

\$1 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1896.

VOL. XXXI.--NO. 18.

TRUSTEES SALE OF VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOT.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, in case No. 3409, wherein the said Mary Koons obtained from William N. Martin and wife, by deed bearing date on the 15th day of September, 1894, and which is recorded among the Land Records of Carroll County, in Liber W. A. K. No. 31, folio 311, &c., and of which the said Mary Koons did obtain and possess. The improvements thereon consist of a large brick dwelling house, containing 7 rooms, with attic, and a brick carriage house, with stable, carriage house, corn crib, smoke house, chicken house and pig pen. There is a well of good water at the house, and a cistern.

Terms of Sale.—One-third cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof, one-third in six months and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the said payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, who approved the same, bearing interest from the day of sale. CHARLES T. BEIFSNIDER, JOHN M. ROBERTS, Trustees.

Beifsnider & Beifsnider and Clabaugh & Roberts, Solicitors. Feb 28

TRUSTEES SALE OF VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOTS.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, in case No. 3342, wherein Catharine A. Abbott, mother and next friend of Leila M. Abbott and others are complainants, and Leila M. Abbott, Emory T. Abbott and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustee, named in said decree, will offer at public sale, on the premises situated in the town of Westminster, and about five miles from Hampstead, and one mile from Mexico, on

TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1896, at 10 o'clock, p. m., a valuable house and lots of land lying together and containing 25 acres of land, more or less, improved by a 2-story brick weatherboarded house, with porch on the east side, a well of good water, well of water at the door, fruit of all kinds, and the land in good state of cultivation; is convenient to schools, churches, postoffice and railroad, and of the attention of any one wanting a good and comfortable home.

Also, at the same time and place, will be sold a wood lot of 4 acres, 3 rods, and 25 squares of land, more or less, and adjoining the lands of Geo. Gummel and others. Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money on the day of sale, and the balance in one and two years; the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee and bearing interest from the day of sale. For further information call upon the trustee residing near Greenfield, or George L. Stockdale, in Carroll County, Westminister, Md. JOHN J. ABBOTT, Trustee. Feb 28 Geo. L. Stockdale, Solicitor.

IN PART.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, as a Court of Equity. NO. 2418 EQUITY.

In the Matter of the Trust Estate of Hezekiah H. Jones and wife, George W. Zepp, Trustee. Ordered upon the foregoing petition, this 14th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, that the Circuit Court for Carroll County, as a Court of Equity, do jurisdiction in the trust estate of Hezekiah H. Jones, and that said Trustee settle said Trust Estate under the supervision and control of said Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, and it is further ordered that George W. Zepp, the Trustee in the above entitled case, give notice to all persons having claims against said Trust Estate, to file their said claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, on or before the 11th day of April, 1896, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County, once a week for four successive weeks before the 14th day of March, next. CHARLES B. ROBERTS, Trustee. True Copy.—Test: BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk. Feb 24

NO. 2414 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity. In the Matter of the Trust Estate of Elizabeth Dutterer. Elizabeth Dutterer, Plaintiff, vs. Oliver A. Haines, Trustee and Plaintiff, vs. Elizabeth Dutterer.

Ordered on the foregoing petition and affidavit, this 24th day of January, 1896, that the Circuit Court for Carroll County, sitting as a Court of Equity, take jurisdiction in the trust estate of the said Elizabeth Dutterer, and that Oliver A. Haines, Trustee under said deed of trust, administrator, executor and settlor of said trust estate under the direction, supervision and control of said Court, and it is further ordered that said Oliver A. Haines, Trustee, give notice to all persons having claims against said Elizabeth Dutterer, to file their said claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, on or before the first day of April, 1896, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County once a week for four successive weeks before the 24th day of March, 1896. CHARLES B. ROBERTS, Trustee. True Copy.—Test: BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk. Feb 14

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR CARROLL COUNTY.

NO. 81 INSOLVENTS. In the Matter of the Petition of Charles E. Smith for the benefit of the Insolvent Law of the State of Maryland.

