The Democratic Advocate.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894. VOL. XXX.--NO. 4.

ST. NICHOLAS
FOR
YOUNG FOLKS,
in 1895.

Edited by
MARY MAPES DODGE.

The greatest year in the history of this magazine, now without a rival in its field, is the one just closing. Plans for the coming year assure even greater success than in the past.

RUDYARD KIPLING

wrote his famous "Jungle Stories" for St. Nicholas, and it is a welcome announcement that these will be continued in 1895.

NAPOLEON FOR YOUNG READERS.

While The Century will have for its leading feature the new Life of the French Emperor by Prof. Sloane, one of the most popular of St. Nicholas writers takes the same character for his inspiration.

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE,
BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS,

is the story of a little lad from the streets of Paris (but of good family), who renders a service to Napoleon, and becomes one of his pages and finally an aide. He is with him at the most critical times of his life,—at the departure for Elba, in the glories of the life at Fontainebleau, and finally at Waterloo. The story glows with pageantry, and is a truthful and accurate account, based upon the best authorities and verified by the latest information, of the life of "the man of destiny." It is really a delightful story history of Napoleon.

WEST POINT AND MAN-OF-WAR LIFE

will receive attention, Lieutenant Putnam writing of cadet life at the military academy, while Ensign Ellicott, of the flag ship "Chicago," will describe the experiences of our hardy seamen on the modern ship of war.

INSPIRING TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Theodore Roosevelt will write a series to be called "Hero-Tales from American History," recounting famous deeds of heroism about which young people ought to know. Prof. Brander Matthews will include in his entertaining papers on "The Great American Authors" accounts of the lives of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Poe and Lowell. Stories of Famous Horses in history and mythology — Bucephalus, Napoleon's and Sheridan's horses, etc.—will be told by James Baldwin, author of "Stories from the Northern Myths." City Fire Departments will be treated, and there will be two or three papers on The Boys' Brigade. The Serial Stories are many. One called "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" recounts the marvelous adventures of a modern boy who became the accidental purchaser of Aladdin's lamp and summoned the jinn while cleanning it. A delightful story of college girls, "The Three Freshmen," will appeal to every girl; and "Teddy and Carrots," James Otis's serial of newsboy life, will be read by every boy. A serial story by Frances Courtenay Baylor is one of the features.

Price of St. Nicholas is 25 cents a number or $3.00 a year. New subscriptions should begin with November, the first issue of the year. Subscribe through dealers, or remit by check, draft, or money order to

THE CENTURY CO.,
Union Square, New York City.

Send for our beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "The Century Co. and Its Works," and mention where you saw this. nov17

THE CENTURY
in 1895.

Taking advantage of the general revival of interest in the Great Emperor, The Century will print during 1895

A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON,
Magnificently Illustrated.

The Century is famous for its great historical serials, and never in its history has a greater one been projected than this new "Life of Napoleon," written by Prof. William M. Sloane, of Princeton, who has spent many years in preparation for his work. Thus far no biography of "the man of destiny" has appeared in either English or French that is free from rancor and attentive to the laws of historical criticism. The Century has secured it—the great, all-round, complete and interesting history of the life of one of the most marvelous of men. No matter how much you already know of Napoleon, you will want to read this;—here is the concentration of all the lives and memoirs. The illustrations will be magnificent—the wealth of The Century's art department will be lavished upon them. Two members of the staff have just returned from Paris, where they have been securing all that is best of Napoleonic material. New portraits will be printed, great historical paintings reproduced, and Castaigne and other modern artists have drawn anew some of the great scenes of Napoleon's life for this history.

In addition to this there will be

A NEW NOVEL BY MARION CRAWFORD.

The title is "Casa Braccio," and is a romance of Italy, full of human passion and exciting episode.

A NEW NOVEL BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

will be published during the year. It is called "An Errant Wooing," and is a tale of wandering (and love) among new scenes of travel in Northern Africa and Southern Spain.

OTHER FEATURES

will be several familiar papers on "Washington in Lincoln's Time," by Noah Brooks, who was on terms of unusual intimacy with the War President; "The Cathedrals of France," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Many more serials will be announced later.

RUDYARD KIPLING

contributes his First American Story to the December number of The Century.

The Price of The Century is $4.00 a year. "No home is complete without it." Begin subscriptions with November number. Whatever other magazines you may take, you must have The Century. All agents and dealers take subscriptions, or remittance may be made directly to

THE CENTURY CO.,
Union Square, New York.

Send for our beautifully illustrated pamphlet, "The Century Co. and Its Work," and mention where you saw this. nov17

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
for 1895.

Volume IV begins December, 1894.

A splendidly illustrated life of
NAPOLEON,
the great feature of which will be
SEVENTY-FIVE PORTRAITS

of Napoleon, showing him from youth to death; also portraits of his family and contemporaries and pictures of famous battlefields; in all nearly

200 PICTURES.

Begins in November and runs through eight numbers. The

EIGHT NAPOLEON NUMBERS, $1.00.

