SONNET.

Her feet were never slow in love's sweet labors,
She gave her lands, as Dorcas did of old,
To clothe and bless the poor: all were her neighbors;
Her eye and heart were eager all to hold,
But now her willing feet are very weary,
Her slender hands are pale and nerveless grown:
She cannot rise—yet think not days are dreary
With her. A brighter Presence than her own
Is ever with her, watching, soothing, cheering.
And so she worketh still for others' good
And waiteth patiently for His appearing
And welcome grand: "She hath done what she could."
Oh, friend! In health thou taught what work might be.
And now in sickness patience teachest thou to me!

GLASGOW HERALD.

A KISS OF YE OLDEN TIME.

Ye pleasure of ye lovers' kyss,
Wnen hearts are in attune,
I think I go not far amyss
In calling Heaven's boon.

Ye lipps mix up in sweet embrace,
Ye eyes do popp and flash,
Ye noses madly interlace,
Then comes the final crash.

—*New Orleans Item.*

THE MEEK FAMILY.

I don't know what I had done to merit the spite of fortune which led me to No. 132 Peckover street in search of lodgings.

Were the apartments dingy? Decidedly so. The paper was of a very trying pattern—in two drabs; the carpet rather more trying in yellows and browns, with this advantage, that its pattern was almost worn thread bare and pleasantly effaced. The window drapery was of similar hue to the paper, and muslin curtains, drawn partially across, had become reduced by dust and smoke to the same subdued color.

There were one or two striking portraits, family ones, probably, on the walls, and a yet more striking fire-stove ornament in the grate. I forget further details.

The landlady was elderly and limp, with a sort of washed-out and plaintive aspect and a tendency to sigh and fold her hands. She was very attentive, however, and anxious to show her "first floor" to the best advantage.

"The curtains will wash?" said I, looking around.

"Dear, yes, sir, surely! We was lettin' 'em hang to save the others, which the sun fades 'em so, being the worst of stuffs and such like. Like all earthly things, as fade mostly, don't they, sir?"

The landlady sighed gently and folded her hands again. She wore black worsted mittens.

"I hope," I said in my polite way, "you don't mind my naming it—but, of course—your—ahem—the bed—is free, you know—from—from—any little annoyances?"——

I had had my experience—preceding those three years of paradise and Mr. Chick, and I was nervous, partly from dread of the indignation I had before aroused in the housekeeping breast by the above delicate question and partly from the recollection of results that had followed on the assurance of landladies of another class that their knowledge of natural history did not extend to the species alluded to, and that they were at fault to comprehend my meaning.

Mrs. Maudle, that was her name, adopted neither of these extremes; she only shook her head pensively and said:

"To my knowledge there ain't a living flea in this house;" I didn't mean fleas though, "but you know, sir, we live in a vale of tears, and in course there will be such trials for all at times. If I sm so tired, I hope to bear it meekly."

And I *think* Mrs. Maudle shed a tear.

"I am very glad to hear it," I said cheerfully, "now about terms, if I arrange to come."

"Oh, Don't speak of terms, sir: I'm sure what you've been in the habit of paying will suit us, or less, may be, as it is more for the keepin' of the rooms aired, bein' as the house is too big for us, and the protection of havin' a gent like yourelf under our roof, Maudle bein' low in his nerves of late years and myself havn't that sperrit as some have, which I'm sure, sir, anything we can do to make you comfortable and feel at home, as there's no place like it——"

"Ah! thank you—thank you."

The light— when the windows were cleaned—would suit my work, the exchequer was somewhat low, time was an object, and, taking all in all, I closed with my obliging landlady's terms, which gave her much pensive satisfaction.

"And if you'll be pleased to name your wishes, sir, in all respects," said Mrs. Maudle with a faint sigh in conclusion, "we hope to do our humble best to meet 'em."

"You are very good," said I; I don't think you'll find me exacting; I confess to a few weaknesses. I dislike damp salt and smoky potatoes. I object to a hot dinner on a cold plate, and I'm partial to clean linen. That's about all, I think."

