The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1892. VOL. XXVII.–NO. 23.

STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore County, Md., December 31st, 1891.

ASSETS.

Unpaid Assessments..$ 21,848.87		
Stocks and Bonds absolutely owned by the Company (market value)...............	13,710.00	
Cash in Company's principal office and belonging to the Company deposited in bank................	665.90	
Cash in the hands of agents.................	701.71	
Premium Notes in force $364,147.87.		
All other admitted Assets detailed in statement on file in this office..........	1000.00	
Total Cash Assets......		$ 37,926.48

LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, adjusted and unpaid...$	422.00	
Premium Notes in force $364,147.87.		
Borrowed Money......	33,300.00	
All other claims........	1.86	
Total Liabilities........		$ 33,723.86
Surplus as regards policy holders............		$4,202.62
Total Income...........$	43,831.86	
Total Expenditures...	46,112.70	
Amount of Policies in force in Maryland on 31st December, 1891..........................	5,613,165.00	
Amount of Policies written in Maryland during the year 1891	653,468.00	
Premiums received on Maryland business in 1891.................	17,523.72	
Losses paid in Maryland during 1891....	15,935.23	

STATE OF MARYLAND,
INSUR. DEPART., COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Annapolis, March 15th, 1892.

In compliance with the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company in Baltimore County, Maryland, to December 31st, 1891, now on file in this Department.

J. FRED. C. TALBOTT,
mar26 3t Insurance Commissioner.

ADMINISTRATRIX OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE

OF A

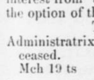
HOUSE AND LOT

In Manchester, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Richard L. Simpers to Charles B. Roberts, Guardian, dated November 10th, 1883, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S., No. 20, folio 83, and by virtue of an assignment thereof made by the mortgagee, Chas. B. Roberts, Guardian, to Dr. James P. Summers, on the 31st day of March, 1890; same being duly recorded, the undersigned, as administratrix of the said assignee, James P. Summers, will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, 9th DAY OF APRIL, 1892,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., those two Lots of ground in fee simple, centrally situated in the town of Manchester, Carroll county, Md., known on the plat of said town as Lots Nos. 16 and 51; the 1st fronting about 75 or 80 feet on Main street, and the 2nd about the same on the back alley between them; the front lot being improved by a good Brick Dwelling



House, two stories and basement, Brick Out-Kitchen, and other outbuildings. The back lot contains a large and convenient Barn, Sheds, &c. There are fine fruit and ornamental trees on the premises.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, the balance in two equal payments of 9 and 18 months, secured by the notes of the purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

TABITHA A. SUMMERS,
Administratrix of Dr. Jas. P. Summers, deceased.
Mch 19 ts Jas. A. C. Bond, Attorney.

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE

OF A VALUABLE

House and Lot at Louisville,

Carroll County, Md.

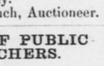
By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Mary Jane Gorsuch and Wm. Gorsuch, her husband, to Jacob M. Zimmerman and Louis H. Shultz, dated the 15th day of December, 1881, and recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in Liber F. T. S., No. 16, folio 534, &c., the undersigned, as assignee of said mortgage, will sell on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, the 13th of APRIL, 1892,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that lot of land conveyed by said mortgage containing

10 ACRES AND 3 PERCHES,

more or less, situate at Louisville, in Woolery's district. Carroll county, Maryland, on the Nicodemus road. This property is improved by a good frame dwelling house and the usual outbuildings, and is the same property of which the late John W. Harden died seized and possessed.



Terms of Sale are—One-third cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the Court, balance in two equal payments in six and twelve months, secured by the notes of the purchaser, bearing interest from day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

L. HOWELL LAMOTTE, Assignee.
Jas. A. C. Bond, Attorney.
mar 19 ts P. A. Gorsuch, Auctioneer.

EXAMINATION OF PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Notice is hereby given that, by order of the Board of School Commissioners of Carroll county, the Annual Examination of Public School Teachers and other persons who desire certificates of qualification as such, and applicants for scholarships at the State Normal School, will be held at Central Hall Schoolhouse, in Westminster, on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 20, 21 and 22 of April, beginning promptly at 9 o'clock each day; and that all applicants for teachers' certificates and scholarships at the State Normal School, and all teachers whose certificates will expire within the next school year, are required to attend said examination.

The examination will be conducted according to the following schedule:

Wednesday, a. m., Arithmetic, Geography; p. m., History, Grammar.

Thursday, a. m., Geometry, Physiology; p. m., Constitutions of U. S. and Md., public School Laws and By-laws.

Friday, a. m., Algebra, Bookkeeping; p. m., Natural Philosophy, Theory and Practice of Teaching.

JAMES A. DIFFENBAUGH,
mar 19 4t Examiner.

NEW OSBORNE MACHINES.

THE NEW OSBORNE STEEL BINDER,
Right and Left Cut.
THE NEW OSBORNE No. 4. MOWER,
THE OSBORNE All Steel HORSE RAKE,
THE OSBORNE NEW LEVER SETTING STEEL SPRING TOOTH HARROW.

Buy the Osborne Standard Manilla Binder Twine.

The above are all new improved and will be sold as low as old style machines sold by other manufacturers.

Call at the following well known machine stores and examine them. These reliable firms will fully warrant these machines and can always furnish Repairs for any machines built by us, which convenience is worth a thought. W. T. Wilson, Westminster, Md., Jos. I. Snader, Union Bridge, Md., Franklin Bowersox, Taneytown, Md., David Hoffacker, Manchester, Md., Jno. Burgoon, Union Mills, Md., A. J. Baker, Mt. Airy, Md., C. W. Loy, Loy's Station, Md.