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES
by authority from the archives of the
PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

Lincoln and Pinkerton (Nov. 1894); the Molly Maguires; Allan Pinkerton's Life; Stories of Capture of Train-robbers, Forgers, Bank-robbers, etc.; each complete in one issue, 12 in all.

SHORT STORIES BY

W. D. Howells, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Clark Russell, Robert Barr, Octave Thane, Bret Harte, Capt. King, Joel Chandler Harris and many others.

NOTED CONTRIBUTORS.

Robert Louis Stevenson, E. Marion Crawford, Archdeacon Farrar, Sir Robert Ball, Prof. Drummond, Archibald Forbes, Thomas Hardy.

Send three 2-cent stamps for a sample copy to the publishers

S. S. McCLURE, L't'd,
nov17 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

ALL Who Are Suffering With PILES, Read the Following:

BIRD HILL, MD., June 5th, 1893.

Dr. John S. Mathias—Dear Sir:—I feel as though it would be a duty left undone—and one I owe to yourself and to suffering humanity—if I did not tell of the wonderful benefit I received from your kind treatment. I suffered for about twenty years with Piles—for the first seven or eight years, not so severely, but for the last twelve years I suffered more than I am able to describe on paper. Indeed I had them in their severest form. I applied to a number of doctors, and tried every remedy that I heard of, only to be disappointed, and in nearly every instance not even temporary relief. Indeed, I was in a pitiful condition when I called on you. Think of nine large tumors protruding, capable of bleeding fully a pint at every time they bled. I was so weak and nervous from loss of blood and from intense suffering, that I did not think life worth living any longer. But thanks to you and your kind treatment, I can say that the Piles are a thing of the past. I cannot find language to express my gratitude to you for your kind treatment and attention in my case, and humbly pray to God that your life may be a long and prosperous one. Let me say in conclusion that I can with confidence recommend any sufferer, no matter how bad his case may be, to go to DR. JOHN. S. MATHIAS and be cured. You are at liberty to use this let er as you see fit. Every sufferer wishing to know more about my case can find out by addressing at my postoffice. Very truly yours,

HOWARD T. SMITH.

REFERENCES.

Hon. Chas. B. Roberts, Chas. B. Roberts, Jr., Chas. T. Reifsnider, J. H. Zepp, Col. Wm. A. McKellip, Frank King, Wm. L. W. Seabrook, Wm. R. Anders, Magruder Wilson, Geo. F. Beaver, Jeremiah Geiman, Howard T. Smith.

mr31

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The Western Maryland Council, No. 79, Jr. O. U. A. M. will meet at Odd Fellows' Hall on and after November 29th, to meet on Thursday night instead of Wednesday night. By order.

J. WESLEY YINGLING,
nov17 3t R. S.

NOTICE.

The members of the Jr. O. U. A. M. are requested to meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Sunday morning, November 25th, 1894, at 9.30 o'clock to attend services at the Lutheran church, Rev. P. H. Miller, pastor. By order.

nov 17 2t J. WESLEY YINGLING.

THE UNEXPECTED ALWAYS HAPPENS.

No raise in prices on account of the fearful landslide on Tuesday. Don't allow yourself to be frightened by the terrible catastrophe which has overwhelmed the country. We were

PREPARED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES

and will still continue to

SELL YOU GOODS at the OLD PRICES.

Everybody is asking us: "Well, what do you think about it? We think we have the

CHEAPEST STORE ON EARTH.

Please don't ask us anymore.

Look out for squalls. Cold weather is coming. In time of warm prepare for cold. We are the LEADERS. We have won the pennant and are still flying it. Remember that everybody says we are the CHEAPEST. Despite the dull times our success has been marvelous.

THE AMOUNT OF GOODS
WE ARE SELLING
IS ASTONISHING.

Do you know why? Fair and square is our Brand. Honesty is our Trademark. The old stand has been in your midst 21 years. Experience has taught you how we deal and what we are.

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,
Near Railroad Depot,
nov 10 Westminster, Md.

BABYLON & GILBERT,
Dealers and Jobbers in
Hardware, Paints, Oils, &c.

Keep also on hand a full and complete line of

Cooking Stoves
and
Ranges,

Stove Pipe Radiators,
Fire Place Stoves,
Parlor Coal and Wood Stoves,

Coal Scuttles. Hot Water and Steam Heaters a Specialty. Meat Cutters, Sausage Stuffers, Butchers' Knives and Steels, Lard Cans, &c. A complete line of Single and Double Barrel Breech Loading Guns, Loaded and Empty Shells and Ammunition of all kinds; Fodder Yarn, Corn Huskers and Husking Gloves, Carving Knives and Forks, Patent Excelsior Roasting Pans and Never Break Spiders, and a full and complete line of all seasonable goods, at lowest Cash Prices.