Mrs. Maudle readily acquiesced in these modest requirements, observing that a "hangel couldn't want less." and thereupon we parted.

In due time myself and my few belongings were conveyed in a cab to 132 Peckover street. I had dined, and beyond a cup of coffee, wanted nothing. Mrs. Maudle brought me the coffee herself.

"I'm sure sir, I hope it's as you like," said she meekly; but if not you'll kindly name it and Sophonisba Ann wil bring your water at any hour you'll mention in the mornin', sir, Sophonisba Ann mostly waits on lodgers, sir, (that's my daughter), and I am sure always willin', though that timid and soft hearted—but there! don't mind me a sayin', as a mother, perhaps more than I had ought to respectin' my own.'

I said I was much obliged to her and her daughter for their kind intentions, and wished her good night, She sighed audibly, and held the door handle for another minute, then with an air of resignation retired.

Morning brought breakfast and Sophonisba Ann. This young person was, if possible, meeker and more depressed than her parent. She carried her head a little on one side and sniffed with every breath as if from chronic influenza. Her complexion was pale not to say pasty, and her hair and eye-brows whitey brown. Sophonsiba Ann's figure was remarkable for depression where fullness might be expected and a curious bulging tendency whereever the opposite effect was usual. Her attire was chiefly notable for hooks and eyes—with a difference of opinion that materially hindered friendship, and refractory hair pins, which I found had a way for dropping out into all sorts of odd places. I found one, one day, at the bottom of my jug of porter, at dinner!

The interesting young person contrived to make a surprising clatter with the breakfast ware, upset a chair and threw down a pile of my books before making her exit. I attributed this to the timidity which her mother had assured me was counterbalanced by so many virtues, and could not, in reason, complain; but when, in removing the breakfast things, the same pile of books underwent precisely the same fate, and gave me such a start that I nearly cut off a finger in mending a pen, I could not help saying, rather brusquely, "For heaven's sake, my good girl, be careful what you do next," which produced quite an attack of sniffling and a hasty retreat on the part of the unlucky maiden.

A little later in the day, my landlady knocked timidly at my door.

"Come in!" said I.

She came in, folding her hands and looking up at the ceiling.

"I'm sure, sir, you'll excuse it, though a liberty, but as I'm a mother, which it's nothing after all, and I've no call to worrit, I'm certain, but it's my daughter, sir, a takin' on so after you spoke to her this mornin' and if you'd be so very kind, seein' as Sophonisba Ann is so tender-hearted"——

"What is it about?" I said, as the tearful lady paused to take breath, "I don't understand."

"Oh, and I am sure you didn't mean for to hurt her feelin's, sir, and she owns it; she's said as much in that kitchen down below to me. 'His way seemed harsh,' she says, 'but his heart's in the right place,' she says; 'I'm certain sure of it', she says, and she's been a cryin' her eyes out, which Sophonisba Ann is rather 'sterical at times, sir; and I'm a mother, with, I hope, a mother's feelin's, as you'll excuse me, sir. I'll tell her I'm sure you don't mean nothink, and likely it won't so occur again."

"Bless me?" said I "this is very foolish; of course I didn't mean to hurt your daughter's feelings, ma'am; pray tell her so; I'll remember to speak less abruptly since you've named it.'

She almost wept at this.

"Oh! sir, you're the most feelin' gent as ever I did, I'm sure, I don't knowwhatever my gurl'll say—and the last gent we had so different—so wiolent in his language; not to speak of banging the door. O dear! what it is to have a sperrit, which is what me and mine never had, and so the world tramples on us," said Mrs. Maudle.

"I hope not," said I. "You should take a more cheerful view of life, Mrs. Maudle.'

I was very busy, and wished she would go, but she didn't.

"Well, sir," she observed with a sigh, "I always was one of the down-hearted ones; and Maudle's nerves that low! I never shall forget when he asted me to have him—that's seven-and-twenty years ago—'Mariar,' he says to me (that's my name)— "but there, sir, don't mind me, which as a wife I hope I have a wife's feelin's"; and Mrs. Maudle shed tears.

