Sentinel 2

The Democratic Advocate.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895. VOL. XXX.--NO. 39.

THE LARGEST VARIETY

AND FINEST LIQUORS

IN CARROLL COUNTY,

IS AT

A. C. STRASBURGER'S,

Next door to Derr's Store,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

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

WELTY WHISKY,

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

CHAMPAGNE, BASS ALE

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

I GUARANTEE THE PURITY OF OUR LIQUORS

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

I also have a large stock of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

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

WALL PAPER.

We want everybody to read this advertisement and then call to examine our Stock of

WALL PAPERS AND DECORATIONS.

We have put paper down to 5 cents a piece. Beautiful patterns of Gilt Paper at 8 cents. Occasionally we are misrepresented in price, but only by persons that do not compete with us in prices and quality of goods. To be convinced it is necessary for you to examine our goods and ask our prices. We will paper a room as cheap as anybody; we except none. We carry a very large stock; buy direct from factory and you get new goods and our price. Being competent workmen we can give you advantages you will not get for the same price elsewhere.

We have at all times a select stock of

PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE EASELS, AND PORTIERE POLES.

Window Shades on hand and made to fit your windows.

A FINE LOT OF STATIONERY.

Work done in any part of the country and no extra charge. Give us a call.

MATTHEWS & MYERS,
45 East Main street,
Nearly Opposite Catholic Church,
Westminster, Md.

N. B.—Mail orders answered promptly. Send for samples. feb 10

HORNER'S

Absolutely Pure Animal Bone

FERTILIZERS, FOR

All Crops and Permanent Grass.

Warranted in the full price of the Goods.

Higher in Essential Qualities than any other Goods on the Market.

We will sell either by analysis, or weight.

Preferably the former way.

Send for Circular.

JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO.,
26 South Calvert street,
june1 13t* Baltimore.

INSURANCE AGENCY

OF

WILSON & GOODWIN,

Successors to James Shriver,

17 W. Main St., adjoining Babylon & Gilbert,

Westminster, Md.

Represent the following Companies:

Royal Fire Insurance Co. of Liverpool,

Continental Fire Insurance Company of New York;

Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England.

Employers Accident Liability Assurance Corporation Limited of London.

No Notes. No Assessments.

Refer by permission to

Geo. R. Gehr, Cashier 1st National Bank; John L. Reifsnider, Babylon & Gilbert, M. Schaeffer & Co., B. F. Shriver & Co.
july 1—1y

JOHN E. ECKENRODE,

MANUFACTURER OF

COACHES, CARRIAGES, JAGGER WAGONS, BUGGIES, PHÆTONS, &C., &C., &C.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

All Orders Promptly Filled and Work of Every Kind Warranted.

A LARGE STOCK OF LIGHT & HEAVY HARNESS.

☞FACTORY, Corner of Liberty and George Streets, Westminster, Md., where I have just erected new and large Shops, giving me better facilities than heretofore. A call is solicited. may5

SPRINGFIELD INSTITUTE, a boarding and day school for young ladies, at Sykesville, Md., will re-open September 11, 1895, with a full crops of teachers, new furniture, etc. Best advantages in Music, Elocution, Languages and Health. On Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Prices low. For terms address the Principal,

MISS C. L. LLOYD, A. M.,
june29 10t* Sykesville, Md.

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.

EXECUTORS' SALE
OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE,

In Hampstead district, Carroll county, Md.

Pursuant to an order from the Orphans' Court, and by virtue of authority contained in the last will and testament of Samuel Warehime, late of Carroll county, deceased, the undersigned, executors, will sell at public sale, on the premises, about one mile from Miller's, and the same distance from Maple Grove, stations on the Baltimore and Harrisburg Railroad, adjoining lands of Eli Warehime, Reuben Shaffer and others, on

WEDNESDAY, the 31st day of JULY, 1895,

at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following described Real Estate, containing

158 ACRES and 30 1-10 SQ. PERCHES

of land, more or less, about 120 Acres of which is covered with excellent timber.

This land has been laid off in lots or parcels, the first parcel designated on the plat as "Farm" contains 40 Acres and 39 6-10 square perches of land, more or less, about one-third of which is covered with fine timber, and is improved with a good log brick encased Dwelling House and other buildings, good fruit and a well of water near the door. The balance is laid off in 11 lots, designated on the plat by Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, varying in area from 6 Acres and a fraction to 20 and a fraction, all of which except about 10 Acres is covered with good timber and worthy the attention of lumbermen.

This land will be offered as a whole, also in groups of lots and in single lots.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Orphans' Court, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from day of sale; purchaser or purchasers to give notes with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

GEORGE R. WAREHIME,
JACOB P. BALTOZER,
Executors.
Jacob Hoffman, auct.
july6 ts.

