucified! the cross I carry
The longer, may it dearer be;
And lest I faint, while here I tarry,
Implant Thou such a heart to me
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for the cross my crown I wear.

Select Story.

THE GHOST OF MANIBERE COURT.

From Temple Bar.

I want to invite you to spend half an hour or so in the library of a country house. It is the hour when cups of tea do circulate. Divers ladies and gentlemen, with the foxhunter of the period, are established in comfortable chairs, and—Mrs. Venables.

"What Mrs. Venables?"

Hush, my dear madam; not so loud, I beg. Why, the Mrs. Venables of society fame. Mrs. Venables about whom little paragraphs are constantly appearing in the society papers; Mrs. Venables, without whom no country house party is really complete, and whose life, out of the season, consequently consists in a series of pleasant progresses from one house to another, attended by her maid and her diamonds—the diamonds which of course you remember she inherited from her father. You do remember? Ah, I thought so. It would be a simple impossibility for any one of us who hold a place among the "smart people" who constitute society nowadays to ever pretend that we did not know and admire Mrs. Venables. To know her is to admire her, of course. For one thing, she is the fashion; for another she is, as our cousins say, just about the most agreeable and charming woman of the day—independently of her diamonds and her charming house and her pretty daughters.

A gleam from the lamp falls upon her as she sits in a comfortable arm chair, the most perfectly appointed and yet the most natural-looking woman in the room.

"It is quite impossible," she is saying; "you wish me to take upon myself the role of improvisatrice, and monopolize the conversation for a whole hour! What can I have done that I should draw on myself the odium of a whole roomful of people?"

Then up and speaks our host, who is handing her a cup;

"No story, no tea, Mrs. Venables. We all want to hear your adventure. Now, then, a show of hands for Mrs. Venable's ghost story!"

The evidence in favor of the story is, of course, overwhelming, and Mrs. Venables resigns herself to her fate.

"How shall I begin?" she asks. "First, let me give anybody who does not wish to be bored to death time to escape."

There is a pause. No one moves, of course.

"Then I am afraid you will all be very much disappointed," says the lady, settling herself, "for I can only give an unembellished statement of facts, nature not having gifted me with an imagination. But as you all wish it, and there is no 'chiel amang ye takin' notes,' I will try my best to amuse you. Well, then, my adventure, as you call it, took place not a hundred miles from this very house where we are all staying. No, don't be too clever; it was not in this house, but it was in this county. I must not tell you the real names, for the people who owned the house are still living, and you will see, if you have patience to sit the story out, that it would be painful to them to have their identities disclosed. You will all admit that I was a girl about a hundred years ago—"

A chorus of indignant protestations, in spite of which Mrs. Venables goes calmly on—"young, possessed of a great many kind friends, and—"

"Handsome," puts in some impudent wight, under cover of the semi-darkness.

("If there are any more of these interruptions I shall be compelled to stop," says our narrator quietly.)

"Well," she continued, "I used to visit a good deal, for I have been always fortunate in having a number of kind friends. Among these the oldest, perhaps, was Harry Gore. He was one of the most popular men of his set, and no one could have ever had more cordial congratulations upon his marriage. All the gentlemen were dying to be introduced to his wife, an Australian beauty, and the young people of both sexes were delighted to be able to add another house to their happy hunting grounds.

"I was one of the last to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Gore; and it was only after we had been married a year and after we had made several fruitless attempts to meet at the houses of common friends that I received an invitation to spend a few days at their country house, which we will call Manibere Court. The letter was a very cordial one. Mrs. Gore spoke of her anxiety to make my acquaintance; indeed, she said she almost felt as if she knew me already, and in fact she quite assumed the tone of an old friend.

"'If you are not afraid of staying in our haunted house,' ran the letter, 'we hope you will come to us next week. We shall have a party for Lady B——'s ball. If you are not going there you must come to us for it, and do bring your beautiful diamonds. Harry has said so much about them that we are all dying to see them.'

