The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1888. VOL. XXIII.-NO. 36.

SHARRER BROS.,

Clothiers & Merchant Tailors.

Wantz Building,

Main Street, Near Depot,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

ARE PREPARED FOR

THE SPRING TRADE,

And show a Larger and more Varied stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods than any other house in the county

—

STYLES AND PRICES

Will Astonish You.

—

SHARRER BROS.,
mar 17

FOR SALE.

111 Acres prime limestone land near New Windsor, 7 miles from Westminster; fine buildings, all in good condition; a very desirable farm; price $12,000—half cash, balance on 5 years time.

Farm of 55¾ acres, 4½ miles from Westminster, 2½ miles from Patapsco Station, W. M. R. R. Buildings fair. Price $2,500.

Choice little farm of 55½ acres, half mile from Westminster; good soil; brick house; large barn; all in good condition; price $11,000.

Nice little home; 8 acres; prime land; 4 miles west from Westminster; brick house; bank barn; more land if desired; price $2,800.

Plaster and bone mill on W. Md. Railroad; buildings new; best of machinery; 14 acres of land; good water power; a splendid opening to engage in a profitable and growing business; terms easy; price $3,000.

2250 acres prime timber land on Cheat river, West Virginia. Heavy original growth of poplar, red oak, ash, walnut, cherry, &c.; land valuable for grazing purposes after timber is off; price $7 per acre.

Machine shops at New Windsor, Md.; all the necessary buildings for the manufacture and repair of machinery. This property will be sold; a bargain at easy payments; price $4,500.

8 or 9 acres of woodland, near public road from Westminster to Mt. Airy, 4 miles southeast from New Windsor. Price $350.

A small home, 4 acres, on road from Westminster to New Windsor, ½ mile from former place; good house, good stabling, good water, extra fine fruit, &c. Price $1250.

Fine brick house on John street, 9 rooms, conveniently arranged, all in first class condition. Quite a bargain at $2600.

300 acres near Finksburg, Md.; 6 miles from Westminster, 1 mile from Railroad Station; land in fair condition; 100 acres in timber; stone house, bank barn; will be divided if desired; $50 per acre.

32 acres prime land, half a mile from Westminster; large bank barn, fine orchard, splendid building site for house; price $6,000.

Large brick hotel in Westminster, on Main street, near Railroad Depot; price $14,000.

Farm 45 acres, 1½ miles from Westminster; land good; buildings good; orchard choice fruit; price $80 per acre.

Farm 78 acres, 8 miles from Westminster, 2 miles from Hampstead, nearest R. R. Station, good house and barn; 53 acres cleared land in good condition; $35 per acre.

Nice Little Home, one mile from Westminster; 60 acres of prime land, good brick house; price, $8,500.

Twenty acres good land, good buildings, near Westminster, $3,800.

One hundred acres, best quality of land, 2½ miles from Westminster; buildings only fair, good water, &c.; price, $8,500.

Brick house and lot in Westminster; $1,200.

Double brick house and lot in Westminster; $2,500.

Also, some fine pasture lots, ranging from 2 to 6 acres, adjoining Westminster.

For particulars call on or address
sep 3,tf E. LYNCH, Westminster, Md.

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE.

I take this method of informing my friends and the public that I have opened an office for the transaction of the

DUTIES OF A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

in the Haines & Co. Building, next door to the store, nearly opposite the First National Bank, and respectfully solicit patronage. I shall also continue

THE BUSINESS OF FIRE INSURANCE

upon very liberal terms, being agent for the Royal of Liverpool, North America of Philadelphia, and Ætna of Hartford, Conn.
GEO. W. MATTHEWS, J. P.,
may8 tf Westminster, Md.

FEED! FEED! FEED!

Corn Flour, Corn Chop, Chicken Feed and Good Mixed Chop as low as the lowest. Will deliver free of charge to customers in town.
WM. A. SHRIVER,
jul28tf Telephone con. Avondale, Mill.

A NEW Depot in Westminster.