PUBLIC SALE
OF A

LARGE FARM.

By virtue of the last will and testament of Jacob Yingling, late of Carroll county, Md., deceased, and by an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned, as Executrix, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on

THURSDAY, the 1st day of AUGUST, 1895,

at 1 oclock, p. m., all the land mentioned in the will of Jacob Yingling, deceased, consisting of

128 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

and situated about 2½ miles from Manchester, on the public road leading to Snydersburg, 1 mile from Greenmount Station on B. & H. R. R., adjoining the farms of Daniel Yingling, John Stansbury, Jacob Gummel and others. This property is improved with a large Dwelling House, large bank barn, wagon shed, corn crib and other outbuildings found on a good farm; young orchard of choice fruit; running water near the house and barn. There is also a good Weatherboarded Tenant House on the place, with the necessary outbuildings. This property has about 25 Acres in good timber land. This property is situated in a beautiful section of the county, and convenient to churches, school, stores and postoffice, and would make a good dairy farm, as there is a creamery within one mile of the place.

For further information call on the undersigned, living on the place. If desired, the farm will be divided and sold in two parcels with timber land sufficient for both.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification of the same by the Court; one-third in one year and the remaining one-third in two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of purchaser.

CLARASA R. YINGLING,
Executrix.
A. M. Ruby, auct.
july6 ts.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

WESTMINSTER, MD., July 11th, 1895.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name, firm and style of Babylon & Gilbert, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The books of the firm will be left with its successors, at the old stand, for settlement.

F. THOMAS BABYLON,
OSCAR D. GILBERT.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

The undersigned have formed a co-partnership, as the successors of the firm of Babylon & Gilbert, under the name, firm and style of Gilbert & Gehr, for the conducting of a General Hardware Store, &c., at the old stand, Liberty and West Main streets, Westminster, Md., and respectfully solicit the public patronage.

OSCAR D. GILBERT,
DENTON S. GEHR.

Having retired from the firm of Babylon & Gilbert, General Hardware Merchants, &c., Westminster, Md., I take this method of returning my heartfelt thanks to my friends and the public generally, for the generous patronage accorded us, and to commend the new firm of Gilbert & Gehr, successors of Babylon & Gilbert, as worthy the amplest confidence and support of the public.

july13 3t F. T. BABYLON.

IN the Circuit Court for Carroll Co.

Sitting as a Court of Equity.

NO. 3367 EQUITY.

Ex-parte. In the matter of the trust estate, of George W. Frank, Jno. Milton Reifsnider, Trustee.

Ordered this 29th day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, on the foregoing Petition, that the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting in Equity, take jurisdiction of the trust estate of George W. Frank, and that said trustee settle said trust estate, under supervision and control of said Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity; and it is further ordered that the said John Milton Reifsnider, the Trustee, in the above cause named do give notice to the creditors of the said George W. Frank, who were such prior to the 29th day of June, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, on or before the 2nd day of September, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by causing a copy of this order to be published in some newspaper in Carroll county once a week for four successive weeks prior to the fifth day of August, next.

CHARLES B. ROBERTS.

True Copy.—Test:
jul6 4t BENJ. F. CROUSE, CLERK.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Founded in 1832. Large Faculty. Two full courses of study—Classical and Scientific. Special courses in all departments. Observatory, Laboratories and new Gymnasium; Steam heat. Libraries 22,000 volumes. Expenses low. Department of Hygiene and Physical Culture in charge of an experienced physician. Accessible by frequent railroad trains. Location on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, most pleasant and healthy. Preparatory Department, in separate buildings, for boys and young men preparing for business or College, under special care of the Principal and three assistants, residing with students in the building. Fall term opens Sept. 5th, 1895. For Catalogues, address

H. W. McKNIGHT, D. D., President,
or REV. O. G. KLINGER, A. M., Principal,
july13 8t Gettysburg, Pa.

STONER'S NURSERY,

Westminster, Md.

I have a fine assortment of all kinds of first class Nursery Stock for Sale, of my own growing, at low prices.

E. STONER,
Office 168 west Main street,
july6 4mos. Westminster, Md.

DR. J. HARRY GARDNER.

Office No. 141 East Main street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Westminster, Md., (formerly occupied by Hon. Wm. P. Maulsby.) Treatment of chronic diseases by Electro-Thermal Baths. july13 tf

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

NO. 3368 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Emma Susan Dieets, vs. Margaret Dieets (widow) and others.