"Of course I cannot remember the exact words, but with regard to those two things, the allusion to the haunted house and the request to take my diamonds, I feel quite sure. For there were ghost hunters even in those days, and though a skeptic, I was one of the most ardent of them. And as to the diamonds, (it would be affectation, of course, to pretend not to know that they were unique,) I made rather a joke of the fact that I had been chiefly asked as an appendage to my dressing case.

"Of course I accepted the invitation, and in due time I turned up at Manibere Court, diamonds and all. As we drew up at the gate at the bottom of the short avenue of lime trees that led to the house I thought to myself that a more likely find for a good family ghost of the white-sheet and chain-clanking order it had never been my fortune to come across.

"A gray stone front, with heavily mullioned windows, brought the picture of Tappington Hall in *the* edition of the 'Ingoldsby Legends' vividly before my mind. There was something just a little depressing, too, in the wide steps that led up to the terrace with its moldering balustrade, in the utter absence of any bright color to relieve the monotony—the gardens being on the other side—and in the dreary rustling of the lime trees as they bent to the chilly Autumn breeze.

"Nor was this impression removed on entering the hall. The present craze for æsthetic browns and greens had not, of course, come in. But modern mediævalism had just been discovered; Pugin was its prophet, and Mrs. Gore was evidently one of his most advanced disciples. Old oak furniture had been collected from various parts of the country and made to do duty as family pieces. Ancestral Gores scowled at you from the paneled walls and armored figures seemed to threaten one from odd recesses and corners.

"It was quite a relief to escape from these somewhat gloomy surroundings into the bright morning room looking upon the gardens, and to receive the cordial welcome of Mrs. Gore. She was indeed the most fascinating of hostesses, and withal a very beautiful woman. She had the peculiar knack of making you feel, after the first five minutes, as if you had known her all your life; and though cavilers might possibly find fault with her manner, as being, perhaps, a trifle too *empressé*, no doubt it was a great deal owing to the freedom of her colonial bringing-up. Besides, who could have the heart to criticise when whatever defect there might be arose from an anxious, possibly a too-anxious, wish to please.

"'So very glad to see you at last, dear Miss Carew!' as she advanced to meet me. 'I began to be quite afraid that we were never to know each other. So wrong of Harry not to have been here to introduce us, but now that those poor dreadful partridges have to be shot I never see him from morning till night. I have taken you at your word and put you in the haunted room. You are sure you do not mind?'

"Of course I did not mind. I was positively delighted, for in those days I owned no nerves. I don't say that it is so now, but at that time I was certainly not fanciful, and should have regarded the offer of even a night light as a personal insult.

"The ghost at Manibere Court had certainly secured one of the best rooms in the house. It was comfortable, and even cheerful, its three windows commanding a fine view of the gardens and woods backed by the ——shire hills. It was furnished in a delightfully rococo and altogether mixed style which would have sufficed to set on edge the teeth of cultured persons of to-day. The high narrow mantelpiece called aloud for spindle-shanked chairs and chippendale tables, whereas it was evident that up here only a partial reformation from utter Philistinism had as yet been effected. Sundry gaudily covered tablekins cropped up in highly incorrect but convenient places, and a particularly snug but too utterly wrong arm chair stood clothed in a species of white petticoat beside a severely orthodox carved oak bed.

"'And this is really your dressing room,' explained Mrs. Gore, indicating a door near the fireplace. 'That absurd Harry insisted on your maid being put in there, lest you should be seized with panic in the night. But if you do not like it you have only to say so, and I will have her moved.'

"'By no means,' I said. 'Dear old Pinfold has been with me so long, from my childhood in fact, that I think of her comfort almost before my own, and I know there is nothing she will like so much as being near me.'

"'As you please,' said pretty Mrs. Gore with just the slightest ghost of a shrug, 'but if you should change your mind you have only to tell the housekeeper, and have her things moved up stairs at once.'

