The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888. VOL. XXIII.-NO. 28.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF A FARM AND WOOD LOT,

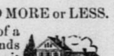
in Woolery's District, and of a

House and Lot in Mechanicsville,

Carroll County, Maryland.

The undersigned Trustees, by virtue of a Deed of Trust to them executed by Mary E. Griffee, bearing date on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1888, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll County, will offer at public sale on the premises, situate adjacent to the turnpike road leading from Mechanicsville to Finksburg, about one mile from the former and two miles from the latter place, adjoining the lands of Buchanan Ford and others, on *Saturday, the 2nd day of June, A. D. 1888,* at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that farm there situate containing

NINETY ACRES of LAND MORE or LESS.



The land on this farm is of a kindly nature and responds readily to cultivation. On it there are about seventy-five acres of cleared land, and the balance is in Timber.

Also at the same time and place, the said Trustees will offer at public sale a valuable Wood Lot, situate about one-fourth of a mile distant from the above mentioned farm, on the Deer Park road, adjoining the lands of Jacob Knight, Lewis Stocksdale and others, containing eleven acres of land more or less.

On the same day, immediately following the sale of said farm and wood lot, the said Trustees will offer at public sale, on the premises, in Mechanicsville, a Dwelling House and Lot of Land. This lot contains one and one-quarter acres of land more or less, and is improved by a two story frame weatherboarded dwelling house in good order. This is a valuable little home.

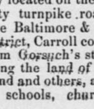
Terms of Sale:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification of sale by the Court; the residue of the purchase money to be paid in two equal instalments, the one in nine months and the other in eighteen months from the day of sale; said credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security approved by said Trustees.

WILLIAM B. THOMAS, } Trustees.
CHAS. B. ROBERTS, }
may5ts John T. Diffenbaugh, Auctioneer.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A DESIRABLE LITTLE FARM

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Lewis Scrivenor and Elizabeth A. Scrivenor, his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date December 22, A. D. 1880, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S., No. 15, folio 327, &c., I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on *Tuesday, the 29th day of May, A. D. 1888* at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that parcel of land described in said mortgage, being

71 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 20 PERCHES,



more or less. The improvements thereon are a two-story log dwelling house, stable, smoke house, and other outbuildings; orchard of apple and other fruit trees on the premises; water convenient to the building; about 20 acres is in timber, and the balance of the land is in a good state of cultivation. This property is desirably located on the road leading from the Liberty turnpike road to Gorsuch's Switch on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, in Freedom district, Carroll county, Md., about two miles from Gorsuch's station on said Railroad, adjoining the land of Wm. D. Slack, N. W. Hammond and others, and is convenient to railroad, schools, churches, mills, &c.

This property is well located, and the condition of the land, &c., renders it worthy the attention of any one wishing to purchase a small farm.

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

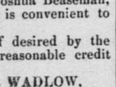
J. OLIVER WADLOW, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
May 5 ts Jos. W. Berret, Auctioneer.

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEES' SALE OF A DESIRABLE LITTLE FARM

In Freedom District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Jane Williams, Joseph Williams and Mary Jane Williams, his wife, to the undersigned, dated June 30th, A. D. 1883, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll County, in Liber F. T. S., No. 19, folio 432, &c. and by me assigned to Josephine V. Kennedy, and by the said Josephine V. Kennedy and husband re-assigned to me, I will, as assignee thereof, sell at Public Sale, on the premises, to the highest bidder, on *Thursday, the 31st day of May, A. D. 1888,* at 1 o'clock, p. m., all the land described in said mortgage containing

66 ACRES AND 1 ROOD MORE OR LESS.



The buildings thereon are a Two Story newly-built Log Dwelling House, stable and other out buildings; about one-third is in choice timber, the balance of the land is well adapted to farming purposes. This property is in Freedom District, near the road leading from the Nicodemus Road to the Liberty Road and known as the Beaseman Road, is about 2½ miles from Freedom, and adjoins the land of Joshua Beaseman, Michael Coffee and others, is convenient to school, churches &c.

Terms of Sale Cash; or if desired by the purchaser or purchasers, reasonable credit terms will be given.

J. OLIVER WADLOW, Assignee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
may5ts Jos. W. Berret, Auct.

NO. 2619 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county sitting as a Court of Equity.

George M. Pearce, trustee and plaintiff, vs. [illegible]lfred H. Butler and John H. Bu[illegible] defendants.

[illegible] of April, 1888, that the sales of the personal property made and reported by George M. Pearce, trustee of Alfred H. Butler and John H. Butler, under a deed of trust to him, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of June, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county once a week in each of three successive weeks before the 28th day of May, next.