Ordered this 27th day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, that the same is hereby fixed for Charles E. Smith, petitioner for the benefit of the insolvent law of the State of Maryland, in the above entitled case, to appear in said Court and answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, assignees or sureties may propose or allege against him, and that said Petitioner, or John M. Roberts, the permanent trustee, shall give notice thereof to the creditors, assignees and sureties of the said Insolvent Petitioner, by causing a copy of this order to be published in some newspaper published in Carroll County for five successive weeks before the 9th day of March, next. BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk. True Copy.—Test: BENJ. F. CROUSE, Clerk. Feb 14

PLEBATION NOTICE.

Stockholders are hereby notified that an annual meeting of the Board of Directors, to be held at the office of the Company, will be held on the 31st day of March, 1896, between the hours of 12 m. and 1 o'clock, p. m. JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM, Secretary. Feb 14

PREPARATORY TO TAKING STOCK

We propose to commence a special BARGAIN SALE

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, to continue until SATURDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 8.

You know what a Bargain Sale at the New York Bargain House means. Be with us as early as you can.

Yourself, serve, NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE. "Department Store."

44 W. Main street, Westminster, Md., Jan 25 T. W. MATHER.

TRUSTEES SALE OF VALUABLE LIFE-ESTATE INTEREST IN A VALUABLE FARM.

In Mt. Airy and Franklin districts, Carroll County, Maryland, also Valuable Personal Property.

By virtue of a deed of trust from Zadock V. Hood to James A. C. Bond, dated the 15th day of February, 1896, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll County, the undersigned trustee therein appointed, will offer at public sale, on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 21st of MARCH, 1896, at 11 o'clock, a. m., the life-estate interest of the said Zadock V. Hood, in and to all that valuable farm, consisting of 69 ACRES OF LAND MORE OR LESS, situated on the line between Mt. Airy and Franklin districts, Carroll County, Maryland, and lying on the Ridge and Mt. Olive Church Roads, and adjoining the lands of Mrs. Elizabeth E. Baker, Jason P. Hood, Thomas E. Hood and others, being the same land which was devised to the said Zadock V. Hood, for life by John Hood, deceased.

Also, at the same time and place, the undersigned trustee, will offer at public sale, all the following Personal Property of the said Zadock V. Hood, to wit: 4 good work horses, 4 horse wagon and bed, dayton wagon, Deering binder, 5 plows, 4 sets of wagon harness, and other personal property too numerous to mention.

Terms of sale for life-estate in real estate are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash on day of sale or upon the ratification thereof by the Court; the balance in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months, to be 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.

Terms of sale for the personalty are:—Cash on all sums of \$10, and under; and on all sums over \$10 a credit of six months will be given, to be secured by the note of the purchaser with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. JAMES A. C. BOND, Trustee. Rufus Hood, Auctioneer. Feb 22

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

In Sykesville, Carroll County, Md. By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Gleucose W. Leist, to Asa Heppner, bearing date November 29th, 1895, and duly recorded among the Chattel and Bond, Records of Carroll County, in Liber B. F. C. No. 15, folio 1, etc., and by him assigned to John M. Roberts, on the 17th day of February, 1896, the undersigned, assignee of mortgagee, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 14th of MARCH, 1896, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following personal property to wit: 3 horses, 1 stallion, 2 colts, (18 months and 10 months old) 7 milk cows, 4 hogs, 1 farm wagon, 1 farm cart, 1 seed drill, 1 mow, 1 McCormick mower, 1 Stick wagon, 1 set of breeding, 1 set of lead harness, 1 set of double driving harness, 1 set of single driving harness, 2 seed plows, 2 shovel plows, 2 cultivators, 1 springtooth harrow, &c. The horses are good workers, two of them being mares and the station is a fine driver. The wagons, cart, and farming implements are nearly new. The breeding and driving harness were made by Harris last summer and are in good condition.

Terms.—Cash on day of sale. ASA HEPPNER, Mortgagee. Guy W. Steele, Solicitor. Joseph W. Berret, Auct. Feb 22

NEW FIRM. GILBERT & GEHR.