Very respectfully,
BABYLON & GILBERT,
oc13 Westminster, Md.

TO THE PUBLIC.

If you want

FIRE INSURANCE,
LIFE INSURANCE,
ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
WINDSTORM INSURANCE,
STEAM BOILER INSURANCE,

Give me a call.

Lowest Lates. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes.

Quick Cash Settlements.

JAMES E. SMITH,
General Insurance Agent.
No. 7 Court Street,
ap1 tf Westminster, Md.

ENGINES, FEED CUTTERS, ETC.

By a combination of our establishments, we are now prepared to Manufacture

ENGINES,

Portable or Stationary, from Two to Twelve Horse Power. Also the

CELEBRATED LION FEED CUTTER,
and a
HOMINY MILL,

that has never been excelled. Circulars Saws, Plows, Horse Powers, Wheat Fans, Threshing Machines, &c., made from best materials. Castings furnished at short notice.

WM. H. GILBERT, Westminster.
oc28 tf WM. H. SHOWER, Manchester.

TO THOSE WHO ENTERTAIN.

We offer our services as Caterers or Waiters, having had long experience as both. Best references.

PERRY & GAINY,
nov 17 3t* City Hotel, Westminster, Md.

TO OUR ALREADY
MONSTROUS STOCK

WE HAVE ADDED MANY NEW LINES AND NOVELTIES.

CARPETS. CARPETS.

This department you will find is particularly striking. We carry everything in CARPETS from Rag to Velvet, and guarantee to show

THE LARGEST AND MOST STYLISH LINE IN TOWN.

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S CLOAKS.

After giving this department a careful examination you will find that our competitors are like the man who fell out of the balloon—not in it.

BLANKETS.

WELL, WE SHOULD SAY SO.

HATS.

We have 16 different colors in Alpine and Fedora Hats alone. Can you suit yourself in that amount.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A few odds and ends in Boots at remarkably low prices. Our line of Men's and Boys Patent Leathers and Good-year Welts is simply immense.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Mind your own business and tell no lies,
Don't get drunk or deceive your wives,
Pay your debts and advertise,
Boots and Shoes of every size,
The best assortment under the skies.
Every pair an honest prize,
Buy from people of enterprise.

THE OLDEST, LARGEST, MOST RELIABLE AND CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN.

J. T. ORNDORFF'S SONS,
Near Railroad Depot,
Westminster, Md.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
IN 1895.

The Simpletons, a new novel by Thomas Hardy, will be begun in the December Number, 1894, and continued to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked Trilby—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January Number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of empires. The next volume of Harper's Magazine will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the magazine a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January Number the first chapters of A Three-Part Novelette, by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the Magazine.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS.

The Volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid. Title-page and Index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

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Harper's Bazar, one year	4
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Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
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HARPER'S BAZAR
IN 1895.

Elegant and exclusive designs for Out-door and In-door Toilettes, drawn from Worth models by Sandoz and Chapuis, are an important feature. These appear every week, accompanied by minute descriptions and details. Our Paris Letter, by Katharine de Forest, is a weekly transcript of the latest styles and caprices in the mode. Under the head of New York Fashions, plain directions and full particulars are given as to shapes, fabrics, trimmings, and accessories of the costumes of well-dressed women. Children's Clothing receives practical attention. A fortnightly Pattern-sheet Supplement enables readers to cut and make their own gowns. The woman who takes Harper's Bazar is prepared for every occasion in life, ceremonious or informal, where beautiful dress is requisite.

An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly laid in Pennsylvania and partly in the far South, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS.

The Volumes of the Bazar begin with the first Number for Janufary of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each. Title-page and index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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CAVETOWN LIME.

Equal to any in the market, and the best time to haul and spread it is in the winter season.

Always have lime on hand at Lynch's Lumber Yard, and sell in lots to suit, from a peck to a car load. Prices to suit the time.

HENRY B. ALBAUGH,
nov18 1mo* Westminster, Md.

CARDS AND CIRCULARS printed at this Office.

THE LARGEST STOCK
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OF
READYMADE CLOTHING
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IN
THE
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THE LOWEST PRICES.
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AT
PRICES
PRICES
PRICES
TO
SUIT THE TIMES.
SUIT THE TIMES.
SUIT THE TIMES.

SHARRER BROS.,
SHARRER BROS.,
SHARRER BROS.,

Westminster, Md.
Westminster, Md.
Westminster, Md.
oc13

HARPER'S WEEKLY
IN 1895.

Harper's Weekly is a pictorial history of the times. It presents every important event promptly, accurately and exhaustively in illustration and descriptive text of the highest order.