The report states the amount of sales of personal property to be $796.65.

JNO. E. SMITH, Judge of the Circuit Court.
True copy,—Test:
may5 3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

NO. 2430 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county sitting as a Court of Equity.

Charles T. Reifsnider, Trustee, vs. Joshua Sellman and Jane Sellman, his wife.

Ordered this 28th day of April, A. D., 1888, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above cause by Charles T. Reifsnider, Trustee, by his Second Report of Sale filed therein, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 6th day of June, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Md., once a week for three successive weeks previous to the 30th day of May, next.

The Second Report states the amount of sale to be $800.00.

JOHN E. SMITH, Judge of the Circuit Court.
True copy,—Test:
may5 3t WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk.

AGENTS WANTED,

To canvass for one of the Largest, Oldest Established, Best Known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. Geneva Nursery. Established 1846.

W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, New York.
apr7 4t eot

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF OEHM'S ACME HALL THIS SEASON

And you will profit by our suggestion. We will keep you posted regarding things that concern you. We will train your thoughts to appreciate ideas of practical economy in the purchase of

Clothing and Furnishings

Of superior and standard quality for men, youths, boys and children.

Children's Kilts Come First.

One and two pieces Kilts, sizes 2½ to 6 years; Norfolk and Sailor Blouse Kilts, for dress, for play and every day; Cheviots, Stripes, Plaids, Cassimeres, Fancy Worsteds, rare designs, thousands to select from. Prices range from $1.50 to $10.

NORFOLK JACKET SUITS,

Beautiful, new and stylish patterns. Marvelous variety in Cassimeres, Cheviots, Worsteds, Corkscrews, Diagonals, Flannels, &c., all sizes. Prices $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, $5, up to $15 for finest.

Shirt Waists, Hats, Caps, &c.

Thousands upon thousands of Shirt Waists, in French and American Percales, Fancy Flannels, &c.; newest effects; prices from 12c to $2.50.

Our Juvenile Department

Displays a gorgeous assortment of Children's Hats and Caps for dress and every day.

YOUNG MEN.

Young men and youths are not forgotten. Myriads of loveliest patterns in both Sack and Cutaway Suits, all made by our own artist tailors. "Best Made," that's our trademark, and bona fide low prices are always an inducement at the GREAT STORE.

ONE VISIT

To our progressive store will convince you that there is not in Baltimore or all the South a stock that even begins to compare with ours. We searched the markets of the world to provide the best, and our own Acme Hall tailors have produced results that will merit your cheerful praise. Sack and Cutaway Suits for dress, business and every day wear. Prices from $5 to $35.

Clothing Made to Order.

FURNISHINGS.

Everything to complete a gentleman's outfit, from a Collar Button to the Richest Novelties in finest fixings. Lowest prices.

NOTE.

Send us your address and we will forward samples, rules for self-measurement, illustrated catalogue, furnishing goods price list and beautifully colored cards. Mention this paper.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

5 and 7 W. Balto. St., 1 door from Charles,
may12 88 Baltimore, Md.

MORTAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Farm & Wood Land.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Aaron Crumrine and Mary Crumrine, his wife, to the undersigned, bearing date April 6, A. D. 1880, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S. No. 14, folio 484, &c., I will sell at public sale, on the premises described in said mortgage, on *Tuesday, the 22nd day of May, A. D. 1888,* at 1 o'clock, p. m., all that property in said mortgage mentioned, consisting of

176 ACRES, 1 ROOD AND 20 PERCHES

of land, more or less. The impr[illegible]lling House, thereon are a 2-story Stone D[illegible] barn, with wagon [illegible] attached; dairy, carriage house, smoke house and other necessary outbuildings; orchard of apple and other fruit trees on the premises; spring of excellent water at the house; pump with water and also running water at the barn; 20 to 25 acres is superior meadow land, and produces heavy crops of grass; about 50 acres heavily covered with timber—oak, chestnut hickory, &c. A survey of this land will be made previous to the day of sale so as to make four to six woodlots, and other portions of the land will also be laid off in lots, so that the farm will contain 110 to 130 acres. The property will be offered as one entire parcel and also in different parcels, and will be sold as may appear the most advantageous. A plat of the property will be exhibited on the day of sale, according to which it will be offered and sold. This property is about 1½ miles north of Melrose, on the Bachman Valley R. R., about 3 miles from Lineboro', on the Baltimore and Hanover Railroad, is in Manchester district, Carroll county, Md., and adjoins the land of Jacob Menchey, Peter Leese and others, and is now in the occupancy of the said Aaron Crumrine. This property is desirably located, is in a good neighborhood, convenient to railroads schools, &c. The woodland is of superior quality; the farm is in good condition and is worthy the attention of purchasers.