I did mind her very much, and devoutly wished her at the north pole, as she stood in the doorway wiping her eyes with her apron, and evidently waiting my sympathy.

"I'm sure Mr. Maudle's choice does him credit." I said desperately, "he couldn't have done better than take a good wife to sooth the path of life for him; wasn't that your door bell?"

"Sophonsiba Ann will answer the door, sir, which I think you was mistaken, and it didn't ring," said Mrs. Maudle. "I'm sure I never did meet with a gentleman so thoughtful and feelin'; a real friend, as one may say, already, and I'm only thankful"——

"I'm afraid I must trouble you to shut that door, Mrs. Maudle", I gasped. "I'm subject to ear-ache, and the draught"—I hope I shall be forgiven for the fibs that woman caused me to invent. She slowly withdrew, murmuring motherly compassion, and faintly suggested pepper plasters, and other mild remedies for ear-ache, while I took up my pen and tried to collect my scattered ideas.

I had not yet seen Mr. Maudle, the state of whose "nerves" kept him mostly confined to an armchair in the kitchen, but from occasional sounds of melody, something like feebly rendered choruses of a jovial nature, in which a slight confusion of consonants was perceptible, I concluded that even Mr. M. had intervals of comparative cheerfulness. Moreover, I discovered that there was a son of the house—a tall youth with whitey-brown hair, and skin and a stoop in his shoulders—whose avocation seemed to be near at hand, by his punctual return to meals at stated hours in the day. With this young man I was fated, alas! too soon to become acquainted.

One evening, a little before my dinner, Maudle waited on me with an air of meek mystery to ask her son might "step up by-and-by," and speak to me, if so be that I had no objection.

His name, his mother told me, was Cincinnatus: he was rather low-spirited, and had, in fact, something, on his mind.

"Dear me?" I said, "poor fellow! any trouble? Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir—leastwise, nothing wrong. Cin's as innocent as the babe unborn, as to evil ways, sir; no it's the mind, that's where it is;" (mysteriously) "he's got a soarin' mind, sir, and the world's too little for him."

"Indeed?" said I, mentally regetting that the young gentleman had selected me as the confident of his mental trials; but,alas! I little guessed what was to come. Scarcely was the cloth removed when a modest rap announced my new acquaintance, and Cincinnatus entered, bearing a huge brown paper parcel, in which he deposited with a jerk on the table, violently shaking back a long wisp of hair which kept falling rebelliously into his eyes, and sinking immediately into the first chair near, with an air of profound dejection.

This young man had a large nose of the solemn Roman type, very red eyelids, and a sonorous voice with a twang in it. He told me he was in an attorney's office, but that the work was very distasteful to him, and he had thoughts of giving it up and turning author.

He had begun several works of importance. one of which (his "chef devour," he called it) he had brought up with him.

"Blank verse mostly,sir," he explained, "in ten books, revealing the mysteries of a human soul to the moon, who is supposed to be listening—poetical license, of course—you understand. The first three books——"

"Isn't it a risk," interrupted I, shrinking from the prospect of being pressed into the same service as the moon, and resolved to be as practical as possible, "Isn't it a risk to give up steady work for an uncertainty like literature?"

"Well, sir, mother talks like that, and she's right, and you're right,in one point of view," said the youth, meekly; "but when you've a soul, and when you're soul mounts beyond the office stool, where are you then?"

He waved his hand descriptively,as it were of an aerial flight; his nails were inky, and very long.

"Well, I don't know," said I, "but hadn't you better——?"

But he had risen,and hurriedly commenced undoing the brown paper, withdrawing from it about fifty sheets of foolscap, well written over.

"Listen!" he cried oracularly, and slowly recited as folfows:

Hail! cold, unfeeling orb, tho' thy bright ray
Mocks the absorbing madness of my soul!
Soon, soon thy last quarter will draw nigh;
But sooner still for me the funeral bell shall toll!

"That's the opening lines," said he; "the next"——

"My friend, I said, "I am afraid you will find the public hard to satisfy; you must look for disappointment."