A gentleman stopped in No. 46 W. Main street, and asked what is your name, sir? Gladhill. What will you paper a room 12 feet square and 7 feet high for, in good paper? $2.75, sir. What will you paper it in good gilt for? $4.25. Is that so? Yes, sir. Why, I can have my whole house papered for about $12 or $15, can't I? Yes, sir. Say, did you paper the rooms of S. Kann, Sons & Co. and F. D. Miller & Co.? Yes, sir; they were the first jobs I ever did. Is that so? they are good enough for me. Yes, and I will put my work against any other paper hanger in the state. I guess you will if they are your first jobs. What do you put Embossed Paper on the wall for? 50c apiece. What! is that so? 50c apiece. What is your cheapest paper? 15c and 20c. I guess that is brown back? No, sir, we don't keep that; if you want it I can get it for you, and put it on the wall for 10c a piece, but it has seven yards in a piece; all of my paper has 8 yards in it. Do you want any brown back? No, sir; the paper you have is good and cheap enough for me. Well, I must say that you have the prettiest paterns of paper I ever saw. Well, I must go. I am glad I came in here. I am sure that I saved at least 25 per cent. by coming to see you. I will tell my neighbors about you, and when we get you in our neighborhood we will keep you all spring. There! well, good bye. Good by. Oh, by the way my wife told me to see about Curtains. Where can I get them made to fit my windows. Right here. Where can I get Picture Frames made. Right here. Is that so. What all do you keep? I keep Accordeons, Albums, Pictures, Frames, and everything that can be found in a first class 99c Store. Well, what don't you keep? Railroads and trains. Ha, ha! Well, good bye. Good bye. I am much obliged for your order. mar10

THE LARGEST VARIETY

AND FINEST LIQUORS

IN CARROLL COUNTY

IS AT

A. C. STRASBURGER'S

Next door to Derr's Store,

Westminster, Md.

I name in part—12 grades of Whiskies, including the well-known

WELTY WHISKY,

10 grades of Brandies—Apple, Peach, Ginger and Blackberry Brandy; Holland and Domestic Gins, White and Red N. E. Rum, Kimmel Port, Sherry, Catawba, Claret and Rhein Wines; imported and Domestic.

CHAMPAGNE, BASS ALE

and Bibbert's Brown Stout; Raspberry, Ginger and Lemon Syrup.

I Guarantee the Purity of our Liquors

and the quality of our goods, and will use every endeavor to give entire satisfaction in regard to price.

I also have a large stock of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

All I ask—examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. may 6 1882-tf

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS.

Having purchased a portion of the stock of B. G. Blanchard, and added a

LARGE LOT of NEW GOODS

We ask your attention to the

BEST FAMILY GROCERIES

That can be procured in the wholesale markets, and which will be sold at a small profit. Everything needed in the House Furnishing line will be found on our shelves.

Fresh Crackers, Cakes, &c.,

Received weekly. We intend to supply the people of this city and vicinity with the finest

LINE OF GROCERIES

Ever sold here, and an examination of the stock will convince the most skeptical. A fine assortment of

SILVER -:- PLATED -:- WARE

And Table Cutlery. China, Glass, Crockery, Wooden and Willow Ware, from the best to the lower grades. Also Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, Forks and other Hardware.

Flour by the Barrel or Sack,

Of the best makes. B. F. Shriver & Co's. well known brands of

Canned Fruits & Vegetables.

One of our clerks will await on the citizens for orders, which will be delivered in the city free of charge.

HULL BROS.,
No. 2 Pennsylvania Avenue,
Westminster, Md.,
ap7 tf B. G. Blanchard's old stand.

OH, MY!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPRING STOCK OF WALL PAPERS AND WINDOW SHADES

Are to be seen at 45 E. Main Street. Who runs the place? Why

HALLER & MATTHEWS,

And they are the

ONLY PAPER HANGERS

In Westminster. Who says so? Why, the people who are judges of good work. The largest stock ever seen in Westminster.

THE WINDOW SHADES

Department is perfect. They make them to fit your windows. No false measurements are given, and you only pay for what you get. We make very fine Picture Frames for a little money.

UPHOLSTERING and BELL HANGING, CARPETS MADE AND LAID.

Give them an early call, as business will be pushing soon.

ALL ORDERS, BY MAIL OR OTHERWISE, PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Address HALLER & MATTHEWS,
45 East Main St., opposite Catholic Church,
mar3 tf Westminster, Md.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Country Orders filled Promptly for

MISCELLANEOUS,
SCHOOL, LAW AND
MEDICAL BOOKS,

WRITING DESKS, POCKET BOOKS.

GOLD PENS AND PENCILS,

Work Boxes, Fine Stationery.

BLANK BOOKS,
AND CHECK BOOKS
MADE TO ORDER.

WM. J. C. DULANY & CO.,

332 and 334 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.
apr 26

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

WILLIAM MOORE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Office adjoining Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, in the room formerly occupied by Peter B. Mikesell, Esq. jan28

S. KANN, SONS & CO'S.

SWEEP-AWAY SALE

OF

Spring and Summer Dress Goods.

—

Beginning Monday morning, we'll start a sweep away sale of Spring and Summer Dress Goods that'll be remembered here for many a day. The broken weather has left us with an enormous stock on our hands. We've received instructions from headquarters in Baltimore to sell the goods at any price. So we're going to do it, and we're going to do it in earnest. Such a sale of new seasonable goods has never been seen in this section. Such surprisingly low prices have never been seen anywhere. Just to show you:

—

We sweep away a lot of French Pattern Satteens at 12½c. Extra fine Satteens, in all the new shades, at only 25c. Extraordinary values.