The manner in which, during 1894, it has treated the Chicago Railway Strikes and the Chino-Japanese War, and the amount of light it was able to throw on Korea the instant attention was directed to that little-known country, are examples of its almost boundless resources. Julian Ralph, the distinguished writer and correspondent, has been sent to the seat of war, and there joined by C. D. Weldon, the well-known American artist, now for many years resident in Japan, who has been engaged to co-operate with Mr. Ralph in sending to Harper's Weekly exclusive information and illustration.

During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department.

Fiction.—There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanley J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS.

The Volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of Order.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each. Title-page and Index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chances of loss.

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Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

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WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS

Manufacture and keep constantly on hand,

FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL AND CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

Highest Cash Prices paid for Grain, Longberry a specialty.

nov14 tf DAVID ROOP & SON.

NOTICE
To Those Having Land for Sale.

The undersigned offers his services to those having land for sale, and believes from experience that he can be of service in dividing up and putting in shape for sale to advantage of parties wishing to dispose of lands, especially near towns or cities.

E. LYNCH,
an 23 tf Westminster, Md.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
BUILDING LOTS.

The undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, in the City of Westminster, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1st, 1894,

6 Building lots on George street, one building lot on corner of Green and Madison streets, and three lots on Liberty street, one of which fronts 60 feet, and two of 45 feet each.

Terms at Sale.
nov17 3t EDWARD LYNCH.

BUILDING MATERIAL FOR SALE.—I am now prepared to fill all orders for House and Barn Timbers, Fence Boards, Palings, &c., of the best Oak. Also White Oak for sale. Estimates furnished. Orders delivered if desired. WM. Y. FRIZZELL,
oc 21 tf Bloom, Md.

Poetry.

THE SEA AND THE SOUL.

BY SOLON LAYER.

Oh for a home by the wild, wild sea,
Where the cry of the sea bird, wild and free,
Cometh on every breeze to me!
Where winds and waves wild music make;
Where the spray flies high and the mad waves break;
Where the crags fling back the echoes free,
And every sound is a joy to me!
Oh, the winds flow wild by the broad sea shore,
And the tide comes in with a maddened roar,
And all is music, wild and sweet,
That day or night my ears doth greet.
The sea is mine, and I am hers;
We were born of the same great universe;
Through both the same wild currents sweep,
Through both the same wild music flows,
And sun and storm glad measure keep;
We both have depths of mystery,
And hidden caves with treasures strewn;
We both transcend all history,
And pass the portals of the known.
In me the waves of ocean find
Their restless, heaving counterpart,
In motions of my restless mind,
In surgings of my throbbing heart;
Wild voices cry above my soul,
As o'er the ocean's heaving breast,
And through my inner chambers roll
The billows that shall never rest,
I am another heaving sea,
And picture vast eternity;
The stars are mirrored in my breast,
And never do my waves find rest,
I wash the farthest shores of Thought;
By me strange miracles are wrought;
I follow with obedient tide
The Moon that doth in heaven ride.

Select Story.

THE MAN FROM GRIMSBY.

From Chambers Journal.

Of the old folks of the bleak little seaport, Andrew Cropley dwells most vividly in my memory. As prosperity is gauged at Port St. Bede, Andrew—the owner of some half-dozen fully equipped fishing smacks—was accounted a prosperous man. I recall him now—his kindly face, tanned and netted in wrinkles; his long hair, grizzled this many a day; his stubby gray beard; his light-blue eyes, bespectacled for reading—yes, there he sits. Many is the "crack" I have had with him; yet there was one story he chose to leave buried in silence—and that, his own. I never dared broach the topic, albeit I inwardly burned with an impatient curiosity. One day, however, the history became mine unsolicited. Some remark I chanced to let slip anent his lifelong bachelorhood caused an infrequent far-away look to settle upon his eyes. We were walking up the steep, cobble-paved "street" at the time, past the lime-washed front of the "Trawlers' inn," to the higher ground, from which the old Norman church tower kept ward over the slumberous village.

"Why, ha'e I never married, say ye?" the old man exclaimed after a long spell of silence. "Like enow, ye'll hear afore long; an' I don't see what should stop me fro' tellin' he mysen, if so be"—Hurriedly stepping into the roadway, Andrew whipped off his broad-brimmed hat and stood motionless. Turning into the sanded lane that zigzagged past the church, we had well-nigh jostled two slow-paced women, the younger of them about 50 years of age; the elder, 20 years or so older. It was the latter that attracted my marked regard, for it was toward her that Andrew held his down-bent head. A wan, frail-looking creature she was, dressed in black, with a close fitting, old-fashioned bonnet tied under her chin in a bow of broad black ribbon. Her hair, smoothed evenly upon her forehead, shimmered silvery as the new-churned foam in the bay. She moved haltingly, even with the aid of the oaken staf and the helping arm of her companion.