DEALERS AND JOBBERS IN Hardware, Oils, Paints, Glass, &c. A full and complete line of Cooking and Heating Stoves, Ranges and Hot Air Furnaces.

Special prices on latest improved Gas and Gasoline Stoves. A complete line of House-keeping Goods. Steam and Hot Water Fitting in all its branches.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING. We solicit your trade. GILBERT & GEHR, Successors to Babylon & Gilbert, Corner Main and Liberty streets, Jan 20

IF YOU NEED BONDSMEN.

TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIAN OR FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSES.

Do not annoy your neighbors and friends by permitting the name of your bond, but apply to the Fidelity and Deposit Co. of Maryland. This Company has a half a Million Capital, and \$25,000 surplus, and will go on your bond for any purpose, at a cost of \$10 up, or for a small percentage of your commissions. It costs nothing to make an application. Apply to CHAS. E. FINK, Resident Director, Court Street, Westminster, Md. Jan 25

JOHN O. ZOUKE, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

HAMPSTEAD, CARROLL COUNTY, MD. dec 21 3m

"THE MODEL EMPORIUM."

THEO. DERR & SON, WESTMINSTER, MD.

Why is it we sell so many Ladies' and Children's FINE SHOES? Because we give you the very best goods that can be produced for the money. Always the NEW STYLES.

Besides, our Shoes fit the foot and give the wearer comfort and service. If you have any doubt, call and see our styles—this will convince you. Once you try them you'll always buy them.

OUR LADIES' FINE SHOES. We sell you for \$2.50 a pair; cannot be matched in style and quality elsewhere for \$3.00.

SPECIAL. About 50 Ladies' Misses' and Children's COATS left, worth up to \$15.00, must be closed out at \$3.50 each.

Our first arrivals in SPRING DRESS GOODS are now on exhibition.

New Black and Colored Wool DRESS GOODS and SILKS. All the latest and richest conceits of the weavers' art are now being displayed by us. The Latest reign throughout our stocks.

New Crepons, New Cheviots, New Jacquards, New Sicilians, New Cloths.

New Persian Silks, New Dresden Silks, New Taffeta Silks, New Satin Duchesse, New Wash Silks.

The Very Best Qualities and Newest Styles at the Lowest Prices. Prompt attention given to all orders by telephone.

DERR'S MODEL EMPORIUM,

WESTMINSTER, MD. feb 29

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Desirable Little Property.

In Manchester district, in Carroll County, State of Maryland. By virtue of the power and authority contained in a mortgage from Edward Berwager and Rachel Berwager, his wife, to Jacob D. Zouck, bearing date on the 24th day of April, 1890, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll County, in Liber F. T. S. No. 15, folio 1, etc., and by him assigned to John M. Roberts, on the 17th day of February, 1896, the undersigned, assignee of mortgagee, will sell at public sale, on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 14th of MARCH, 1896, at 1 o'clock, p. m., all the real estate described in said mortgage, containing 5 ACRES, 2 ROADS AND 11 SQ. PERCHES, of Land, More or Less. The improvements thereon consist of a two-story weather-boarded house, with two wells of water near the house, land in a state of good cultivation; good orchard, in bearing.

This property is on the road leading from Manchester, Md., to York, Pa., and about one mile from Manchester, and is about one mile from Miller's Station, on the B. & H. R. R., and adjoins the lands of Laury Hoffacker, William Haines and others, and is now unoccupied, and is known as the John T. Lawson property. Terms of Sale.—Cash on the day of sale, or upon ratification thereof, or one-third cash on the day of sale and the other two-thirds in six months and the other one-third in nine months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. JOHN M. ROBERTS, Assignee of Mortgagee. Clabaugh & Roberts, Solicitors. Feb 22 Jacob Hoffman, Auctioneer.

HEADQUARTERS FOR FURNITURE, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, &c.