"That's all I look for, sir," he interrupted, "that and an early grave," he added,with a certain air of satisfaction. "And as mother aren't as well off as they were, I dare say there won't even be a recordin' marble to tell the world Cincinnatus Maudle lies below—but that's of no consequence."

He sighed.

"Aren't you a little out of health?" I asked at this point.

"Oh, yes, sir," he smiled. "I'm journeying to the tomb. I've no sort of a doubt about it myself. but the cold world will pass heedless by and think nothing of it. The world's so very sublunary! Don't you find it so, sir?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it is that," I said, never having had cause to doubt it as a fact.

"Yes, I suppose it is. But now let me advise you as a friend."

He looked up softly.

"I knew you would," he cried; "that's just it, you will assist me, and I'll step up of evenings and we'll go throegh it together gradual like. Yes, I felt sure you'd be the friend to do it; when mother said, 'Cin, that's our first floor going out,' I felt as if I could open my heart to you like a brother; I did indeed. sir."

"Look here," I said, when he pased and shook back the excited wisp of white brown hair, with joyful vehemence; "look here, I'll let you know when to bring it up. The fact is I'm awfully busy just now; I haven't a minute to spare for study or the delights of the muse."

I smiled grimly as I almost pushed him out of the door, bearing his precious brown paper parcel and overwhelming me with undeserved thanks. Inwardly I resolved never to have five minutes' leisure to listen to those "revelations to the moon" which would henceforth haunt my waking and sleeping hours, even should the meek Cincinnatus sink into his early grave the sooner, for lack of brotherly sympathy.

The next morning when I entered my sittingroom Sophonisba Ann was there, a little belated, I concluded, as she was finishing the operation of dusting, which I never observed to produce much result. Something in the street had caught the damsel's notice, for she did not observe my entrance, as she stood with her hands on her hips, the duster hanging idly by her side, her mouth open, and vacantly fixed eyes; the refractory hairpins in open rebellion, and stray wisps and tails of hair obtruding where they were off duty; while the hooks and eyes at variance completed the effect of the bulgy lines of Sophonisba Ann's figure before hinted at.

Now, it happened that I was engaged in making a series of sketches for a comic journal, and Sophouisba Ann, as she now stood, was the very model I wanted for one of them. The opportunity was too good to be lost. I seized paper and pencil.

"One moment, my good girl!" I cried. "Stay as you are; oblige me by not moving." Of course she did not stay "as she was," but nearly enough to enable me to throw on paper the outline which had caught my fancy.

"Thanks- that will do," I said as blandly as I could.

She simpered and actually forgot to sniffle.

"La, sir! whatever could you take me like this for?" she cried at last. "If I'd only been in my afternoon frock at least, and done my hair up a bit tidy—if you had told me; but la! now."

"Don't name it," I said; "I'd rather not, in fact. I wanted you just as you are."

The next evening Mrs. Maudle came up smiling—yes, actually smiling!—with a cheerful serenity, if not a littls excitement in her demeanor, as she placed before me a photographic likeness of Sophronisba Ann.

"Which Maudle and me, sir, couldn't hear of your puttin' up with such a sketch like, all of a hurry; and bein' as our gurl wasn't tidied up, as she'd a wished, in course, so Sophronisba Ann's been and had this took at Mr. Daubley's 'round the corner if you'll accept it; and I'm sure a good-hearted, well-disposed gurl is my girl, though I say it, and not took up with follies like some, and that steady, almost too steady for her station in life, as her father tells her; and I'm sure both her father and me—but there, sir when you're a parent you'll know what a parent's feelin's are."

All this was said in one breath, without any pause whatever. I sat bewildered, wondering if it would be unpardonable rude to reject the offer of a lady's portrait, and what I could say in excuse.

"I'm afraid," I began, "you're very kind—the fact is—I think I didn't make myself quite understood."