H. S. ROOP,
Traveling Agent, Westminster Md.
D. M. OSBORNE & CO.,
404 S. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.
mar26 3m

POSTER PRINTING a specialty at the ADVOCATE Office.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

LOTS OF LAND,

In Westminster District, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in cause No. 2783, wherein Mary E. Owings and others are complainants, and Rachel Yohn and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustee, will offer at Public sale, on the premises, situate in said district, near the Washington road, distant from Westminster about three miles and adjoining the lands of John W. Holmes and others, on SATURDAY, the 23rd of APRIL, 1892, at 1 o'clock, P. M., all that Lot of Land situate as above described, containing

9 ACRES and 14 PERCHES of LAND,

more or less.

2. All that Lot of Land adjoining the above, containing 9 ACRES, 3 ROODS and 4 PERCHES of LAND, more or less.

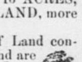
3. All that Lot of Land adjoining the last above mentioned lot, containing 10 ACRES, 1 ROOD and 22 PERCHES of LAND, more or less.

4. All that Lot of Land adjoining the last above mentioned lot, containing 10 ACRES, 1 ROOD and 22 PERCHES of LAND, more or less.

5. All that Lot of Land adjoining the last above mentioned lot, containing 10 ACRES, 1 ROOD and 22 PERCHES of LAND, more or less.

6. All that Lot of Land adjoining the last above mentioned lot, containing 16 ACRES, 1 ROOD and 12 PERCHES of LAND, more or less.

The above described Lots of Land contain some GOOD TIMBER and are very desirable, and will be sold in lots, as above, or otherwise, as the trustee may deem best for the interest of the parties concerned.



Terms of Sale.—One-third in cash on day of sale or upon ratification thereof, the balance to be paid in two equal installments of six months and one one year, bearing interest from day of sale, and secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned, trustee.

JAMES A. C. BOND, Trustee.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auctioneer. mar26 ts

GREAT SPRING OPENING AT THE CLOTHING STORE

OF

J. TRAUB & BROTHER,
UNION BRIDGE, MD.

Our elegant stock comprises everything for

SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR,

and only wants to be seen to be appreciated; the price also, will please you. In size and styles we can accomodate all—Men, Youths, Boys and Children. Our Clothing Department consists of the largest stock ever brought to Union Bridge, and includes various styles.

We can save you money in Boots and Shoes, especially on Shoes, in which we will give you something new. An elegant hand-made shoe, fully warranted. Shoes for ladies, gents and children. Also a full line of Slippers for ladies and gents. A very large line of Hosiery. Everything complete in our Gents' Furnishing Department. Hats always a specialty.

Don't fail to call and examine these goods, comprising everything found in a first-class Clothing Store. We are here to please you, and know we can if you will call to see us.

For the next 90 days persons coming a distance of from 1 to 20 miles and buying a bill of $5.00 or more will have their car fare paid. Thanking you for past favors, and trusting you will come to see us, we remain very truly yours, J. TRAUB & BROTHER,
Repp Building, Corner Main and Broadway,
mar 26 Union Bridge, Md.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.
FEBRUARY TERM, 1892.

Estate of Aaron Miller, deceased.

On application it is ordered this 29th day of March, 1892, that the sale of the real estate of Aaron Miller, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Isaiah Miller and Samuel H. Hare, acting executors of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executors, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 1st Monday, 2d day, of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 4th Monday, 25th day, of April next.

The report states the amount of sale to be eighty-five dollars and nineteen cents ($85.19.)

DAVID H. HOFFACKER,
LEWIS CASH,
ALBERT SCHAEFFER, Judges.
True copy,—Test:
GEO. M. PARKE,
apr 2 3t Register of Wills.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the Personal Estate of

JOHN HARRIS,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 19th day of October, 1892; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 14th day of March, 1892.

JOHN L. LLOYD,
DAVID E. YINGLING,
mar 19 4t Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the Personal Estate of

NICHOLAS G. CLARY,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of October, 1892; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 14th day of March, 1892.

CHARLES H. SMITH,
mar 19 4t Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the Personal Estate of

JOHN W. HARDEN,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of October, 1892, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 14th day of March, 1892.

SALLIE M. HARDEN,
mar 19 4t Administratrix.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the firm heretofore trading under the name and style of E. O. Grimes & Co. was this day dissolved by mutual consent. The books of the said firm will be kept at the old stand until June 1st, next, where settlements can be made.

E. O. GRIMES.
JOSIAH Q. STITELY.
Westminster, Md., March 19, 1892.

The undersigned will continue the business at the old stand as successor to the late firm of E. O. Grimes & Co., and solicits the patronage of former customers and the public generally.

mch26 3t E. O. GRIMES.

BIG MONEY IN POTATOES.

HOW? READ THIS AND SEE. We will give $100 Cash, in Three Premiums, for the Three Largest Yields of Irish Potatoes by the use of MT. AIRY GUANO for POTATOES, the greatest Fertilizer in the world for the special crop named.

$100 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY.

Do you want to make $50, $30, or $20 clear? You can do it. The plan is easy; write to below company, giving your full name and address, and we will mail you full particulars, Free. Payment of Prizes Guaranteed.

MT. AIRY GUANO FOR POTATOES.
Address, The Mt. Airy Manufacturing Co.,
109 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md.
mar 26 8t*

Poetry.

