HERR PAULUS,

HIS RISE, HIS CREATNESS AND HIS FALL.

By Walter Besant, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men, etc., etc.

(The Right of Translation is Reserved.)

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAHTER IV.—THE FIRST BLOW.

It is now my cruel duty to record the succession of cruel blows which one after the other shattered Paul's self-satisfaction. They began the very day after that blissful talk with Hetty, part of which has been preserved from oblivion. Each one was unexpected; each was more severe than its predecessor. They were blows dealt by Nemesis, who is always unexpected, always silent in her approach, and who always chooses the moment when her victim is at his happiest and his proudest, prancing gaily along the way, believing himself to be admired by everybody, exulting in his imaginary triumph.

Nothing, for instance, could exceed the respect, admiration, gratitude and affection with which Paul was at this moment regarded in this house. No one could have been more conscious of this admiration than himself. Yet all was taken from him, in three days, as you shall hear.

It began in the study. Mr. Brudenel was going through his correspondence. Paul sat in an arm chair with a cigarette and the paper. Peace and serenity lay upon their brows.

"Here is a letter from Anna Petrovna—you remember her, Paul?"

"Anna Petrovna? Of course. She gave me a letter to you. I have never quite understood whether Anna is more dupe than knave—or the opposite. You see the two characters very often overlap. There is Lavinia Mellock, for example. She believes in everybody but herself; she envies all other mediums; and she despises herself. Anna is like Lavinia, with less conscience."

Any one who took an interest in this young man would have observed that a great change had fallen upon him in a single week. Things external do not alter the shape of a man's features unless he engages in a prize fight or goes welshing to a racecourse. Formerly Paul's face was thoughtful, reticent, and authoritative. There was always a watchful look upon it. This watchfulness made some, like Sibyl, suspicious. To others, as to Hetty, it conveyed assurance of reserved power. Now the watchfulness had gone out of his face and the reticence. His expression was frank and candid. He told everybody, freely, that he had lost his power. That explained the change completely.

"Anna Petrovna writes to me that they have a wonderful medium in St. Petersburg—one Olga something by name. She wishes to send her over here." Mr. Brudenel looked dubiously at Paul, as if uncertain how he would take it.

"I thought you were not going to have anything more to do with mediums."

"Not with the common sort. But there are mediums of the higher class. As for the common kind, you yourself cleared the house of the lying spirits, Paul."

"Yes."

"And, of course, you would not wish us to become perfect unbelievers. After all you have yourself done here, that would be impossible."

"I wish nothing, Mr. Brudenel. As you know, I am no longer qualified to give an opinion or to advise anybody. I know very little, but I should say that it will be time to treat the subject seriously when you get a message worth having—which tells us by means of the rappings, something we could not find out for ourselves. As for me and my Message—you saw—what you saw."

"You found me in uncertainty, Paul, floundering among quicksands. And you placed me on the Solid Rock."

"On the Solid Rock," Paul repeated, but without enthusiasm.

"We have learned," Mr. Brudenel went on, "that there are wise men to whom space is nothing. I have been myself transported daily in the spirit, thousands of miles in a moment. We know that life is continuous, and that some have acquired the power of seeing and conversing with the spirits—you yourself could do so."

"Perhaps. But I have lost my power."

"We have learned that the incidents of unearthly life have no significance unless they affect the March of the Soul. All this we have learned from you and from your friends. If the Russian medium—Olga—is able to continue this teaching, I would keep her here as long as she would consent to stay."

Paul made no reply.

"Paul," Mr. Brudenel went on, "put me in communication once more with Izak Ibn Menelek. Try. Stand over me as you used to do. Look me in the eyes as you used to do. Try, Paul."

Paul threw away his cigarette.

"I will try. But it is useless. I know it beforehand."

It was useless. After ten minutes Paul desisted.

"You have lost the compelling look in your eye," said Mr. Brudenel. "I thought once that I was going off; but it was only my right foot gone asleep. Do you think he will ever resume his teaching, Paul? Do you think I shall ever remember what he taught?"

"I do not know. My power has left me. If I call on Izak Ibn Menelek, he will not reply. I am forgetting who he is. I want you to understand that if he has used me he has now cast me aside. I have been an instrument. I cannot advise, help or promise you anything in the matter. I know not what is going to happen. Probably nothing. You have learned what it was intended that you should learn. Perhaps you will be left entirely to yourself. Perhaps not."