Withdrawing her arm she paused in the pathway, and pointed her stick toward the bare-headed old fisherman. In thin, quavering tones, as if the words were said by note, there being no vehemence in her utterance, she cried, "Ah, I knaw ye—I knaw ye. Ban ye, for no speakin' me fair." With no more passion than if she were repeating some soulless formula, she added: "Curse ye, Andrew Copley! It was a lie! Curse ye for't!"

"Come awa'" the other woman put in coaxingly; "come thee awa home, then."

Unresisting, the old lady allowed herself to be led away. Through it all Andrew did not stir a limb, but stood there with doffed hat, his head bowed and his mane of gray hair ruffling in the breeze. We had left the church behind, the deep rutted lane, the narrow stone style that gave upon the fields; we had traversed half the length of the meadows themselves before he spoke. "Ye asked me how 'twas I never married," said he slowly. "That is the reason."

So he began upon his life story. But as his narrative would be hard to follow if I adhered to his exact words, with his numerous digressions and irrelevancies, uttered with quaint burr of tongue, and, moreover, as his modesty saw fit to gloss over certain facts, which I heard of later in certain quarters, I venture to set it forth after my own fashion.

We hark back a full half century. Port St. Bede—no vast size at this present—was then a mere nest of sandstone, shale-roofed cottages, planted at the foot of the hill, and straggling disjointedly up to it from the "street." Later improvements have displaced or rebuilt most of these one-stored dwellings, and filled in the gaps: but the old "Trawlers' Inn" looks just as it looked fifty years ago. It lies back some ten paces from the roadway, the shingled space thus obtained being highly favored of loungers and gossips. The spot served an identical purpose so far back as the oldest memory goes.

A little knot of fisher-folk, men and woman, gathered there one Wednesday morning to await the arrival of the Morpeland letter carrier. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, he trudged the ten miles to deliver his meagre package of letters. He always made his way first to the Trawlers', where it had become customary for the populace—those who did not expect letters alike with those who did—to assemble and waylay him. In that manner the canine souls got news from the outside world without being put to the expense of a postal fee, while the official on his part was quit of his letters all the sooner. On this particular morning, however, the gayety of the group was under eclipse. They talked together in hushed tones, full of concern, every now and then preferring a question to the bronzed, middle aged seaman in their midst.

"An' ye're sure ye've got the reights o' it Jake?" queried a big-faced woman, whose skimpy petticoat showed her ample brogues and shapeless ankles. "It'll kill t'lass if she hears o' 'it."

"Oh, I'm noan mista'en—not me," answered the seaman postively. "I seed him mysen i' Grimsby not three days back, an' I 'eard it read out i' church—the second time o' axin' it were—last Sunday."

"Poor maid—poor maid! An' her waitin' for him here as patient an' as onybody cauld wish. Ah, them men—them men!"

While the frowsy old crone was shaking her gray locks over the perfidy of mankind, she stole a sidelong look toward the window bench, against which Andrew Copley—then a well set-up young fellow of four-and-twenty—was moodily leaning.

"Ay, but he takes on badly wi' 'i," she said, jerking her head in Andrew's direction. "I'm main sorry for him, too. He always were sweet on her, ye knaw; an' I do believe she'd 'a' had him if that man fro' Grimsby hadn't come this way wi' his pert, weel-favored face."

Further tattle was nipped short by the appearance of the letter bag. In all there must have been close on a dozen letters—a goodly batch for Port St. Bede. It was one of the last which the postman held aslant to catch the light. "Miss Kellett!" he called out wheezily.

"Why, that mun be Hilda," exclaimed one of the bystanders. "I'm boun' that way, an' I'll ha'e to take it up to the hoose."

"I'll save ye the walk," said Andrew, stepping forward. "I'm boun' that way, an' it'll see she gets it."

"Don't tell her o' the goings-on o' that Grimsby chap," cried the fish-wife before mentioned. "It'll drive her clean daft. Conscince sake, Andrey, don't tell her that."

During the period we are dealing with, education at Port St. Bede was at a wonderfully low ebb. Not twenty people in the whole thorp could write their names, or recognize them when penned; few could read anything but "print;" fewer still were able to puzzle out written characters. Among this community Andrew Copley was reckoned a "fine scholard," and by virtue of that reputatien his services were in frequent demand by those who, having passing need of the "learning," chanced to be in the bad books of the rector or the Wesleyan minister.

With the "gammer's" injunction echoing in his ears, Andrew stole quickly toward the cottage occupied by Hilda Kellett and her widowed mother. "'Miss Kellett, Port St. Bede,'" said he, furtively scanning the superscription. "It's fro' that scamp, as I live. An' now, belike, she'll ha'e me to read it to her.' Slackening his pace, he added grimly: "Shall I tell 't to her—shall I? It'll kill her, say they, an' they're reight—it will."

He stuffed the letter into his jacket pocket long before he came abreast of the cottage. Rapping a tattoo on the door, he lifted the latch, and—as was the custom—walked straight in. A slim, fair-haired girl peeped into the room from a side door. "Oh, it's you, Andrew," said, coming forward.

