The Democratic Advocate.

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Sentinel 2

Wm. F. Derr | Wm. F. Derr | Wm. F. Derr

The Model Store News.

WE CLOSE AT 6 O'CLOCK EXCEPT SATURDAY.

WE WISH YOU ALL A

HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

And in order to do our share toward helping you to prosperity, we shall offer you the first week of the new year some unparalled Bargains in new desirable merchandise that you all want.

Read the items below carefully and be prompt.

WOMEN'S and CHILDREN'S JACKETS AND WRAPS Greatly Reduced in Price.

Women's Jackets and Golf Capes, also Furs; Children's and Misses' Jackets and Reefers. Everything we have is to be sold at quick prices to make room for other goods. All are the very latest styles and colors—come early; now is your chance and the cold weather just comes.

Women's Handsome Jackets, made of the very finest materials and in the latest styles, all silk lined, former prices from $10 to $20. Today divided into three lots, at $5, $7 and $10, for you choice which is just half-price—be prompt.

Misses' and Children's Jackets and Reefers of lovely materials and elegantly trimmed, reduced from $6, $8 and $10. For this sale only $3, $4 and $6. These are in all sizes for girls from 6 to 16 years and a wonderful bargain.

18 Ladies Handsome Dress Skirts of new fabrics, in Plaids, Cheviots, Serges, etc., all made in the newest styles; priced regular from $6 to $10. Choice of this lot now, only $4.75 each.

FUR COLLARS REDUCED.

Some very handsome; stylish Fur Collars for ladies that are realy cheap at $12. We are selling at only $8 each.

WINTER MILLINERY AT HALF-PRICE.

Our entire stock of new stylish head wear for women and children to be sold at once for what it will bring—no regard to cost.

Women's handsomely Trimmed Hats, new designs and trimmings, regular $4 and $5 styles, at only $2 each.

Handsome Trimmed Walking and Golf Hats, reduced from $1.50 and $2. For this sale at 50c each.

One lot assorted Caps and Tam O'Shanters for boys and girls, reduced from 50c and 75c to 10c each.

DRESS GOODS REDUCED.

One lot odds and ends as we term them—not all shades of a kind, but all colors, in the lot they have been regular sellers at 50c to 75c. This week yours for 33c yard, which is about half-price on the average.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

Don't forget we are still taking subscribers for the new Werner Encyclopedia Britanica. Come in and see the books and get the prices—you want them and really should have them at the price.

MUSSED HANDKERCHIEFS REDUCED.

Men's, Women's and Children's Handkerchiefs that have been mussed and soiled from handling and decorating. Some slightly damaged will be sold at about half price.

The 5c Handkerchief are 2c each.
The 25c and 40c Handkerchiefs are 15c each.
The 15c and 20c Handkerchiefs are 9c or 3 for 25c.
Come quick or they will be sold.

STORE CLOSED NEW YEAR DAY.

The Great Model Emporium,

Wm. F. Derr

dec30 WESTMINSTER, MD.

INTENDING TO REDUCE MY STOCK,

I will offer extra values for CASH. Having bought these goods direct from the mills, at rock bottom prices for spot cash, I am in a position to save big money for all who need anything in the

HARNESS, ROBE OR BLANKET LINE.

I will give you the benefit of 20 years' experience as against junk dealers, or any other dealers, who have not had the experience to know what they are buying and consequently can't know what they are selling. I show over

100 STYLES OF ROBES AND BLANKETS from 50c up.

GOODS SOLD FOR CASH ONLY.

J. W. SHUNK,
nov18-1yr Westminster, Md.

E. O. GRIMES,
Successor to
E. O. GRIMES & CO., AT
THE PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Having succeeded to the business of the late firm of E. O. Grimes & Co., the undersigned solicits the patronage of the firm's former customers and the public generally. has as complete a stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

as can be found in our city.

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES, CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, &C.

The best grades of PATENT PROCESS and FAMILY FLOUR constantly on hand at bottom figures. Will pay the Highest Prices for WHEAT, CORN, RYE, OATS, and all kinds of Country Produce.

Agent for Leffin & Rand's Blasting Powder, and Judson's Dynamite for stump blasting, &c. Farmers can be supplied with the best quality of COTTON and FLAXSEED MEAL, HEAVY MIDDLINGS, BRAN, &c. at lowest prices.

mar 26 E. O. GRIMES.

