The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886. VOL. XXI.-NO. 50.

DRY GOODS.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
Baltimore Street,
East of Charles St., White Marble Building,
BALTIMORE, ARE
Large Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of
DRY GOODS.

Their assortment includes goods of every class that pertain to a well arranged, first class Dry Goods House.

We aim to keep nothing that will not prove of good value to purchasers for the money paid, and the best goods for the price can invariably be found with us.

Our business reputation for the past 56 years, and the fact that every article has the price marked on it in plain figures, thereby giving the assurance to those who do not know the value of goods, that they are paying no more than those who do, is a great inducement to deal with us.

In addition to our Retail Trade, Country Merchants can buy from us the better class of goods, not usually found in Jobbing Houses, at the Wholesale Price.

We send samples when we receive plain and explicit direction in regard to color, and about the price wanted. sep 25 13t

WESTMINSTER FLOURING MILLS.

W. S. MYER & BRO. PROPRIETORS.

Manufacture and have on hand and for sale
Flour, Feed; also, Seeds, Salt, Kainit, S. C. Rock, Plaster,
and all kinds of
Standard Brands of Fertilizers
at manufacturers' prices.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Grain.

Grain of all kind taken on storage. mr21,tf

A. H. HUBER,
NO. 3 CARROLL HALL,
DEALER IN
DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
AND PERFUMERY.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO PHYSICIANS' ORDERS AND PRESCRIPTIONS.

april 25-tf

FRANK K. HERR. SAMUEL K. HERR.

F. K. HERR & BRO.,
Manufacturers of
COACHES, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, JAGGER WAGONS!!
PHAETONS, &C.

Special attention given to Repairing. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

Factory opposite the Montour House, Main street, Westminster, Md. aug 8-1y

WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand,
FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL AND CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash prices paid for grain, Longberry a specialty,

n 14 tf DAVID ROOP & SON.

A STORE FOR SALE.

The undersigned, intending to change his business, offers for sale his stock of goods in his store in New Windsor, Md., together with an unexpired lease of two years of that very valuable corner property (owned by Jacob Leppo) he now occupies. This is a fine opportunity for any one wishing to engage in a general business. The entire lot of goods will be sold cheap. They were bought low, and comprise a great variety. Possession given at once. My Pavilion is a part of the property for sale or rent, and is a paying institution.

mar6tf CHAS. E. NORRIS.

ICE CREAM.

Having a large supply of Ice, I can furnish Pic Nics, Sunday Schools, Excursions, Hotels, Boarding Houses and Private Residences with the best quality of Ice Cream and Water Ices at reasonable rates. My wagon will deliver orders in Westminster on Sunday mornings hereafter. Patrons will please order by telephone by 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Special prices to Sunday School Festivals, Excursions and Pic Nics. Highest Cash Price paid for Cream.

JAMES W. BEACHAM,
may8 tf Avondale, Md.

FOR SALE—A VERY DESIRABLE MILL PROPERTY.

Mill 45x50 feet, 3½ stories, 2 sets of Wheat buhrs and 2 chopping buhrs; Good Bank Barn 56x35 feet; 2-Story Frame house, 6 rooms and kitchen; 44 Acres of land in good state of cultivation, 2 orchards of choice fruit; location central, being only 3 miles from two different Railroads. All buildings in good condition. For further particulars call on or address JOHN P. GARDNER,
s 11 2m Taneytown, Carroll co., Md.

BRICK! BRICK! BRICK!

I have got the only Brick Yard that has clay clear of Flint or gravel in or near Westminster. I will make it my business to have a stock of Brick on hand at all times, and be able to furnish in large or small quantities. My prices will be reasonable, and full count guaranteed. Located near the Depot, Westminster, Maryland. Come and see and examine my Brick and Clay before you buy.

sep13:tf B. C. MATTHEWS.

FIRE INSURANCE.

No notes, no assessments, prompt settlements and lowest rates in best companies. Office on Liberty street, opposite depot, Westminster.

JAMES SHRIVER,
Insurance Agent, representing Continental of New York, Western Assurance of Toronto.
jan16 86:1y

MONEY TO LOAN on mortgage in sums to suit. Apply to
L. L. BILLINGSLEA,
Attorney at Law, office Main St. op. Court,
nov21:tf Westminster, Md.

FALL OPENING
AT GEO. C. ANDERS',
Oak Hall, New Windsor, Maryland.

We have now open for inspection one of the handsomest lines of goods ever offered in this town. Dress Goods in every variety, from the lowest to the fine French Combination Novelties. We name in part all the new shades of Cloths, from 20c up to $1.00. Combination Novelties from 25c to 75c; Heather Suitings, 6-4 Wool Serges, Homespuns, Roman Stripe, Cashmeres in all colors, with Stripe Velvets in great variety, both in cotton and silk, to trim; also Plain and Brocade Velvets, Astracan and Bouch Cloth for jackets, the very latest; Clasps and Buttons to match. Remember, we still have our fine line of Black and Colored Silks, from 75c up; our Black Repp at $1, we guarantee not to cut; Satin Rhadamas in all colors, Brocade Satins. Don't think of buying before looking at our stock.

Our first invoice of Ladies' Coats just received, and will be sold extra cheap. Our stock will be kept full during the season both of Ladies' and Children's Coats. We begin as low as $2.00 to $2.50.