—

We'll sweep away a lot of SURAH SILKS in all shades at 80c. We captured these at the recent auction sale in New York. They're wonderful bargains.

—

We'll sweep away every single yard of our 50c and 60c FANCY CLOTHS at the never-heard-of price of 39c.

—

We'll throw in with these a lot of TRICOT CLOTH, yard wide, in a variety of shade and colors, at the same price, 39c. How's that?

—

We'll sweep off 300 DRESS PATTERNS, in fast colors, at next to nothing prices. LAWNS 3½c per yard, and FINE CALICOES 5c. We dare any house to buy them at the price.

—

EXTRA HEAVY MUSLIN, a yard wide, going at 5c, and a lot of DRESS GINGHAMS going for almost a song.

—

To sweep away everything is our object. We don't stop to figure out what the goods cost; we only want to know what will make them move—what'll make people jump at them. For instance:

—

We find a lot of 35c Cashmeres in all the new shades, and we cut them to 25c. They'd sell at 35c—they'll sell faster at a quarter. That's the point.

—

And so with everything within the four walls of our store. They must go, and go now, while the season is at its height. No use waiting till the sun turns down hill. We'll make hay while it shines. You can get anything you want for almost anything you may give. EMBROIDERIES in Cambric and Swiss fearfully reduced.

—

FLOUNCES—a very large and superior assortment will go in the flood. Ladies' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR must take a walk, and Gent's Furnishings must keep them company. Nothing will be spared. CARPETS, MATTINGS, OIL CLOTHS, PARASOLS, FANS, everything—everything included in this surprising sweep away sale. Get ready to get here as early as possible. Should your friends miss seeing this advertisement you will do them a kindness by mentioning it to them. We expect to see the biggest rush we've ever had, and we expect to give bigger bargains than we've ever given.

S. KANN, SONS & CO.,
Low Price Makers,
11 E. Main Street, near Railroad,
june 9 Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

A GOOD YEAR.

"It has been a good year!"
So the farmer said, as the heavy wain
He helped unload of its golden grain.
"I've had wind and flood, it is true, and yet
I've all, I know, I've a right to get.
Kind Mother Nature has used me well
The shining grain in my barns can tell.
It has been a good year!"

"It has been a good year!"
So the merchant said, as the wintry day
Its curtain dropped; "Well, I know men say
That the times are hard and I've losses had,
But at home I've a troop of faces glad,
And, surely, each one some load must bear.
It has been a good year!"

"It has been a good year!"
So the mother said, as she counted o'er
The dimpled faces, and from the floor
Picked tiny garments, and smoothed away
The tumbled clothes till another day;
"We have one wee lamb in the upper fold
Away from sorrow and sin and cold;
She is fostered now by a tender hand,
And she feels no want in that sunny land."
And tho' tears fell down in a tender rain,
Her heart beat still to the sweet refrain,
"It has been a good year!"

And childhood counted the glad days spent
In laughter, or hours to mischief lent,
And many boasted of golden gain,
And some of a record free from stain;
But they who the worthiest year had known
Were they who before the heart's high throne
Had felt that the best-loved treasures must go,
Had felt in the dark the head bow low,
And had known the strain of the breaking thread
That, severed, had meant: "Thy past is dead!"
And then had known of the peace and rest,
And had felt that the way of Right was best.
It has been a good year!

Select Story.

UNDER A CLOUD.

It was a cold, dark night in February. The snow had been lying on the housetops for a fortnight. The trees in the squares seemed like frosted skeletons. Everywhere overhead the snow was white and pure. Underfoot was a damp, cold, slushy mixture of ice and mud, such as London only can produce, which chills the badly-shod wayfarer to the bone. The lamps gave but a dim light in the side streets, and the few pedestrians, marching silently along in the quiet thoroughfares, seemed, with noiseless footsteps, to be so many sorrowful ghosts condemned to a weary pilgrimage in a silent city of mist and darkness.

Frank Denton, however, felt none of these things. At five-and-twenty one enjoys a walk undeterred by fears of cold and rheumatism; indeed the driving rain or gently-falling snow gives a zest when one is young, well-fed, well-clothed, and blessed with the knowledge that the struggle with the elements can be ended at pleasure.

Frank, although he was not particularly favored by fortune, was one of those lucky people. His father had been a poor clergyman, who being struck down by fever, left his wife and son totally unprovided for. Frank, then sixteen, had been placed by one of his father's friends in a merchant's office. Here he had remained, gradually improving his position, and gaining the confidence of his employers.