TO THE PUBLIC.

If you want

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

Give me a call.

Lowest Rates. 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.

WM. A. McKELLIP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
—AND—
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office—Albaugh Building, Court street,
dec23-'99 WESTMINSTER, MD.

BENNETT & CO.,
NEAR THE DEPOT, WESTMINSTER, MD.

LUMBER, COAL, SLATE.

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS and all kinds of Mill Work. Diamond Wall CEMENT for plastering AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. Vulcan Chilled PLOWS, the best Plot on earth. These Plows are sold on their merits, and every one is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction in the field or no sale. The only Plow made that will stick in dry, hard and stony ground. Sole agents in Carroll county for the celebrated and old reliable SCHUTTLER WAGONS, the best farm Wagon in the world. Deering Harvester Co.'s BINDERS, MOWERS, RAKES, BINDER TWINE, OIL. The DEERING IDEAL BINDER is the lightest running and best constructed Binder on the market today. The only machine equipped with ball and roller bearings, ball and roller bearings on main axle, main gear shaft and crank shaft, Deering jointed platform, Deering one-lever reel, Deering Binder attachment and the Deering balance double butt adjuster, all of which make it the most perfect and efficient binder in the world. Come and see it set up before buying. Superior and Owego GRAIN DRILLS. Champion WAGONS. One-horse WAGONS. Steel and Wood Frame HARROWS. Hoosier CORN PLANTERS. HAY FORKS put up complete. Hay TEDDERS. Field ROLLERS. Riding and Walking CULTIVATORS. Single, Double and Triple Shovel PLOWS. Agents for Frick Co.'s ENGINES, THRASHERS, WIND STACKERS, SAW MILLS, &c. Satisfaction guaranteed on every article sold. [Telephone Call No. 58.] apr 2

CLEAN SWEEP!

Balance of our entire stock at prices you cannot afford to overlook.

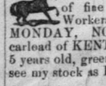
Great bargains in Underwear, at prices that will compel you to buy. Less than half price. Also a lot of fine Wool Overshirts, former price $2.00 to $2.50, now $1.00. Also a large line of Gloves at all prices, reduced to less than half price. In Neckwear we can open your eyes at prices. Fifty cent goods from 10c up—good goods and good styles. They must be sold. The balance of our stock of Hats at less than half price—some first-class styles. Our greatest offer is in our

Suit, Overcoat and Pants Department.

We have some splendid things to show you; and will sell them at half price, and, if desired, will make up to order in first-class style, fit guaranteed or no sale. A dollar saved is a dollar made. Call and examine our stock and we are confident we can save you money and please you, at the old stand, No. 34 West Main street, Westminster, Md.

jan29-tf A. M. ANDERS.

OHIO HORSES and KENTUCKY MULES.



I will receive a carload of fine OHIO HORSES, Workers and Drivers, on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27th. Also a carload of KENTUCKY MULES from 3 to 5 years old, green and well broke. Call and see my stock as I won't be undersold.

H. A. SMITH,
nov25 Hanover, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

A farm containing 165 acres, on the Baltimore and Reisterstown Turnpike, about 5 miles from Westminster. The land is in a high state of cultivation and the buildings first class. Address

WM. MILLER,
oct28-tf Sandyville, Md.

CHEAP JOHN.

REMOVAL SALE.

I will move to my new store room, adjoining the one I now occupy, and will close out about 500 pair of

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES

At and Below Cost, commencing today, September 23. Remember I have no old stock, all late styles. I call special attention to the Men, Women and Children's Heavy Shoes, the best for the money in the city. Try my $3 hand-made Kip Boots. My $2.00 Boots cannot be equaled. Give me a call and be convinced. Shoes made to order and repairs done at short notice at low rates.

Thanking you for past custom I hope for a continuance.

JOHN T. ZAHN,
East of Court Street,
sept 23 3m Westminster, Md.

AT COST.

Pictures and Frames at cost. We have only a short time to dispose of our stock of

PICTURES, FRAMES, EASELS and HOLIDAY GOODS.

Bring your pictures and have them framed while you can have them finished cheaper than ever.

We must vacate the store we now occupy by January 1st, 1900, and the stock must be sold

REGARDLESS OF THEIR COST.

Come and look over the goods and note reduction in prices.