"I need not say that I did not change my mind. After spending a very happy evening, I found myself in due course in my room with Pinfold brushing out my hair. As our habit was, we were passing in review the various toilets. Mrs. Gore's dress, of a lovely shade of mauve, just then come into fashion, had particularly captivated Pinfold's fancy, as, with a privileged few, she had watched us from the gallery, trooping in to dinner. She was, however, happy in the conviction that none of the jewelry worn by the other ladies at all came up to mine.

"'There was nothing that could beat even your "littlest" cross, Miss Florence, let alone your whole parure. What will they say when they see it to-morrow night, I wonder?'

"'They have seen it,' I replied: Mr. Gore made me fetch it down after dinner.'

"'Well, to be sure,' said Pinfold, 'what a funny thing for a gentleman to do! I wouldn't have fetched it then, if I had been you.'

"'Mrs. Gore wanted to show it to Lady Elizabeth Mogg, who is leaving to-morrow.'

"'And what did she think of it?' inquired Pinfold, when she had relieved her mind by giving a few hard tugs at my hair.

"'Nothing much,' I said, impelled by the love of teasing the dear old woman. Oh, yes, I forgot, Mrs. Gore said it wanted cleaning. Of course you will think she was jealous of it.'

"'I am sure she was,' returned Pinfold viciously. 'Perhaps she would like to have the job herself.'

"'She would,' I said. 'She offered to do them for me to-morrow. She has got some wonderful new stuff she does her own with. She is going to give me a lesson, so prepare to have all the big stones dropping out of their settings all over the place. Pooh, you silly old woman! It is all a joke, of course; but possibly she was right, and they really do want cleaning. But now let's get to bed before the clock strikes 12, or we shall lose all chance of seeing or hearing the ghost; and, Pinfold, mind you sleep with one eye open and both ears, so as to be able to come in the moment I call, if anybody should try to play us a trick and frighten us.'

"I have said that I never had a nerve in those days, and I had drawn too many houses blank already to feel much excitement about the ghost. So when Pinfold extinguished my candle and had ceased to move about, I soon dropped into a deep sleep, and allowed the watching hour to pass by unnoticed. How long I slept I could not tell. It might have been one hour, or it might have been two, but when I awoke it was still dark. Not quite dark, however, for as I turned round a thin thread of light struck upon my half-opened eyes. Not daylight though. It was not cold enough or gray enough for that, and as I drowsily considered what it could be, the thin streak penetrated between the curtains and traveled over the bed toward the foot. Could it be Pinfold, and was she walking in her sleep? The possibility of this stopped the words that were upon my lips. I had heard that it was dangerous to wake somnambulists with a shock; so instead of calling, I cautiously withdrew the curtain on one side and peeped out.

"Nerves or no nerves, I can assure you all that the sight I beheld absolutely froze my blood. I don't think I have said that the bed was in a recess, and that the chairs and tables formed cozy little oases in various parts of the large room.

"In a space between my bed and the door of Pinfold's room stood what it is *selon les regles* of all properly constituted ghost stories to call 'A Figure!' And in truth it would be impossible to describe what I saw with absolute exactness. There was an indistinctness about its shadowy outlines that prevented me from gaining a clear idea of its shape. Something I saw, while the cold dew gathered thick upon my brow—something, the faint outlines of which were rendered visible by the light of a shaded lamp, which brought into view the white flowing draperies below, while it left the upper part of the figure in deepest shadow. Lying there, with all my boasted courage ebbing away from every pore of my body, but two ideas were present with me—if only I could in any way summon Pinfold unperceived by my unwelcome visitant; and oh, if it should move! It did move.

"At that minute I did not imagine that terror could have any lower depth, but I was soon undeceived, when the figure, after a moment's pause, began to glide, thank God, not in my direction, but in the direction of the window, where, drawing aside the curtain it stood, apparently gazing out at the night. The moon was riding fast among the clouds, and threw her beams upon that mysterious thing standing silently by my dressing table; but her light did not suffice to show clearly the outline of the head, which I now saw was hidden in folds of the same shadowy material which disguised the lower part of the shape.