Our Notion Department will be well stocked with all kinds of Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Trimmings. Don't forget our 50c 3-Button Kid, 10 dozen just received; Jersey Jackets as low as 50c; Bouch Jackets begin as low as $1.75; Clothing as cheap as ever. Our fall stock is full, both for men and boys. Ask to see our handsome Satin Lined Overcoats, $15 to $18. You pay $22 to $30 for them made to order.

Our second invoice of Hats just received and selling fast. We still have the agency for Hadswell Hats for the Brethren. Our Domestic Department is full. Red and White Flannels, also Cotton Flannels, sold at last year's prices. Calicoes as low as 3c; Ginghams 5c; 10-4 White Blankets $1.

Our Boot and Shoe Department never was more complete. Gum Boots sold with a guarantee not to crack with every pair of our best boots. We are still sole agents for Evitt Brothers' Shoes; they lead the van, and are bound to distance all other competitors who may attempt to enter the race. Groceries and Queensware very cheap. Sugar 5c; good Syrup 30c; Tea.

We have job lots of goods as usual to close out, but intend making our entire stock a solid mass of bargains. Our increased trade the past season has led us to select the largest assortment of goods we have ever offered to the trade. If you want the goods we have them; if you don't want them come and see, and tell your friends. We will do our utmost to please you. Our stock is too immense to attempt to name. We promise you a beautiful line of goods, and at prices we know will insure quick sales. Carpets and Oil Cloths very cheap. We still sell Frysinger's Carpets; Flowered Carpets from 20c up; Smyrna Rugs, Druggets and Art Squares, different, for sale. Wolf and Lap Robes very cheap.

Thankful for past patronage, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of your patronage during the season.

Respectfully, GEO. C. ANDERS,
oct16 tf New Windsor, Md.

28 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.,
ROOP & ZILE

Sell the best Chopping, Grinding and Roller Process Mills in the world; Cast and Buhr corn mills a specialty.

PUMPS, PUMPS, PUMPS!

Buckeye Iron Force Pumps, Revolving Top Cistern Pumps, Pitcher Spout Pumps, Cucumber Pumps; the Iron Turbine Wind Engines.

IRON FENCE AND CRESTING.

Enclosing Church yards and Cemetery Lots a specialty. Our Cresting for Houses, Porches and Bay Windows, have no equal. We can show the finest designs of fence and cresting ever sold in the county.

STUDEBAKER WAGONS, DR. BAILEY FEED CUTTER, BELLE CITY FEED CUTTERS, HAND and POWER CORN SHELLERS.

Genl. Agents for Russell & Co., Engines, Threshers, Saw Mills, Plows, Harrows and Plow Repairs, of all kinds, also the Light Running DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE, Oil, Needles and Repairs. Correspondence solicited. Catalogues sent free on application. Our prices will surprise you.

ROOP & ZILE,
28 W. Main St.,
oct 16 Westminster, Md.

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS FOR FALL WEAR.

ALL STYLES AND AT LOW PRICES.

LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS $5 TO $25.
OUR LONDON TOP COATS $11 to $25.

Custom Department Stocked with Foreign and Domestic Goods from which to Order. Lots of Odd Coats and Vests from Broken Suits $3.50 to $6.

NOAH WALKER, & CO.,
165 and 167 West Baltimore Street,
oct2 Baltimore, Md.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll county.
AUGUST TERM, 1886.

Estate of William Stansbury, deceased.

On application it is ordered this 5th day of October, 1886, that the sale of the real estate of William Stansbury, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Joshua W. Hering, Executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary, on or before the 2d Monday, 8th day, of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 1st Monday, 1st day, of November next.

The report states the amount of sale to be fourteen hundred dollars. ($1400.00.)

WILLIAM FRIZELL,
WILLIAM T. SMITH, } Judges.
ELIAS MYERLY,
True Copy,—Test:
GEO. M. PARKE,
oct 9:3t Register of Wills.

J. H. MEDAIRY & CO.,
PRINTERS,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,
No. 6 NORTH HOWARD STREET.
Opposite the Howard House,
BALTIMORE.

Blank Books Made to Order in any style. nov 25 1882 1y

SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER and SCRIVENER. — Having had many years experience as Surveyor, Conveyancer and Scrivener, I take this method of informing the public that I am prepared to do such work with promptness and upon reasonable terms, and respectfully solicit a share of your patronage. Office near Patapsco Station, W. M. R. R.

feb. 7 tf JABEZ A. BUSH.

Select Poetry.

OCTOBER SONG.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

When the fields are ripe and yellow.
When the leaves are shrunk and sere,
If thy thoughts are mild and mellow,
Sing and praise the fading year.
If thy heart is full of groaning,
If thine eyes are near to weep,
Vex not Nature with thy moaning,
When she folds herself to sleep.

All things have their times and seasons,
Nought that lives from change is free;
God is wise, and for good reasons
Birth and growth and death must be.
All things find their fitting places,
High and low, and great and small.
Kings and peoples, creeds and races,
In the wonder of the All.

Breezy hills and blastful mountains,
Chirp of birds, and thunder's roll,
Tinkling rills and gushing fountains,
Powers that spurn weak man's control.
Cradle song and chariot's rattle,
Mighty thoughts that stir the soul.
Throng of business, roar of battle,
All make music in the whole.