Having just established myself at the old FURNITURE STAND, the spacious "ALBAUGH BUILDING," recently occupied by JOHN GEISEL-MAN & SON, I will be prepared to show and sell to my friends and the public the Largest and Best assortment of the above named goods ever before offered in this place, at the lowest possible figure.

P. S.—Having also one of the best Cabinet makers connected with my place of business, we will be prepared to repair or make new, anything in our line of work. J. WESLEY BIGGS, 32 W. Main street, Westminster, Md. Feb 15 1mo

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The County Commissioners of Carroll County will meet at their office, in Westminster, on the first Monday and TUESDAY, the third MONDAY in MARCH, 1896, for the transaction of business. By order, ALFRED T. BUCKINGHAM, Clerk. Feb 22

Poetry.

LAVENDER LEAVES.

From the New England Magazine. The waving corn was green and gold. The daisies roses blown, The bees and busy spinning wheel Kept up a drowsy drone. When Mistress Standish, folding down Her linen, white as snow Between it laid the lavender One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish green, Still moist with morning dew, Recalled the cottage sweet with box Beyond the ocean's blue, An English garden, quaint and old, She nevermore might know, And so she dropped a homesick tear That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew wet and thin, And fell in a sad wail. Some went to bind a soldier's wounds, And some to shroud the dead. And Mistress Standish cast her soul Where graves their shadows throw And violet blossoms, planted there, In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose And lady lily fall Springs up the modest lavender Beside the cottage wall. The spider weaves her gossamer Across it to and fro— The ghost of linen laid to bleach One summer long ago.

Select Story.

THE IDEALIST CLUB.

From the New Budget. It was my good fortune not long ago to snatch a gray headed bohemian from before the wheels of a Charing Cross omnibus, the carelessly driven horses of which had knocked him down in Fleet street. I happened to be just on the spot at the right moment, and so, with hardly an effort, saved this man's life.

"I am a great deal obliged to you," said the gray headed man as we pulled ourselves together on the curbstone, "because I happen to be in the middle of the best story I ever wrote. Now tell me, my friend, what can I do to show you that I am grateful?"

"Something about this apparently prematurely aged bohemian interested me strongly, and I felt that I should like to talk to him and know him. So I said, 'There is really nothing to thank me for, but since you give me the right to ask something of you, I would say, let me go with you this evening, talk with you, and stay with you.'

"My new friend, whose instinct told me was an artist of some kind, paused, thoughtfully scratching the back of his head with the roll of manuscript to which he had held so tightly when knocked down by the bus horses. 'Well,' he said slowly, 'I was going down to the Idealist Club, and I never heard of a visitor being taken there. However,'—and here the man waved airily the roll of manuscript before referred to—"I do not see why it should not be done. Come, my friend, anyhow, and let us see?"

"Turning hurriedly into one of the oldest of the many lanes of Fleet street, the gray headed man led me into a queer little court, which seemed to be walled in by all the concentrated back premises of Whitefriars. We passed through an iron gateway, by the side of which were left, caked in rust and uncertain as to means of support, two of the huge extinguishers into which link boys were at one time wont to jam their flaming torches. Walking down a molly smelling passageway, we came to a closed door, upon which I was just able to make out the legend, 'J. Flail & Co. (In liquidation).' My elderly friend produced a key, measuring perhaps four inches in length, and which he carried in his spectacle case. Then he opened the door, and, followed by myself, entered the room beyond.

It was a large room, full of queer corners and odd-shaped abutments. Elegen men were sitting there on high backed chairs and in various positions, all of which suggested some relation to a long table, which was strewn with glasses, bottles, long pipes and scattered piles of manuscript. Six candles and a big ecclesiastical looking lamp were burning in different parts of the room, and the ages of the 11 men seated there varied, I should say, from three and twenty to 75. The man whom I considered over 70 years of age rose to his feet as my friend and myself entered, and stroking his ragged, white beard with one hand said: "You are late, professor! Good evening! And—who is this with you?"

"I have taken the liberty of bringing a friend to the Idealist club," said my friend, replacing the big key in his spectacle case as he spoke, "because he wanted to come, and because he has just saved my life. Have you any objection, president?"