"The idea of a trick never for an instant crossed my mind. Sheer terror paralyzed every nerve. After some moments the creature dropped the curtain, and in the same soundless way began to return. I have said there was a large arm-chair beside the bed. In this the figure took up its position, still holding the lamp in such a manner as to keep the upper portion of it in deepest shadow.

"The chiming clock in the hall pealed merrily, but the figure did not move. Great heavens, if it should sit there all night! How long do people take to go mad from fright I wondered! The very effort to lie still produced a longing to move that was almost intolerable.

"If I could only slip out of bed on the further side and take refuge with Pinfold. Would it be possible to make a rush and gain the haven of her room before that horrible thing should have time to glide round and intercept my flight?

"Should I try? I would.

"One resolute effort would bring me to the edge of the bed. But the bed was an ancient one, and as I tried to move it creaked.

"Still the figure sat motionless. Another movement brought another creak—and, oh, horror, my enemy was upon me! With what seemed supernatural quickness, and in the same oppressive silence, it rose and came round to the side of the bed where I was lying. Instinctively I closed my eyes, and strove, until I thought my heart would burst, to breathe regularly and calmly, as if I were asleep.

"By the glare I was made conscious of the light being held close to my uncontrollably quivering eyelids, and in agony I awaited I knew not what. Then the receding light, and I opened my eyes to see the figure flitting aimlessly about the room. But was it aimlessly?

"All the stories I had ever heard of spirits haunting the spots their ill deeds had polluted crowded upon my mind as I watched that figure prosecuting its search.

"Could those tales of ghosts hunting for wills and documents, unrighteously suppressed, be true then after all? Hitherto I had sat in the seat of the scornful when the veracity of such narratives was insisted on. But I would willingly have given my adhesion to the most monstrous of these statements could I have been spared ocular demonstration of their truth. Not one hole or corner of the room did the creature leave unransacked. Drawer after drawer was opened and closed again, not in total silence, but still in the same stealthy manner. How long this would have continued it is impossible to conjecture, but a sudden violent movement on my part put an end to the situation. My attempt to escape had brought me to the very edge of the bed, and in spite of every effort to retain my position, I now felt myself slipping, slipping on to the floor. It was no use to grapple with the bedclothes in a desperate struggle to recover my position. There was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad business, and to guard against the awkward contingency of falling out of bed head foremost. With some exertion I righted myself, but the noise I made in doing so would, I feared, bring my terrible vision once more upon me. In sickening expectation I stood up for a moment with eyes closed; when I opened them the thing was gone. At the same instant I heard Pinfold move in her bed.

"'Miss Florence,' she cried drowsily, 'Miss Florence, what do you want in here?'

"But once relieved of that awful presence I did not stop to listen. The thought of foul play had not up to the present occurred to me. But now it crossed my mind, and changed all my terror into rage.

"Seizing my bell, I rang it till I pulled it down.

"'Pinfold,' I cried, rushing into her room, both doors of which I saw were now open, 'get up; don't stop to ask me anything. There are robbers in the house. Fly down stairs and call the servants as you go. I will rouse the gentlemen and send them down the front staircase. By that means the thieves cannot escape. I will tell you everything by and by.'

"I never waited to see whether the terrified Pinfold obeyed my orders. I flew along the passage and down the staircase, where I already found a party assembling. As it happened, my bell had rung down stairs, and a startled contingent of butlers, footmen, and various understrappers were mustering in the hall. The grotesqueness of their improvised toilets makes me laugh now as I think of it, but did not strike me at the time as anything at all remarkable. 'Make haste,' I cried, 'there are burglars in the house. They have been in my room. Show me at once where your master sleeps and I will go with you. Make haste.' The butler's figure was not built for speed, but, thus adjured, he led the way with astonishing alacrity, his costume exhibiting a bold combination of white, with a shepherd's plaid tastefully arranged round his neck.