Yours,
MATTHEWS & MYERS,
nov18 Westminster, Md.

Poetry.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Gone! Gone for ever! Like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being—and its last low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
And dying to an echo.

The gay spring
With its young charms has gone, gone with its leaves,
Its atmosphere of roses, its white clouds
Slumbering like seraphs in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music, and its streams
Leaping and shouting, from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves,
And summer with its dews and showers has gone,
Its rainbows glowing in the distant clouds
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain tops as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone! With all its deeper glories gone.
With its green hills, like altars of the world
Lifting their rich fruit offerings to their God,
Its cool winds straying 'mid the forest-aisles
To wake the thousand wind harps; its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the West,
Like banners from the battlements of heaven,
And its still evenings—when the moonlight sea
Was ever throbbing—like the living heart
Of the great universe. Ah, these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—the deep
Wild beauty has departed from the earth
And they are gathered to the embrace of death,
Their solemn herald to eternity.
Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
Of passions have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is chill on many a breast that burned ere while
With fires that seemed immortal. Joy that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free
In this young morn, to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The woven sounds of breeze and bird and stream
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
In silence to the dust. Exultant Hope
That roved forever on the buoyant winds
Like the bright starry bird of Paradise,
And chanted to the ever listing heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky until
Night's burning gems seemed jeweled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wings and made her house
Within the voiceless sepulcher. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine and gazed
On his heart's idol as on some sweet star
Whose purity and distance made it dear,
And dreamed of ecstacies, until his soul
Seemed but a lyre, that wakened in the glance
Of the beloved one, he too has gone
To his eternal resting place. And where
Is stern ambitious? He who madly grasped
At Glory's fleeting phantom, he who sought
His fame upon the battlefield, and longed
To make a throne a pyramid of bones
And a sea of blood! He too has gone!
His stormy voice is mute—his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its clod, his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of year
Whose gleam flashed out a moment o'er the earth
And faded into nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion, Beauty's bright array,
And life's deep idol memories, all have passed
Like the cloud shadows on a star-lit stream
Or a stream of soft music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty. Yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past. In their bright round
The seasons come and go; the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet,
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of the day, and still
Man will remain to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old affections. Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of past centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths,
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that time
Is pressing on, it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the nations. Hark!
Along the vales and mountains of the earth
There is a deep, portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce tempest with sonorous wing
Heaves his deep folds upon the rushing winds
And hurries onward, with the might of clouds
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill-top of her Western home,
And lo—it breaks across old ocean's flood,
And "Freedom! Freedom!" is the answering shout
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The dayspring—see—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign,
From tower to tower the signal fires flash free,
And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas,
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of Hope
And life are on the wing. You glorious bow
Of Freedom bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch—
A type of Love and Mercy—on the clouds
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence; and the sinking waves
Gathering the forms of glory and peace
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

Select Story.

A BITTER NIGHT.

It was a New Year's eve, and one of the very blackest and hardest of frosts gripping all Nature in its savage grasp, and doing its best to seize upon humanity as well, as many a poor, half-frozen, cowering wretch could testify.

But it was something blacker and more deadly than the frost that chilled the current of Mary Morton's blood, as she stood in the bay-window of her warm and comfortable parlor, clutching the crimson curtain in one hand, while the other lay clenched above her heart, and her unseeing eyes steadfastly fixed upon the scene without.

A handsome, stately woman, in the prime of an imperial beauty, and, as the world always saw her, wearing an expression of hauty serenity and conscious power that had more than once drawn from her lips, principally of other women, the criticism that "Mrs. Morton was too proud to have much feeling."

They would not have said it had they watched her face tonight; had they marked the deathly pallor of her face, the quiver of her lips when not controlled by the cruel grip of the teeth above, the glitter of her dark eyes, and the unconscious gathering together of the straight, dark brows.

If ever the agony of a tortured heart was made manifest in human face, it was imprinted upon the face of that woman, handsome, stately, prosperous, respected and admired by all the world, standing there in the winter twilight, gazing out upon the village street, along which hurried, at intervals, the few whose duties or necessities still detain them out of doors.

Presently, among them, appeared a tall and fine-looking man, not hastening like the rest, not appearing conscious of the bitter cold like them, for he walked slowly, his eyes fixed upon the ground, his overcoat not buttoned, and his gloves clenched in one hand, while the other was thrust deep into his breast, as if to grasp and control some stinging pain then rampant.