Art thou young,—be bold and daring,
Flap thy wing and spur thy pace,
Fruitful labor never sparing,
Where a spade may find a place.
Art thou old,—in quiet corner
Live from fretful labor free.
Wise with faithful hand to garner
Life's full fruitage stored for thee.

And when Death comes, ugly spectre,
Spare thy hand the fruitless blow:
Bow thy head, the great Director
Wisely willing willed it so.
Death must be: and in the keeping
Of harsh frost all life must lie,
Till God shall please to rouse from sleeping
All from God that may not die.

Select Story.

UP ON THE MOOR.

From the Argosy.

One morning last shooting-season a very comfortable and pleasant little party had assembled around the loaded breakfast-table at Coombe House; for Squire Carew fairly brimmed over with hospitality and bonhommie, and his handsome, cherry wife came no whit behind in the same delightful virtues. Then there was Madge Carew, a frank and fearless girl of twenty, whose soft black eyes, raven hair, and creamy complexion told that the Squire was not far wrong in boasting of her as "pure Devonshire, born and bred." Just now she is busily ministering to the ceature comfort of her brother Tom and his guest, Aleck Fairburn, a young Highland laird; whose acquaintance Tom had lately made in town, and in his father's own hospitable fashion had brought home for a week's shooting on the moor.

For some days after the arrival of the young men rain had fallen in a downright and persevering fashion, which made the Highlander feel at home in his new quarters at once; but to-day the sun shone cheerily out, and all preparations been made for a long day's sport.

"But you must beware of the Dartmoor fogs, Mr. Fairburn," said Miss Madge, presently. "You know they come down with extraordinary suddenness; and it's no joke to be lost up on the moor in a fog, I assure you."

The young laird turned to her with a smile.

"You forget, Miss Carew, that fog is no stranger in the Highlands either, and that we have our moors as well as you. I must have profited very little by the deerstalking at home if a mist makes me suddenly forget the points of the compass."

"But all the points of the compass together won't save you from tumbling into a peat-hole full of ink-black water, or pitching, head first, down an old quarry, when the fog is so thick you can't see a yard before you," persisted Madge.

"I think you may make yourself easy on my account, though, of course, I am honored by your solicitude. A sportsman must be prepared for certain amount of risk, but I have never yet failed to make my head keep my feet from such dangers as you so vividly conjure up, Miss Carew."

There was just enough pride in the young man's gay tone to check the reply which rose to Madge's lips, but not to prevent a quiet whisper to her pet brother as she stood at the hall-door to watch the start.

"Don't let Mr. Fairburn wander off alone, Tom, if you can help it. You know our fogs better than he does."

And good-natured long-limbed Tom nodded ready as he followed the Squire and his guest down the broad old steps.

The three had done a capital morning's work, and covered many a mile of broken, undulating moorland, before they sat down to their one o'clock lunch. So, perhaps, it was no great wonder that when the good things Madge's own fair hands had carefully packed for them had been discussed with such appetite as four hours' steady tramping could give, both Tom and the Squire should threw themselves luxuriously back on the short, warm turf, and, from gazing in silence at the fleecy clouds sailing overhead, sink into one of those brief, delicious slumbers in which alone we taste the full enjoyment of sleep, while their two followers were busy disposing of the remains of the feast.

But Aleck Fairburn was one of those uncomfortably reckless mortals for whom even such an indulgence holds out no temptation; so that though for a little while he kept watch over his dozing companions with a laudable attempt at patience, it needed only the sight of a large bird sailing slowly down the wind at some little distance to make the young laird spring to his feet and seize his gun.

"There goes a heron! I must have that fellow to stuff and pair with the one I got last year. I'll be back in half an hour, Mitchelmore."

The head-keeper looked up from his lunch with an aggrieved expression on his shrewd, weather-beaten old face.

"Now, look'ee here, Jan Pearce," he remarked, severely, to his subordinate, as he watched the young fellow depart at a long, swinging pace: "when us started, this blessed mornin', young Squire, he saith to me, 'Mitche'more,' saith he, 'daunt'ee go fur to lose sight o' that there young gen'leman, 'cause he'm a stranger to these 'ere parts.' But I just put it to 'ee, Jan, be it raysonable to ax a man o' my years to go off a gusegandring in the midst o' his vittles? I hain't a goin' to do it, Jan Pearce. So there!"

"Ees fay, Maister Mitche'more," assented the under-keeper, warmly. "Us wants our bit o' vittles arl so well as the quality, us doth. And so both Squire and young Squire knowth, and takes their little rest like Christens. But they furriners be puir wheesht sort o' bodies—maze as a sheep, the half o'em! Lit un go, master; he'm big enough to take care o' hizzel': and have a bit more pasty in pace, do'ee now!"

"So the "furriner" was left to pursue his prey in solitude. On, and still on, flapped that heron before him; now alighting, till he was almost tempted to risk a long shot, then slowly rising and sailing away out of sight. Nearly, but never quite. The bird might have been an evil spirit luring the pursuer to destruction, so pertinaciously did it contrive to keep alive the excitement of the chase. And Mr. Fairburn was not only a keen sportsman, but an obstinate Scotchman who never knew he was beaten. Time and distance alike faded from his thoughts in the ardor of the pursuit, until he was at length recalled to a sense of the situation by finding his further progress checked by a little river which wound its way along the bottom of a steep ravine, and, standing on the edge of the cliff, had the mortification to watch the heron flap slowly away into the blue distance. Then, with a hasty ejaculation, Aleck turned away and took out his watch.