After all, to have learned so much as Paul had taught was a considerable boon on the part of a person of whom Mr. Brudenel never heard. If all of us felt our feet as firmly planted on the Solid Rock—what an age of Faith would be again commenced! Mr. Brudenel would have replied, but he was interrupted by a servant who brought in a card.

"It is our friend, Athelstan Kilburn. Show Mr. Kilburn here. You remember Athelstan Kilburn, Paul. He was present at two of your evenings."

Paul nodded.

Mr. Athelstan Kilburn was, in general, a person extremely well satisfied with himself. Men who are well satisfied with themselves frequently have loud voices. Mr. Athelstan Kilburn had a loud voice. Men who are well satisfied with themselves are frequently of a portly presence. Mr. Athelstan Kilburn was portly. But to-day he was perceptibly smaller, and his volume of voice was shrunken.

"I am not interrupting, I hope," he said. "I know that you are always in your study at this time, Brudenel, and —and——in fact——"

"I will return presently," said Paul, springing to his feet. "You have business with Mr. Brudenel. I will leave you."

"No, no," said Mr. Brudenel. "Why should you leave us? Paul knows all my secrets—if I ever had any. Shall he stay Kilburn? Is it very private business?"

"Private business of your own—your own—Brudenel."

"Then stay, Paul. Now, Kilburn, take a chair and go on. What is the matter, my dear friend? You look ill. What is it?"

"I am ill. Who would not be ill? Brudenel, I am come for an explanation."

"Certainly. What am I to explain?"

"It is now five weeks ago since I sought your counsel on some investments. You wrote me a letter. Have you forgotten that letter?"

Mr. Brudenel jumped in his chair.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "I had clean forgotten that letter."

"I will read it. Then you will remember. Then Herr Paulus will know. Then you will be able to give me an explanation." Mr. Kilburn pulled out his pocket-book and turned over the papers. He found the letter he wanted, and opened it and read it slowly.

"'Dear Kilburn,' this," he explained to Paul, "has been our style and title between each other for forty years. It is more than forty years since we became united by the bonds of a common pursuit. During the whole of that time we have been the closest friends. I will now go on. You shall draw your own inference, Herr Paulus, and Brudenel will perhaps be able to give an explanation. 'Dear Kilburn, since parting with you I have considered the question of your investments. It is true that gas keeps up and that water is a thing which everybody must use. At the same time the interest you get for your money is not much. It occurs to me that you would do better by purchasing as many shares as you can get—they do not often come into the market—of my old Company, Brudenel and Company. At present prices they bring in about five and a quarter per cent. The shares have gone slightly up every year since the Company was formed. I hold, myself, shares to the extent of many thousand pounds. Think this over. Yours ever, Cyrus Brudenel.' Think this over," repeated Mr. Kilburn, "I did think it over."

"Good Heavens!" Mr. Brudenel cried, a second time, "I had completely forgotten that letter."

"I did think it over," Mr. Kilburn repeated, hammering at his point. "And I bought those shares. I am not a rich man Herr Paulus, but for a bachelor I have been comfortable. Now I am a poor man, and for the rest of my life I shall be uncomfortable. I took that advice, Herr Paulus, and I invested the half of my fortune in that Company. It is bankrupt, and the shareholders will not get one penny."

"I had altogether forgotten that letter," said Mr. Brudenel, a third time. "How could I have forgotten it?"

"He might have made a mistake," Mr. Kilburn continued to address Paul. "Anybody may make mistakes. But on the very day—the very day—that he wrote that letter, he wrote also to his banker to sell out his own shares if possible, and immediately. Well, sir?" he turned sharply on Mr. Brudenel, "your explanation, if you please. As I take it—as it seems to me—you deliberately put an old friend, one who you knew would act on your advice, to buy shares in a Company that you no longer trusted. You knew that demand would keep up the price. You sacrificed your old friend for the sake of keeping up the price. That is what it looks like. I say no more. It looks like that sort of thing—men do these things constantly. Oh! I know that very well. We must expect them to be done. But I did not think that such things would have been done by Cyrus Brudenel, by whose side I have sat for forty years and received the communications of the other world."

"This is dreadful," said the unfortunate Cyrus. "Paul help me—advise me. How can I explain it? I did write that letter, Kilburn—I did write that letter. I remember writing it very well. I gave you as I thought, the best advice."