For the last two years, having had the misfortune to lose his mother, he had been living alone in London, and being of quiet and studious habits, had passed most of the evenings in the company of his books. He was out this evening, after a couple of hours' study, and had been walking briskly along for some time, his thoughts busy with a bright, imaginary future. For the last few minutes he had been vaguely aware of a female form flitting along in front of him, and was conscious that, whilst one-half of his brain had been busy building castles in the air, the other half had been as busy admiring the pretty figure in front of him.

Just as Frank was about to pass her, she seized him by the arm and forced him rudely back two or three paces, and before he could recover himself, there was a muffled sound of rushing hoofs and rattling of harness, a horse and trap dashed madly over the spot where he would have been, and in another moment the vehicle was caught against the lamp post at the corner and smashed to pieces. In a minute the solitary street had a decent-sized crowd in it. It is a marvelous characteristic of London that no sooner does the most trifling accident occur than a crowd seems to grow up at once. Where the people come from is a mystery. They seem to ooze up from the road, to emanate in some manner from the very bricks, to descend with the blacks, to float in upon the wind.

Frank, however, took little notice of the crowd. He was too much occupied with his fair preserver, who, the danger past, had fainted, and would have fallen but for his promptness in upholding her. In two or three minutes the cool night air revived her, and they walked on together till they found themselves in one of London's broad and busy streets. Here she would have wished him good-night, but he insisted on accompanying her a little farther, to which, after a faint resistance, she agreed.

The strange manner in which they had been introduced to each other; the service she had rendered him, for which, he protested, he could never sufficiently thank her; the earnest rejection on her part of any merit in what she had done, gradually launched them into a lively conversation; so that in a short time they were talking as familiarly as though they had known each other for years. He learned that she was employed at a fashionable milliner's establishment at the West End, and that she was making her way to her home near Islington.

In spite of her humble position there was a tone of refinement about her, and his quick ear told him that her speech was that of a well educated person. Her face was that of a charming girl, and her figure was in keeping with her face.

Too soon the walk came to an end, and Frank had to say good-night and once more thank his fair preserver for the service rendered him. His lodgings seemed very lonely and gloomy; and as he could not settle down to his books he retired to rest, in the hope that he might perhaps be so lucky as to dream of his new acquaintance.

All the next day her face kept appearing on the ledger or the letters he was working at, and, perhaps, it was not so very remarkable that soon after Mary Emerton had left Mme. Michaud's, she met Frank. She could not refuse to acknowledge his salutation, indeed she had little wish to do so, for his bright face and winning manner had made a great impression. There had been little romance in her dull, gray existence.

Many an evening did these young people meet, and although some would blame Mary for admitting the acquaintance of one who was a total stranger to her, it must be remembered that girls who have to work for their daily bread, and are accustomed to struggle in the everyday fight of the world, are, as a rule, quite capable of taking care of themselves. If Mary did not at once inform her parents of this new friendship, it was more out of shyness than for any other reason.

Time went on. Frank was anxious to have a home of his own, and felt that his position justified one of his humble tastes in "giving hostages to fortune."

Mary had long ago told him of her position and that of her parents. He knew that her father gained a living as a law writer; that he had once been in a better position, that he had assisted and guided his daughter in the studies that had made her far superior to most of the girls among whom her lot was cast, but that she had never heard from either parent what their former position had been, or by what misfortune it had been lost. Mr. Emerton was of a very retiring disposition, and never encouraged any one to intimacy, and this was the reason that Mary for so long objected to Frank's making himself and his wishes know to her father. She feared that this would end her sweet romance, and that the pleasant walks and happy castle-building they both indulged in would come to an abrupt conclusion.

One Saturday evening, Mary was busy in making preparations for tea of so sumptuous a nature in that humble home that it was evident "company" was expected. She went about the room, gaily singing, her eyes bright, her face lit up with joyful expectation. And this was the cause. Her story had been confided to her mother, by whom it had been somewhat hesitatingly communicated to the father, who had received it more graciously than had been expected. Mr. Emerton had at once admitted that Frank should be invited to visit them; but said that what might occur in the future must depend on what he thought of the young man, and he—Frank—would receive the communication he had to make to him.

A knock was heard at the door. Mary ran to open it, and after a longer time than might have been absolutely necessary, she ushered into the little parlor "Mr. Frank Denton."

Now did the anxious Frank make the most strenuous exertions to please the old people, and there is no doubt he fully succeeded. Still, Mr. Emerton's face was clouded during the repast, as though there were some great care or anxiety which would keep obtruding upon his pleasanter thoughts.

Frank lost no time in coming to the great question he had upon his mind, and after explaining his parentage, position and future prospects, he, holding out his hands to father and mother, asking them to entrust their daughter to his care.