The object of the Bill in this case is to procure a decree for the sale of the real estate of John F. Dieets, late of Carroll county, deceased, to pay his debts unsatisfied by his personal estate.

The Bill states in substance that the said John F. Dieets died in Carroll county, Maryland, on the 4th of December, 1894, leaving a last will and testament, which was admitted to probate by the Orphans' Court of said county on the 24th of December, 1894, and letters testamentary on the testator's estate were granted on the same day to Edward U. Wine, of said county, the executor by said will appointed. That testator by said will bequeathed a portion of his personal property, appraised at $140.55, to his widow, Margaret Dieets, absolutely, and to his daughter, said Emma S. Dieets, the Plaintiff, another portion, appraised at $27.50, and ordered the residue thereof, appraised at $81.50, to be sold to pay debts and expenses. That said executor has sold all the personal property of the testator, including the portions bequeathed to said widow and daughter as aforesaid, to be applied to the payment of expenses and debts of the testator, and returned to said Orphans' Court a list of said sales, amounting to $241.15, which is believed to be the full extent of all the personal estate of testator. That testator owned at his death some real estate, to wit: A small farm, containing 33 acres, 1 rood and 10 perches of land, situated in Manchester district, Carroll county, which he directed in his will to be disposed of as follows—He requested that his said widow should remain living thereon during her life or widowhood, and should have all the proceeds of his said farm during said time; but should keep said farm clear of all debts and expenses during said time, including interest on a single bill for $300.00 he owed her for his wife's own money borrowed by him. And he further directed in said will that after the death or marriage of his said widow all his real estate should be sold by his executor and after paying a legacy of $100.00 to his said daughter, the Plaintiff, he directed that all the rest and residue of his estate should be equally divided among his six children, viz: John W. Dieets, of York county, Pennsylvania; William H. Dieets, of York county, Pa.; Mary Ann R. Fridinger, wife of Wesley Fridinger, of Carroll county, Maryland; Edward Nelson Dieets, of Newton county, Indiana; Emma S. Dieets, (the Plaintiff) of Carroll county, Maryland, and the share of his deceased daughter, Sarah E. Fleishman, to go equally to her four children, viz: William Fleishman, Daisy Fleishman, Horatio Fleishman and George Fleishman, who all reside in Carroll county, and are all minors under 21 years of age.

The Bill further states that said testator at his death was indebted to the Plaintiff on a single bill for $25.00, dated July 20, 1890, at one day with interest from date, and also in the sum of $150.00, balance due her for work done for testator from October 2nd, 1889, when she became 21 years old, to December 4th, 1894, date of his death, over all claims in bar, and deducting the said legacy of $100. That said testator was also largely indebted to other creditors at his death, who have had their claims passed by the Orphans' Court against his estate. That the personal estate left by testator in the hands of his said executor is insufficient to pay testator's debts and expenses of administration, even if the said debt due said widow is deducted. That said Margaret Dieets, devisee for life of testator's said real estate, is both unable and unwilling to pay testator's debts, unsatisfied after exhausting his personal estate; and will consent to the sale of testator's said real estate for the purpose of paying all said unsatisfied debts, and take to her use under said will the interest of the residue of the purchase money of said real estate during her life or widowhood.

The Bill prays for a sale of the real estate for the purpose aforesaid, and for an order of publication against the said John W. Dieets, William H. Dieets and Edward N. Dieets, non-resident Defendants in this case, and for the writ of subpoena against the said Margaret Dieets, (widow) Mary Ann R. Fridinger and Wesley Fridinger, her husband, Wm. Fleishman, Daisy Fleishman, Horatio Fleishman, George Fleishman, and Edward U. Wine, executor aforesaid, resident Defendants in said case, requiring them to appear and answer said Bill of complaint.

It is thereupon, this 9th day of July, 1895, by the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting in Equity, adjudged and ordered that the Plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published at Westminster, in said Carroll county, once a week for four successive weeks before the 10th day of August, 1895, give notice to the said John W. Dieets, William H. Dieets and Edward N. Dieets, non-resident Defendants in this case, as aforesaid, of the object and substance of the Bill in this case, and warn them and each of them, to be and appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the 26th day of August, 1895, to answer said Bill, and show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to pass as prayed.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

True copy.—Test:
july13 4t BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.

On SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th, 1895, at 2 p. m., will be offered a Farm containing 139 ACRES, more or less. The improvements are a large two-story Frame Residence, with hall in the middle, arranged for two families; two kitchens; cellar under the residence; spring close to dwelling and pump between it and the barn; bank barn, wagon shed, two carriage houses, two corn cribs, smoke house, hog house, spring house, &c.; apple orchard in full bearing, cherries and other fruit. The land is divided into fields of convenient size, well fenced, with running water in most of them; 6 acres in good meadow and 25 in first-class timber. It is within one mile of Bachman's Mill, Md., near the road from the mill to the Hanover road, adjoining land of Wm. K. Leppo, Samuel Mathias, Theo. and Ed. Wine and others.