"Yet you wrote the other letter on the same day."

"Did I? Was it on the same day? You are sure it was the same day? Kilburn, I declare to you that I—I have no explanation." He remembered in time that no spiritualist would accept the only explanation he had to offer. Paul offered to explain. "Mr. Brudenel," he said, "was made to sell out those shares, against his own knowledge, by an unseen protector."

Mr. Kilburn groaned and shook his head.

"Not by the Spirits," he said. "You may think yourself happy if you get a plain answer to a plain question from the Spirits. I've been questioning for forty years, and I would not trust them an inch. As for Brudenel being made to write a letter by the Spirits, that—you'll excuse me, Herr Paulus—is rubbish."

"But there is no other way of explaining the circumstance."

"Spirits have very little power at the best," said this experienced person. "I have known one lift a pencil and write with it, but that is the most I have seen. As for taking a man and making him write against his will, that is rubbish. I have been directed by an old and trusted friend to invest money in a concern which he knew to be rotten. Oh! Brudenel, to think that you—of all men—could have done such a thing."

Mr. Kilburn rushed out of the room.

"Paul, can't you explain this?"

Paul changed color and looked confused. He understood, for the first time, the great law of political economy, that if one person is saved another is lost. He had saved one man and ruined another. He thought himself so clever, but he had forgotten this simple thing, and he had involved his unfortunate friend in a situation out of which there was no way except one, and that way no spiritualist would accept.

"Paul, can't you help me?"

"No; there is no help. It is most unfortunate."

Yet he had thought himself so clever—so wonderfully clever. And now all Mr. Brudenel's most intimate friends would have to believe that their leader had entrapped one of themselves—a friend of forty years—to his destruction, in order to save himself from loss.

CHAPTER V.—THE SECOND BLOW.

When the tardy avenger at length arrives within reach of the sinner and warms to his work, his blows generally fall in an increasing scale of weight and rapidity. The first blow, for instance, caused a certain dismay and mental confusion. It was a nasty one from an unexpected quarter. It left an uneasiness behind it—as used often to happen to schoolboys in the old days. The second was heavier and much more painful and came more unexpectedly.

In the afternoon there was merriment—merriment if you please in the House of Silence and of communicating Spirits. It came from the girls' room. No more talk there, of Menelek and Izak the Falasha, and the Ancient Way; no more solemn uplifting of the heart to the contemplation of the things behind the Veil. The Veil was hanging down, as low as it could go. Nobody tried to lift it—or to peep behind it. Nobody regarded it. Here was a change.

There were three girls and two young men. One of them was learning to dance, and he was so stupid that he made them laugh.

"Oh!" cried Sibyl, springing up from the piano. "Take my place, Hetty, and I will try. Now—watch Tom and Cicely"—they were illustrating the art of waltzing for an example. To dance—at any time—with one who could dance well, was the greatest pleasure in the world for the blind girl. "See how they turn—watch their feet. You see: he doesn't catch his heels, and he keeps time."

"But I can't get round without catching mine. I can beat time, but when I turn round to time I am lost."

"Nonsense—now—one—two—three. One—two—three. Well—that is better—now—ah! your heels again!"

Paul sat down and laughed.

"I am too stupid. Give me up, Sibyl."

"No, try again. You must learn to waltz before the dance next week."

They were going to have a dance. The House of Silence, sacred to all the spirits, actually going to have a dance! One night as well dance in a Chapter House, or in the solemn cloisters of a Cathedral, or in the ancient halls of a Bishop's palace.

In the old times—now a week old—when the House, purged of the evil and mocking spirits brought by Chick, was still haunted with solemn whispers and sacred messages, a dance would have been impossible. How could Sages come from Abyssinia to teach wisdom, save fortunes, sign cheques, transfer shares in the most supernatural manner, while the young people danced? With what heart could the Vestal of the Cause, while she was still a Vestal, spin round to the tinkling of a piano? But the Message had been delivered, the book was closed, there would be no more miracles, the spirits and the Sages had gone, the house was cleared and ready if need be for secular purpose. And there was going to be a dance!

"I must give up trying," said Paul. "I am too old to learn. Do you know I have never been to a dance and have never even seen one?"

"Never seen a dance?" said Sibyl.

"Well, I have seen the Germans dance on Sunday evenings, and I have seen dancing on the tight rope at a circus. But I have never been present at a dancing party of Society."