"By Jove! nearly 4 o'clock, and I promised to be back in half an hour! A nice sort of a fellow they'll be thinking me if they have waited there all this time. Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but to make the best speed back again. It's east for about an hour and then a bit south, I know."

No misgiving as to the correctness of this conclusion entered Mr. Fairburn's head till after nearly an hour's sharp walking. Then an uncomfortable suspicion that the great tor before him was strangely unfamiliar in aspect gradually forced its way to the front. Just at the same time the wind suddenly shifted to the west and before the question of the tor's identity could be settled the whole horizon had vanished from the wanderer's sight, and a dense, dark fog advanced over the moor with giant strides, till it completely enveloped him in its chill embrace.

To attempt to advance in the sudden darkness seemed folly, for pitfalls abounded on every side; and even Aleck Fairburn's impetuosity was so far quenched that he sat himself down on a great block of gray granite to await the course of events. A quarter of an hour—half an hour—an hour went by thus, and still no hint of the cold veil being lifted. Then Celtic impatience could no longer be controlled.

"Bog-holes and quarries be hanged! I can't sit here all night," exclaimed Aleck, as he rose from his hard seat, his limbs already chilled and stiff. "There must surely be some sort of shelter to be found, even in this forsaken end of the earth, if one does but look carefully enough for it. At any rate, I can't stand this any longer."

But it was desperately slow work in the semi-darkness, feeling one's way cautiously forward over the rough and broken ground, thickly strewn with sharp fragments of granite; and the autumn evening was far advanced before Aleck at last found himself near a human habitation — a low, stone hut, which seemed to start out of the ground at his feet, so suddenly it loomed upon him through the fog. The cottage stood quite alone, surrounded by a low stone wall, which enclosed a little bit of land that had been reclaimed from the moor.

But no friendly gleam shone out from the small square window to welcome the weary and belated traveler, nor did his loud and continuous knocking elicit any answer from within. Still, inhabited or uninhabited, the hut offered at least better shelter for the night than the cold damp moor could do. So with one vigorous push from his broad shoulder Mr. Fairburn presently forced open the low door and stumbled forward into the dark apartment. At first he thought it untenanted. There were embers on the hearth, but not a spark of life in them. He spoke, but no voice answered. When, however, he succeeded in striking a match he observed in the furtherest corner what seemed a bundle of clothing, and further inquiry resulted in the discovery of an old woman huddled together in a state of most abject terror. Aleck endeavored by gentle words to allay the alarm which his forcible entrance had evidently excited, and after some time succeeded with difficulty in inducing her to quit her place of refuge.

"I've got nort to give 'ee sir! nort to give 'ee! If 'ee was to take arl there be in the place, it wouna' bring 'ee ten shillin', I sweer. What do 'ee want wi' a poor old soul like me?"

"Come, guidwife, you don't really take me for a burglar?" said Mr. Fairburn, laughing. "You know I knocked civilly enough, too, before I made my way in this unceremonious fashion. Surely you don't expect a hungry man, who has lost his way in the fog, to spend the night contentedly out there on the moor while he sees four walls before him for shelter? Just let me have a bit of fire and a little food of any sort you've got, and I'll lie down on the hearth here till morning, and pay you well for your trouble."

The owner of the cottage seemed strangely dismayed by these very modest demands.

"Daunt 'ee go vur to ax me to do it, zir now daunt'ee, she pleaded, earnestly.—"I'm a lone widder-woman; widder Trownson, they carlls me; an' I've a gort nort vit vur gentry to set avoree 'ee. Can't 'ee go on jist a bit varder? It bain't more'n ite mile or zo down to A——, where 'ee might get the best o' everythin' to the Blue Boar! And what be ite mile to the like o' you, zir?"

"Not very much, perhaps, guidwife, in the daylight, but a good deal more than I am disposed to undertake just now. Come, make the best of a bad job, there's a good old creature; and when you find a bit of gold in your hand to-morrow morning you'll forgive me the little trouble I shall cause you. And I'll promise to mend your door for you into the bargain? Only let me have a bit of fire at once, for this fog of yours has chilled my very marrow."

Widow Trownson began new expostulations, which her visitor summarily cut short.

"Just tell me where you keep your wood, or peat, or whatever it is, and I'll soon have a blaze myself, if you really are too scared to set about it for me, guidwife."

The threat seemed at once to collect the old lady's scattered wits, and she hurriedly hobbled from the room, muttering as she went:

"He'm that masterful, he'm just naythur to hold nor to bind! Lit un take it on's own head if harm cometh of it."

After a short absence the widow returned with an abundant supply of peats, and with trembling fingers hastened to build up a fire, whose glowing heat soon restored the circulation to the young man's chilled frame. Then, with an alacrity much in contrast to her previous reluctance, she proceeded to place on the table a coarse loaf and a piece of cold bacon, and also to prepare some tea, the heat of which in some degree compensated for its villanous flavor. While the self-invited guest was busy in doing more than justice to the scanty meal, his hostess absented herself, but presently reappeared with a strange air of mingled fear and perplexity about her.

"I've made 'ee up a bed in there, zir," she said, in a trembling voice, pointing to an inner apartment. "Yer honor'll vind it clane, tho' maybe it ba'nt zo zoft as you'm used to lay on. Will 'ee be plazed to go in now, zir, and give me off yer wet things to dry 'ere by the fire, ready for the morn?"