If desired the land will be divided into three parcels:—1st, the Home Farm, 58 Acres, with the buildings; 2d, 43 Acres, no buildings nor timber; 3d, 38 Acres, no buildings, 15 acres in timber.

Possession given April 1st, 1896. Terms made known on day of sale.

IRA B. ZEPP,
jul13 4t* Melrose, Md.

A NEW COFFEE AND TEA POT.

H. B. Grammer, 145 east Main street, Westminster, is the agent for a new Coffee and Tea Pot. Agents wanted to canvass. County districts for sale.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hotel Albion, Westminster, July 11, 1895.

H. B. Grammer, Esq.—Dear Sir:—We have purchased and have been using one of the patent Coffee Pots, sold by you, and take great pleasure in recommending it to the public. The coffee produced is very clear, free from all sediment whatever, and my wife says she would not do without one for double the cost.

G. BROOK YANTIS.

Westminster, July 10, 1895.

H. B. Grammer.—Dear Sir:—Having in use one of the Burrows & Jamison patented Coffee and Tea Pots, purchased from you, I can truthfully say that it is the best I have ever used, and do not hesitate to recommend its use to all lovers of good coffee.

Very Respectfully,
S. C. WICKERT,
july20 4t Prop. 1st Nat. Restaurant.

BETHEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.—An old time Sunday School Celebration will be held by the Bethel Sunday School of Carrollton, in 'Squire Oursler's Grove, on July 27th, 1895, lasting all day. Eleven schools have been invited, and the majority of them have decided to attend. Addresses by Dr. J. W. Hering and others. The Warfieldsburg Brass Band will be in attendance. A plentiful supply of Ice Cream and Confectionery will be on hand. july13 3t

WANTED.—An active, reliable man to sell Teas, Coffees, Spices, Extracts, and Baking Powder to consumers in Westminster and vicinity. Apply to or address

GRAND UNION TEA CO.,
july13 3t* 318 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa.

Poetry.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

Just a coming home at evening,
When a busy day was done,
And a father gaily entered,
Smiling on his little one.
He was tall, erect, broad shouldered,
Manliness stamped on his brow,
Love from out his kind eyes beaming,
For the one who claimed it now.

And he raised his waiting laddie,
Hugged him tightly to his breast,
There the wee rogue calmly nestled
For a moment of sweet rest,
All day long he had been jumping,
Pounding, running here and there,
Never wholly still a second,
Climbing over couch and chair.

Chubby hands all soiled and grimmy,
Little face not over-clean,
Lashes wet with recent sorrow,
Blue eyes now so bright and keen,
Red lips with a sob in pucker,
Little dress all stained and torn,
Shoes and stockings all down dangling,
Just a mankin forlorn!

But the kind and loving father
Did not heed his darling's plight,
For he only clasped him closer,
Comforted the luckless wight,
Whispered tender words of greeting,
Perched him gaily on his knee,
And he soon was proud and happy
As a laddie e'er could be.

And I thought: Perhaps our Father,
When He comes to life's great close,
Thus will fold us to His bosom,
There to find complete repose—
Us, His weary, earth-worn children,
Garments stained and eyes tear-wet,
Us, so loved, but undeserving,
Hearts all filled with vain regret.

In the even-time so glorious,
All our earth-work here well done,
Trials and temptations ended,
And eternity just won—
Then our Father, too, may whisper
Words of greeting, clear and sweet,
And the angels bend and listen,
Joyously the song repeat.

Select Story.

A RUSSIAN TRAGEDY.

From Short Stories.

I was 18 years old and was already for two years an ensign in the regiment of Paulovsky. The regiment was quartered in the great building that still exists on the other side of the Champ de Mars, fronting the Summer garden. The Emperor Paul I was then reigning and had been for three years. He resided in the Red palace, which had just at that time been completed.

One night, after I don't remember what escapade, the leave of absence which I had asked for in order to join a few comrades was refused, and I remained in the barracks almost alone. I was aroused from my sleep by a voice that whispered in my ear, "Dimitri Alexandrovitch, wake up and follow me." I opened my eyes. A man was before me, who repeated to me the invitation which he gave me while I was half asleep.

"Follow you?" said I. "Where?"

"I cannot tell you. But take notice that the order comes from the Emperor."