"'Get up,' I cried, rushing unceremoniously into the Gores' room, which was of course in total darkness. 'There are thieves in the house. They cannot have got very far yet. Mr. Gore, do wake; get up.'

"To do him justice, though, when he did understand the purport of my visit Mr. Gore lost no time in answering the summons. Before five minutes had elapsed he assumed the lead of the search party, and I was left behind to explain matters in detail to my astonished hostess. Considering her impulsive manner, I was surprised to find that after the first shock she took my story very coolly, and was indeed inclined to pooh-pooh my somewhat incoherent narrative.

"'You've been dreaming,' she said, laughing. 'It was so wrong of us to tell you all sorts of things about that room. The thing is clear. You were frightened, you went to sleep and had the nightmare. One is so apt to fancy things when one is in a strange room and alone.'

"'Fancy things!' I cried angrily. 'Any one who knows me will tell you that I am not a person to fancy things. It was not a ghost, of course; it was a robber, or some one dressed up to frighten me. Besides, I tell you, Pinfold saw it too. Looking for my diamonds, of course, which she always keeps safe under my bed.'

"Mrs. Gore looked rather bewildered.

"'Under her bed,' she repeated softly; 'what a very droll idea! So you are not altogether unprepared for these adventures?'

"'Not unprepared! I cried, with a glance at the wrapper which I had hastily thrown round me before I had taken flight. 'Why, if I had expected to appear before society in the middle of the night, I should at least have taken care to have my dressing gown on. As it is, I wonder if you would lend me yours? It might be as well to look a little respectable, to say nothing of its being rather chilly. Why, you have got yours on; how very odd! Do you always wear your dressing gown in bed?'

"Mrs. Gore burst into a fit of laughter. 'You forget,' she said, "that I've had plenty of time to put it on while you were frightening Harry to death. You will find my fur cloak in the wardrobe. We may as well make ourselves as comfortable as we can, for your burglar may want a great deal of catching.'

"But long before the search was over my strained nerves had given away. The utter want of sympathy, nay, the absolute incredulity with which my story had been received, affected me so much that, in spite of all attempts at self-command, I burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"And in fact the return of Mr. Gore with the news that the whole house had been ransacked from attic to cellar without even a trace of an open door or window added to my discomposure, and it only required his politely expressed condolences and his wife's less thinly veiled contempt to render my collapse complete. I felt that to spend the rest of the night by myself was a simple impossibility. Aided by Mr. Gore's strong arm I took refuge with Pinfold, and in her room, with both the doors locked and a perfect blaze of candles, we sat and 'longed for the day.' There was consolation in the knowledge that Pinfold had also seen the apparition, and was prepared to bear witness to the truth of my story, although, like many other excellent people in similar predicaments, it was our fate to be disbelieved.

"Of course no amount of arguments or chaff could ever induce me to deny the testimony of my senses. Besides, was there not the confirmatory evidence of that half-opened drawer in my room?

"On one point my mind was fully made up, and that was, not to stay another night in the house; and neither arguments nor jeers sufficed in the least to shake my resolution. Both my host and hostess employed each method of persuasion in turn, and found each fail. My nerves had been too severely hurt, to make the thought of a prolonged sojourn at Manibere Court for one minute endurable. The Gores, on the other hand, united in imploring me to remain. 'My flight reflected on their house,' they said. 'It would create an unpleasant impression among their guests. The servants would not stay, (already two or three of them had declared their intention of leaving and forfeiting their wages,) and all these misfortunes would be averted if only I would consent to pass a few more nights under their roof.'

"But, as you all know, I can be terribly decided; and even though it should lead to a positive estrangement—which in fact it did—I felt that I could not nerve myself to stay. Up to the last moment Mrs. Gore never ceased pressing me to change my mind, and at last went from entreaties to absolute rudeness when she found she could not gain her point.