"Ay, it's me. I cam' just to ask how your mother is today."

"She's a piece better this morn; but she rested ill last night. Nellie an' me sat up wi' her most of the night; but she's dropped off asleep now. Tak' a chair, Andrew."

Andrew perched himself on the edge of the nearest rush-bottomed chair and fumbled hesitatingly with his cap between his knees. "I was doon by the 'Trawlers' when the letters came," he said, after a strained interval. "There was one for ye, Hilda, an' I made free to say I'd bring it. Here 'tis."

"For me!" and Hilda's eyes brightened as he stretched out her hand.

"Then it's fro' Ben, isn't it, Andrew?"

"It's the Grimsby mark," replied Andrew shortly.

"Then it must be fro' Ben. He said he'd let me know as soon as the brig got back to Grimsby. An' how I trembled for him all through that storm o' Monday. But he's safe—this shows he's safe, Andrew." A plaintive look of alarm crept into her blue eyes as Andrew, never answering, kept his gaze clamped to the floor. "This shows he's safe!" she repeated quiveringly.

"I'll tell ye straight out, Hilda, what they were sayin' over at Morperland yesterday. P'raps that letter may contradict it all, but there was a deal o' nasty talk about the Vampire—as how she'd gone down i' the—"

"Read it to me," cried Hilda, thrusting the missive into his hands. "Ye knaw I can't mysen. Read it, Andrew."

Taking firm grip of his lips, Andrew opened the letter and glanced at the signature. "It's noan fro' him," he said. "It's wrote by Peter Worsley, the skipper o' the Vampire."

"Not fro' Ben!" exclaimed Hilda, tremulously. "He isn't—dead?"

Andrew nodded. "Drowned!" he murmured huskily.

Clutching at her throat, Hilda sank into a chair and hid her face in her palms. Presently she looked up, her lips pallid, her eyelids scarlet. "I can bear it now, Andrew," she said. "Read it all to me."

The caligraphy of the Vampire's master must have been all but illegible, judging from the difficulty Andrew had in deciphering it. He read slowly, humming and hawing through the whole epistle. Here is the gist of it. In the recent heavy gales the Vampire—a crazy, undermanned timber ship—had sprung a leak, her crew being evidentally compelled to abandon the foundering vessel and take to the longboat. Their perilous case was little bettered thereby, for twice the boat had been capsized; when she was righted the second time only four of the sailors succeeded in scrambling into her. Of the two men missing, the mate, Ben Webb, was one. The survivors were picked up on the following day and landed at Grimsby. It was in fulfillment of a pledge made at the outset of their peril, and in fateful anticipation of its outcome, that Captain Worsley now broke the sad news to the dead man's sweetheart.

Even in the intensity of her grief, Hilda had thought of her mother's much-needed slumber, and not a cry escaped her lips. Andrew, the big clumsy, soft-hearted gomeral, saw, that no sympathy of his could soothe her distress; she must just "fret her dole." And so he left her with her sorrow.

"I had to do't," he muttered, stridlng backward. "An' it's better that nor tother—it's better." Fervently he added: "God send she doesn't let anybody else read it."

He might have been at peace on that score. To Hilda, the skipper's letter was as the last words of her drowned lover—a sacred thing, not lightly to be fingered or spoken of; she packed it away with the sundry ribbons, gloves and cheap gewgaws Ben had given her, to be treasured with them throughout this side of time.

They who best knew the Port St. Brede folk will least accuse them of want of heart. Out of sheer mercy for the girl, they avoided all allusion to Ben Webb; and on her side Hilda kept her woe to herself. The blow was for her shoulders alone, and she bore its smart bravely. Besides, she and her mother had to live; the net making and mending must be attended to, even though the heart may ache and the eyes blister with unshed tears.

So two years went by. Then, her mother having been laid to her last long rest under the gnarled elms in the churchyard, Hilda went to live with her sister, Abel Mexon, the cooper's wife. At this juncture, hoping that time had salved her wound, Andrew Copley made bold to offer her all an honest man can offer the woman he loves—his name, his home, his big steadfast heart. His insight was at fault, for she would have none of them. In all simplicity, she told him that her love lay dead with him who slept in the deep seas; she chose to share the lot of no man to whom she could not give herself heartily, wholly.

"I knaw ye like me, Andrew," she said frankly; "I've al'ays knawn it, and I thank you. If ever I come to thing i' that other way, an' if I see ye're i' the same mind still, I'll speak first. Don't ask me any more, Andrew; I'll speak first."

Henceforth, as before, they were friends—close, firm friends but no further. Season after season Andrew sailed off in his yawl for the white fishing on the Dogger, returning each time with brain aflame for the sight of her. And she met him with mere smile and handshake, in her eyes no token of change, no glimmer of awakening affection.