I trembled. From the Emperor! What in the world could he want with me, a poor ensign, of a good family no doubt, but far too distant from the throne to allow the name to reach the imperial ears. I recalled the sonber Russian proverb that came into existence in the days of Ivan the Terrible. "Close to the Czar, close to death."

But there was no help for it. I jumped out of bed and dressed myself. Then I looked with some attention at the man who had come to arouse me. All wrapped up as he was in his overcoat, I thought I recognized in him an old Turkish slave, at first the barber and finally the favorite of the Emperor. This examination, moreover, was brief. It might, perhaps, have been dangerous to prolong it.

"I am ready," said I at the end of five minutes, and I buckled on my sword carelessly. My nervousness increased when I found that my guide, instead of taking the usual door of the barrack, descended through a little winding staircase into the lower portion of the immense building. He lighted the way with a sort of dark lantern. After several turns and detours I found myself fronting a little door, the existence of which I had not known before. During all the route we met nobody. One would imagine that the building was deserted. Certainly I fancied that I saw one or two shadows pass, but they disappeared, or, rather, vanished, in the obscurity.

The door in front of which we stood was closed. My guide knocked in a certain fashion, and it opened, evidently put in motion by a man who was waiting on the other side. As a matter of fact, when we passed through I saw distinctly, notwithstanding the darkness, a man, who closed the door again and followed us.

The passage in which we entered was a sort of subterrane, about eight feet wide, running through the soil, whose humidity oozed through the brick walls.

At the end of about 500 paces this passage was closed by an iron gate. My guide took a key from his pocket, opened the gate and closed it behind us. We continued our route. Just then I commenced to recall the tradition according to which a subterraneous gallery existed between the Red palace and the barracks of the grenadiers of Paulovsky. I knew that we were in this gallery, and that, inasmuch as we had left the barracks, we were on our way to the palace. We arrived in front of another door similar to the one through which we had passed in the first instance. My guide knocked at this door in the same manner that he had knocked at the other one, and it opened like the other, set in motion by a man on the inside. Here we found ourselves at the foot of a staircase, which we mounted.

It led to the lower apartment of a building, but from the atmosphere it was easy to discover that we were entering a well warmed establishment. This building soon revealed the proportions of a palace. Then all my doubts ceased. They were bringing me into the presence of the Emperor who sent for me, an obscure ensign, almost hidden in the lower ranks of the guard. I remembered the story of the young ensign whom he had noticed in the street and placed behind him in his coinage appointing him successively in less than a quarter of an hour lieutenant, captain, major, colonel and general, but I had no hope that he sent for me with the same intention. However, we arrived at last before another door, in front of which a sentinel was pacing up and down. My guide put his hand upon my shoulder and said to me: "Keep up your courage. You are going into the presence of the Emperor." Then he whispered something in the ear of the sentinel, and the latter moved to one side. My guide opened the door, not by putting the key in the lock, so far as I could see, but by some secret means.

A man of small stature stood before me. He was dressed in a Prussian uniform, with boots that reached above his knees and an overcoat that touched his spurs, and wore a gigantic three cornered hat. I recognized him as the Emperor. It was not difficult. He reviewed us every day, and I remembered that at the review of the day before he fixed his eyes upon me, called my captain from the ranks, asked him some questions in almost a whisper while looking at me and then spoke to an officer of his staff in a tone in which one gives an absolute order. All that only increased my nervousness.

"Sire," said my guide, bowing, "this is the young ensign whom you desire to speak to."

The Emperor approached, and as he was of small stature he raised himself on the point of his toes to look at me. No doubt he recognized me as the man that he wanted, for he made a sign of approval wigh his head and them whirled around and said, "Go." My guide bowed, went out and left me alone with the Emperor. I assure you I would almost have preferred to be left alone in an iron cage with a lion.

His majesty at first appeared to pay no attention to me. He walked up and down, taking long steps, stopping now and then before a window with a single pane of glass and opening it to breathe the fresh air. Then he returned to his table, upon which his snuff box was placed, and took a pinch of snuff.

This was the window of his bed-chamber, the room in which he was afterward killed, and which, they say, has remained closed ever since. I had time to examine each portion of it and each piece of furniture. Near one of the windows there was a desk and on the desk a sheet of letter paper. At last the emperor appeared to notice me. As he advanced toward me his face had a perfectly fiendish expression, although in reality that was only the result of his nervousness. He paused in front of me.

"Dust," said he, "you know that you are only dust, and that I am everything." I don't know how I had strength enough to reply, "You are the elected one of the Lord, the arbiter of the destiny of men."

He granted, and turning his back upon me began once more to pace the room, and after opening the window as before and taking another pinch of snuff he returned to me for the second time.