Mr. Emerton arose and walked a few times up and down the room, then resuming his seat, said:

"Mr. Denton, I thank you for the straight-forward manner in which you have dealt with us, and I welcome the thought of having such a protector for my dear girl. I am getting old, and her future has often given me much anxiety. I am poor, and if you take her for your wife you must take her for herself alone. This you know; but I have something far more important to say, and, until you have heard it, I must consider that your offer has not been made. There is a cloud resting upon my name and life, which has caused me for years to hold myself aloof from all acquaintanceship or friendship—has obliged me to earn a poor livelihood by hard and incessant labor, and has condemned my girl to daily toil.

"Fifteen years ago I held a good position in a city house. There were only two clerks above me, and had things prospered with me, I might by this time have had a share in the business. I knew the work thoroughly, was shrewd and fortunate in what I undertook, was respected, and I thought, trusted thoroughly. The junior partner, I always fancied, disliked me, yet I cannot say that he ever acted unjustly towards me, or that his feelings ever did more than bias his judgement against me. One day there had been a great rush of business, and during the morning one of the partners handed me over £800 in bank notes that I was to pay into the bank later in the day. I thought at the time that I had opened my desk and pushed them in a corner, but I may have laid them on the desk at the side of a ledger I was consulting. However, I soon afterwards went out to luncheon, locking my desk carefully, according to my custom, before I went. In the afternoon I was preparing to go to bank, and opening the desk felt for the notes in the corner where I imagined I had placed them. I could not feel them, and opening my desk to its widest extent, I looked with anxiety in every corner, but to my horror in vain. At that moment the junior partner came up and asked me what made me look so white. Was I ill? I could hardly gasp out:

"The notes—lost!"

"He assisted me in the search, but the missing notes were not to be found.

"It is very peculiar," I said.

"It is indeed very peculiar," said Johnson, eyeing me in a strange searching manner.

"There was much excitement in the office; everyone was questioned and cross-examined, but no information could be obtained. In more than one private interview with the partners I was compelled to admit that I had no reason to suspect anyone. I had locked my desk before going out, and it was certainly very unfortunate that I had left the office between the receiving of the notes and the discovery of the loss. The junior partner was persistent in cross-examining me, and probably my anxiety and bewilderment may have given me the air of one who was prevaricating. Suffice it to say that my employers, forgetting my faithful service of twenty years, requested me to resign my appointment. No protestations of mine were of any avail. They evidently thought I had yielded to temptation, and I retired a broken hearted man. It was useless for me to try for employment in the city with such a grave suspicion resting on my character. I got rid of my house and furniture, and took this little cottage, where I have lived ever since. After trying many things, I obtained work as a copyist and have contrived on the money thus earned to keep up a shabby respectability. Yes, sir, I am poor, shabby, old, living in a back street, under an assumed name, but by heaven an honest man—an honest man! Now that you have heard my story, do you ask me to give you my daughter?"

"Yes—a thousand times, yes!" said Frank, jumping up and taking the weeping girl in his arms. "I do ask you, and I firmly and heartily believe that I am taking the honest daughter of an honorable man."

"Oh, Frank, dear Frank, bless you for your words," said Mary. The mother came to him, and taking his hand, kissed it in gratitude for his faith in one so precious to her loyal old heart. The two men grasped hands in that cordial firm grip that means true and loyal friendship.

They had resumed their seats, and were chatting about the city and commerce when Mr. Emerton said:

"I wonder if my old firm—Smith, Emmet and Johnson—are still flourishing?"

"What!" cried Frank, his eyes wide open with astonishment. "You mean to say that your firm was actually Smith, Emmet & Johnson?"

"Yes; do you know it?"

"Know it! Why, it's mine. I've been there nine years; and oh! what a stupid thick head I must have, that it did not strike me at once. You are Rowlands!"

"What! have you heard them speak of me?"

"Indeed, yes. Ours, as you know, Mr. Rowlands, is an old-fashioned house, with many curious nooks and corners. Some three years ago the governors resolved to have the office fitted up in the modern style. We had to crowd a bit, and to use one part of the office while the workmen altered the other. Almost the first thing they did was to pull down what must have been your old desk, and the wainscoting to which it was affixed. One of the partners was looking on and I heard his loud exclamation of surprise soon after the wainscoting was taking from the wall. He had stooped to pick up a bundle of papers covered with dust. They must have been between the bricks and woodwork for many years. His exclamation was caused by the discovery that the bundle of papers was a packet of bank notes."

"Thank heaven—thank heaven! I see it all," cried the old man.