Eight years thus lumbered away—eight weary, joyless years—and neither Hilda nor Andrew had sought to break through their pact of silence. About this time Hilda was sore stricken with typhoid, then rife in the village, and for an anxious space she dwelt on the very borderland of here and hereafter. On Andrew's persuasion—he staking his word that the great man's fees would be forthcoming—Abel called in Dr. Radcliffe, of Morperland, under whose care Hilda slowly began to mend. It was while Andrew was away at the banks—the doctor's comforting assurances for company—that the truth stripped itself before Hilda, to torture and afflict her with its mocking ghastliness.

As yet she was not able to leave her bed, but lay there with pinched face, her hair tangled on the pillow, her thin blue fingers twitching idly at the garish patchwork quilt, her eyes wandering to the half-open lattice through which was borne the distant sough of the waves, and whence she could see their sun-flecked crests far out beyond the Fork rocks. Then she would turn to answer some question put to her by her little niece, Mary—Abel's eldest daughter, "rising ten"—who had crept into the sick-room. Presently the little maid fell to babbling, childlike, of the doings and sayings of her school friends.

"Ay, but ye'll be gettin' a fine scholard, Mary," said Hilda. "It was a guid thing for the weans when t' parson opened school. I wish it had been done long sin'."

"It was our 'xamination to day," replied Mary, eager with fresh news. "Mr. Harvey heard me read an' patted me o' the head. Out of a newspaper—hard words they was, too."

"An' maybe ye can read writin,' Mary?"

"Oh, yes," said she, nowise disposed to belittle her attainments. "When you get any letters, Aunt Hilda, I'll read them all through to you—every word. I'm sure I could."

"Well, I'm going to try ye," said Hilda smilingly. "Now open that drawer—no; the second one—an' bring the little black box to me. Yes, that is it.

Tenderly picking out the finery with which the box was filled, Hilda placed the various articles by her side on the bed. Underneath, untouched since that day, lay the very letter which had told her its sad tale through Andrew's mouth.

"Now, what name's that?" said she, pointing to the signature.

Mary screwed her eyes into beads, hung her head sapiently on one side and spelled the words under her breath:

"B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb," she announced at last with a ring of triumph.

"It's main bad writin', but—"

"No, no!" cried Hilda, rising excitedly upon her elbow. "Not Ben—not Ben Webb. Are you sure, Mary?"

B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb," repeated her niece.

Hilda sent up a choking cry. "He said it came fro' Captain Worsley," she ejaculated gaspingly. "He lied to me. It's fro' Ben. Ben isn't dead!" Her whole frame atrembled, she turned to Mary with:

"Begin at the first; read it all to me. Can ye, can ye?"

Mary, at all events, was willing to try, and although she blundered often and painfully under the task, between them they managed to piece the words into sense.

"Dear Hilda," it ran. "I didn't mean to say a word, but I can't do it without telling you first. Don't hate me, for I did love you, and do, more nor her. Anyways, you can't say I didn't tell you all about Polly Barclay—how we was to be married, and how it was broke off. Well, me and her have made it up again. Her uncle's dead, and left her everything—his three houses and £400 in bank. You see, I don't have a free hand, so you can't blame me. Besides, there's Andy Copley, only too glad to have you; and the banns has been read twice in Grimsby church. I think things are best left alone, and no fuss made, especially as I don't ask the presents back, nor"—

Mary had plodded through the letter so far, when Hilda, with a loud shriek, dropped back upon her pillow. Abel and his wife hastened upstairs to find her again sitting up in bed, round-eyed, and gesticulating with clenched fists. "I might ha' won him back—I would ha'," she cried shrilly. "A lie, Andrew Copley! It was a lie!"

In this fashion she raved all through the night and long into the next day. Dr. Ratcliffe said it was brain fever; and although he eventually brought her back to bodily health her mind never recovered its sanity.

* * * * * *

Poor Hilda! She knows not that for the bread she eats, for the shelter above her head, for the very clothes upon her back, she is beholden to the man whom she, for forty years past, has daily execrated.

"She never sees me but she throws them awfu' words i' my face," said Andrew to me. "I thowt I were actin' for the best when I did as I did—thowt so truly."

"I suppose you have never met this Ben Webb since?"

"Oh, but I ha'e. I went to Grimsby o' purpose to spoil his beauty. If he's livin' now, he's livin' wi' the nose o' him all askew. That prank cost me a week o' jail, but I'd stand a hundred years o' lock-up for the comfort that job gave me."

The Drought of 1822.

From the York (Pa.) Gazette, September 19, 1894.

This year will go down into history as one noted, among other things, for the severe drought. It has been felt throughout the country, to a limited extent in this neighborhood; but most seriously in the northwest. Any remarkable phenomenon such as this is apt to be described as the worst on record, and it is always interesting to look back to the records and compare the present events with past events, so that we can see how Nature is treating us.