"And you know, too," said he, "that when I command I must be obeyed implicitly without observation and without comment."

"Just as one would obey God. Yes, sire, I know that."

He gazed at me. In his eyes there was such a strange expression that I could not stand his glance. He seemed pleased with the influence that he exercised over me. Then he went over to his desk, took up the letter, read it carefully, folded it, put it in an envelope and sealed this envelope, not with the imperial seal, but with a ring which he wore on his finger. Then he returned to me.

"Remember," said he, "that I have chosen you out of a thousand to execute my orders because I have thought that by you they would be well executed."

"I will always have in my mind the obedience that I owe to my Emperor," said I.

"Very well. Remember that you are only dust, and that I am everything."

"I await the orders of your majesty."

"Take this letter," said he in a nervous and husky tone, "take it to the governor of the fortress; accompany him wherever he wishes to bring you. Be present at everything that he will do and come back and say to me, 'I saw.'"

I took the envelope and bowed.

"I saw," he repeated in a cavernous voice. "You understand—I saw!"

"Yes, sire."

"Go."

The Emperor closed the door behind me, muttering the word "dust."

I remained stupefied at the threshold.

"Come," said my guide, and we again stepped out, but by a different road, which led to the exterior of the fortress. A sleigh was waiting in the courtyard, and we both got into it. The great door of the fortress leading to the bridge of the Fontanka opened, and the sleigh started out, the horses trotting rapidly. We crossed the entire square until we found ourselves on the banks of the Neva. Our horses started out upon the ice, and guided by the steeple of Peter and Paul we crossed the river.

The night was obscure, and the wind howled in a terrible fashion. I could hardly perceive on coming again upon the other shore that I was on solid ground. We were now at the gate of the fortress. The soldier on guard took the countersign from my guide and allowed us to pass. We entered into the fortress, and the sleigh stopped at the governor's door. The countersign was given the second time, and we entered into the governor's apartments, just as we had entered into the fortress. The governor was in bed, but they woke him up with the all powerful command, "By order of the emperor." He approached, hiding his nervousness under a forced smile, for with a man like Paul I, there was as little security for jailers as for captives.

I gave him, without saying a word, the order of the Emperor. He brought it up to the candle, examined the seal and noticed that it was the private seal of the Emperor, which was used for secret orders only. Then he bowed, and after crossing himself rapidly opened the letter. He read the order, looked at me, read it again and then said:

"You must see! You have to see?"

"I have to see," I replied.

"What have you to see?"

"You know."

"But do you know?"

"No."

Then he remained an instant thinking.

"You have come in a sleigh?" said he.

"Yes."

"How many persons can your sleigh hold?"

"Three."

"Is this gentleman coming with us?" said he, pointing to my guide. I hesitated, not knowing what to say.

"No," said the latter. "I will wait."

"Where will you wait?"

"Here."

"What will you wait for?"

"The close of the act."

"Very well. Get ready another sleigh, select three soldiers, let one take a crowbar, the other a hammer and the two others axes."

The man to whom the governor addressed these words went out immediately. Then turning to me the Governor said, "Come, and you shall see."

He walked in front of me, lighting the way. I followed him, and a turnkey walked behind us. We proceeded until we came in front of the prison. The governor pointed to a door, and the turnkey immediately opened it, passed in first, lighted a lantern and carried it in front of us. We descended ten stone steps and found ourselves in the first section of the dungeon. But we did not stop there. We had to go down ten steps farther, and even there we did not stop, but went down five more, and there we stopped.

The doors were all numbered, and the governor stopped in front of No. 11. He made a sign to the turnkey without speaking. One would imagine that in this tomb people had lost the faculty of speech.

The door was opened, and we descended six more steep and damp stone steps. Here we found ourselves in a cell about eight feet square. In the light of the lantern I saw a human figure move in this cell. We could hear a dull and rustling noise. I understood at once what it was and whence it came. It was the water of the Neva rushing against the walls of the fortress. The cell was below the level of the river.

"Get up and dress pourself," said the governor.

I looked to see to whom the order was given, and as the turnkey threw the light of his lantern upon a far corner of the cell I noticed a thin and pale old man, with white hair and long white beard. No doubt he was put into that cell with the clothes which he wore when he was arrested, but these garments had worn away piece by piece, and he was now only half clad in a tattered cloak. Through the torn rags I could see his shivering and bony body, which perhaps at one time was dressed in splendid garments. Perhaps the insignia of the most noble orders were once fastened upon that fleshless breast. Now he was a living skeleton, without rank, without dignity and even without a name. He was simply "No. 11."