"I hope I havent taken your own bed, guidwife?"

"Nay, I slepeth allus in the press-bed, yander. Then I'll gie yer honor a end o' candle now, an' ye'll gie me out the wat cloze, want'ee? I'll hap up the fire, an' they'll be dry's a bone by the morn."

"Really, my ancient hostess grows quite attentive," thought Mr. Fairburn, as he retired for the night into the little lean-to at the back of the hut, and willingly complied with her injunctions regarding the outer portions of his attire. The sheet which covered his impromptu couch was of the coarsest, but fragrant of lavender and thyme, and if the straw mattress was hard it was also scrupulously clean. So as the weary wanderer sank into dreamless repose, his last conscious thought was to the effect that his unpleasant adventure had after all led to a very tolerable conclusion.

Had Mr. Fairburn suddenly opened his eyes some three hours later he might have felt less confident on the subject. Close over him there leant a tall, powerful built man, with the look of a haunted animal in his small sharp eyes, and the firm lines of desperate resolve imprinted on every feature. Slowly and noislessly the door had been opened, admitting a few faint red rays from the dying embers in the outer apartment, and with the dexterity acquired by long practice in evil ways the intruder groped his way forward.

Near the pallet he paused to cast a look of keenest scrutiny on the sleeper, while his fingers closed more firmly on the short iron bar he carried.

Satisfied that the occupant of the bed was indeed unconscious of his presence, the man proceeded to the corner where Aleck had placed his gun, and noiselessly seized the weapon, which he conveyed with the same caution to the outer room. Then he returned and felt about with fingers which seemed almost to have eyes in their tips, until he discovered the cartridge belt Aleck had worn on the preceding day.—This was removed in the same stealthy fashion; and then came the last and most delicate stage of the operations.

With the iron bar firmly grasped in his right hand, the left hand of the nocturnal visitor was by imperceptible degrees slipped under the hard pillow, and as slowly withdrawn, together with the watch and pocket-book deposited there for safety.—Just then there was a slight movement on the sleeper's part, and as quick as thought the heavy bar was raised above his head. Fortunately for Mr. Fairburn his slumbers were deep and sound that night, and though the eyelids quivered they did not unclose. Silently the bar sank again, and in a few moments the door was closed as quietly as it had opened, and Aleck was again alone.

When he awoke next morning the sun was shining brightly through the single pane of greenish glass which lighted the sleeping apartment. As ablutions were evidently, owing to force of circumstances, out of the question for the present, almost the first act of his toilet was to call aloud to his entertainer for the outer garments of which she had so hospitably taken charge the previous night. No answer was returned to his appeal, however, and Mr. Fairburn called still louder. Still silence and he got impatient.

"I say, guidwife, where are you? Don't you hear me call? I—want—my—clothes."

But not even an echo answered.

"Confound that old idiot! She's gone off for water or something, and forgotten all about my things. I must just go and get them myself, I suppose."

So wrapping himself in the faded patchwork quilt which had adorned his couch, Mr. Fairburn flung open the door of the other room and proceeded on a tour of investigation.

What was his surprise when crouched in the self same corner from which she had been extricated the previous evening, her hands clasped in mute entreaty, and agony of terror depicted on her wrinkled face, he found his missing hostess!

"Poor old thing! She's evidently a little wrong in the head," said the young laird to himself. "I must try and humor her a bit."

But at the first soothing words he attempted the frightened creature crawled forward and clasped his knees convulsively.

"Vor the love o' heaven daunt 'ee harm a pure old widder 'ooman what wan't be long out o' her grave anyhow, an' I'll tell 'ee the gospel truth, zo zure as death I wull!"

"There, there, guidwife. I'm not going to hurt you or anybody else. Get up, there's a good creature, and get me my coat and trousers, that's all I want. Don't look so scared; you didn't take me for a ghost walking in broad daylight, did you?"

"You'm zure you wan't hurt me wan I tell 'ee arl? I be in my seventy-vour', an' vrail as a bird. I be!"

"I won't say what I shan't do if you keep me standing here much longer! Where on earth have you put my clothes? You haven't burnt them by accident, have you?"

"Oh, wat wull 'ee zay when I tell 'ee?"

And Betty Townson fell to sobbing violently, while still clinging to her guest's knees. Mr. Fairburn fairly stamped with vexation.

"Confound it all! What on earth am I to do with this old lunatic? They'll have sent out a search party from Combe by now, and it may be up here as likely as not. A pretty figure I should cut if Miss Madge should put her head in the door just now! By the way, I wonder what time it really is."

And freeing himself with difficulty from the unwelcome embrace, Mr. Fairburn strode hastily toward the inner room, the impromptu dressing-gown floating out behind his manly form. In another minute he returned with an angry light in his blue eyes.

"Then there really has been some deviltry or other going on in the night, you old beldame! You've good cause to be frightened—my watch, and my money, and my gun all gone! Tell me this instant where they are, or I'll shake the truth out of your old body!"

Notwithstanding his angry words, Aleck lifted the sobbing old woman gently enough from the floor, and placed her in her wooden arm-chair.

"But first of all tell me where I shall find my clothes. I can do nothing without them, for certain."

"Oh, zir!—daun't 'ee 'be so wrath wi' me!—they'm a gone, too!"

"Gone! gone where?" gasped the victim.