"Is it possible?" Sibyl's voice conveyed another question, which it was not manners to ask. The question was "Where in the world were you brought up?" Paul perceived that question.

"Since," he said, "I have lost my powers I have recovered the memory of the past. I now remember the whole of my own history and I find myself forgetting the later periods. What is the use of remembering things which have left no trace behind?"

"And now," said Tom, "you have got so far as to remember never to have been to a dance."

"Would you like to hear something about myself? Perhaps it would be more amusing than trying to make me waltz."

"Tell us all that you please," said Cicely, "about yourself."

They all gathered round him, as attentive as if he were about to narrate the exploits of Prince Menelek.

"I was born," he began, "in a little New England town, not far from Boston. It would be no use telling you the name. It was a very little place; the principal people were the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, the school teachers, the general storekeeper, and the hotel keeper. We were taught religion at the Sunday school, and it was hoped that we should get conviction and become church members. The creed of the New England ministry town is narrow, you know. As for dancing, it is considered impossible for those young people who take any thought of their future state. You do not know, perhaps—I am sure you do not understand—how narrow my people were."

"What were your amusements, then?"

"There was sleighing in the winter, and there were gatherings connected with the chapel. Sometimes a lecturer, or a circus, or a show of some kind came along. As for myself I read all the books I could get, and I tried to write. Yes—I wrote—I dreamed all day long that I should become great and famous." Here Tom and Sibyl's eyes met. "What did I tell you?" was conveyed in Tom's glance. "I thought I would be a great poet. Oh! no one knows the yearning that was in my heart for distinction. It was not that I longed to do great work so much as to obtain distinction."

"And now," said Sibyl, softly, "is that yearning gone?"

"Yes," he replied, frankly, "it is wholly gone. I want nothing now beyond the common lot, with a corner in the village churchyard when I have had my life and the joys of life." Hetty blushed. Was she not going to be the chief joy of his life?

"It has quite left me. But, then—Oh! it was a madness. I took my manuscripts to New York when I was seventeen, and set up business as a distinguished poet in a cheap boarding house."

"Well?"

"Well, the same idea had occurred to many hundreds of young fellows at the same moment. I believe I came at an unlucky time. Perhaps the editors and publishers are not always pelted with so many poems written by the distinguished poets of the future. No one would have my poems. I got rejection from everybody, sometimes with the intimation that I might have my MSS. if I chose to call for it, and sometimes without even so much grace."

"And what did you do then?" asked Sibyl.

"I stayed at my boarding house till all my money was gone. Even the rejection of my poems gave me less humiliation than the thought that I should have to creep home and acknowledge my failure, and try something prosaic and undistinguished. Then an accident happened. I fell in with a certain learned gentleman acquainted with—with much knowledge of the kind not studied by most people—"

"The Ancient Way," Tom suggested.

"He made me his pupil. It was he who introduced me to the Friends—you know who I mean." Only a week ago Paul would have referred to these sages with a confident air, instead of the hesitation with which he now spoke of them.

"Yes, we know, Paul," said Sibyl. "But they have thrown you aside now, you know. They belong to the part of the past which is to be forgotten, do they not?"

"Yes," said Paul, quickly; "let them be forgotten."

"But why did they throw you aside?" asked Cicely. "They were so wise and great. Why did they throw you aside?"

"Because I disobeyed them. They warned me against one thing—to keep the Powers with which I was entrusted. It was above all, necessary that I should keep my mind clear and calm. Therefore, when I allowed my mind to be entirely absorbed with a certain Thought I lost those Powers."

"Could you," asked Cicely, the only one who could not observe Hetty's self-conscious blush—she knew what that Thought was, you see—"could you not regain your Powers?"

"Yes—perhaps—I do not know. I might again after many days, and when I had torn the Thought out of my heart."

"Don't do that," said Cicely, quickly. "I love to think of the old Paul. But I could not have him back again at such a sacrifice. Do not make a girl unhappy by ceasing to love her."

"You knew, then, Cicely, what I meant?"

"Your words could have but one meaning. You will tell me some day more about her."

"Yes, some day, soon, Cicely," said Paul.

"And, Paul," said Sibyl, "we are all so much interested in you, and so grateful for all you have done,—and, oh! so unfeignedly thankful for the loss of those Powers of yours, and so anxious that you should never regain them, that we want to know what you are going to do next."