"You will all readily believe that it was with a light heart that I heard the gates clash behind me as I took leave of Manibere Court. Years passed before I saw it again. The Gores chose to make my refusal to risk a repetition of the horrors of that night the ground for a quarrel. I only heard at second hand that no solution of the mystery had ever been arrived at, and I did receive one formal note from Mr. Gore, hoping that I would not mention my adventure in society, as a rumor of it had already frightened several people from coming to stay with them."

Mrs. Venables's voice stopped.

"Oh, thanks so much!" from everybody.

"But was that quite the end; did you really never hear anything more?"

"That was the end of my adventure. I thought you wanted to hear a ghost story, and a ghost story with an explanation is no better than one of those conjurors who says he will show you how all his tricks are done—which, by the way, he takes very good care never to do."

"There was an explanation then?" from one of the young ladies. "Oh, do tell us! I am so nervous, I shall never sleep all night."

"It was more than a year afterward," resumed Mrs. Venables, "that I was staying at Brighton, when I caught a glimpse of a face I knew in a carriage at a shop door. At once I recognized the dark eyes and brilliant complexion of Mrs. Gore, and I doubted whether I should be the first to make the advance toward closing our silly quarrel. While I was hesitating she saw me, and to my great surprise greeted me without a trace of coolness and in her old gushing manner.

"'So glad to see you!" she said, seizing my hand, and holding it as if she would never let it go. 'You are staying here; so are we, in——Crescent. You will come and see us. You must. I will take no excuse. To-morrow. I shall expect you to tea with me to-morrow."

"And did you go?" After an unusally long pause.

"This part of my story is so painful that I hardly like to go on," said Mrs. Venables. "Still as it happened so long ago, and as I have not betrayed the real names of my friends, I suppose there can be no harm in telling it now. I arranged, then, to go to tea with Mrs. Gore. It was so long ago that afternoon tea was only just established, and people still dined at seven, and seven-thirty was considered late. I was putting on my things to go, when a message was brought to me that some one wished to see me on business immediately. Guess my surprise at finding the drawing-room in the possession of a serious-looking lady in the uniform of a hospital sister.

"'There must be some mistake,' I said. "'My friend with whom I am staying is not at home, but if you could explain the occasion of your visit to me—'

"'Certainly', said the sister gravely, 'I have come from——Crescent at the request of Mr. Gore. I believe you had arranged to lunch with Mrs. Gore to-day?"

"'Had arranged! I was just getting ready to go there now,' I said. 'Has she—surely she has not met with any accident?' The sister shook her head.

"'We thought you did not know', she said. 'Poor Mrs. Gore!'

"'Not ill?' I asked, frightened at the sad expression of her kind face.

"'Her physical health had never been better,' said the sister, 'but her mind—'

"Alas! it was too true, although at first, with that memory of our recognition of the preceding day so fresh in my mind, I could almost have been as ready to suspect Harry Gore and the sedate lady before me of a conspiracy as Mrs. Gore of mental unsoundness. You will easily realize what a terrible shock this news gave me, totally unprepared as I was for anything of the sort.

"'We thought you could not have known,' repeated the sister, 'for you might pass several hours, nay, even days, in Mrs. Gore's society without detecting the least symptoms of insanity, provided certain subjects are not touched upon.'

"'And what are these subjects?' I ventured to ask. 'It all seems so very sad and strange I can hardly believe it.'

"'I dare say you may have noticed, if you were intimate with Mrs. Gore, her extraordinary fondness for jewelry?"

"'Ah!"

"'She herself owned some very handsome ornaments given to her by her husband, and you will easily fancy his distress when one day these were missing. Every effort was made to trace them, but in vain, and the search had just been allowed to drop when the interest was suddenly revived. A lady staying at Manibere last year had a very handsome set of pearls stolen from her bedroom. But you look quite pale. I am afraid this sudden news has made you ill.'