"Lawyer Morton is thinking up his argument in that murder case, I reckon," remarked one of the two neighbors, whom he met and passed without recognition, to the other; but Mary Morton, watching that slow-moving figure, and straining her eyes to distinguish the stern, bent face, muttered to herself:

"He remembers the day! He remembers it!"

Then she dropped the curtain, and seizing a book, seated herself beside the fire in her usual low chair. There her husband found her when he presently entered, and, with a muttered word of greeting, began moodily to pace up and down the room with bent head and folded arms.

The tea-bell rang, and silently the two sat down to an elegantly-appointed and delicately served table; but neither fragrant Peko or dainty food had taste or savor to either of those somber guests, and after the pretence of a meal, Mr. Morton glanced impatiently at his wife, absorbed in contemplation of her empty teacup, and, pushing back his chair, muttering something about an engagement, and presently left the house.

Mrs. Morton looked after him with eyes full of anguish, and sat until the servant, impatient to reach her own evening engagements, began to move the tea equipage from before her. Then, rising mechanically, she went back to the parlor, and sinking again into the low chair, sat staring at the fire, thinking her own bitter thoughts, while the sad hours wheeled slowly by, each bringing its bitter memory—its mournful burden.

The servants returned home and went to bed; and as the mantel clock chimed eleven, Mrs. Morton rose with a deep sigh, and whispering:

"He would rather not find me up when he comes home."

She was preparing to go upstairs when a faint knock sounded on the panels of the door, at the end of the side hall, made her pause with a nervous start, and stand looking toward it in strange dismay.

"Why should it come to that door, that mournful door through which her whole life had passed away four years ago this very night? Did spirits come, indeed, to reproach and remind those who wronged them of—"

The knock was repeated a little louder, and summoning all her self-command, Mrs. Morton went forward, and inquired:

"Who is it? Speak!"

A feeble voice made some unelligible answer, but it was at least a human voice, and an unfamiliar voice, instead of those accents the listener had half-hoped, half-dreaded to hear, and with a feeling of relief she drew back the bolts and opened the door.

A dim, cowering figure stood upon the steps, and the black, icy cold of the light swept around and over it, and rushed through the open door as if it had been the true outcast imploring shelter, and having once obtained entrance, would make the luxurious home its own.

Mary Morton drew back with a shudder, and a little impatiently asked:

"What is it? What do you want?"

"So cold, lady; and there is no place to sleep, and the baby cries and is hungry. I fear lest he should be dead when morning comes again."

"A baby! and shelterless this bitter night," exclaimed the lady. "Come in directly, you poor creature, and let me shut the door!"

"Painfully, and with the slow motion of one stiffened by long exposure to the cold, the woman obeyed, and followed Mrs. Morton to the kitchen, where a good fire still remained in the stove, beside which Mrs. Morton placed her in a comfortable chair, and then busied herself in preparing some hot tea, and placing some hot food upon the table. The tea was eagerly accepted, but the food refused with murmured thanks and the excuse:

"Too much cold go all over me to care about eating. I would die if I had not looked for a place to put the baby."

"Let me see the baby. You have not uncovered it yet," said Mrs. Morton, suddenly; and the woman smiled, a faint, sweet smile of comprehension.

"Oh, he is not dead," said she. "I feel his little breathing all the time upon my hand."

She uncovered his face as she spoke; a poor, pale, wee little face, such as hunger, cold, exposure make for their own, and yet with an impress of natural beauty not to be eradicated.

From the baby Mrs. Morton looked at the mother more attentively than she had yet done, and was shocked at the traces of suffering and want plainly written upon a face that should have been one of uncommon beauty, in the dark and rich style of a warmer climate and kinder influences than those of our Northern region.

"You are a foreigner, are you not?" asked she, kindly.

"Yes, madame. I came from Italy."

A sharp pain shot through the listener's heart, and turning away, she walked swiftly to the other side of the room, trifled with something upon a table, then wiped some tears from her eyes, and was returning toward the young girl, fondly hanging over her baby now, when the front door opened and shut violently; steps came through the hall and down the stairs, and Mr. Morton stood in the doorway, sternly regarding the group beside the fire.

"What is all this, Mary?" demanded he, presently. "Who is this woman, and what are you doing with her?"