HOPE IS A FLOWER.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Hope is a flower, the bloom of an hour,
Whose petals expand like a wave on the sand,
Then wither and die in the gloom of a sigh,
To rear on its tomb a more beautiful bloom,
Whose fragrance will brighten the years.

This ephemeral life, with its battle and strife,
Would be solemn and drear, with nothing to cheer
The moments that live in every thought that we give,
To our wants all untold as we thirst for the gold
That shades every hue of the flower.

This beneficent flower, in its golden-hued bower,
Is mortality's goal, as it sweeps through the soul,
To drive dull despair to his Cimmerian lair,
And make each today a silver-tipped spray,
That will kiss the red blush of the morrow.

Its tendrils entwine, where the bright flowers shine,
With a lustre that grows, while life gently flows,
O'er the years that are dead, o'er the memories fled,
But the wreck of the past is the harbor at last
That beckons for something beyond.

The flower will live, its fragrance will give
A lasting perfume that no time can consume,
As it thrives in the soul of humanity's goal,
Where its beauty will cling, the same beautiful thing,
To bloom in God's garden above.

Select Story.

A QUEER STORY.

From the London Truth.

Captain Freelance's return to Ravenscroft was an event in that little Doltshire village. The captain was the nephew of Squire Fairfax, of Ravenscroft Hall. The early death of both his parents had left his uncle his guardian, and it must be confessed that the behavior of the young man did not make that office a sinecure. In fact, both before and after he entered the army, young Freelance was as dissipated and reckless a boy as one could well imagine. Squire Fairfax could prophesy no very brilliant future for him, and was rejoiced when his coming of age released him from the painful duties of guardianship. Soon after he attained majority, young Freelance's regiment was ordered abroad, and it was now after five years' service in India that the scapegrace returned for a time to his uncle's roof.

One can guess with what feelings Squire Fairfax awaited his nephews, arrival. What sort of a man had the dissipated boy turned out? Was he wilder than ever, or had he become, as wild boys often do, an unusually steady and sober man? Would he come back aged and broken at 27, or young, strong and handsome, as he should be? The accounts of his behavior in India which reached Squire Fairfax's ears assisted him nothing in trying to answer these questions. Some had described him as a warning to young men, others as a model.

When, then, Captain Freelance was ushered into the study where Squire Fairfax and his only child, Emma, were awaiting his arrival, it was with ill concealed anxiety that the former rose to greet his guest. But in a moment his anxiety disappeared. Captain Freelance was no longer the worn and dissipated youth his uncle had remembered him. As he stood there, tall and erect, with his broad shoulders, resolute face and gallant bearing, the squire thought him the very beau ideal of a soldier; there was not a trace in face or manner of debauched habits or an abandoned life.

If his nephew's reformation brought joy to Squire Fairfax, there was another person in the village to whom it was extremely unwelcome. Strange to say, he who regretted the young man's desertion of evil ways was the rector of the parish, Rev. Dr. Blair, for reasons of his own, did not rejoice over the return of the prodigal nephew. He saw in it the possible defeat and confusion of all the plans and hopes of his life.

Dr. Blair had an only son, who had not long returned from the university, where he had distinguished himself. He was as unlike his dark browed, bitter, energetic father as possible. Pale and fair, with a delicate, girlish face and a quiet, gentle manner, George Blair was the delight and darling of all the ladies, old and young, for miles around. He was in every way worthy of their esteem. His father had made him his curate, and the thoroughness with which he performed his duties, and the kindness and thoughtfulness he displayed in dealing with the parish poor, won for him respect and admiration from severe critics than his femael friends.

Dr. Blair loved his son with a warmth and tenderness surprising in a man so cold and stern as he. Perhaps this affection was the one soft spot usually to be found in the hardest natures, or perhaps it was a survival from a better self. It was said that he saw in the boy's delicate face and gentle manner a reflex and reproduction of the wife whom the rector in his youth had loved with an exceeding passion, and whose early death had darkened and embittered his life.

For his son the doctor was ambitious. While George was still a boy his father had planned a bright future for him, and every step he afterward took was adopted with due regard for that plan. The lad was to go to the university; from it he was to return to Ravenscroft. There he would be his father's curate, and, in proper time, would become the husband of the heiress of Squire Fairfax, and succeed alike to Ravenscroft estate and Ravenscroft living. That George was scarcely a fit mate for Miss Emma Fairfax, and that the Squire might suggest the governess, little Miss Ivyleaf, as a more suitable partner for him, never entered the doctor's head. If it had, he would probably have scouted it as absurd. In his estimation, no woman and no future were too good for his handsome, clever boy.

All went well for a long time. George Blair went to Oxford, and took there a good degree. During his course he spent his vacations at Ravenscroft, and was a constant guest at the hall, where he was a great favorite with the squire and a greater with Emma. When he became his father's curate, the interest and esteem with which he was regarded at the hall did not diminish. He was there every day, and spent much of his time in giving Emma lessons and in walking with her and her youthful governess, Miss Ivyleaf. Everything seemed prospering, and the rector was only waiting till Emma attained her nineteenth year in order to come to an understanding with the squire when the approaching arrival of Captain Freelance was announced. For the first time a fear occurred to Dr. Blair that after all, his plans might not work out as harmoniously as he had expected.