"Then," said Frank, "we heard all about it. The other partners came in to examine the notes, and bit by bit, in the course of conversations, we heard your story. But why didn't you call after the governors advertised for you?"

"I saw no advertisement. Men out of the world as I have been seldom look at advertisements, except when they want work."

"What a pity! The old governor said he'd give a thousand pounds to find you."

That evening was, perhaps, the happiest evening these four people had ever spent. The old man was jubilant and could not sit still for five minutes at a time. He kept walking about and clapping Frank on the back every now and then would call him his dear boy. He would sit down and laugh, then stand up and laugh, till his old wife began to fear that he was turning crazy. It was a very late hour indeed before he would part with Frank, who, it was arranged, should the next Monday morning inform the firm of his discovery, leaving them to take their own method of righting the great wrong that had been done.

Frank lost no time in obtaining a private interview with his employers, one satisfactory result being that he had an advance in salary before he left the room. It was not long before Smith & Co. had done all they possibly could to compesate their old servant for his past misfortune. He had been too long out of the city, and was too much altered, to be of any use in their office, but they gave him a comfortable annuity, and he had, through them, more than one opportunity of seeing some of those who had known him of old, and of making them aware that his good name had been rehabilitated.

As to what happened afterwards to Frank and Mary, I have little to say. Last summer I spent a day at their suburban villa some few miles from Broad street. Mrs. Denton was a most amiable hostess; her father and mother seemed as happy as old people without a care in the world ought to be. I had the pleasure of riding Master Frank Emmet Denton on my knees; and as for Frank, senior, he confided to me in the garden that since he had been married he was the "laziest beggar out," and hardly ever went anywhere except on business.

Memorial Windows, Stones and Tablets in Churches.

Written for the Democratic Advocate.

"Vanity of vanities," saith the wise man, "all is vanity." It shows itself in the pride of life, at the wedding, at the birth, at the burial, in the exuberance of joy, in the ostentation of grief, and in the sanctuary itself, in the memorial window, the stone or the tablet, inscribed with the name of some patron of the church, or some one deemed by some one else deserving of a memorial. The inscription of the name of some poor, frail piece of humanity upon the walls or windows, to be gazed at by those who repair to the sanctuary for the worship of the True and Living God, not poor frail humanity.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

What are these memorial windows, stones and tablets, but a species of idolatry, a ministering to the vanities of this world. We despise to see them in the house where His Honor dwelleth. Away with them. Build monuments, if you will, but memorial windows, stones or tablets in Churches, *never*.

A window has been placed in St. Luke's Memorial Church, Long Branch, as a memorial to Gen. Grant. In the centre is a life-size bust portrait of the General in uniform. On the sides are figures emblematic of Mourning and Peace, above which is a figure of Glory. At the base is the inscription: "General Ulysses S. Grant. Erected by his friend, George W. Childs as a token of affection."

Vanity of vanities!

A costly memorial window has been placed in the Bishop Simpson Memorial Church, by Geo. W. Childs, in Third Avenue and Garfield Place. The window is of the triple pattern, and it has been placed back of the pulpit in a large recess especially built for it. The middle panel has a portrait of Bishop Simpson, with a dark background. The likeness is remarkably fine. Branches of palm leaves meet above and below the portrait. The side panels are filled with sprays of Easter lilies and lilies of the valley, with the cross and crown above them. At the foot of the portrait is the inscription:

"To the memory of the beloved Bishop Simpson. Born June 21, 1811; died June 18, 1884. The gift of his friend, George W. Childs."

A splendid memorial tablet, graven with the names of seven intrepid correspondents who fell in the Soudan campaigns, was unveiled recently in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Vanity of vanities! Vanity of vanities! all is vanity.

Something Worth Remembering.

Putting buttons, beads and similar objects into the nose is a vicious habit, which is by no means rare among children. When it is done the mother or some officious neighbor almost always attempts the removal, and the effort much oftener fails than succeeds, the object being pressed deeply into the nose. A very young child, after such an accident, can rarely be persuaded to forcibly blow its nose; if it could the foreign body would in nearly all cases be expelled. When it is too young to do that, his nose should be blown for him in this manner: Have an assistant hold the head steadily between his or her knees; then let the mother apply her lips closely over the mouth of the child and blow suddenly and forcibly into it. It is surprising with what ease the trouble can be removed by this means. The child will very likely cry when the operation is attempted; if it does so much the better. If the simple procedure advised fails, the services of a physician will generally be needed to accomplish the removal of the foreign body.—*Boston Journal of Health.*

Fireworship and Petroleum.

From Leisure Hour.