"A poor homeless, shelterless young woman with a little baby, John," replied his wife, entreatingly. I have given her some food and warmed her, and now I am going to prepare a bed for her, here beside the fire, and keep her until morning."

"No; she shall not stay here."

And as he spoke, John Morton turned a white, stern look upon his wife's face, a look that seldom failed of winning instant obedience from those who met it. But she had suffered too long and too much this whole day and evening to feel anything very keenly now, and only raised her eyes inquiringly as she said:

"But we cannot turn her out to die this bitter night, Mr. Morton!"

"This bitter night! Is it any bitterer than the New Year's eve four years ago? You were not so considerate then."

As the cruel taunt fell upon her ear, the proud woman shrank and quivered as if beneath a physical wound, and her husband, turning to the Italian girl, who at his entrance had risen and stood fixing her great dark eyes upon him in mournful entreaty, he harshly said: "The poorhouse is not a mile from here, and it is meant for such as you—go to it."

"I know not where it is, good gentleman, and the weather is very hard, and the child so little."

"My child was turned out of his home in just as hard a night as this four years ago, and do you think I will let a beggar's brat enjoy that home while he is wandering shelterless, and—there, there, go! You cannot stay here tonight—you cannot stay. Go to the poorhouse—go!"

He opened the door as he spoke, and the girl walked proudly out, casting a look as she passed upon him who thus pitilessly dismissed her that well matched his own; but noticing it only with a frown, Morton allowed her to pass, closed and locked the door, and, placing the key in his pocket, turned upon his wife, who, absorbed in her own bitter musings, had hardly noticed what he was doing until now.

"There, now, go to your own bed, and lie there listening to the wind and the howling of the sea, as I do night after night, and tonight, of all nights in the year, fancying where he may be whom you turned out to perish—you, the woman whose fine feelings and tender pity must call in all the beggars and their brats from far and wide to warm them at my fire, and feed them with my food, and coaxed and pamper them, while my only child is a vagrant and wanderer upon the face of the earth.

He strode from the room, and she whom thus bitterly he accused cowered down to the floor, and crouched there, weeping bitterly, her pride, her beauty, her very womanhood abased to the dust.

The hours went on, and still she sat moaning there, while the fire died down, and the stillest, darkest, coldest, bitterest time of that bitter night came creeping in its deathly chill over the earth. So, crouching, her tears and sobs all exhausted, and a torpid apathy came to replace them, Mary Morton heard the feeble wail of a child's voice, the last despairing cry of one ready to perish, as it seemed, close beside her, and presently traced it to the closed door through which her husband had ejected mother and child hours before.

She tried to undo the door; then, recollecting herself, flew up the stairs and confronted the stern, unsleeping eyes of her husband, still dressed, and only thrown recklessly upon his bed.

"Give me that key! demanded the wife, her eyes blazing with a mood as resistless as a tornado—a mood once not so uncommon in this proud woman's life, and manifested now for the first time in four long, terrible years. "Give me that key, I say. That woman and her child lie dying at your door, murdered by your cruelty! You, to dare to blame me, and now have done what I would never do. The key, the key, I say!"

He silently drew it from his pocket, and, seizing it, she flew down the stairs; and he, after a moment's hesitation, followed more slowly, for his conscience had already accused him sorely, and his wife's bitter words had seconded its monitions.

He found her leaning over a prostrate figure, huddled together upon the doorstep, and, as he stooped to help her raise it up, she wildly cried:

"Yes, lift the corpse of her you have slain, and offer it a sacrifice to the memory of your son, as all these years you have sacrificed my living heart with one torture after another."

"Wife, you talk wildly—you are beside yourself. But this is not the time for us to speak of ourselves, with this poor creature lying here."

He raised her in his arms and carried her through the kitchen to the dining-room, and laid her upon a low, broad lounge, then removing the shawl enveloping head and neck, exposed the lovely classic face, all its rich color faded to ashen pallor, the lips drawn apart sufficiently to show the line of glittering teeth, the eyes closed, and the last tears they had shed frozen in the long eyelashes lying so dark upon the pallid cheek.

"She is very beautiful," said the man.