His alarm was fully justified. No sooner had Captain Freelance arrived than he showed symptoms of being attracted by his pretty little cousin. To the doctor's confusion, Emma showed still stronger symptoms of being attracted by him. She began to neglect George's lessons, and he frequently found himself left to take his walks with Miss Ivyleaf alone. Emma and her cousin seemed to be always together, and his military stories, jovial chat and hearty laugh had an absorbing charm for her. Indeed, in the matter of wooing, the pale young curate was a poor match for the dashing soldier. When the latter entered into the race for Emma's hand, George's start counted for little.

As Captain Freelance's success became the more obvious and pronounced George Blair gradually withdrew from the contest. It was in vain that his father vehemently urged him on, and demanded from him, in his fierce way, if he intended to give up so easily his greatest chance of fortune. The young fellow was not to be encouraged. His spirits fell; his quiet manner became subdued until it was oppressive; he grew solitary in his habits and melancholy. He seldom went near the hall, and when he did, it was not in Emma's but in Miss Ivyleaf's company that he passed his visit.

At last the long expected announcement was made. Captain Freelance and Miss Emma Fairfax were engaged to be married. It seemed to come upon George not as a blow but rather as a relief. For a little time he appeared to regain his spirits. He tried even to win back his father's confidence—for his want of courage had created a marked coldness between them—but the doctor, enraged at the failure of his plans, repulsed him. The young curate, then, after a feeble struggle, fell back into his previous depression. He went about his duties melancholy and miserable, and he avoided his stern father, whom he seemed to regard with terror and apprehension.

It was a week or two after the engagement was announced that George Blair went one Sunday evening into his father's pulpit to preach. As he ascended the stairs, even in the dim evening light, several of the congregation noticed that he was ghastly pale, and that he seemed to totter in his gait. He had just given out the text, when he was seen to grasp the cushion before him, as if to steady himself. He stood thus in silence for a moment; then, with a gasp, he reeled back against the stone column behind him and sank down senseless.

The wildest confusion prevailed in the church. The men sprang excitedly to their feet and stood staring, uncertain what to do; the women all screamed, and not a few fainted. Emma was one of the latter, while Miss Ivyleaf, worst of all, went into a fit, and had to be carried from the church. Dr. Blair and Captain Freelance were the only persons who preserved their presence of mind. Without a moment's hesitation they hurried to the pulpit, and, lifting the unconscious man, bore him to the vestry, where they endeavored to revive him. Finding their efforts useless, they sent for the doctor. When he arrived, to the general horror he pronounced life extinct.

At the inquest which followed, the doctor assigned disease of the heart as the cause of George Blair's death; but he did not seem over-confident in his opinion. He said that the heart was undoubtedly unhealthy, but scarcely in so diseased a condition as he should have expected. His chief reason apparently for giving it as the cause of death was his inability to discover any other. The jurors, however, were satisfied, and returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

The curate's decease wrought changes both in the village and at the hall. Dr. Blair's sorrow was for a time overwhelming. He shut himself up, and, refusing to see any one, abandoned himself to his grief. When at length he emerged from his seclusion, he was bitterer and sterner than ever, and less inclined to mix with his fellow men. Nothing could induce him to visit the hall. He openly stated that the true cause of his son's death was Emma's heartless desertion of him; and that he believed this the hatred with which he regarded her and her accepted lover was proof. The whole place—village, hall and country—had become abhorrent to him, and he resolved at the first opportunity to leave it forever. It was to London that he hoped to go. Amid its crowds and excitements he trusted to get rid of part of his sorrow.

At the hall the chief change wrought by George's death was the departure of the young governess, who had become Emma's companion—Miss Ivyleaf. The fit his dramatic death had brought upon her proved a very serious affair. She kept her bed for a week, and when she left it she was as pale and fleshless as a ghost. After a time, as she showed no signs of improvement, the doctor suggested a change of air. Squire Fairfax, who had come to regard her almost as a daughter, offered to supply whatever money was necesary for as long a stay as needful at any place the doctor should select, and insisted that on her recovery she must return to Emma; but the young lady declined his kind offer. She had, she said, as much money as she required, and that if she recovered she hoped that she should see them all again, but that she could never again be happy at Ravenscroft. It was all Emma could do to extract from her a promise to write to them, and this promise was not long kept. A letter or to came to them from Torquay, and then they ceased. And when, a week or so afterward, the squire went there to find out the cause of their cessation, he discovered to his surprise, that on the day her last letter was posted, Miss Ivyleaf had started for London.

More than a year had elapsed before Dr. Blair got the transfer he so earnestly desired. Then he was fortunate enough to effect an exchange with a city clergyman. The duties of the new cure were not heavy, nor was the income, but Dr. Blair was satisfied with both. The energy which he had once displayed in the management of his great Ravenscroft parish had, for the time being, disappeared; and the desire for wealth, strong enough while his son lived, had died with him. He wished only for rest and change, and his transfer to London gave him both.

But Dr. Blair was not the man to remain idle long. When his sorrow began to press less heavily upon him, his old energy came back. Living as he was in the center of the world, feeling the heart's throb of every great hope and great movement among men, he could not long remain a mere observer. He became interested, and from being interested he became active. He threw himself into movements which won his sympathy, and worked for them with the resolution, ability and resource that had always characterized him. He soon made himself a power in the metropolis—a power to be reckoned with by every one who sought the suffrage or favors of the people.