"Oh, yes, sir, you did. Pray don't name it. You was all a gentleman should be; and Maudle and me are proud"—here Mrs. Maudle, without proceeding further, conveyed herself downstairs, in a tremulous condition between tears and smiles that fairly stunned me. What could the stupid people think I wanted with their daughter's likeness? I stuck it on the mantelpiece (it was not a very flattering photograph), resolving to take no more notice of the thing; but next time Miss Maudle came up I observed she wore a flaring red ribbon in her hair and an assertive brooch in the front of her dress. She stole furtive glances at the mantelpiece, half shy, half simpering. I caught her eye by chance, when, overcoming her maidenly modesty, with a preliminary sniffle, she said, sweetly: "Oh, if you please, sir, about walkin' out on Sundays after chapel; for mother's quite agreeable, bein' as you're such a gentleman, and"—

"What do you mean?" I said, sharply enough, and quite forgetting the "tender heartedness" of Sophonisba Ann in the excess of my bewilderment; but, instead of answering me, that young person flew to the window crying; If there isn't that man acrossing the street again. Oh! whatever'll father do? But Cin is at the door, and you'll protect poor father, I know;" and she rushed downstairs without further explanation.

Another minute and rapid and, it must be added, stumbling footsteps began ascending the stairs, accompanied by the cries of Sophonisba Ann and the fainter sobs of her mother in the rear, and Mr. Maudle entered, supported by his son and closely followed by a rough-and-ready looking person with a paper in his hand.

I stared.

Mr. Maudle waved his hand.

"I—I—my dear friend—sir—'scuse—abrupt visits," he cried in a hazy sort of voice. "F—friends may—waive sheremony."

Here Mr. Maudle swerved suddenly, but Cincinnatns propped him up again.

"And I—I believe I'm correct in saying a f—friend in need's a friend indeed." (This very rapidly spoken.) "Under these shircumstances, I—I'm bound to forego a parent's feelings"——

"Yes, Maudle, that's It," cried Mrs. M. from behind the apron she held to her eyes; "we know what you'd say—what we'd both say, and feel likewise, and thank our stars as sent you, sir, to our aid, which I'm sure we never can repay, as its £14 12s. 6d."——

"£14 17s. 6d.," interrupted the rough-and ready looking person, with a hoarse cough.

"Yes, take her, take my child, and bless you!" cried Mr. Maudle, extending his arms like the "heavy father," in a play, "and tell thish minion of the law, that—that his claim shatisfied and a helpless, aged parent saved from—ruin and—dishtresh."

Here Mr. Maudle broke off, weeping.

"Happy day!" said Cincinnatus, "I said you were like a brother when first I saw you, and I'll put it all in my great work, that an 'ollow-hearted world may resd and be ashamed of not doing likewise!" with which rather ambiguous speech Cincinnatus again propped up his swaying parent, whose emotions were too much for him.

"May you both—be—happy!" murmured Mr. Maudle.

"O, la, father!" cried Sophonisba Ann, hysterically.

"What does it all mean?" I was forced to ask the bearer of the mysterious paper, who was the only coherent one of the party.

"Why, sir, this here's a distress for the sum of £14 17s. 7d. owing to the parties as sent me here; and the old gent, he says—leastwise he don't seem to know exactly what he's sayin' half his time—he says as you're a goin' to marry his daughter and pay up square, but I ain't goin' to be gammoned no more, so if so be, sir, of course I have your word as well as his'n"——

I waited for no more. "Gracious alive!" I exclaimed, "are you all idiots or lunatics, or what? Grant me my senses to get clear of this! Here, take the rent—take a week—take a month over for the notice—only let me begone." And flinging the money on the table, I rushed to collect my traps, thrusting the things into bag and portmanteau as if for life or death, and never pausing till I strode forth—minus two pairs of boots, an umbrella and a cigar case, left behind in the hurry—in search of the first friendly cab which should bear me far from the region of Peckover street to any destination under the sun, rather than consign me in future to the tender mercies of a "Meek Family."

His Little Joke.

Boston Globe.

"There's a young lady waiting up in your office to see you," said a man who has an adjoining office to Mr. Blank's on the third floor of a State street building on Tuesday.