"He've a took 'em, yer honor—Black Jan—an' the watch, an' the gun, an' arl! But wan't 'ee have they things he'th a left yor 'ee too wear instead? I've a got 'em arl safe here yor 'ee."

And drawing from within the press bedstead a bundle of clothing, the widow displayed before the astonished gaze of the young laird a suit of homespun, coarse, indeed, in texture, but pleasingly varied in hue, each parti-colored garment being further conspicuously adorned with a huge inwoven "broad arrow," in short, the strikingly distinguished costume peculiar to the inmates of Dartmor Prison.

Mr. Fairburn's first impulse was, I fear, to indulge in some exceedingly strong language. But apparently there was something in the grim humor of the situation which suited a Highland sense of the ludicrous, for after a minute's dismayed gaze at the novel style of attire offered for his adoption, Aleck burst into a laugh so loud and long that the widow in her turn thought her guest had taken leave of his senses.

But when the laugh was over Mr. Fairburn spoke gravely enough.

"Come, guidwife, a joke's a joke, but you must give me a more lucid explanation than this if you don't want to see the inside of Exeter gaol. What the dickens have you to do with Black Jan, who so liberally places his wardrobe at my disposal? And why didn't you at least give me the chance of a tussel with the scoundrel?"

Betty Trownson was plainly immensely relieved that her tidings had resulted in nothing harder than words.

"Oh, zir, do 'ee be thankful that 'ee be spared zafe in life and limb to zee the light o' this blessed day instead of a lyin' in there a mangled corpse! There bain't a-more desp'rate villain alive than Black Jan wan the blid of 'un is up, an' he wouldn't ha' stopped short o' murder last night if so be he couldn't ha' got they cloze any other way."

The allusion reminded Mr. Fairburn of the decidedly incomplete nature of his present attire, and led to a hasty adjournment to the inner apartment, where, seated on his mattress and wrapped in his patchwork robe de chambre, he listened to his hostess' rambling narrative.

It appeared that she had known "Black Jan" alias John Hearn, from his boyhood, he having been born and bred on the moor. While still a youth he had fallen into evil company and evil ways, and at length on a charge of housebreaking he heard a sentence of ten years penal servitude pronounced against him. Then, naturally, he had vanished from the sight and hearing of honest folks; until as the solitary widow sat dozing over the fire the previous afternoon, a man in convict dress had suddenly stood before her, panting and exhausted from a run of many miles—"Black Jan" himself, who, having escaped under cover of the fog from one of the gangs at work on the moor, now half-besought, half-threatened the lonely old woman into affording him a temporary shelter.

"Then the scoundrel was actually in the place when I knocked yesterday afternoon!" interrupted her auditor.

"Ees fay, he was! An' both of us thought zure 'twas the sodgers after 'un, though he'd a made me put out my bit o' vire vor vear it might sarve 'um vor a guide. I'd o'ny jist a vinished a hidin' of un in the peat-stack, out at the back, wan 'ee brock oppen the door in that vashion, zir, an' I was jist vair mazed wi' terror."

"Small wonder you were so anxious to turn me out on the moor again! But how came you to change your mind, guidwife, and become so hospitable all in a hurry?"

"Didn't yer honor spake o' goin' out to get the turfs yerzel? and wasn't I quakin' like a leaf vor vear there'd be blidshed between the two ov 'ee? vor Jan had a swore he'd never be tooekd agen alive. And though 'ee be a vine vigure of a man, zurely, you'm no match, zir, vor Black Jan, the best wrastler in arl Devon, an' a head higher than you, besides! Zo wan I gooed out to get they turfs an' he zweared to me I mun either get they cloze an' money vor he, or zee thee murdered avore my eyes, I thinked it wor no zin to zave the life ov 'ee at any price. And beyides, yer honor, to tell 'ce the whole truth, one winter's day many a long year agone, Jan Hearn comed up here to bring me a rabbit he'd zeared—'twant long after my ole mae was a took—and he findth me a lyin' arl alone zick well-nigh to death's doore, an' he rinned a matter o' ite mile to vetch the doctor vor I; an' zo it zeemed I couldn't stand by an' zee un shot down by they sodgers like a mad dog, if zo be I could zave the live of un! Zo I made un zwear if he got they cloze an' money he woudn't harm a hair ov yer honor's head, but go straight off voreign, an' be a honest man vor the rest o' his days, and thanks be to praise, he'm a gone."

"And I'm left stranded up here with a convict costume for sole attire! Well, guidwife, I suppose from your point of view you acted for the best, but you might as well have give me a voice in the matter, I think. If a ten-pound note and a shooting-suit will really make an honest man of your friend the burglar, why, it's certainly cheap at the price—to the country, at any rate; but I must confess that "Black Jan" seems to me to have started on his new career in somewhat questionable fashion. What did he want with the gun?"

"Hur zaith hur must have the gun, zo as to pass hizzel' off vun a gen'leman out shootin' lozed in the vog, jist as it might be yer honor yerzel. By now I doubt he'm on the railroad, well-nigh to Bristol, most like, vur he spake o' goin' aboord ship there."

"And I wish good luck to the ship that gets such a precious Jonah. I shall believe in his reformation when he sends back at least the price of my new gun—not before. Well now, guidwife, what about this clothes business? Of course, I can't put on those abominations."