During the half dozen or more years Dr. Blair was engaged winning this power and position, things had advanced at Raenscroft. Captain Freelance and Emma had married and a year or two after their marriage the squire had died. The captain, now wealthy by the union of his wife's fortune with his own, had abandoned the army, and taking a house in town had begun to look to Parliament for his future honors. He commenced to frequent political meetings and to develop political opinions. He manifested a sudden interest in the welfare of working classes, and became a valiant assailant of their grievances. He soon waxed popular, too. His fine, manly appearance, his free and jovial manner, and his dashing style of speaking made him a favorite at every public meeting he attended. It was to be expected, then, that little time would elapse before some constituency should ask him to become a candidate. It so happened that several asked him, and the one he chose was in the metropolis, and in a district where Dr. Blair had won more than his ordinary influence.

While canvassing the constituency in the expectation of the early retirement of the sitting member—who had been promised the next commissionership in lunacy by the goverment—Captain Freelance one night made his way into a meeting where Dr. Blair was expounding his views on some question or other to a large audience. The captain had heard of Dr. Blair's influence, and was eager to win it for himself. So the moment the doctor had finished his address, Captain Freelance, pushing his way to him, held out his hand in his genial manner, and congratulated his old friend on his able speech. Dr. Blair only then saw the captain. Drawing himself back, he glared at him with a tiger's look, and then, without uttering a word, turned his back upon him and his proffered hand. With a flush of anger and disappointment on his face, Captain Freelance withdrew from the hall. He saw that, if the doctor's sorrow for his son's death had abated, his hatred of the man through whom he believed it came about had not. He felt he must count on finding in the clergyman his bitterest and most able opponent.

But Captain Freelance was not the man to give up a doubtful battle. He knew that Dr. Blair possessed enormous influence in the constituency, but he resolved to defy it. With an admirable courage and resolve he set about the task of winning the people's confidence. Meeting after meeting he addressed, house after house he visited, until he was known to all, and he himself knew nearly all the electors in the place. Dr. Blair worked bitterly and persistently against him, and he spared no effort to injure him; and yet, in spite of all his exertions, he was enraged to find the candidate gain in popular favor every day. The clergyman's exasperation and chagrin were extreme, but he resolved in his determined, relentless way, that before long, in some way or other, he would have an ample revenge.

Among other things, Dr. Blair was a member of the school board. He took a deep interest in education, and was stern and inflexible in his enforcement of the education law. In this direction his severity often brought him into conflict with popular feeling, and no greater proof of his ability and energy could be given than that in spite of this, his influence remained unshaken and unimpaired.

It was soon after the passing of the new inquisitorial rules as to the examination of parents unable to pay school fees that Dr. Blair was presiding at a meeting of school managers to examine parents. Two or three wretched persons had appeared and stated the reasons why they could not pay. They had been all severely cross-examined by Dr. Blair.

The next to appear was a miserable, poorly clad, yet still ladylike looking woman. The moment Dr. Blair's eyes fell upon her, he started with surprise, and it was a little time before he could compose himself sufficiently to begin to question her. She seemed amazed and terribly unnerved by the sight of him.

"Well, Mrs. Leaf," he began, "you want exemption for your boy George, aged 9 years?"

"Yes, sir," she gasped out with a shudder.

"Where's the father?"

"Mrs. Leaf flushed crimson for a moment Then, hesitatingly, she muttered —"Dead!"

"Do not try to decieve me," cried Dr. Blair in his severest tone. "Your boy's father is not dead. I know you, and I know him. He can be compelled to support his child, and as long as you refuse to take measures to compel him to do so, we must and will refuse to permit the boy to be schooled at the expense of decent people."

Mrs. Leaf, who had been pale and disconcerted from the moment she saw Dr. Blair, grew paler while she was being questioned. She listened to Dr. Blair's severe speech in a dazed way, with down cast face. When he had finished she took a step to leave the room. But the shock had been to great for her. Before she could reach the door she sank down on the floor fainting.

All along the other gentlemen present had been discontented with Dr. Blair's severity. Some of them had muttered their dissent from his decision in previous cases; but they were afraid to state boldly what they thought; the clergyman was such a terrible antagonist when he was crossed. His conduct, however, towards Mrs. Leaf drove them to desperation and made them reckless. They revolted against him in a body.

"This is too bad!" cried one.

"I should say it is!" said another. "I think it a little short of downright cruelty."

"I'll stand it no more!" exclaimed a third. "I'm—I'm blessed if I will! I don't care who it is!"

Dr. Blair felt himself that he had gone a little bit too far, but he was too astute to admit this. Without uttering a word he glanced around at the managers. They became silent beneath the look of his fierce black eyes; then he deigned to speak.

"Gentlemen, before you judge me," he said, you might, perhaps, hear what I have to say. I know that woman. She used to be Mrs. Freelance's governess.

The managers glanced at one another, a little surprised. One of them, however, a Mr. Farther, who was one of Captain Freelance's committee, feeling that something derogatory to his candidate was intended, asked:

"Well, and what of that?"

"What of that," exclaimed Dr. Blair, forgetting discretion in his exultation. "Why this—that woman is his victim! Listen, gentlemen. Just ten years ago Captain Freelance came from India to his uncle, Squire Fairfax's. This woman was then governess there to the squire's daughter, and Freelance's future wife. Some months after his arrival every one noticed Miss Ivyleaf was looking ill; after the captain's engagement was announced she became ill. When she recovered a bit she left the squire's and nothing more was heard of her until today. Now the boy is nine years old; he must have been born some months after she left Squire Fairfax's; the only young man about Squire Fairfax's was Captain Freelance. Can you doubt the conclusion? Captain Freelance is her child's father."

The managers looked at one another. The case certainly looked black.

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Farther. "Captain Freelance would be incapable of abandoning a girl, under such circumstances, to poverty.

"Then get her to clear his reputation. Get her to tell who the boy's father is."