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

EDMAN H. WEAVER, Mortgagee.
Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
apr28-ts John R. Strevig, Clerk.

MACHINERY REPAIR SHOP.

JOHN A. SHOWER,
WESTMINSTER, MD.,

Is prepared to Repair all kinds of Machinery. Special Machinery made to order. Castings and Repairs for Machinery built at the old Union Works, and by E. Wagoner, can be furnished at short notice. All work will be guaranteed. apr 14:y

Select Poetry.

THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And, like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again.
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And, though the heart its love regained,
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh, if we would but learn to know
How swift and sure our words can go,
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love!

Select Story.

GUDRUN.

From the Argosy.

Not lovingly caressed and anon fiercely buffeted by the waves of the Baltic, between the coast of Pomerania and Sweden, lies the Danish island of Bornholm. It is little known to the world, and the profusion of wild roses indigenous to the place has acquired for it the the sobriquet of the Isle of Roses.

The environs of the little town of Allinge, on the northwest, are especially picturesque and remarkable for the peculiar wildness of their formation. We are here, suddenly and without any prelude, confronted with a magnificent natural panorama.

Behind us stretches the vast and gloomy expanse of the plateau; before us a chaos of weird forms modeled in solid rock—and the boundless horizon. But even here the poetry of romance weaves its magic web, for the venerable ruins of Hammershuus Castle look down upon us from an eminence, as if inviting the wayfarer to rest and dream awhile within its moss-grown walls.

Making Allinge my starting point I used often to visit the old castle. The road at first lies along the strand, then winding to the left commences an ascent; after half an hour spent in scrambling among rocks the "Vale of Paradise" is attained. Through the heart of the dell encircling the castle extends a promenade whose perfection of scenery challenges imagination itself. The path on both sides is bordered with lilacs and roses in thick hedges, which grow to a sufficient height to form a species of vaulted alley, rich in fragrance, retaining its grateful shade and coolness during the prevalence of extreme heat. Birds make melody in the thicket; insects float upon the breeze with a somnolent susurrus; golden sunbeams, quivering upon the verdant foliage, glide down upon the blossoms which strew the ground; giant ferns seem to wave their fans with a dreamy motion.

A few paces through this Eden brings the wanderer before the deep, placid languor of the ocean. Masses of rock cleft in rugged wildness form at once a small bay and a fitting frame for so glorious a prospect.

I sought my favorite haunt one day when the fierce heat of the sun's rays was untempered by a breath of air; but the rough-hewn bench under the gnarled oak, whence the view extended to the distant sea, commanding the course of passing ships, was occupied.

A girl busied with needlework was sitting there. In my first surprise I fancied that I beheld some apparition or wood nymph. It was, however, no unreal mockery, for the figure arose to its feet when my footsteps became audible. Standing there in all her marvelous beauty, in a flood of sunbeams, she resembled some goddess of the Northern mythology. The garb of the country developed freely the graceful symmetry of her tall, slender figure, and lent a peculiar charm to her appearance. The most striking feature in this vision was, however, the nobly modeled head, the expressive countenance encircled by a profusion of light, wavy hair, the eyes shaded by dark lashes, blue and fathomless as the ocean, their gaze now fixed upon the intruder.

We stood silent for a mom[illegible], confronting each other in mutual surprise, for neither of us had dreamt of finding this solitude invaded by another human being. Should I pass on my way placidly, or seek to enter into conversation? I hesitated. Every form of address which first occurred to me seemed bold and inappropriate; I should have preferred to content myself with gazing at her, listening to her voice. As it was necessary, however, to put an end to the situation one way or another, and vainly endeavoring to combat the ascendency of the girl's charms, I inquired my way to the little fishing village of Vang, which I had long intended to visit.

"Ah, you speak Danish," she observed, with a friendly smile, for she had at once set me down as a foreigner. And then, with all the charm of natural affability which characterizes her compatriots, she explained that the way led me across the rocky strand. I noted anew in her a peculiarity of the Bornholm folk; avoiding all use of the expression right or left, they refer invariably to the points of the compass. She accompanied me to a point from which I could not miss my way, and wished me a pleasant walk at parting. This meeting gave me food for reflection during the rest of my ramble.

What had caused me to take so much interest in this girl? Surely not her rare beauty alone. I pondered and pondered, and at length believed I had found a clue. I had a dim recollection of some tragic feature in her face, such as Nature bestows in many human beings, and now my mind's eye descried it clearly and distinctly defined in the graceful lines of her mouth. Besides this, her eyes had a gaze full of dreamy thoughtfulness, as though the soul of their possessor dwelt in the far distance. At all events this maiden had something unusual about her.