"On the Caspian sea, twelve versts from Baku," says Mr. Arthur Arnold, M. P. for Salford, "we came upon one of the oldest altars in the world, erect, and flaming with its natural burnt offering to this day. Surakhani is the ancient seat of probably one of the most ancient forms of worship. For unnumbered ages the gas which is generated by the subterranean store of petroleum has escaped from the fissures in the limestone crag, and the fire of this gas has lighted the prayers of generations of priests as it blazed and flared away to the heavens. Fireworship in Persia, of which until the eighteenth century Baku formed a part, is older than history. It may be that the fire in this temple at Surakhani has been unextinguished for a period extending from before the time of Cyrus (about B. C. 600), the fire worshipping period being older than Cyrus." The peninsula of Apsheron, upon which Baku is situated, seems beyond doubt to have been held as sacred soil by the old fire worshippers, the followers of Zoroaster, and it is said that their modern representatives, the Parsees, still make their pilgrimages to the fire-breathing rocks and plains of the Caspian shore. Given a religious belief in the deity of fire, the peculiarly sacred character of such a locality must be inevitable, and nobody need be greatly surprised at the poor benighted inhabitants of Persia bowing down in awful worship on such spots as have been described by travelers in this part of the world."

"The earth," says Jonas Hanway, the heroic London merchant who first ventured to go abroad in the city with an umbrella over his head, "for above two miles has this surprising property, that by taking up two or three inches of the surface and applying a live coal, the part which is so uncovered immediately takes fire—almost before the coal touches the earth; the flame makes the soil hot, but does not consume it, nor affect what is near to it with any degree of heat. If a cane or tube, even of paper, be set about two inches in the ground, confined and closed with earth below, and the top of it touched with a live coal and blown upon, immediately a flame issues without hurting either the cane or paper, provided the edges be covered with clay; and this method they use for light in their houses, which have only the earth for the floor. Three or four of these lighted canes will boil water in a pot, and thus they dress their victuals."

This same sagacious observer, writing some hundred and thirty years ago, refers to a temple, probably the one which Mr. Arnold visited within the past few years. There are several of them, he says, built with stone, supposed to have been all dedicated to fire. "Amongst others is a little temple at which the Indians still worship. There are generally forty or fifty of these poor devotees, who come on a pilgrimage from their own country. A little way from the temple is a low cleft of a rock, in which there is a horizontal gap two feet from the ground, nearly six long, and about three broad, out of which issues a constant flame, in color and gentleness not unlike a lamp that burns with spirits, only more pure. When the wind blows it rises sometimes eight feet high, but much lower in still weather. They do not perceive that the flame makes any impression on the rock. This also the Indians worship, and say it cannot be resisted, but if extinguished will rise in another place."

Never Take a Light to Go in Search of a Burglar.

"There are only ten persons in a thousand who, when they hear strange noises in their houses, do not immediately make a light to find out the cause," said one of the detectives of a private agency. "This is the most absolute piece of folly a sane person can commit, and yet it only seems natural. But let me tell you that when you hear any noise that indicates the presence in your house of a person who has no business there, first take the precaution to put out your light. Then, if you want to search, do so in the dark. Of course you know the house better than any intruder, and the chances are that if you keep quiet the intruder will expose himself either by showing a light or stumbling over something. Then you have the advantage of knowing his position without his knowing yours.

There is many a murdered man in his grave to-day who would have been alive had this advice been followed. What can be more preposterous than the idea of a man in his right mind (knowing that if a burglar is in his house and is discovered he will take desperate means) actually offering himself as a target by appearing with a light in his hand, which does no more good than to betray his presence, as it is only natural that he cannot see three feet beyond the rays of the light. Take the record of murders committed where only burglary was intended, and you will find that three-quarters of them are due to the folly of searching for the burglar with a light."

The Result of Debt.

A Japanese proverb says that a friend in hand is better than all your relations at a distance, so a little money in your pocket is better than 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 heyday may be traced to the worry consequent upon debt; worry kills more people than work, or love, or any disease. It writes wrinkles on the face, it discolors the skin, makes the hair fall out and encourages dyspepsia.

We lead but one life here on earth. We must make that beautiful, and to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful, and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided.

Music is the harmonious voice of creation—and echo of the invisible world—one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.

The lives of men who have been always growing are strewed along their whole course with the things which they have learned to do without.

There is no great difference between man and man. Superiority depends on the manner in which we profit by the lessons of necessity.

An Invaluable Recipe.

Randolph Peters, one of the foremost Nurserymen of the day says: Take stone lime, slack and prepare it as for ordinary whitewash, in an old barrel or box. Take enough at a time to make a bucket two-thirds full, of the proper consistency for ordinary whitewashing. Now add one pint of gas tar, one pound of whale oil soap dissolved in hot water, (or one pound common soft soap, or half pound of carbolic soap, or one pound potash, or one pint strong lye from wood ashes,) then add clay or loam enough to make a bucket full of the wash of proper thickness to be applied with a whitewash brush. If the trees have had the earth ridged up around them, take the earth away from around the collar, and apply the wash to the body of the trees from the limbs to the ground or down to the roots.