He got up and wrapped himself up in his tattered old cloak without a murmur. His body was bent, broken down by long imprisonment, humidity, darkness and perhaps hunger, but his glance was still proud, almost threatening.

"All right," said the governor. "Come."

The prisoner cast a final glance around his cell. For an instant his eye rested upon his stone seat, his water pitcher and his musty straw. He heaved a sigh. Good heavens! Could it be possible that he could regret anything there? He followed the governor and passed in front of me. I can never forget the look he gave me as he moved by and the depth of reproach that was in that look.

"So young," he seemed to say, "and already at the orders of tyranny." I cast down my eyes. That glance went to my heart like a poniard. How long had he been in that cell? Perhaps he did not himself. Probably he had long ceased to measure the days and the nights in the depth of that abyss.

He passed on, and I walked after him. The jailer followed us and carefully closed the cell door. No doubt it was needed for another. Outside the two sleighs were ready. The prisoner was placed in the one that brought us. The governor, myself and the old man sat down, the governor at his side and I in front of him. The other sleigh was occupied by four soldiers.

Where we were going or what we were about to do I could not imagine. The affair itself was not my business. I was to see, and that was all. But, yes, there was something else. I had to say, "I saw."

We started off. In my position I found my knees touching the knees of the old man. I could feel him trembling. The governor was wrapped up in furs, and I was buttoned up in my military overcoat, and still we felt the cold. The old man was almost naked, and the governor offered him nothing to cover him. For an instant I had an idea of taking off my overcoat and giving it to the poor old man, but the governor, guessing my intention, remarked, "It isn't worth while." So I kept on my overcoat.

We had not gone far before the storm burst upon us with all its fury. The snowflakes became so thick that we were in danger of being lost in perfect walls of snow. At last we stopped, when, as I imagine, we must have been about one league from St. Pettersburg. The governor alighted and approached the second sleigh. The four soldiers had already got down, each one holding in his hand the instrument he was ordered to bring.

"Make a hole in the ice," said the governor.

I could not suppress a cry or horror. I commenced to understand.

"Ah," muttered the old man in a tone so strange that it might be taken for the unearthly laugh of a skeleton. "The Empress remembers me. I thought she had forgotten me."

What Empress was he speaking of?

Three Empresses had succeeded each other—Anne, Elizabeth and Catherine. It was evident that he thought he was still living under one of them, and that he was ignorant of even the name of him who had decreed his death. What was the darkness of that terrible night compared to the long years of darkness in his cell?

The four soldiers went to work. They cut the ice with their axes and lifted up the block with their crowbars. Suddenly they jumped backward. The work was done; the water appeared. "Get down," said the governor to the old man, turning to the sleigh where he expected to see him. The order was useless, for the old man had already come down. Kneeling upon the ice, he was praying. Then the governor gave an order in a low tone to the four soldiers and returned and seated himself beside me. I had not left the sleigh. At the end of a minute the old man arose. "I am ready," said he.

The four soldiers seized him. I closed my eyes, but if I did not see I heard. I heard the splash of a body thrown into the hole. In spite of myself I turned around. The old man was gone. I forgot that it was not for me to give orders, and I cried out to the driver, "Pachol! Pachol!"

"Stoi!" cried the governor.

The sled, which had already started, was stopped. "All is not finished," said the governor to me in French.

"What have we further to do?" said I.

"Wait," said he. And we waited half an hour.

"The ice has again formed over the hole, your excellency," said one of the soldiers.

"Are you sure?" asked the governor.

The soldier struck the place with his crowbar. The water had already become solid. "Now let us go," said the governor.

The horses started off in a gallop. One would have imagined that the demon of torments was pursuing them. In less than ten minutes we returned to the fortress. There I found my guide.

"To the Red palace," said he to the driver.

Five minutes afterward the door of the palace was opened for me. The Emperor was up and dressed just as he was when I left him.

"Well?" said he.

"I saw!" was my answer.

"You saw? Saw? Saw?"

"Look at me, sire, and you won't doubt it."

I was in front of a mirror and noticed my appearance. I was so pale and my features so altered that I scarcely recognized myself. The Emperor looked at me, and without saying a word took from the desk a paper.

"I give you," said he, "between Troitza and Peres of a piece of land, with 500 peasants. Leave now, this very night, and never come back to St. Petersburg. If you speak, you know how I can punish. Go."

I left and never saw St. Petersburg again while Paul I. lived and never before told to a living being what I have now told to you.

Colonel Ralph and Toddy.

From Harper's Magazine.

The famous Indian champion, Mr. Boudinot, introduced me to a planter whose two cabins, side by side, and joined by a single roof, formed the most picturesque home that I saw on that splendid river. I was introduced as plain "Mister," but that would not do down there.