"I am enjoying my holiday—the first I have had for seven years—and I hardly like to think what I shall do next. Frankly, I cannot tell you. I must go back to America and find out what I can do, and if it is possible for me, even now, to learn a trade of some kind. America is a hard country for a man without a profession—it is a far harder country than England. Yet I shall get on, somehow. That is all I have to tell you, good people."

Presently, after a little silence, Cicely spoke:

"We shall miss you, Paul. Often in the night I lie awake and listen to the voice—of the former Paul, I mean—telling us great and noble things and lifting up our souls. He is gone, but the memory of his words remain. Do you remember them, you new Paul?"

"I remember something. Do not dwell too much upon these things."

"I must. They have sunk into my soul. Oh! it is a beautiful thing to be very sure and certain of the world which lies around us. I cannot see the world you see, but I can feel the other—the spirit world. When I am alone I seem to hear their voices and to feel the rustling of their robes against me as they pass. Your words opened the other world for me. You say that you have lost your Powers, because you have fallen in love. I do not understand that. It seems to me as if, when people are in love, they should feel all the more in harmony with the whole creation. How could Love make you lose your Powers, Paul? You have told us, over and over again, how all the, the other world is full of Love. Could Love destroy Powers that made you see and know these things?"

"Perhaps it was disobedience," said Sibyl, seeing Paul hesitate. "Come, Cicely, we must not question too closely. Let us remember what was pure and noble in his teaching. The rest may go."

It was a new thing that Sibyl should become Paul's defender. But since the great day of Restoration, with that unexpected letter to Tom, she felt bound by no common ties of gratitude. Besides, the supernatural pretensions were abandoned, and she had penetrated Hetty's secret. This made her more than grateful. She was interested in a love story enacted before her own eyes.

(To be continued.)

Thirty-eighth Annual Statement, January 1, 1888

—OF THE—

National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1887			$3,767,976.87
RECEIVED IN 1887.			
For Premiums	$951,305.29		
For interest and rents	216,555.82		
For profit and loss	13,586.78		$1,187,447.89
			$4,955,424.77
DISBURSED IN 1887.			
To Policy-Holders:			
For claims by death	$212,170.77		
For matured endowments	12,950.00		
Surplus returned to policy-holders	16,183.47		
Surrendered policies	113,996.42	$445,300.66	
Expenses:			
Salaries of officers and clerks	$19,398.58		
Medical examiners' fees	12,176.73		
Taxes	19,457.99		
General expense account, agencies, advertising, postage, printing, rents, furniture and travelling expenses	174,237.82	$225,230.12	$ 670,479.78
Balance, net assets, Dec. 31, 1887			$4,280,944.99
Add for interest due and accrued	$70,102.99		
Office, quarterly and semi-annual premiums *net*	74,366.94		$ 144,469.93
Gross Assets, December 31, 1887			$4,425,414.92
LIABILITIES:			
Computed reserve (Actuaries' 4 per cent)		$3,434,152.67	
Death losses in process of adjustment		8,000.00	
Premiums paid in advance, and extra reserve on Life Rate Endowments		293,587.94	
Liabilities as to policy-holders			$3,735,740.61
Surplus by Vermont and Massachusetts standard			$ 689,673.61
Surplus by Pennsylvania standard			954,255.00
Total death losses paid		$2,483,177.52	
Total endowments paid		187,357.61	
Total interest received			$ 1,530,545.13
Total amount paid to policy-holders			2,998,77 02
Life Policies issued in 1887, insuring			4,529,227.48
Life Policies in force, insuring			8,17 ,000.00
Increase in number of Policies in force, 1753.			24,922,334.00
Increase in amount of insurance in force			4,928,165.00

CHARLES DEWEY, Pres dent. J. C. HOUGHTON, Treasurer.
EDWARD DEWEY, Vice-President. OSMAN D. CLARK, Asst. Secretary.
GEO. W. REED, Secretary. A. B. H SBEE, M. D., Medical Examiner.
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T. S. PECK, Agent, Burlington, Vt.

Legal Notices.

Valina Wallace's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, } To all persons
DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, } concerned in the estate of Valina Wallace, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased.

GREETING.