At Vang I entered the cabin of a fisherman to partak of refreshment, as there was no inn there, and mentioned my encounter, asking, after giving a description of the girl, if anybody knew her. At once came the reply: "Of course, that was our lovely Gudrun; everybody on the island knows her. A good girl—but *klarsynet* (a clairvoyante), which, however, is not unusual among our women."

"Ah!" thought I—"a clairvoyante! That accounts for the dreamy look in her eyes." And the weather beaten sailor added:

"She has occasioned her father, old Captain Torutensen, much grief already from this cause. She wanders at night to the ruins of Hammershuus and talks with the spirits there. But she will be married soon. She is engaged to Gunnar, the pilot, who is due home shortly in the Russian East Indiaman, the Nautilus."

On my departure the old man refused my proffer of remuneration, convincing proof of the hospitality of the islanders. He accepted, however, a few cigars, thanking me heartily with a grip of the hand which I felt for some days after.

My interest in the girl increased. Did she really then possess the gift of second sight? And how did it find vent? Musing over this I set out on my return.

Thinking to shorten my journey I took a by-path. When I reached the old castle night had already fallen. I found that I had lost my way, and was soon utterly at fault. I wandered about among the rocks for a good hour, and at last in the distant descried a light which I made my beacon. It led me to an isolated house. I knocked with the intention of asking the way. The door was opened, and before me stood—my beautiful acquaintance of the afternoon.

This second meeting so surprised me that I was at first unable to utter a word. At last I explained my dilemma to Gudrun, who kindly invited me to enter. It was her father's house. The latter, a tall man of 50, easily recognizable as a sailor who had seen much of the world, gave me a friendly reception, set some refreshments before me, and proposed to accompany me until I should regain my road. Thus for the second time I had asked the way of Gudrun. She referred to this herself with some graceful jest, which lent a fresh charm to her naturally thoughtful countenance.

After this our meetings were more frequent; sometimes at the house of her father, who at times accompanied me in my rambles, sometimes walking near the old castle. One day we visited the ruins in company. We clambered about over the ancient walls, Gudrun proving herself an entertaining guide. She was well acquainted with the history of the castle, which had been the ancient stronghold of Bornholm.

It was another lovely afternoon. Long films of gossamer floated in the air; the sea rose and fell with a gentle motion. We stood upon a crumbled wall of the castle absorbed in contemplation of the indescribable beauties of the scene, around us fragrant roses entwined with ivy.

Suddenly Gudrun turned to me and asked.

"Do you believe in presentiments and in revelations of the future?"

She uttered the words hurriedly, and apparently after an internal struggle.

"I might almost do so," I answered; "for I have known men who possessed the unhappy gift of foreseeing their destiny, and this was always of a mournful kind."

I had never made any mention to Gudrun of the information which had been imparted to me at Vang with reference to her peculiarity.

"Truly an unhappy gift!" she repeated. "I also possess it, and when the spirit of prevision overcomes me, a veil seems to be torn from my eyes, and in the boundless future I see nothing but misfortune."

I knew not what to reply.

"Look yonder!" she cried suddenly in a sharp, strange voice, pointing in the direction of Allinge, whilst her vision seemed strained upon some far off point; "a stranded ship; foaming waves. He is calling—he is calling. Yes, Gunnar, I come, I come!"

And she made a movement as though she would hurry away from the spot. I held her firml[illegible] and turning my eyes in the direction indicated saw nothing but the azure sky and the placid surface of the sea.

"Ah, it was a vision," sobbed the girl. "I am so unhappy! Oh! I know that I shall die soon. This is the third time I have seen it. They are calling me, the spirits of the deep. But come; evening is closing in and you must not lose your way again."

I accompanied her to the house, striving to dispel her gloomy forebodings. But she only shook her head thoughtfully. At her door she turned. "Good-night and au-revoir," she said, looking mournfully at me; and I took my leave, strangely affected by her mood.

The day breaks dull and tempestuous. Dark clouds are scudding athwart the sky. On the sea the storm rages in uncertain gusts. The waters rise up and lash themselves in fury, and long, foam crested chains of mountain billows hurl with a mighty crash against the rock-bound coast. The island seems to tremble to its very foundations. "God protect our mariners," is the thought of every islander. My room in Mardier's commands a view of both sea and town. The latter is a small place built upon the strand. The streets are deserted as the rain descends in torrents.

The storm increases to a hurricane. In the harbor sea-mews fly hither and thither uttering discordant cries which are drowned in the roar of the tempest and the thunder of the waves.