"Then, fay, I daun't know wat else yer honor be goin' to do, unless so be 'ee'ed be willin' to have my Zunday gound. I'd go down to A—— for 'ee mysel' this minute if I could, but I'm that crippled wi' the rheumatics I couldn't walk a mile to zave a man's live, an, it be ite mile down to A——, gude. If 'ee would like to wait up here a bit, zir, there be a cart cometh form A—— wance in a fortnight, and bringeth me the bits o' things I need to buy, he'll be here to-morrow is a week."

"Many thanks, my friend," said Mr. Fairburn laughing, "but I shan't intrude on your hospitality so long as that, even if I should have to improvise a kilt or plaid out of your best petticoat and shawl. But confound it all! there must be some better way out of the scrape than that. Carew will send out to look for me, of course, and somebody is bound to turn up here before very long; I shan't have many hours to wait."

In spite of the sanguine prediction, when night again closed in on the lonely hut Mr. Fairburn found himself once more obliged to accept the shelter of the lean-to, and the scanty accomodation it offered. Nor did the return of morning bring any sign of succor. Squire Carew and his search parties being, unfortunately, very busy dragging peat holes on the opposite side of the moor. But when the second day, too, began to draw toward its close, and still no sign of deliverance, the prisoner's patience and his hostess scanty store of provisions were alike exhausted by the extraordinary demands made upon them.

"Give me out the abominations!" Mr. Fairburn at last exclaimed, in the tone of a man resolved to do or die. "Give me out the abominations! I'd as soon be shot down for a runaway convict as spend another such day as this! Perhaps, as it's getting toward gloaming, I may have the luck to reach a friendly shelter before the police pounce upon me. If not, I must just tell my tale and trust to their having a few grains of common sense in their heads."

Half an hour later a tall figure in parti-colored raiment might have been seen in the twilight making rapid way along the little track which led from Widow Trownson's cottage down to A——.

"Who goes there?—stand, or I fire!"

"Thanks! On the whole, I think I prefer standing." And to the surprise of the mounted patrol, into whose hands he had fallen, the suspicious-looking pedestrian advanced to meet them with a very different gait from the slouch acquired in prison-pards. Naturally they suspected a ruse, and kept him well covered with their rifles.

"I assure you," went on the stranger, "I am quite rejoiced to meet you, for I was just beginning to fear I had lost my way yet once more on this delightful moor of yours. Besides, I am sure to fare better in the hands of intelligent officers like yourselves than if any of the yokels had chanced to catch sight of me first."

"That's very fine talk, my man, no doubt," said the senior constable grimly, "but you don't catch old birds with chaff, you know; so we'll just trouble you to walk here between us down to A——, and give account of yourself to Inspector Fox. I neednt warn you to be up to no tricks—you'll not be such a fool as to try them on with two armed and mounted men beside you."

Fortunately for the captive "the shades of night" were falling very fast when the little procession entered the quiet country town, and they reached the police station almost unobserved. Here they found the Inspector engaged in drawing up a report, but he rose hastily at the appearance of the patrol.

"Well done, Burton! So you've got the fellow after all! There have been too many of these escapes in the fog lately, we shall just show those Prince's Town people that some other folks are wideawake, whatever they may be themselves! I'm as glad—"

The Inspector's happy chuckle stopped suddenly as his eye fell on the prisoner's handsome features and fair wavy hair, and he turned inquiringly to the constable.

"I'm afraid, sir, that 'Black Jan' has given us the slip after all, and I think you'll say the same when you've heard this young gentleman's tale, though I didn't give much heed to it myself till now that I see him fairly under the gaslight. He certainly don't answer to the description, does he sir?"

"Stand out, sir!" said the Inspector; sharply, to Aleck, for his disappointment made him cross. "'Black hair'—(just see if that's a wig, Burton)—'dark eyes and complexion'—'six feet in height'—why, this fellow isn't above five foot ten!"

The Inspector threw down the printed slip in disgust, and turned again to the prisoner.

"Now, sir! perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what you mean by masquerading about the country in this fashion?"

"Wouldn't it be more to the point if I asked what your friend 'Black Jan' meant by going off with the new shooting-suit Wolmershausen had just built for me, and the gun I gave five and twenty pounds for last season? Look here, Mr. Inspector, I suppose you can see pretty plainly I'm not the man you want! Can't you let one of your people fetch me some food before I begin my tale? I haven't had a square meal these three days, and am pretty near famished. Do, there's a good fellow, and I'll tell you the story in brief while they're fetching it.

Something in Aleck's good-humored voice and face must have softened the official heart of Inspector Fox, for before long the wanderer was sitting down to an abundant meal of cold beef, and its attendant pickles, while the chief of the A—— police despatched a telegraphic account of "Black Jan's" escape to headquarters.

"But I'am afraid, sir, that you'll have to come before the Justices to-morrow morning just as you are! You see we're bound to produce a man as we find him; and you've got to account to the magistrates for the possession of these clothes; what I believe or don't believe goes for nothing, of course. The most I can do is to get the hearing arranged for the magistrates' private room instead of for the Court."

The prisoner sighed resignedly. "Well, what can't be cured must be endured, evidently; and I'm only too glad to have got back to civilization once more on any terms. So I must take a laugh from your worthy justices with the best grace I can muster."

"Well, sir, it won't be a very long one; that is, if your story is true," added the Inspector cautiously. "For all our justices know Squire Carew well enough, though he sits on the Newton Bench, not ours. And now, sir, I'll wish you a good night's rest, for it's past 12 o'clock."