"So I will," said Mr. Farther, doggedly. He felt very shaky as to his friend's innocence; but then, unless the affair was cleared up, the Captain's reputation was gone. If he were guilty, the truth could do him no more harm than would be done by allowing things to remain as they now were.

Miss Ivyleaf by this time was, under the care of the porter, beginning to recover. When she regained her senses she was brought back into the room, and Mr. Farther commenced to question her in a gentle tone.

"Mrs. Leaf," he said, "it is of the greatest importance that we should know the name of your child's father."

"But he is dead," murmured Miss Ivyleaf, glancing at Dr. Blair in a terrified manner.

"That doesn't matter," said Mr. Father. "It is necessary we should know his name. Tell me, now, is Captain Freelance the man?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Miss Ivyleaf in apparent surprise.

"Don't tell us falsehoods!" broke in Dr. Blair, fiercely. "If Captain Freelance is not the man, who is?"

"He's dead! I assure you he's dead," said Miss Ivyleaf, imploringly.

"Dead or alive, what's his name? Who was he?"

Miss Ivyleaf looked at the doctor. Her terror seemed to give her a kind of courage.

"He was your son, we were secretly married, here is the certificate," she said in a low voice.

"What!" shouted Dr. Blair. "How dare you——"

"Here he is, sir," interrupted the porter, as he led into the room Miss Ivyleaf's ragged boy.

At the sight of the lad the doctor's angry words died away on his lips. He saw before him the very image of George Blair as he remembered him thirty years ago.

DAKOTA WEATHER.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

It matters little how hot or cold, wet or dry, a climate is, the people who live in the country are ready to claim many advantages for the place which they have chosen for their home. The solitary exception to this statement is Dakota. During a residence there of fourteen months—parts of two winters and one summer—not a word was said in my hearing on the subject of the climate, except to relate some new horror of it.

The Indians, it was averred, went to Dakota because they thought that no white man would follow them to such a place. The bitterness of the cold of the winters, the torrid heat of the summers, the well-nigh ceaseless wind, the violent storms of thunder and lightning and rain, the long drouths, the dust-storms, the hailstorms, must be experienced to be appreciated. Everything seems to be on an excessive scale in Dakota. The velocity of the wind when the mercury is standing at 40° below zero, if one is out in it, will take the animal heat out of one in a few minutes. No amount of clothing can prevent intense suffering. One feels as if one had forgotten to put on clothes, and were encountering that cruel wind naked. Perhaps the wind is the worst feature of the climate. When it is blowing on a cold night, people who live out on the prairies frequently do not go to bed. They sit all night as close as they can to a red-hot stove. Even then the side that is turned from the stove is cold.

One day, when the mercury was 25° below zero, and the wind was high, the thermometer where I sat by the stove indicated 115° above zero; and, eight feet off, the thermometer on the bureau stood at 20°—a difference of 95°. It was necessary on winter nights to get up at least once to put wood in the stove; but in what was called bad weather this had to be done several times during the night. Of course everything freezes—the eggs within a few feet of the hot stove, the kerosene oil in the corner, the cabbages and turnips and potatoes and meat in the hole in the ground under the house. Every night an iron bucket of live coals is put down into this six-foot hole, to save part of the winter stores from being destroyed by freezing.

One hears that people take things into their beds with them when they want to save them, for it will not do to let things run out in winter. It would be impossible to transport many of them across the prairies, as they would be frozen. All windows and all unnecessary doors are nailed up and ckinked as closely as possible before this weather sets in; an embankment of earth is thrown up around the house to keep the wind from coming up under the floor; four or five furrows are run with a plow around the house at a sufficient distance to save it from prairie fires, and wood for a two weeks siege, when going out of doors will be well nigh unendurable, is piled high against the wall and stored under the bed and wherever space can be found. In this weather, if one winks out of doors, the eyelashes freeze to the cheek, and have to be thawed out before the eyes can be opened.

One hears that many women become insane in Dakota. Some say it is the lonely life; but lives as lonely are borne cheerfully elsewhere. My theory is that insanity is caused by the wind, which intensifies the loneliness. The moaning and wailing, the lashing and swishing, the rushing and roaring, the howling and surging of the wind go on night and day for weeks at a time, without a moment's lull. It becomes maddening. One feels as if it were beating on the brain. One longs for even one moment of rest from that eternal sound that seems to fill the universe. It is in vain to put one's fingers in one's ears, for the timbers of the little house are creaking; the house itself is swaying on its foundations.

It is not women alone who are depressed by some influence in Dakota. This influence, whatever it may be, seems to extend to the lower orders of creation, also. We had heard that no hen cackled there. This was true of my sisters and mine, but I recall hearing a little cackling at the agency. There the force of the wind was broken by the stockade and the buildings. A friend at the agency made us a present of a handsome cock, and we heard his cheerful announcement, on the morning after his arrival, that he was the cock of the roost. We enjoyed the crow from our point of of vantage in bed. It was the pleasantest and most homelike sound that had greeted our ears for some time. But it did not last. That day he must have reconsidered things. At any rate, he did not crow the next morning, nor the next, nor ever again, except on one or two rare occasions, when for a brief moment he forgot he had resolved that there was nothing in this world worth his while to crow about. Gradually he joined the army of the silent ones. No shrill clarion was heard in that henhouse thenceforth. Our cock's dames felt as he did about life, and took it as "au grand serieux." What was there in laying an egg that was worth making a fuss about? So, when they laid an egg, they walked silently from the nest. Not a cheery note was heard on that subject or any other from them except very occasionly a faint chirp as they stepped about looking for food.