Its advantages are: 1st, It will destroy the bark louse, and give the trees a bright, clean, healthy appearance. 2. This wash will drive out all borers that may be in the trees, and the moth will not deposit eggs on or about the trees the same season the wash is used.

All who grow apple, peach, dwarf pear, quince, and ash trees, should use this wash; don't fail to use it because not patented and sold at a high price. I have known cases where peach trees have been badly affected by the borer; they have all left and the trees become healthy and vigorous with one application of this wash.

Again mice and rabbits will not girdle trees where this wash is used. Apply in May for borers and general benefit to the trees, and in late autumn as a preventive against mice and rabbits. Use this wash annually. Gas tar applied pure, will kill trees.

Keep strawberry plants out of pear orchards; as they are fully as destructive to that tree as the blight itself.

Remarkable Rescues by St. Bernard Dogs.

From the London Times.

It is only within the last few days that particulars have been published in the Swiss papers of a brave rescue effected on Mount St. Bernard on the night of the last Sunday in November. While a violent snow storm was in progress, Grand, the manager of the hospice, noticed that his own special dog that was alone with him in his room became very restless, and made signs to him to go out. He took the lantern and fog horn and went out on the mountain, the dog leading him. In a very short time he heard a call and groaning, and, helped by the dog, dug out of the snow an Italian, whom he carried on his back into the hospice. The rescued man stated that his father, two brothers, and another Italian, all journeying home with him over the pass, lay buried in the snow. He had pushed on to obtain help, but had been overpowered by the storm. Grand made ready and went out again. This second search was more tedious and led him further away, but at last the barking of the dog announced a discovery. It was the Italian stranger who was now saved and carried up to the hospice. A third time Grand and his dog sallied out into the tempest, and after a quarter of an hour's search found the others, near where the second man had been discovered. They were quite buried under the snow and almost insensible. He took the most feeble on his own shoulders, and with difficulty conducted the others to the hospice. It was now past midnight, and his toilsome task had occupied Grand over four hours, in a blinding snow storm.

Marriage Among the Greeks.

A Greek wedding is a most tedious affair, lasting a whole day, though the religious service lasts but an hour, and usually takes place at the bride's house. According to the wealth of the family, the service and number of priests is imposing and is the most peculiar in the far interior. The young bride has her eyes sealed and is led in by her maids of honor, and she takes the bridegroom's hand and they kneel upon a cushion in front of the priest. There are two wreaths provided of tawdry artificial flowers tied by long ribbons.

These are placed upon the two bowed heads and changed back and forth three times. A long service is read, incense burned and a service chanted and the rings exchanged and blessed, and finally they are pronounced married, and the priest takes a glass of wine and piece of cake and his pay and goes his way. The guests then feast and dance all day, and the poor bride, still blinded, is seated astride a half barrel of light wine, and there she must sit all day long until it is all drank, without eating or drinking. When the wine is all gone the bridesmaids take her down and unseal her eyes, give her food and undress her. Sometimes she faints from exhaustion. This same ceremony is in vogue among the Bulgarians also.

Waste of American Families.

We waste at the store, at the market and in the house enough to make us wealthy if we would only save. The fathers and the mothers do not understand the little arts of economizing, and the sons and the daughters do not learn them. We think it incompatible with our dignity as free born and well to do Americans to devote our attention to them. This is especially true as regards our food. The common saying that "the average American family wastes as much food as a French family would live upon" is a great exaggeration, but I can cite statistics to show that there is a deal of truth in it. We endeavor to make our diet suit our palates by paying high prices in the market rather than by skillful cooking and tasteful serving at home. We buy much more than we need, use part of the excess to the detriment of our health, and throw the rest away. And, what makes the matter worse, it is generally those who most need to save that are the most wasteful.—*Prof. W. O. Atwater in the Century.*

Wedding Celebrations.

The following list shows the order in which the various wedding celebrations properly come: At the end of the first year, cotton wedding; second year, paper wedding; third year, leather wedding; fifth year, wooden wedding; seventh year, woolen wedding; tenth year, tin wedding; twelfth year, silk and fine-linen wedding; fifteenth year, crystal wedding; twentieth year, china wedding; twenty-fifth year, silver wedding; thirtieth year, pearl wedding; fortieth year, ruby wedding; fiftieth year, golden wedding; seventy-fifth year, diamond wedding.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

As the medical properties of some plants can be adduced only by distillation, so our good qualities can only be proved by trials.

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.