"Colonel Ralph," said the planter, "enjoy this yer boundless panorama of nature. Feast yo' eyes, sah, on the beautiful river." (Then aside: "Wife, set out the mixin's in the back room.") "Colonel Ralph, you are welcome to share with us this grand feast of scenery and nature's ornaments. But, sah, I think my wife has set out something—just a little something—in the house. I dun'no what it is, sah, but if you find it good, I shall be delighted, sah."

So we went into the back room with this other Colonel Mulberry Sellers, and there on the dining table stood a bottle, a bowl of sugar, three glasses and spoons, and a glass pitcher full of spring water.

"Serve yourself to a toddy, Colonel," said my host.

"I'll watch you first," said I; "I don't know what a toddy is."

"Don't know what a toddy is?" said the hospitable man. "Why, sah, that does seem strange to me. Back in gran' ole Virginia, sah, we children were all brought up on it, sah. Every morning my revered father and my sainted mother began the day with a toddy, sah, and as we children appeared, my mother prepared for each one an especially tempered drink of the same, sah, putting—I regret to say—a little more water in mine than the others, because I was the youngest of the children."

As he spoke he dipped some sugar into his glass, poured in a little water sufficient to make a syrup when the two ingredients were stirred with a spoon, and then emptied in an Arkansas "stiffener" of whisky—a jorum, as the English would say.

Don't Crowd.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Have you any idea of the number of persons that the United States would sustain without overcrowding the population, or even going beyond the limit of density now shown by the State of Rhode Island? The last census of the Pigmy State just gives it a population of 800,000. The area of the State in square miles is only 1250, thus we find that there is an average of 318 persons on every square mile of her territory.

We can best illustrate the sustaining capacity of the whole of the United States and of the other States by making some comparisons: The State of Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles; and, were it equally as densely populated as "Little Rhody," would comfortably sustain a population of 83,523,628 inhabitants—a greater number of persons than the whole country is expected to have in the year 1900. Scatter people all over the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the British possessions as thickly as they are in Rhode Island, and we would have 945,766,300 inhabitants, instead of an insignificant 62,000,000.

In other words, if the United States could be peopled to their utmost sustaining capacity, we could take care of nearly two-thirds of the present population of the globe.

The Jockey and the Lawyer.

In an important trial which took place in the Irish Law Courts an Irish jockey was called as a witness, and the opposing council in cross-examination did all he could to cripple his testimony. "What are you?" he began, in a bullying tone. "Sure, I'm a jockey, same as my father was before me!" was the reply. "Ah," said the barrister, thrusting his hands in his pockets, and preparing to enjoy himself hugely with his witness; "and I suppose your father did a little cheating in his time, like the rest of the fraternity?" "Troth, and I suppose he did, now and thin," was the quiet response. "And where do you suppose he is now?" "In heaven, I hope, rest his sowl!" "And what should such fellows as those do there, I should like to know?" inquired the barrister, in a voice of thunder. Paddy scratched his head. Then with a sly grin, he replied. "Train horses for angels, perhaps." "And cheat them as they did their fellow mortals?" "Maybe so," replied the jockey, still unabashed. "Ah! they would be prosecuted then," exclaimed the barrister, triumphantly. "Sorra a bit," answered the witnesses. "And why?" "Because they might search heaven over again and divil a lawyer would they find there."

A curious behavior of crimson clover last fall was that it did well on some plots and refused to make a stand on others. This is due to the time of planting. Some sowed the seed as late as September, which did not allow the young plants a sufficient length of time to grow before winter. Those who did not succeed should try the experiment this year of getting the seed in not later than August 10.

A box of earth has been sent from the grave of General Lafayette to the Daughters of the American Republic at San Francisco in which to plant a tree of liberty.

In a Modern Lumber Mill.

From the Minneapolis Press.

I wanted to see a fin de siecle lumber mill. When I was a boy in the pine woods on the Allegheny hills they had sawmills on the creeks and rivers that used to do business with the logs in a way that seemed to be amazing. They used to have buzz saws in those days about as big around as the full moon, and the way that a little Gypsy engine of three or four horse power could make them revolve was a wonder. But they told me here that I was out or date, and that the Allegheny pine woods were not in it.

So I went down to a real lumber mill—a Minneapolis lumber mill—yesterday. The show is worth the price of admission. A Minneapolis lumber mill is a place where they feed a forest into one end and draw a frame house out of the other. A Minneapolis lumber mill is the Keller of the mechanic art. It swallows a log and vomits a wagon-load of toothpicks. There is prestidigitation for you. The modern lumber mill is a place where the men are mach