So pass morning and afternoon. The hurricane still rages with unabated vehemence. The lantern is already alight in the neighboring light-house at Hammerberg. Several fishermen are busy in the harbor trying to make their boats, which are dancing about like nutshells, more secure from risk of injury.

But hark! A dull, brief report resounds above the din of the tempest and the turmoil of the waters. This is no thunder of the waves; it is a cannon shot. We hear it once more, and then repeated at shorter intervals. Men congregate at the harbor's mouth, and a large telescope is procured. But no ship is yet visible; the horizon is too circumscribed. Thus half an hour passes away. All Allinge is on the alert. People unite in groups to discuss the plight of the devoted vessel. I find myself attached to one of these knots. Now—it may be about 5 o'clock—something black becomes visible against the back-ground of Hammerberg. It draws nearer and becomes plainer—we distinguish a ship.

A sudden flash quickly followed by a report gives a renewed intimation that the vessel is in distress.

But who can render any aid? The coast is precipitous, and wild, uneven crags jut out far into the ocean. The sea is so rough that no boat could live in it. The danger becomes more and more imminent. The craft, a brig already bereft of its mainmast, must strike. It is hopelessly lost.

In the excitement of the awful moment I had been unconscious as to my immediate surroundings. Suddenly, quite close to me, I heard a cry full of despair, a soul-stirring wail.

It was Gudrun, who stood wringing her hands, her fallen tresses a prey to the blast. "The Nautilus—Gunnar!" she cried in her anguish. "Save him—my love!"

The doomed ship was none other than that which bore her betrothed homeward. Men ran to and fro with confused cries, but no one ventured to the rescue. "It would only be tempting Providence," declared a venerable sailor; and he added, uncovering his head in all reverence; "The Lord of heaven and earth deliver them." All the bystanders followed his example and united in the prayer.

Gudrun rushed from group to group, imploring, supplicating, wringing her hands, but nobody ventured to court certain death.

Suddenly Captain Torstensen, her father, appeared upon the scene wearing a "sou'wester" and long sea boots.

"Who will come with me?" he asked in a clear, resonant voice. He met with no response. Some attempted to persuade him from his enterprise, even resorting to force. The most experienced sailors regarded it as madness to attempt to navigate in such a sea.

"Then I shall try it alone," he declared, hurrying toward his boat. Two young men followed him, at first doubtfully; then, adjured by Gudrun, determined to join him in the desperate venture.

A rush was made for the landing where the boats were lying. Torstensen could scarce stand upright in his boat, but for all that he cast off the painter. And now, just as the men were in the act of pushing off, Gudrun leaped into the boat. A cry of terror rose from a hundred throats. Many women were weeping. The boat heeled over and the oarsmen were evidently striving to put back with Gudrun. A receding wave, however, carried the boat rapidly out of the harbor.

The crowd stood breathless; not a word was spoken. All eyes were centred on the boat, which appeared on the lofty summit of a wave only to disappear next moment in the trough of the sea. Gudrun's fair locks were floating in the wind like a cloud fleck. The minute guns had long ceased to echo from the brig.

Darkness set in, and they had not returned. Nothing further was seen of the ship. Night fell. The storm raged on, the waves still battled fiercely, and out yonder those who were meeting their doom drew their last breath unheard. Unheard? No. There is one who listens and hears.

The people of Allinge passed a sleepless night. As for me, I pondered over Gudrun's words of the previous day: "Do you hear? Oh, I know I shall die soon!"

Once more day dawned, but the morning was bright and sunny. The storm had subsided. Men were searching the shore. All that remained of the brig was a shattered wreck wedged in between the rocks. Here and there a body was lying drowned on the beach. Gudrun's father lay amongst these dead. And about a mile west of Allinge, on a projecting rock, two lifeless [illegible]s were reclinked in each other's arms—a maiden of passing love and a stalwart, handsome youth. They were Gudrun, the clairvoyante, and Gunnar, the Hero and Leander of Bornholm.

The Result of Debt.

A Japanese proverb says that a friend at hand is better than all your relations at a distance, so a little money in your pocket is better than all the credit in the world. It is astonishing sometimes how much a little money will buy, and equally surprising how quickly a bill reaches a hundred, and yet we may have little to show for it. One purchasing on credit buys rashly and generously; he does not think of pay-day, which seems far off, certain like death, but as remote and intangible. It is so easy to buy things in this way, one hardly stops to count the cost; by this method it almost seems as if all the things we covet grew on trees, and all we had to do was to put out our hands; we seem to be fed and clothed as if by a miracle, and it is surely a miracle if we pay the bill in due season. To contract a bill is to contract an obligation, to give another the advantage; we believe that half the forgeries and embezzlements in the country are the direct result of debt. Half the paralysis and heart disease which ends men's lives in their hey-day may be traced to the worry consequent upon debt; worry kills more people than work, or love, or any disease. It writes wrinkles in the face, it discolors the skin, makes the hair fall out and encourages dyspepsia.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Our Olio.