"'I am not ill," I said, 'but it certainly has given me rather a shock. But pray go on. You do not know how deeply I am interested.'

"Within a fortnight," continued the sister, 'there came a letter from a London jeweler to say that the jewels (which had been fully described in several of the London papers) had been offered to him for sale by Mrs. Gore. Strange to say, the ornaments once in her possession, the extraordinary cunning of insanity seemed to have deserted her. When taxed with her conduct by her grief-stricken husband, she made no attempt to deny it. Nor did the remonstrances and even tears of her heart-broken parents succeed in awakening in her the slightest sense of shame for what in her irresponsible condition it would be absurd to call a crime.'

"Well, there is little more to say. Poor Mrs. Gore, when I did go to see her, exhibited no traces of mental alienation in her manner. Always restless and impulsive, unless I had been warned to expect it, her natural excitability would not have attracted my particular attention. And I need not tell you that I avoided with special care the subjects of conversation calculated to bring on the fearful paroxysms of excitement from which she occasionally suffered.

"As to any connection between my experiences at Manibere and poor Mrs. Gore's illness, you can all draw your own conclusions. I have my own opinion, of course, but as some of us are believers in the supernatural and some are not, I prefer to keep it to myself, undiscussed and undisputed. Of course the affair was never alluded to by either Mr. Gore or myself, and until to-day I do not think that I have ever related my adventure, as you call it, to more than one or two of my most intimate friends. There can be no harm now though in telling it, seeing that Mrs. Gore, whose insanity rapidly passed into the acute stage, has been at rest for several years, and Harry happily married to a charming wife. There are no ghosts now at Manibere, and the girls and I look forward to our annual fortnight there as one of the very pleasantest in our round of visits.

Some of the legends connected with trees are very interesting. A modern Greek legend invests the holm oak with a very bad reputation. When the crucifixion was about to take place, all the trees met together and determined not to lend their wood for the construction of the cross. They all kept their word except the holm oak. The other trees broke in pieces when an attempt was made to utilize them for cross making, but the holm oak remains accused forever for its compliance. The ash-tree, according to the poets, provided the material for Cupid's arrows before he learned to use the cypress. In Scandinavian mythology the ash holds a high place; under it the gods held council, and the summit of their holy ash reached the heavens, while its roots penetrated the infernal regions. On its topmost branch perched an eagle, which observed everything that passed below, and from its roots sprang two fountains, in one of which was concealed Wisdom, in the other Prophecy. The first man, so said the legend, was made out of this tree; he drank out of one of the fountains and received wisdom, but, as he neglected to drink out of the other, he had no knowledge of the future. The willow is renowned as the tree upon which Judas Iscariot hung himself, and the cedar, according to the Greek fable, has the gift of prophecy.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Japan, properly called Denipan, is the great land of the rising sun. The harbors of this island greatly resemble those of India. The coast all over is very picturesque. As you approach the city of Yokohoma you feel a sort of pleasure. The strand for miles looks overcrowded with short-sized men and women, dressed in different costumes. As soon as you land, you are surrounded by men requesting you to make yourself comfortable in their conveyances, which are generally drawn by one and propelled by another. The wheels of these carriages are too big for their size, so that they seem to be in good keeping with the size of the people, who can be said to have no necks at all. From Yokohoma runs a railway of twenty-two miles to an immense city called Tokio. This journey gives the true picture of rural life at Japan. Rice fields abound all over. Boiled fish and rice form the only staple food of the people; yet that has not, in any way, made the people meek and timid like the Bengalis. The Japanese are very brave and industrious.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you but it hangs high; a wide rough world is around you, and it lies very low.

A VISIT TO MR. THURMAN.

The Great Ex-Senator at His Home.

From the New York World.