There are many dogs in Dakota, but I had been there some months before I heard one bark. I feel sure that great numbers are born and live out their lives and die without ever a bark. Horses and Indian ponies abound, but I never heard a sound from one of them, except once, when a pony gave a little whinny to a large drove feeding on a hillside. They lifted up their heads for a moment and looked in the direction of the unwonted sound, but they made no response. I think the whinnying one could not have been bred in Dakota.

We have heard from neighbors that, terrible as winter was, the summer was worse. They did not exaggerate. The sun bounds up from the level prairie as a flame and as the day wears on, the heat grows more and more intense. When the hot air gets in motion, it is worse than a calm. I thought the house was afire the first time this hot wind burst up through the floor; it was in the middle of the night. People close windows and doors to keep it out as much as possible, but even under these circumstances the heat is scorching. The earth cracks open on the treeless prairie in rifts; one almost believes the crust separating the surface from the internal fires cannot be thick here.

But the hailstorms are the ruinous feature of the climate. These are of frequent occurrence, and destroy a crop or a garden so completely that they may be said to be annihilated. The blizzards of Dakota have given her a more widespread fame than any other feature of her climate.

The thunder storms are appalling even to one who has known storms in the tropics. The lightning is one blaze on three sides of the horizon at once, and the thunder is awful to hear. One seems in the vortex of the clouds and electrical currents.

Duststorms, like death, claim all seasons as their own. In winter the snow-banks are strewn thick with dust, and in the burning heat of summer one is blinded, and house, furniture, eyes, mouth, are full of it.

I had almost forgotten that one good thing is said of Dakota—malaria is unknown there. And the hardest thing said of her is that not a rat is to be found within her borders. Wise little folk!

Great Famines of the Past.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The statisticians record nearly 400 famines in the history of the world that have been of considerable importance, but the list is only relatively correct, those of minor consequence not being mentioned.

In India, owing directly to drought, and in China for a variety of reasons, these periods of scarcity have been epidemic from time immemorial, and there is no means of knowing how many have occurred. In China, local famines would be of annual occurrence except for the forethought of the government in supplying rice, while those that succeed the frequent inundations of the Yellow River are appalling.

In Palestine, the Canaan of the Israelites, the land flowing with milk and honey, the population existed in a state of constant suffering for want of food. In patriarchal times all the Hebrews migrated to Egypt to avoid perishing by pure starvation.

The Phœnicians, who had colonized the south of France and Spain, drew their supplies from the graneries of Africa, but all the tribes inhabiting the northern forests of Europe, among which may be numbered our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, subsisting, as they did in a great measure by the chase, were decimated by famine at least one year in three.

The most notable famine in Roman annals was in the reign of Titus, seventy-nine years after Christ, when the starving cohorts rebelled and pillaged the convoys of provisions on the way to Rome to feed the famished populace. Josephus gives frightful details of the famine at Jesusalem during the siege by this emperor.

During the Dark and the Middle Ages the population of Northern Europe, and of France especially, lived in an atmosphere of war, famine and pestilence. In the year 541 not a drop of rain fell in Europe, and scarcely more in Asia, and the natural result was a three years' famine, and during it the wants of a part of the people of Europe were supplied by the ships of the little Italian republics, just beginning to have a precarious existence, which brought grain from Africa.

Not long afterward France was so desolated by a failure of the crops that the public treasure was exhausted to feed the people, and King Clovis was obliged to strip the silver from the royal tombs in the cathedral of St. Denis. There were two remarkable famines during the reign of Charlemagne in the eighth century, and several in the ensuing century so severe that the famished peasants made bread of earth. During the two or three succeeding centuries they recurred with distressing regularity, having as their principal causes wars among feudal lords and the crusades.

Whole regions were depopulated, the misery being increased by the ravages of the plague. Cannibalism was of daily occurrence. Parents fed upon their children, and children devoured their parents. Rats, mice, reptiles and every imaginable abomination served to give variety to these foul beasts. In the eleventh century there were forty-eight years of famine out of sixty-three. There were thirty-three years of famine in the twelfth century, caused by wars among the nobility.

Paris often suffered from famine during long sieges, in one of which one-third of its population perished. This was in 1438. During the siege of the city by Henry IV. 150 persons were found dead every morning in the streets. Sieges of cities during the Middle Ages, whether in the Netherlands, France, Ireland or Italy, offer the same frightful peculiarities.

Famines followed necessarily in France on the protracted wars of Louis XIV., with a repetition of all the horrors already detailed. The king endeavored, having caused the miseries of his subjects, to alleviate them to the best of his ability by edicts to prevent the hoarding of food supplies, and by importing grain at the public expense.

During the reign of Louis XV., his successor, there was a continual scarcity of food, and the misery of the people was increased by what was called the Famine League, an association of courtiers and other nobles to buy up grain and sell it at double rates. After this and a host of other infamies it was only natural that the deluge should come in the shape of the revolution to sweep away the feudal iniquities that had accumulated until they had become absolutely insupportable to a long suffering people.

Since Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, the thirty years' war furnishes the most pertinent illustration of the horrors of that particular scourge of mankind. In Lorraine 600 cities and villages were depopulated and became mere piles of wood and stone that only sheltered wolves and other wild animals. The armies took away the draught animals. Dogs took their places. The dogs were taken away and replaced by the men. The men were levied into the armies and the women took to wandering through the forests like wild beasts.