A Bond st. lounger wearied in the search for a new sensation might perhaps have envied Mr. Fairburn next morning when he found himself ushered by Inspector Fox himself into the presence of the half-dozen Squires and Rectors who formed the A—— tribunal of justice, but I do not think any one else would have done so.

He says himself that in spite of "Sartor" and its lessons, never until that day had he properly realized the moral importance of a suit of clothes. He maintains that it took all his courage to resist the impulse which prompted him to shuffle his feet and hang his head under the stern gaze of six pairs of magisterial eyes, and declares that even his h's seemed to take to themselves wings and fly away as he told his plain, unvarnished tale.

Fortunately the penance was not a long one. Before the story was well over, a rosy old gentleman, Squire Norton by name, suddenly interrupted it. "Why, bless my soul! then this must be the young fellow Bob Hilliard was talking about at dinner last night! He said Tom Carew and his father were both nearly out of their wits, and dragging every peat-hole for ten miles round T—"

"But why in the name of wonder didn't they look for me on dry ground first?" interposed the prisoner.

"Because some shepherd who has a hut over on that side of the moor told a tale about having met a man in gray with a gun on his shoulder just before daylight; so they jumped at the conclusion that, dead or alive, you were bound to turn up somewhere in that direction."

"And no doubt he did meet a 'man in gray,' only it happened to be 'Black Jan' on his way across country!"

"That's it! The rascal wouldn't dare to make for a station here at A—— for fear of awkward results. Well now, Mr. Fairburn, the best thing I can do is to drive home and get you a rig-out of my son's, and then we'll get over to Coombe as quickly as we can, for you'll be a sight for sore eyes there, I can tell you; bright ones, too, some of them. Bob said Miss Madge was on horseback all day yesterday, scouring the moor in search of somebody."

Perhaps the most wonderful part of all this true history lies in the fact that Miss Madge Carew successfully accomplished what it has been often declared is beyond the power of woman to do—she conquered the femine impulse to utter the words, "I told you so."

This extraordinary self-restraint, combined with her frank and undisguised delight at the wanderer's safe return, so touched the susceptible heart of the young laird that there is every reason to expect before next summer the skill of the Coombe Burleigh ringers and the stability of the ancient church tower will both be tested by demands for a wedding-peal worthy of the Squire's eldest daughter.

Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever.

Be Punctual.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly; and yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements. They are late in going to bed at night, and consequently late in rising in the morning; late to their meals—to the annoyance of the other members of the household; late at the counting house or office; late at their appointments with others, who soon find that an engagement for five o'clock will probably be met at half-past five or six. Their business letters are not written promptly, and are sent to the office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving it, or come into the station just as the train is going out. They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or duty, but they are always behind time, and so are generally in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and were forever trying to catch up.

They waste time for themselves and others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality. Dilatory habits beget indifference to one's own good and to the pleasure or convenience of others, and are very closely allied to selfishness.

A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in meeting, is said to have replied that it was her religion not to disturb the religion of others. And if it were with all a part, both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for, as well as annoyance to, others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.

Breathing Through the Mouth.

Tight dressing, though the most serious hindrance to the habit of good breathing, is not the only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting and standing that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest; and it is as hard for the lungs to do good work when the chest is narrow and constricted as it is for a closely bandaged hand to set a copy of clear, graceful penmanship. Then there are lazy ways of breathing, and one-sided ways of breathing, and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now the nose was meant to breathe through, and it is marvelously arranged for filtering the impurities out of the air, and for changing it to a suitable temperature for entering the lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when air is swallowed through the mouth instead of breathed through the nose, it has an infurious effect upon the lungs. A story is told of an Indian who had a personal encounter with a white man much his superior in size and strength, and who was asked afterward if he was not afraid. "Me never afraid of man who keeps mouth open," was the immediate reply. Indeed, breathing through the mouth gives a foolish and weak expression to the face, as you may see by watching any one asleep with the mouth open.

It may be noted that an anæmic, or low, condition of the blood is seldom found where there is an established habit of full, deep breathing with the mouth closed.—*St. Nicholas for October.*

Dry Years.

In the summer of 1621, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1630, 41 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1657, 75 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1764, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1688, 81 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1705, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1715, 46 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1728, 61 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1739, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1751, 72 days in succession without rain.

When You are Ready to Go, Go.

Not all have learned the art of leaving in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, and with no dallying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and settle back and talk aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping everybody in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave taking begins, and everybody in general and particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go, go.

The Chemical Bank of New York City is one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in the world. Its capital stock is $300,000, upon which it pays annual dividends of one hundred per cent. Its deposits are over $23,000,000, and it has accumulated a surplus fund of $5,000,000. The par value of its shares is $100 and each share will bring over $3,000 in the market. It was originally chartered in 1824 and reorganized in 1844, since which time it has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity. This has been of course the result of admirable financiering, but it is said that the prosperity is largely contributed to by the uniform courtesy with which its officers, from the door keeper to the President, treat its customers—the large and small alike.

A "palindrome" is a sentence that reads the same forward and backward. One of the best we have ever seen is that which the Lowell *Courier* claims to have originated: "No, it is opposition."

Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Irreproachable manners and a good life are man's true nobility.

The chestnut is for the man who takes its shell off.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

Violence is the argument of the wrong party.