COLUMBUS, O., Feb. 11.—In a quiet, unpretentious looking two-story red brick house on High street, a few blocks away from the State Capitol Building, lives ex-Senator Thurman. He built the house when he moved from Chillicothe, O., to Columbus, in 1853, and it has been his home ever since. There is no yard in front and the door is reached by a single stone step. High street is the main street of the city. It is nearly six miles long and there is crowded on it a very large part of a place that has but 75,000 inhabitants. I could but wonder yesterday, as I stood in the doorway of that modest dwelling, at the contrast between it and the dwelling-place he who has gone in and out there for over thirty years has builded in the hearts of the American people.

I had never met Mr. Thurman, and I only knew him as most of his other fellow-citizens knew him—through what he has said and done. To go and see him in his own house, by his own fireside, under the roof where he had come into the bloom and perfection of his splendid manhood, was a glad pilgrimage. I was let in by a little house-woman, and went back through the broad, high hallway, that reminded me of a Virginia house of the olden time, to the library, and found it to be a large square room with many easy chairs, a table with a lamp, shelves of books reaching to the ceiling on two sides of a big, roaring fire. And in a moment in came the great ex-Senator. I knew before I went there he was seventy-one years old, and I expected to see a man somewhat bent with age and very white-headed. But he was not bent nor was he very white-headed. He carried his left arm as though it was somewhat paralytic, and he was a little unsteady on his feet, but he had a great, broad, massive chest and his face was as clear as a boy's. He broke his left arm two years ago, and it has never entirely recovered; and he is somewhat unsteady on his feet from rheumatism in his knees, a malady that has afflicted him for twenty years, and which he got by inheritance. It was not from paralysis, then, that his left hand and arm looked slightly limp and shrunken. When he had sat down in a big arm-chair, which he comfortably filled, he looked very hale and comfortable. He was stronger, far fresher and younger looking than two-thirds of the members of the United States Supreme Court, and a Hercules compared with Mr. Tilden, when he was nominated for President in 1876. His great, fine head sat on his broad shoulders as steadily as if he were but thirty-five. His eye is clear, his complexion rich and healthful and his mouth firmly set. As he sat and talked with a deep, rich, musical voice his face and head reminded me of the marble statue of Napoleon in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington. There is the same over-shadowing breadth and extension of the brows, and the same massive, beautifully proportioned forehead, and something of the same contemplative, far-off look in the eyes. There is of course not the wasted form nor the shrunken jaws nor the hollow breast that seems ready to yield up its last breath, but of all the statues of Napoleon none have so much meaning in the head and face. There is about Mr. Thurman's face a strikingly similar revelation of a great soul, though it is an expression more elevated with the buoyancy of a strong vitality. He has a short gray beard that covers the lower part of face, but his upper lip is clean-shaven and fits down squarely and solidly without a wrinkle. His mouth is large, and when he smiles or laughs, as he often does, he shows a set of remarkably well-preserved teeth.

THE EX-SENATOR'S HEALTH.

When I asked him about his health he said he felt better than he had for a long time.

"Does your rheumatism trouble you much, Senator?"

"Very little, now. I have suffered more or less from it for many years. It came to me by inheritance and it is sometimes in my shoulder, sometimes in my elbow, sometimes in my knee. Then again it falls into my broken arm, and then hurts me a good deal."

HIS RELATION TO MR. CLEVELAND'S CABINET.

I next asked him if he would talk for publication about the current political questions of the day. I told him he was of course aware that he had been warmly urged for a place in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, and that the people would be greatly interested in any expression from him at this time as to the policy of the new administration.

"You must excuse me from saying a word," he replied with great firmness. "I do not think it would become me. Any expression of opinion from me now would be ill-timed and out of place. As to my going into the Cabinet, I will say only this: I have received a bushel of letters, I suppose, from kind friends all over the United States, expressing the hope that I would be selected as one of Mr. Cleveland's advisers. I have not even answered one of these letters. Some of them are from gentlemen I esteem very highly, and I fear they think strange of my not having acknowledged the courtesy they have extended me, but I have felt, and still feel, that not one word on the subject shall fall from my l