"Oh, there is, is there?" returned Mr. Blank, who was just going out of the front door. "And you came down stairs to tell me of it, did you?"

"Why, yes, I didn't want her to wait there for an hour or two if I could save her the trouble. You must have passed her at the elevator door, for she came in the minute after you went out."

"Very kind of you, wasn't it? I say, she's a young woman, I suppose?"

"I thought so."

"And pretty?"

"I didn't call her bad looking, by any means."

"All right," said Mr. Blank with a quiet smile, "tell her to step into your office and wait. I'm going to Canada."

"But look here," cried his friend after him, seeing that he really meant to go away, "what shall I tell her?"

Mr. Blank turned round, thrust his hand into one of his pockets, brought forth two objects, and held them up to his companion's view. One of them was a gaudily painted paper doll, and the other looked like a counterfeit fifty-cent piece with a nail sticking out of it.

"Twice in one day," he said with a sly look. "It's worn out, old man. Try something green."

With that he skipped down the steps and bustled off about his business, rejoicing in his own acuteness. About an hour after he came back. He stopped at C's door as he went by to say a few sarcastic words about his joke.

"I say, C.," he began. But there he stopped; for having got his head far enough into the room he perceived his own wife comfortably seated vis-a-vis with his friend.

"I didn't know you knew Mrs. Blank!" he stammered.

"Oh, is this Mrs. Blank?" exclaimed C., with well-feigned astonishment. "I did not know it. You told me to ask the lady into my office, and I did. I was just arranging how I could make it comfortable for her while you were in Canada when you came in. I'm sorry you decided not to go; but I'm satisfied if you are."

Mr. Blank concluded to be satisfied, but it is said that what he meant to be a smile turned out to be a siedly grin as he accepted the explanation.

THE ROMANY.

Imposing Funeral of the Dead Queen of the Gypsies.

Gannie Jeffers, queen of the gypsies of the United States, died at Grenefield, Tenn., on March 10, and was buried at Dayton, Ohio, April 15. The gypsies are encamped all abont the city to the number of about 1,500, traveling by wagon from all parts of the country. The queen was embalmed and laid out in Nashville, Tenn., immediately upon her death, and when brought to this city, where her tribe own considerable property and a large lot in Woodland cemetry, where lies buried a former queen and king of he gypsy tribes in this nation, she looked beautiful indeed. She was in a handsome casket made of the finest wood, lined with the finest silks and satin, and decorated with gold and jewels. In the cemetry, where she was buried to-day amid the most touching and imposing ceremonies, the lot belonging to the gypsies is marked by an exquisite monument of granite, shipped here from Greece. The funeral procession, which was composed entirely of gypsies, formed in the northern section of the city and marched to the southern extremity of the city, where the cemetery is located. The crowd of people was immense, At the grave a rope was stretched around, it, leaving an inclosure large enough for the mourners to stand. The crowd surged up against this rope, bending it almost to beeaking. The mounds in the vicinity were trodden on; boys and men sat on tombstones, and filled the trees and every place that would afford an opportunity of seeing what was going on.

The funeral services were Christian, being conducted by one of the leading pastors of this city with choir of his church. The wife of the reverend gentleman accompanied the mourning husband. The grave was sunk in the ground about ten feet. It was a square pit about ten by eight feet in dimensions. At the bottom was a box made of stone slabs, and in this box the coffin was laid by the side of another, that of a daughter of the deceased She was only 10 years old, and died in 1866, but the body had been exhumed to be placed beside the mother. There were stifled and sobs as the mourners gathered about the grave, and several broke out in loud cries as the coffin was lowered. The preacher referred to the deceased, whom he had known personally in life. She had been a christian, he said, and the bible she had worn with reading was placed at her feet now that she was dead. At the conclusion of his remarks the choir sang "The Sweet By and By," and the services closed. But the most affecting scene was when the great stone was about to be lifted by means of a derrick close at hand and the stone box containing the coffin closed. The sons and daughters climbed down to the coffin to take their last farewell, the latter being lifted into the grave. Their sobs and cries filled the air, and were echoed by the mourners that stood on the brink of the grave. They threw themselves prostrate on the coffin, kissing the wood, and it was only with great difficulty they were prevailed on to come out of the grave, and they were assisted out, finally, after much entreaty. By means of the derrick and the stone laid was then put into position and the dirt thrown upon it. A huge monument will be erected over the grave—a life-sized statue, of white marble of the dead gypsy queen.