"She is dead," said the woman, and without more words removed the wailing baby from its mother's stiffened clasp, wrapping it warmly, and laid it beside the register from the furnace, where it fell immediately asleep. Then, although quite hopeless of results, she began her efforts to revive the inanimate form of the mother, silently rejecting all offers of help from her husband, who stood watching her with an anxiety upon his face that might have surprised one who knew that stern face well, for seldom, indeed, had it been so moved.

At length, and just as the dawn came stealing grayly in at the eastern window, a faint flutter of the heart, a slight warmth beneath the arms, showed that life still lingered in the beautiful body, and Mrs. Morton, redoubling her efforts, had the happiness, after some longer time, to see the eyes open slowly and very languidly, and rest upon her face with an expression of gratitude.

"Thank God—thank God! I thought that her death was to be added to my punishment!" exclaimed she, sinking upon her knees and covering her face.

"It would not have been your sin, Mary, but mine, if she had died. God be thanked that this burden has been spared to us," said John Morton, in a deep and earnest voice; and then he went to summon a servant to take his wife's place, and with a tender authority, not exercised in four years, he led her upstairs and sent her to bed for the repose she so sorely needed.

It was afternoon when Mrs. Morton came downstairs, and she found the Italian girl seated in an easy chair beside the dining-room heater, her baby asleep upon her knees, and looking pale and languid, but otherwise recovered from her close conflict with death. She rose, in some confusion, as the lady entered the room, and hastening to kiss her hand, said:

"Pardon if I am here, dear lady; but the signor himself told me here to stay until the lady should me see again, and to sleep in the house this night. Another morning I will go early."

"We shall see," replied Mrs. Morton, cheerily. "Perhaps we shall keep you with us until the weather is warmer, and you can travel more comfortably."

"The signora is very good, and so is the signor," said the girl, fervently. But I must go soon as the strength comes to me, for I am in haste; I have a message to give quickly. I have come all the way from my own dear Naples to this cold and dying country, in three little months."

"And where are you trying to reach?" asked Mrs. Morton, as a look of weariness and perplexity came over the girl's face.

"To a large place called Lowell-in-Massachusetts," said the Italian, putting the last three words into one.

Mrs. Morton smiled beninnly.

"The city of Lowell, in the State of Massachusetts, and you are already in Massachusetts," explained she. We used to live there ourselves, and I may know how to direct you farther if you can tell me whom you wish to see there, or to what part of the city you wish to go."

"It is here," said the girl, drawing a little package from her bosom, and taking from it a package sealed and directed, which she handed to Mrs. Morton.

"You are to deliver this let———My God! what is this?"

And turning her wild eyes from the letter to the girl and back again to the letter, the astonished woman read again that plain and clear direction, written in the hand she herself had guided in its first attempts of penmanship.

"Mr. and Mrs. John Morton,
"Lowell,
"Massachusetts, U. S. A."

"What is the matter? Give me my letter, lady, give me. It is for me, I will keep it; give—give, I say, or I will be wild!"

But, unheeding the wild words and tones, the half-frantic gestures of the Italian, Mrs. Morten stood staring at the letter for a moment, then, clasping it to her heart, with a wild moan, burst into tears.

The outer door opened, and the steady step of John Morton came through the hall and entered the room. To him flew the child, already trusting him to defend her even against his wife.

"The signora has my letter; she cries and will not speak; she holds it close, and it is mine; it is my Art'ur's, and it is for me to show them who I am, and my baby, too. I want my letter, and to go."

"What is it, Mary? What does she mean?" exclaimed Mr. Morton, bewildered; and placing the letter in his hand, his wife fell upon his neck, and the long-frozen fountains of the heart broke up in a passion of tears.

"Arthur's handwriting—Arthur's wife and little child," sobbed she, and Mr. Morton, hastily tearing open the letter, read the first lines only:

"Beloved father, and oh, so beloved mother,—I am dying in this far land, and I have sinned almost beyond forgiveness, for I have cherished anger against you both, especially against my beloved mother, and I have purposely concealed myself from you. I am dying, and I cannot come, as I long to do, to kneel at your feet; but I send my wife, my poor Juliette—for I married her, dear mother—and my boy, named John for my father's sake; I send them to plead for me. Receive them, dear parents, for my sake——"

The father read no more, but laying the letter down, he reverently raised his face and said, in tones of solemn joy:

"My God, I thank Thee once again that I am not this day a murderer!"