Driver and Drosky.

William Eleroy Curtis in Chicago News.

The drosky is an institution that ought to be introduced into the States. There is one in Washington, owned and used by Alex Greger, the secretary of the Russian legation, and it is a great curiosity; but they would be very useful and popular in all our cities, particularly if they could be drawn by Russian horses. There is as much fascination in riding in a drosky as in a gondola in Venice, and it is the first thing the traveler wants to do when he arrives in Petersburg. He will send his bags by the omnibus, and go to the hotel in a drosky. It is a low vehicle, the floor being scarcely more than a foot from the ground, on four wheels not much larger than those of a wheelbarrow—a sort of a miniature victoria. The ishvoshtnik, or driver, sits on a high perch far above the heads of the passengers, who have a low, narrow, backless seat over the hind wheels. It is not uncomfortable, but the sensation at first is alarming, particularly when you are whizzing around a corner, for the drivers always go like mad, and you wish there was something to hold on to. You fasten your hand on the seat with a good grip, and cling to your fellow passenger, if you have one.

The horse that draws you, and the driver who holds the reins are both Russian institutions, and you won't find their like elsewhere. One can find poor horses in Russia I suppose, but very few in Petersburg or the other large cities. They are tall, long legged animals, with slender bodies and limbs, long silken manes and tails, the latter nearly always reaching to the ground, small heads, small feet, large, intelligent eyes, and necks arched like the chargers one sees in pictures of the Bedouins in the desert. I always thought that such horses were the creation of the artists, but Russia is full of them. The ishvoshtnik is always proud of his horse, if he has a good one, and treats him much better than he does his wife. Nearly all the time he is disengaged the ishvoshtnik is either petting or rubbing his horse, and at intervals he brings out a little nose bag from under the seat, to feed him oats or meal.

Not one in ten of these charioteers has a home, and not one in ten of these splendid horses knows the inside of a stable. They live in the harness, in the open air summer and winter, being always on duty, eating when opportunity offers, and sleeping in their droskies between drives. Every hour or two the driver takes a nose bag full of oats from under his seat to feed his animals, and in the streets of the cities convenient arrangements have been made for the accommodation of this important class of the population. Water troughs are erected at intervals, small packages of hay, oats and meal are sold at the shops along the way side, and the ishvoshtnik gets his coffee and his meat at the same places, feeding, as he lives, with his horse. Both horses and masters seem never to tire, both are always on the alert. The drivers are always cheerful and good natured, and the horses always ready to start off like a whirlwind as soon as they get the word. Neither seem to care for the cold or rain, and the one is about as much an animal as the other.

The harness of the horse is as light as leather can be made, none of the straps being more than half an inch in width, and most of them are round, not larger than a lead pencil. There is no breechen because there are no grades in Petersburg; the country is perfectly level. There are no blinders on the bridle, for the horse fears nothing; he will walk up to a locomotive with as much indifference as his master. He never shies, never gets rattled, never runs away, but is perfectly obedient to the voice of his master. There are no traces, as the vehicle is drawn by the thills, which are made fast to the heavy collar with a high hoop over the horse's neck. The collar is a part of the drosky, not of the harness, for when the horse is taken away from the vehicle the collar goes with the latter.

The hoop over the horse's neck, which connects the ends of the thills and looks like an exaggerated, badly formed horse-shoe, is called the "duga," and underneath the apex, on equipages in the country, is fastened a big bell—so[illegible]times two or three bells—which jangle so [illegible] they may be heard a half mile [illegible]pose of the bell is to announce th[illegible] of the horseman, to frighten away the wolves, that infest the country roads and to warn other travelers upon narrow and dangerous highways against collisions. The droskies in the cities were formerly decorated with bells, but they made such a din that the government issued an edict to abolish them. Now, when the vehicle is approaching a corner at a high rate of speed, and it never goes slowly, the driver announces his coming by a shout—a peculiar, prolonged tone like the gondoliers use at Venice. In the winter bells are necessary for their sledges are noiseless and the ordinary speed is great.