Glossbrenner, in his History of York County, published in 1834, tells of a drought in 1822, of which he says that "Persons who lived nearly a century, witnessed nothing like it."

The year of 1822 was a very remarkable year for York. At that time the borough had a population of about 4,000 and was the centre of an industrious and thrifty population of nearly 40,000 in the county. It was a most prosperous community, and a happy one. In that year, however, it was inflicted with two great disasters of exactly opposite natures.

About the 18th of February a snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches. On the 20th a heavy rain came from the south, and the thaw was so rapid that it brought on a very severe flood in the Codorus. The water was not as deep as in the great flood of 1817, but was within four feet of that height. The floating ice did great damage, destroying many bridges and buildings. The greatest loss was suffered in York.

After the infliction of a flood came that of a drought. From the 20th of February until the 23rd of August not a drop of rain fell in York county. For six months there was a water famine, and it may trust the accounts given of it, nothing like it has been seen in this part of the world.

"There was no rain of any consequence," says Glossbrenner, "from the 21st of February, the time of the flood, until sometime in September, a period of about six months. Fountains which had been considered as perennial, were dried up. Grinding was not done at one mill out of ten; and where grinding was done, the demand for flour was not supplied. Many farmers went twenty miles to mill, and then were obliged to return with a quantity of flour not sufficient to satisfy immediate want. An account of the drought written on the 13th of August, says 'the summer crops have almost totally failed; some fields will yield not a grain of corn, and the best fields not more than a few bushel to an acre.' Shortly after this there were two showers, which greatly relieved the distress of the country: the one fell on the 23d and the other on the 24th of August. The showers, however did not extend to the northwestern part of the county where the distress arising from the drouth was still excessive. As a proof that the scarcity of water at this time was unparalleled, it may be mentioned that on the 13th of September, 1822, there was not a drop of water to be seen in the channel of the Big Conewago, at the place where the bridge is thrown across it on the Carlisle road. At low water, the stream there is from 90 to 120 feet wide."

For Man's Wants.

On the Canary island grows a fountain tree, a tree most needed in some parts of the island. It is said that the leaves constantly distill enough water to furnish drink to every living creature in Hiero; nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island, a cloud of mist arises from the sea which the wind forces against the steep cliff on which the tree grows, and it is from the mist that the tree distils the water.

China, too, claims her remarkable tree. This is known as the tallow tree, so called from the fact of its producing a substance like tallow, and which serves the same purpose, is of the same consistence, color and smell. On the island of Lewchew grows a tree about the size of a common cherry tree, which possesses the peculiarity of changing the color of its blossoms. At one time the flower assumes the tint of the lily, and again, shortly, the color of the rose. In Thibet there is a curious tree known as the tree of the thousand images; its leaves are covered with well-defined characters of the Thibetean alphabet. It is of great age and the only one of its kind known there, says the San Jose Mercury.

The coabab tree is considered one of the most wonderful of the vegetable kingdom. It appears that nothing can kill this tree; hence it reaches an astonishing age as well as an enormous size. The natives make a strong cord from the fibers of the bark; hence the trees are continually barked, but without damage, as they soon put forth new bark. It appears impervious to fire and even the ax is resisted, as it continues to grow in length while lying on the ground.

In Mexico there is a plant known by the name of Polo de Leche. It belongs to the family of euphorbia. The Indians throw the leaves into the water and the fish become stupid and rise to the surface and are then caught by the natives. In this case the effects of the narcotic soon pass off. The milk of this plant thrown upon the fire throws out fumes that produce nausea and headache. The milk taken internally is a deadly poison; it will produce death or insanity, according to the size of the dose. There is a popular belief among the lower class in Mexico that the insanity of the ex-Empress Charlotta was caused by this poison.

Darkened Sleeping Rooms.

From Harper's Bazar.

It is claimed by some physicians that the brain can not rest perfectly unless all light is excluded from the sleeping-room, and whether in going to bed at night or simply lying down for a half-hour's rest in the middle of the day, this precaution should be taken. Where a house has an eastern or southern exposure the rooms will be filled with light long before it is time to get up, and unless some means be taken to prevent, the morning rest will be more or less broken. Especially is this true in the case of little children, and it is well to accustom them from the first to sleep in the dark.

In the absence of outside blinds there is no better way to secure this pleasant twilight so conductive to rest than by the use of inside shades made of the darkest green holland, and they have a great advantage over either inside or outside blinds in that they are so easily adjusted.

They supplement but they do not take the place of the ordinary shades, but are set somewhat inside, so as not to interfere with them, and are rolled up and quite out of the way when not in use.

If the bedroom windows have upper panels or stained glass in which so many modern houses abound, the green shades should be set so as to cover these also, as an exceedingly unpleasant glare pours down from them, very trying to eyes which are trained to sleep in a darkness as complete as possible.