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the district of Chittenden, on the 31st day of January, 1888, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Valina Wallace, late of Burlington, in said District deceased, was presented to the Court aforesaid for probate. And it is ordered by said Court that the 25th day of February, 1888, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper printed at said Burlington, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Burlington, in said District, this 31st day of January 1888.

32,w3w JENNIE STACY, Register.

Oliver Gorton's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, } The Honor-
DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, ss. } able the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden.

To the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of Oliver Gorton, late of Huntington in said district deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the Administrator of said estate, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of debts and charges of administration, setting forth therein the amount of debts due from said deceased, the charges of administration, the amount of personal estate and the situation of the real estate,

Whereupon, the said court appointed and assigned the 18th day of February, 1888, at the Probate Court rooms, in said District, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof to be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing said order, together with the time and place of hearing, three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested in said estate, all which publications shall be previous to the day assigned for hearing.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place assigned, then and there in said Court, to make your objections to the granting of such license if you see cause.

Given under my hand, at the Probate Court rooms, this 1st day of February 1888.

JENNIE STACY, Register.

32,w3w

Jonathan Taylor's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, } The Honora-
DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, ss. } ble the Probate Court for the district of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Jonathan Taylor, late of Shelburn, in said district, deceased. GREETING

Whereas, said court has assigned the 25th day of February next, for the settlement of the Administrator's account, and for a decree of the residue of said estate to the heirs of said deceased, and ordered that public notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively previous to the day assigned, in the Burlington Free Press printed in Burlington in said district.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear at the Probate Court rooms in Burlington, on the day assigned, then and there to contest the allowance of said account if you see cause; and to establish your right as heirs, legatees and lawful claimants of said residue.

Given under my hand, this 1st day of February, A. D. 1888.

JENNIE STACY, Register.

32,w3w

To His Excellency Hon. E. J. Ormsbee, Governor of State of Vermont.

I hereby tender my resignation as commissioner and collector of taxes for Avery's Gore, Chittenden County, Vt.

I. L. STRONG.

Burlington, Vt., Feb. 11, 1888. 36,d&w1

Application for License to Sell Real Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT. The Honorable Probate Court for the District of Chittenden:

To all persons interested in the estate of Margaret E. Williams, Wilson T. Williams, Robert J. Williams, James B. Williams and Harry R. Williams of Vincennes, State of Indiana.

GREETING:

Whereas, application in writing hath been made to this Court by the guardian of said wards for license to sell the whole of the real estate of said wards setting forth therein that said wards own an undivided 5-7 of a certain piece of land in Charlotte in said District of about 50 acres, lately set out to them and others in the distribution of the estate of James W. Williams, late of Charlotte, deceased, and that it would be conducive to the interest of his said wards to sell and convert the same into money for the purpose of putting the proceeds thereof at interest.

And thereupon the said Court appointed and assigned the 27th day of February, A. D. 1888, at the Probate Court rooms, in said district, to hear and decide upon said application and ordered public notice thereof be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing this order three weeks successively, in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested therein, all of which publications shall be previous to the time appointed for hearing.

Therefore you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and place aforesaid, then and there to object to the granting of such license, if you see cause.

Given under my hand, at the Probate Court Rooms, this 7th day of February, 1888.

33w3w JENNIE STACY, Register.

Lorenzo D. Whitcomb's Estate.

STATE OF VERMONT, } The Honora-
DISTRICT OF CHITTENDEN, ss. } ble the Probate Court for the District of Chittenden.

To the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of Lorenzo D. Whitcomb late of Essex, in said district, deceased.

GREETING.

Whereas, application hath been made to this Court in writing, by the administrator of the said estate, praying for license and authority to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, representing to said Court, that it would be beneficial to the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased, and convert the same into money.

And brining into Court the consent and approbation in writing, of all the heirs to said estate residing in this State, and setting forth the situation of the real estate.

Whereupon, the said Court appointed and assigned the 25th day of February 1888, at the Probate Court rooms, in said district, to hear and decide upon said application and petition, and ordered public notice thereof to be given to all persons interested therein by publishing said order, together with the time and place of hearing, three weeks successively in the Burlington Free Press, a newspaper which circulates in the neighborhood of those persons interested in said estate, all which publications shall be previous to the day assigned for hearing.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place assigned, then and there in said court to make your objections to the granting of such license if you see cause.

Given under my hand, at the Probate Court rooms, this 9th day of February, 1888.

JENNIE STACY, Register

32,w3w

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