I did not see a whip during my entire stay in Petersburg, but the ishvoshtnik keeps up a continual one sided conversation with his fleet footed partner, now encouraging him with tender, caressing epithets; now stinging him with sarcasm and taunts of scorn, and again hurling at the horse profane expletives. The effective of the driver's voice is peculiar and powerful, and an observant rider will be interested in studying this odd relationship. Now the stallion, and only stallions are used, "is precious to the soul" of the ishvoshtnik, or is his "tender dove;" a few moments later he is accused of being something entirely different, in terms that cannot be printed here, and the horse seems to understand every word.

When the reins are tightened the horse goes; when they are relaxed he stops. The drivers also use a queer sound made by rolling the tongue, a sort of troll-ll-ll-ll-ll-ll which means business. When the horse hears that he straightens himself out and goes for all he is worth. They never go slowly, but in the most reckless fashion, the drivers jeering and shouting at each other as they pass, with good humored banter, while the pedestrian takes the best care of himself he can. People seldom cross the street at a walk, unless it is deserted. They give a look in one direction, then in the other, and gathering their skirts around them, run for their lives. Vehicles always have the right of way, and it is a popular tradition that the hospitals are established solely for the treatment of unfortunates who have been run over.

Becoming One Flesh.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Husbands and wives who are fairly well mated generally grow to each other's ways, so that in the course of time they live together peaceably and contentedly, one or the other or both yielding to the companion's whims, tastes or prejudices, to avoid dissensions. During the process of this mutual accommodation and growth, which may extend over a long series of years, there is a serious risk that it may be arrested by a decay of that affection which inspires it, or that in accomplishing the harmony husband and wife may be obliged to yield more than is fair, so that in the end the couple, instead of being on terms of equality as husband and wife should be, stand in the relation of subject and master. Newly wedded couples seldom think of the future being anything different from the present, when the sole thought of each is the pleasure of the other, when each is ready and even anxious to make sacrifices at the shrine of love. They cannot forsee that though the affection may be lasting, the modes of its manifestation accommodate themselves to changed relations, nor that the growth of a family, the increase of business duties and other natural changes in their environment will gradually alter their habits of life, and perhaps drift them apart from each other, unless each gives thoughtful consideration to the duties of the married station. It is assumed their love for each other continues; that though less fervid in its manifestations than during the honeymoon, it is really stronger, because more firmly rooted in respect, and based on surer knowledge of character than that which was first awakened by an evanescent charm of person or of manner, and yet in spite of this greater and better love the husband may become careless and inconsiderate, so absorbed in business or his personal amusements as to bring concealed grief to the heart of his faithful wife. Many husbands, unconscious of such neglect of duty, would be surprised if accused of it, and respond that they worked hard for their families, economized to lay up a fortune to care for them, supplied their wives with all that they could reasonably ask for the support of the household, and generally conducted themselves as faithful husbands should do. Yet if they should give serious consideration to the subject they might find that they had neglected something of quite as much importance to the tired housewife as the means of living, and provision for the future. Unconsciously, perhaps—so gradually that neither husband nor wife could note the steps whereby the change was reached—the husband began to shrink within himself, to carry home with him his business or other enterprises, and to withhold them more and more from his wife. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he became uncommunicative; his meals were eaten in silence; after tea he had accounts to look over or his daily paper to read, and the children must not disturb him. His wife, growing to his habits, gradually abstained from disturbing him, the children were educated not to make unnecessary noise in his presence, to go to some other room for play or study, while the housewife, tired with the performance of multifarious household duties, was obliged to seek needed rest before the husband could find leisure for anything more than the most necessary conversation on family affairs. In the meantime this silent husband, whose wife longs for the old days of familiar converse and pleasant intercourse, is unconscious of any decrease in his affection; he feels, in fact, a stronger love for the patient wife who smothes his way at home than he did for the bride he led to the altar years ago. He recognizes in her sterling worth of which he was unconscious, or which he would have been unable to appreciate at that time. But in [illegible] of that love, in spite of his devotion [illegible]terial welfare of wife and children, he has[illegible]cted to make her life pleasant; he has p[illegible] his own path with little consideratio[illegible] desires, and has accepted her [illegible] matter of course. The blame is not always with[illegible] husband; counter forces are also at work to produce the same result. The wife, while attending faithfully to all household duties, may have helped to make her husband a silent man by unnecessary discussion of his own affairs and such "small talk" as wearied him, and which he sought to avoid by becoming absorbed in other things. Whatever the cause that leads to such drifting apart in the home lives of really faithful couples, the beginnings of it should be noted and the remedy applied betimes, that as the years roll on husband and wife may grow together and become as one flesh.