"Well," said the old man, who had risen to his feet, reflectively, "I don't know! I think it is a piece of infernal impudence certainly; but, on the other hand, I don't see why you should not be infernally impudent if you choose, professor. What do you think, my friends?"

"I don't see any reason to bother," said a young man who was wearing a wide brimmed soft hat. "That's all right!" said my friend, abstractedly wiping his forehead with the roll of manuscript he carried.

"Will the professor's friend take a chair, then, please?" said the president, resuming his seat. "He will be dreadfully bored, but that is his own look out, and he may sleep if he likes, of course. For the rest, the friend of the professor is not a man, I am sure, who will talk outside of names he hears mentioned here." I bowed and sat down. "Now, professor! See to pipes and tobacco, please, and as we are all present you might, if you feel inclined, let us know why you asked for a special meeting."

My friend, addressed as professor, handed me a huge box of wooden matches and a long pipe, and then, having evidently forgotten that tobacco is a useful ingredient in the sum total of comfortable smoking, he rose to his feet to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you know that for many years I have been a hard worker in the art we all follow. I wanted to see you tonight because at last I have achieved something—not to entitle me to the far higher honor with an Idealist club member may aspire to and reach, but yet—something; something which I believe will be a great success in the outside world, and which will bring to me that fame which does not necessarily disgrace a member of this club in the eyes of his brother members, and which, for reasons you know of, I have spent much of my life in trying to attain."

"Professor, we congratulate you," said the president, and ten voices echoed his remark with considerable warmth. "Are you inclined to let us know what the scrip is, professor?"

"I have come here to submit it to you, my friends, in the hope, though that hope may sound presumptuous, of its earning your approval. My story is in two parts, and the first I have here in my hand completed. It will take fully two hours to read, but of course I shall be stopped if it tires any of my friends."

"We are waiting, professor," said the president, and then my friend began to read his manuscript, while the members of the Idealist club sat round him in different attitudes smoking and listening. As the professor read on he changed his position once or twice, and the perspiration trickled down his forehead, and sometimes filled his eyes, making his spectacles opaque. Then the Idealist club members filled their glasses while my friend wiped his.

"I think the story was the sweetest and most tenderly pathetic thing I had ever heard or dreamed of, and when it was finished I heard snuffly whispers of congratulation all round the long deal table. "When will the other half be finished, professor?" said the president mopping his great wrinkled forehead as he spoke.

"It is half done now," replied my friend, "and I am working straight on. It will be finished on Tuesday."

"Then I take it, my friends, the club meets again on Tuesday evening, and since the professor's friend was here tonight, it is only fair to ask him to come on Tuesday."

The club nodded thoughtfully like one man. "Will the professor's friend, then, if he feels inclined, join us on Tuesday evening?" I bowed, and having accepted the invitation with thanks left the room with the professor.

"If you would really care to come," said the professor, as together we walked into Fleet street, "you had better meet me on Tuesday and come down with me. If you do not, then come and see me at another time. Here is my address, and—yes! There is my bus! Good night! Don't forget to come and see me!"

My gray headed friend had torn a corner from his roll of manuscript and scribbled on it in pencil his address. Then he scrambled on to the top of his bus, and I stood on the curbstone watching his quaint figure as he disappeared in a westerly direction.

On the following Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock a hansom put me down at 11 Grath road, (Chelsea, the address the old man had scribbled for me on the scrap of paper which then reposed in my waistcoat pocket. It was a curious room in which I found my friend—a prematurely aged friend—and apparently served its proprietor as sleeping, living, smoking and working den, with a certain odour of suggestion of cooking and bathing in one corner. The professor's attire seemed to consist chiefly of a dressing gown, and he was literally surrounded by sheets of loosely written manuscript. Everything in the room, from the uncovered, ink splashed table to the small rug covered bed, was exceedingly plain, and showed no desire whatever for adornment, but on the narrow mantelshelf there stood on a quaintly molded case a beautiful miniature in oil of a very beautiful girl.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the professor gathered together all his loose MSS., and after a few minutes spent in the privacy of the curtained off corner, he emerged equipped for travel.