Then he took poor frightened Juliette in his arms and kissed her tenderly, saying:

"Be at rest; my child. You are safe, and at home: for this is the mother and this is the father to whom Arthur sent you, and Providence itself guided you to our door—yes, and opened it in time to save your body and my soul from destruction. God be thanked, again and again!"

Then followed long explanations—a little confused at first, but at last made clear—and Arthur Morton's parents recalled the story of his youth and brilliant promises and remembered, although they did not say it to the child who was his widow, the bitterness of their anger and disappointment when he, just returned from the course of foreign travel which had completed his education refused the advantageous marriage proposed for him, and stated his resolve to return to Italy and marry an Italian peasant-girl whom he had there met and loved, and promised to make his wife.

A bitter quarrel ensued between parents and child, until at length the mother, carried away by a temper whose force and recklessness was the bane of her better nature, rose and cursed her son, and drove him forth from her presence and from his father's house, until he should forsake his disobedience and return humbly craving pardon.

The father, overpowered by the vehement will of the wife, whom he adored—and, truth to tell, a little feared—stood silent; and his son—inheritor of his mother's temper as well as of her dark beauty, looked from one to the other, and slowly said:

"I am going; and I take God for my witness that I will never return to you alive."

He was gone; and when the next morning his father silently sought him up and down the city, he was nowhere to be seen or heard of; nor had any whisper of news ever floated back, in all those far years, to the yearning hearts whose only life had come to be remorse, longing, and a feverish desire for some certainty even of death.

By slow degrees, also, an estrangement had grown up between husband and wife—and this chiefly on the part of the man, who had almost adored his beautiful wife until that bitter night had showed her to him in the character of the curser and destroyer of the son whose life and prosperity had been his chiefest hope in life. With much of the spirit of the first man, whose excuse for sin was, "The woman tempted me," this man had come to forgetting his own share in the quarrel between son and parents, and to think of his wife as the sole cause of the separation which was so grievous a pain to him; and she, devoured by remorse for her own sin, hardly felt conscious that she was made to bear the added weight of another's transgression, or, if she became sometimes sensible of this injustice, accepted it uncomplainingly, as part of her just punishment.

And now came the long letter, supplemented by Juliette's broken explanations to tell how the young man, returning and marrying the poor little peasant, as he had promised, had then tried to support her, sometimes by acting as teacher, sometimes by helping the artists—who all knew and liked him—in the more mechanical portions of their work, and sometimes in other ways—succeeding, with all, not only in keeping his little family, but in slowly accumulating a fund which was to take them all to America and back; for deep down in the young husband's heart burned a bitter remorse of which he never spoke—a tender longing for his mother's kiss, his father's blessing—which the caresses of his fair young wife of his noble boy could never for a moment still.

And at last, when the goal was almost reached, when the little hoard was almost sufficient, the God whom he had summoned as a witness of his wild words refused to allow him to retract them, and took him home, indeed, but not to the earthly home he had sworn never more to enter.

And so all was explained at last, and the bereaved parents felt that the grief now laid upon them by the hand of the Father was less heavy than the burden they had bound upon their own and each other's shoulders; and though they mourned, it was not as those without hope, and it was no longer in sullen estrangement.

And Juliette, prepared by all her lover-husband's teaching to love and to honor his parents, soon became as their own child, and blossomed into such loveliness of person and character that they no longer wondered at their son's choice, or that he should have been ready to give up all worldly prospects for her sake.

And the little Arthur grew in stature, and in the affections of those who accepted him as their own Arthur restored to their longing hearts. And as he year by year grew into marvellous resemblance, both in body and mind, to his father, Mary Morton sometimes shuddered in terror, sometimes raised her heart in grateful prayer, as she remembered what might have been had not she heard that low wail of suffering from the freezing child—had she slept, instead of waked, through that bitter night.

Maryland Affairs.

John S. Umberger, of near Monrovia, Frederick county, killed a hog which weighed 695 pounds and Mr. Wm. Baker one that weighed 620.

The barn and outbuildings on the farm of Granville W. Reynolds, in Cecil county, together with the contents, were destroyed by fire on Sunday. Loss about $3000; partly insured.

The application of Howard Edwards for the appointment of a receiver for the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, in Baltimore county, was denied last week in an order signed by Judge Wickes in the Circuit Court of Baltimore city.