The population gradually disappeared through famine and exposure till of 1,200,000 of human beings only 500,000 remained. Human flesh became a common article of diet. Families fed upon one another. A woman was caught salting the limbs of her child, eight years old. The armies were equally destitute of food. A surgeon called upon to amputate a wounded wrist was asked by the patient wha the should give him for his services. "Your wrist," replied the surgeon. It was given, and he devoured it on the spot. The tale told of Dante, by Ugolino and his children, is not more horrible.

Only three or four periods of scarcity of food that can be called famines have occurred in Europe during the present century. These were in 1812, 1817, 1847 and 1853. In 1847 315,000 starving poor had to be fed in Paris. In 1853 the crops failed in France, Germany, England and Piedmont, and Louis Napoleon, to prevent a rise in the price of grain, caused the supplies of the army to be purchased abroad. It is to be noted that the destitution that prevailed in England in 1847 was one of the causes that led to the abrogation of the corn laws.

The History of the Stove.

From the Philadelphia Press.

While Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston he can be said to belong to Pennsylvania as truly as does William Penn, who was born in England, but came here, as did Franklin from Boston. And how many deople in Philadelphia—or elsewhere in the United States—know that we are indebted largely to Franklin for the stoves which less than a century ago began to replace the fireplaces and more crude arrangements for giates warming our houses?

The Franklin stove, which in its days of early development was merely a portable iron fireplace, with open front in which wood was burnt to heat an apartment, was given its name because it was invented by Benjamin Franklin, and was really the connecting link between the rude fireplaces of the last century and the stoves of to-day. The word stove, as applied to a heater for a room, seems to be of about the same age as the article to which the name is now applied; as, while the word as a name had an existence in early English, it was used in a different sense.

Both Lord Bacon and Woodward used it as referring to a house or room artificially warmed, and particularly a hot-house for plants. Bacon also used the word as a verb in the way of keeping warm in a house or room, as "to stove orange trees and myrtles," to quote from his writings. Pepys used the verb in a nautical sense, as heating for the purpose of making pliable, as "to stove bolt ropes." But all these definitions are obsolete now, such disuse dating from the time when Dr. Franklin made his discoveies and applications. The French word etuve, it may be added, describes a hot-house or bathing room, and hence is parallel in meaning with the early English word.

Many people are living to-day who during their entire boyhood never saw a stove. The writer of this article, who was a boy in Ohio from 1840 until 1850, remembers distinctly the first stove he ever saw, which was in 1847. Of course, there were stoves in existence there before that time, but they were not common and were to be found only in the houses of well-to-do people, and sometimes in the school houses. Houses were heated and meals were cooked at the old-fashioned fireplace. The boy who has seen an old smoke-begrimmed crane, covered with hooks, from which was suspended iron pots in which to boil meat, potatoes or what not, can realize the bauty of Longfellow's graphic poem of "The Hanging of the Crane," better than he who knows of it only by reading,

Back in the '40s well-to-do-people never had such a thing as a match in the house. During the winter a perpetual fire was kept in the fireplace. At bed time a good-sized stick of wood partially consumed was buried in the ashes with a bed of glowing coals, and in the morning these were raked open, wood was thrown on, and in a few minutes a rousing fire was the result. Sometimes, through carelessness, the fire would go out. The writer remembers several occasions when as a boy he went to a neighbor's a third or a half a mile away, with a big fire shovel in which he bought back live coal with which to start a fire. This was no desirable jaunt to make on a cold morning with the wind blowing savagely.

What poetry and sentiment linger around the old-fashioned fireplace! Here the families gathered, down to the middle of the century in many cases. Before one of them in Kentucky the boy Abraham Lincoln learned to read, the hut in which he lived being too poorly furnished even to allow him the saucer of lard with the burning lampwick floating therein. Here the sturdy manhood and the buxom womanhood lived, loved and died, learned, dreamed and went therefrom to make name and fame or to plod on through life in an humble capacity.

The stoves of the Middle Ages and of the era of the Roman empire and throughout Germany and Scandinavia generally were built of brick, tiles, or similar material, and were so large as to be stationary, sometimes taking up the whole side of a room; and in the latter country in winter the couches and blankets were spread thereon, and the family used them in lieu of the bedsteads of subsequent years.

The fire was built at the bottom, and the heat and smoke passed through various flues, distributing warmth, before they made their exit into the chimney. Some of them were faced with porcelain, and were highly ornamental. It may be remembered that a specimen of one of these was shown in the Swedish department of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876.

One of the first attempts at making a closed stove of iron was made by Cardinal Polignac in 1709, and seven years latter an attempt was made to introduce stoves of this kind into England, but without success, owing to the prejudice of English people in favor of seeing their fire.

The Franklin stove mentioned above was invented by Dr. Franklin in 1745, and a qudrtar of a century later, in 1771, and during the few years following the discoverer of electricity invented several other stoves—one of which was intended for burning bituminous coal and which had a downward draught and consumed its own smoke.

Count Rumford was the next person to make an invention looking to th eimprovement of stoves, and during the ten years between 1785 and 1795 devised several improvements.

Up to the year 1835 stoves in this country were made generally in blast furnaces, directly from the ore, and were very rude and imperfect specimens of work. New Jersey and Pennsylvania furnaces made the great majority of them, though a few were made in Connecticut and Vermont.

Not long ago in London a preacher indulged in a little bit of sarcasm over a small collection, and did it very neatly, "When I look at the congregation," said he, "I ask, Where are the poor? and when I look at the collection, I ask, Where are the rich?"