Then we proceeded together to the dimly lighted passageway in the court off Fleet street, at the end of which one seat pointed on a door the words, "J. Flail & Co. (In liquidation)."

The professor drew the big key from his spectacle case as before, and in another minute we were in the meeting room of the Idealist club. My friend was late again, as seemed perfectly natural, and when we arrived the 11 other members of the club were all sitting waiting in different positions near the long deal table, as on the occasion of my first visit.

"Good evening, professor! You are late," said the president. "The club is glad to see that the professor's friend is here on this occasion, and wishes him 'Good evening.'"

I bowed in answer to the murmured greetings of the other members, and accepting the seat pointed out to me by the president I filled my pipe and watched the professor unrolling his manuscript.

"Is the story finished, professor?" said the young member who wore the wide brimmed hat. The professor nodded in his absent-minded way, and two minutes afterward he had begun to read, standing, barrister fashion, with one foot resting on a chair and facing all his brother members, who lay back in their seats smoking and listening.

If the first part of the professor's work had been sad and sweet, this second half was a poem in prose of clinging tenderness—the artist's ideal of perfect, unstrained pathos—delicately veiled in maiden purity and drawn on a background of sadness that made one's very heart ache.

The club sat drinking in the sweetness of it, with bated breath and misty eyes, unsmoked pipes being held the while neglected in midair. Then the professor sat down and began nervously to fill the glass at his side from a decanter.

The story had been told, the achievement was laid before the club, and for a few minutes a whispered conversation was carried on, while the professor sat with shaking hands filling his long pipe. Then the president rose to his feet.

"Professor, the club congratulates you, and is indebted to you. In your modesty you claim for your work merely that it will achieve in the world out yonder that success and bring to you that fame which, for reasons we know of part of your life has been spent in endeavor to attain. You claim nothing more, professor, because, being a workman, you are modest. But the club considers that your work merits something higher and greater than this, and so we have decided to offer to you, professor, the highest honor which the club has in its power to bestow upon a member and a worker."

The professor's hand shook so at this moment that he overturned his glass on the long deal table beside him, and its contents streamed down on to the dusty floor of the room.

"Having regard"—continued the president, twisting his fingers in his long beard—"to the glorious tradition of the club, which, recognizing the impossibility of the world's appreciation of the ideal, when achieved by a brother member, may be fittingly acknowledged, we have decided to place this story of yours on the plane last spotted by Eric Vanbrugh's wonderful 'Spotted Fairy,' 15 years ago—to confer upon you, professor, the knighthood of the club, for which so many of us strive unavailingly—to here, in solemn convulsion of appreciation, burn in the club brazier your accomplishment of the ideal, placing then its ashes beyond the reach of the world's ignorant misapprehension in the vase which holds the splendid relics of a century's achievements of the Idealists!"

The professor rose in his chair, a moist lock of iron gray hair falling in ragged tangle across his dripping forehead.

"But, gentlemen, my—oh, my half a life—I—gentlemen, I thank you!" Then he sat down with a gasp, and I, my eyes distended in amazement, watched the solemn burning, in a curiously wrought iron brazier, by the Idealist club, of that most precious of all prose poems of tender pathos.

And when it was over the professor, pale and shaking as one in an ague, tottered out into Fleet street and "the world out yonder" on the arm of the white bearded president, and my last visit to the Idealist club was ended.

The Memory of a Night.

Written for the Democratic Advocate, BY EDGAR T. READ.

It was a hot, oppressive afternoon in August. Along the roadside the bushes were covered with mica-dust, which sparkled on them like sprinkled diamonds, and in the pastures, wherever a tree afforded shade, under its spreading branches cattle gathered, grateful for this retreat from sun-baked fields.