Percival Y. Darnel and Frank Harman, while delivering packages for Herring, Sons & Co., Baltimore, in Walbrook, on last Saturday night, drove across the trolley track. The wagon was demolished and both men killed by a car.

George, aged 6 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Krause, 611 South Eutaw street, Baltimore, was accidentally and fatally shot in the head by his brother Albert, who was practicing with a cat-and-rat rifle, which had been given him as a Christmas present.

Several men calling themselves "Latter Day Saints" passed through Rutland, Anne Arundel county, last week, distributing tracts explaining the doctrines of Joseph Smith and trying to persuade the young girls to leave the county for beautiful homes pictured to them in far-off Utah. So far they have been unsuccessful in their mission.

A number of recent appointees to places in Baltimore county have refused to accept because the salaries have been reduced. Probably a number of the places could be abolished. It is a fact, however, that all officeholders think, as a rule, that they should receive high salaries and do less work so as to have more time to spend what they receive.

The Emmitsburg improvement Company has been incorporated by the following gentlemen: Isaac S. Annan, C. O. Spangler, John B. Brawner, J. H. Messe[illegible] John C. Williams, Enoch F. F[illegible] Vincent Sebold, William H. Tro[illegible] D. Colliflower, E. R. Zimmerm[illegible] T. Long and Geo. M. Rider. [illegible] of the corporation is to promote [illegible] lishment of industries at Emm[illegible] Frederick county.

Capt. Louis Schneeberger, cas[illegible] Baltimore Postoffice, committed [illegible] shooting himself in the head, while [illegible] in bed at his home, 2042 Fairmount ave[illegible] nue, on the 20th instant. Postmaster Warfield says that the dead man's account balanced correctly. Capt. Schneeberger left three letters. The one to his wife fully explained why he took his life, saying that he had been speculating heavily, lost all, and prefered death to bankrupt[illegible] He leaves a wife and five children.

Rev. William D. Parsons, for 40 ye[illegible] chaplain of Mount de Sales Academy of the Visitation, near Catonsville, Baltimore county, died on the 24th instant, aged 79 years, at his home near the convent. On December 16 Father Parsons was stricken with paralysis. Previously his health had been good, but he had been complaining slightly for about a week. Father Parsons was the oldest priest in point of service in the Archdiocese of Baltimore, having been ordained to the priesthood by Archbishop Eccleston at the Cathedral, on August 16, 1845. He began his religious service in Baltimore, but gave that up in order to become the chaplain of the academy. For 40 years his faithful work there has endeared his memory to many classes. He made his own every interest of the institution. In the 46 years of his service only one night had he been absent from Mount de Sales.

In Foula, one of the Shetland Islands, the natives make a business of rearing skua gulls in order to rid the island of eagles that congregate there and commit many depredations. The magnificent red sandstone cliffs that skirt the northwestern coast became a favorite haunt of the eagles, and in this inaccessible spot they increased so rapidly that they became a terror to the farmers and fishermen who dwell on this isolated spot. The skau gulls are also strong and fierce, and the inveterate foe of the eagle. In battle the gulls are nearly always victorious, and so the inhabitants of Foula hit upon the novel plan of feeding and caring for skau gulls, which, though formidable to their feathered enemies, are very peaceful and docile when brought in contact with man.

Fell into a Furnace.

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., Dec. 24.—Daniel Strickland, an employe of the iron furnace company at this place, yesterday while working on top of the furnace fell in, and, descending sixteen feet, struck a half molten crust of red hot iron. He seemed about to sink to a terrible death, when he jumped to a red hot bracket on one side. In the meantime a ladder was lowered from above. He grabbed it and was hauled to the top in an unconscious condition. His hands are terribly burned, his left wrist twisted almost off and his body badly burned in several places. He will recover.

When Henry Clay was stumping Kentucky for re-election at one of his mass meetings, an old hunter of wide political influence said: "Well, Harry, I've always been for you, but because of that vote [which he named] I'm goin' agin you." "Let me see your rifle," said Clay. It was handed up to him. "Is she a good rifle?" "Yes," "Did she ever miss fire?" Well, yes, once." "Why didn't you throw her away?" The old hunter thought a moment and then said, "Harry, I'll try you again." And Harry was elected.

The latest device to encourage high stepping in the coach horses is a glass worn like goggles, the crystals being so formed that the ground appears nearer than it is. It is said to work all right.