Our valued contemporary, the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, thinks that Dakota is too large for a single State. It is 450 miles one way and 350 miles the other. But this is nothing to Texas, which is 825 miles one way by 740 the other; while New York is 412 miles long and 312 miles wide, and Georgia is 320 miles long and 254 miles wide. So far as dimensions are concerned, Dakota will do very well as it is, and if Congress should insist on keeping the whole Territory together, the future inhabitants will be grateful therefor. Everybody is proud of belonging to a great State.

The company in which you will improve must be the least expensive to you.

Silence.

"Silence is golden," but "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." How to use silence that it may always be golden, and speech that it likewise may always be golden, is knowledge given to but few. The loudest speech is often silence. The deepest sympathy is often silence. The severest reproof, sometimes, is utter silence. The most total acquiescence is often expressed by silence. Silence is often the best refutation of calumny. All the greatest agencies of the universe are silent. Heat, light, electricity, gravitation, sleep, death, all are silent. The mental processes are best carried on in silence. Thought is silent, volition is silent.

As a peacemaker and war preventer silence is most potent. There are times when peace is ignoble, there are times when war is noble, and then meet words should be spoken—to close a dishonorable peace, to inaugurate a noble war. Silence is golden only so long as it cannot be broken by words "fitly spoken."

In the family silence is a great peacemaker; not a dogged, sullen silence, but a kindly, judicious silence. In ceatain moods of mind and body one may be wrought to frenzy by words and suggestions that in other moods would have no such effect. When one is hungry, or tired, or sleepy, or sick, he cannot take the same views that he does when full-fed, fresh and vigorous in health. If he can make due allowance for this inevitable state of things in himself and in those around him, and restrain his words, govern his tones, control his manners, he may avert a deal of trouble. An impulsive word is sometimes a spark to powder. We are careful to keep flame from powder made of saltpetre and sulphur, and should we not be equally careful to prevent social and domestic explosions? Some people are so constituted that in certain moods they will say disagreeable things, simply because they feel like it. If the combustible stuff about them is wet with the cool waters of silence it will not take fire, and great damage may be prevented. It is mere cruelty to take advantage of a fretful child and tease and aggravate and torment him, "for the fun of it." Yet this species of amusement (?) is tolerated in some families. Fretfulness and irritability arise from some form of mental or bodily disease, and should be treated accordingly.

The facts in one's life cannot be changed by mere words, and hence the best answer to unjust accusation of many sorts is silence. As an old man once said: "It isn't what people say of you that hurts; it's what they say, and have it true." When one knows that he is honorable and just and right in his dealings, wrong imputations can be borne with patience, and he can wait for his vindication, which time will surely bring.

How many words are best left unsaid? Why should we drop caustic remarks that can only burn and rankle and corrode in the hearts they touch? Why should we meet petulance with harshness? "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife." When a wrong is to be righted, when a fault must be corrected, when an unwelcome truth must be spoken, the spirit in which it is done may be such as not justly to provoke resentment or any hateful passion. The skillful surgeon's knife is kindly, though it divides the flesh and severs arteries and nerves. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." But surgical operations are rarely needed. Gentler methods of prevention, of cure by absorption, of medication by "high dilution" are wonderfully efficacious. In domestic and social practice "high dilution" applied to sharp words, reproof, objurgation, condemnation, we heartily believe in, and sometimes to remedy at all, not even sugar pills, is most efficacious. Silence is a great healer of many maladies.

English and American Society.

From the New York Times.

Perhaps the greatest contrast in English society as compared with American is that in the former a woman's importance grows with years, whereas in the latter it declines. At a large English country house some difficulty arose as to making room for all the guests expected to dinner. "Why, let those girls (indicating two pretty young ladies) take their dinner at luncheon time," said an old peeress, "and come down to the drawing-room in the evening. We don't want you girls at dinner; we want good talkers." This old lady was a famous London dinner-giver, and loved "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Lord Salisbury, who stands at the head of the great society leaders in London to-day, is 57; Lady Derby is about the same age, and many others conspicuous as agreeable [illegible] entertainers at the same p[illegible] could be cited. But here, e[illegible] bodies of such an age seem to deem themselves shelved. It is a great pity. A woman of 50 has knowledge and experience which, if she be naturally intelligent, can scarcely fail to make her society congenial to men of sense, whether they are young or old. It is often remarked by clever young fellows that their pleasantest hours at London balls are spent rather in talking to agreeable mothers than talking with their daughters. Nothing could improve society here more than a determination on the part of ladies of mature age to keep well to the front and assert themselves.

"Bobby," cautioned his mother, "the Bishop is to dine with us to-day, and you must be very quiet at the table. I want him to think that you are a good little boy."

Very much impressed, Bobby ate his dinner in silence, until his plate needed replenishing.

"Pa," he said, devoutly, "will you give me some more string beans, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.