We—an old friend of my father's and myself—were in a carriage, driving slowly homeward from a neighboring village. A little breeze had started to life, blowing the dust which rose from the horse's feet across the fields, while threatening clouds hanging low along the western horizon boded a coming storm. The distant rumble of thunder had sounded for some time, and ever and anon, with each fresh peal, the clouds advanced, extending more and more to the south; albeit as yet no lightning flash had "pivvered across the ever darkening mass.

Seeing a group of horses, and cows with calves, standing in an adjoining pasture I asked my companion if among them was a brindled calf. He pointed one out to me, whereupon I requested that he show me a brindled horse. The effect of this last question upon my friend compelled me to forego further inquiries about brindled stock.

When we arrived at the house the clouds had climbed to the zenith, and stretching from the southwest far to the north there met another storm advancing from that point. Preparations were made expecting a shower to burst at any moment. The lightning now flashed along the horizon, followed by dull, muttering thunder, calling to mind the beautiful simile of I. K. Marvel in his description of a summer storm, when he compares the lightning to the cordage around the great sail of blackened cloud, and the thunder to the creaking of distant pulleys, which hoist the sail-cloud skyward. But although we hopefully waited for a rain to refresh the ground, parched and burnt by a long drought, only a few drops fell, pattering faintly on the shingled roof.

It was now near supper time. After the evening meal I was left to amuse myself while the chores for the night were being done. Mine host went in search of the cattle, pastured in a corner of the farm by the shell-road. His wife was busily engaged feeding the chickens, a flock of stately geese and a large colony of ducks, which made vain efforts in their awkward fashion to be first upon the scene, and later, in housing a brood of promising young turkeys, her special pride, while the servant was to be seen hovering back and forth from diningroom to kitchen, a form that reminded me of dear old Peggy, but in reality how untrue. I watched for some time these many and varied preparations for the night, and then strolled off to the front porch, where I became interested in the gambols of two spindle-legged calves. They, as if unwilling to exhibit their sports to a stranger, soon galloped away.

Thus left alone I paced a sentinel's beat from one end of the porch to the other, repeating one of Whitcomb Riley's poems, something about the "Land of Ued-to-be," and when this expedient had nearly run its course a little kitten came walking toward me, offering to play. Had the immortal gods sent this or did it drop, as in an Indian legend, from the sky. I questioned not, but accepting the invitation we played for some time; and I venture to remark that had mine host appeared then and there he might have seen two kittens—one somewhat larger than the other.

The evening duties were at last ended; twilight was fast gathering; night's darkness was soon abroad, heightening in no small measure by the still impending storm clouds. We were sitting in the hallway looking forward to bedtime and listening to the distant thunder. The storm was advancing rapidly and before the old clock had struck another half hour the rain began falling.

From the diningroom came the strokes of the hour for rest.

"At nine o'clock we had our prayer, and then I went to bed. Away off in the darkest room."

But it was to be, I had feared, no restful hour for me. In the early afternoon I had found that the couch whereon I was "to lay me down to sleep" was piled high with a feather-bed, one of the largest ever seen. Having never been able to lie in comfort—not even during the coldest weather—upon a bed such as this, I was confronted with the question that has perplexed many a mind, even before the days of Hamlet—"to be, or not to be." In what manner I solved the problem is a fact unknown to mine hostess—may the truth never be unfolded.

The storm had ceased and drifting away bore captive the winds so refreshing but an hour past. Closing the door, lest sounds of my movements should disturb others in the house, and placing the lamp on the floor I drew a thick quilted comfort from the bed and spreading it on the floor, together with a pillow, was prepared for the night. Reading a short while a feeling of drowsiness crept over me and I soon was drifting upon the tides of oblivion.

After sleeping as I thought through the night, I awoke and was congratulating myself that morning would soon break in the east when the clock began to strike. Expecting to hear it chime four I eagerly counted, but what was my surprise as that number was passed and the clock finally ceased on the stroke of eleven. I was at first alarmed lest the instrument so dearly prized by the family was deranged, mechanically out of its mind. Then the truth flashed upon me—I had slept one hour. Thinking of the vanished hour reminded me of my watch, and fearing that also to be among