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IT is at this season, when the blood and perspiration are loaded with impurities, that Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Salt Rheum or Eczema, Psoriasis, Tetter, Ringworm, Baby Humors, Scrofula, Scrofulous Sores, Abscessess and Discharging Wounds, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Diseases of the Skin and Scalp are most speedily and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

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BEAUTY For Rough, Chapped and Greasy Skin, Black heads, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Infantile Humors, use CUTICURA SOAP, a real Beautifier.

LEGAL.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, special term, April 17, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of George B. Wilson, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Harris Gleason, executor of the estate of George B. Wilson, deceased, representing among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing his account of administration, and for such other and further relief as this court in its discretion may deem proper;
It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard, by the Judge of this court, on Monday the 12th day of May A. D. 1884, at two o'clock p. m., at the Probate office, in said county.
And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county.
By the Court,
[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.
WM. S. MOORE, Attorney for Executor.
apr19-4w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY, —ss. In Probate Court, special term, March 28, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of Julius Mellicke, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Charles Mellicke, of said county, representing, among other things, that Julius Mellicke, late of said county, in the year 1870 died intestate, and being an inhabitant of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the son and one of the heirs of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to John M. Warner granted;
It is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court on Wednesday, the 23d day of April, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in said county.
Ordered further, That notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county.
By the Court. WM. B. McGRORTY,
[L. S.] Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.
EDWIN GRIBBLE, Attorney for Petitioner.
mar 29-4w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, special term, March 28, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of Charles D. Williams, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Horrtio S. Chapman, administrator of the estate of Charles D. Williams, deceased, representing, among other things, that he has administered said estate as far as the estate would extend, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing his account of administration of said estate and that he be discharged from the duties of said trust.
It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard, by the Judge of this court, on Thursday, the 24th day of April, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the probate office in said county.
And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper, printed and published at Saint Paul in said county.
By the Court.
[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.
WILLIS & WILLARD, Attorneys for Administrator.
mar29-4w-sat

LEGAL.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, special term, March 21, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of Adam Gotzian, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Caroline Burger of said county, claiming to be entitled to a conveyance of "lot number thirteen (13) of A. Gotzian's subdivision of block number seventy-seven (77) of Lyman Dayton's addition to Saint Paul" in said county, from the executors of said estate, setting forth the names, ages and places of residence of all persons interested in said estate to be conveyed and the facts upon which said claim is predicated;
It is ordered, that said petition be heard before the judge of this court, on Monday, the fifth day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in the city of Saint Paul, in said Ramsey county, and that all persons interested in said estate appear then and there to show cause (if any they have) why a decree should not be made authorizing and directing the executors of said estate to make and execute a conveyance of said premises to the petitioner.
It is further ordered, that notice of the time and place of hearing be given to all persons interested in said estate by the publication of this order for four successive weeks, once in each week, the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county, and that a copy of this order be served personally on all persons interested in said estate residing in said county, at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, and on all other persons interested, by depositing forthwith a copy of such order in the postoffice at Saint Paul in said county, with postage prepaid, directed to them respectively at their place of residence, unless it appears that their residence is unknown.
By the Court.
[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. mar22-5w-sat

Notice to Creditors.

State of Minnesota, County of Ramsey, ss. In Probate Court.
In the matter of the estate of Frederick Guion, deceased.
Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the estate of Frederick Guion, late of the county of Ramsey in said estate, deceased, that the Judge of Probate of said county will hear, examine and adjust claims and demands against said estate, at his office in Saint Paul, in said county, on the first Monday of the month of July, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m.; and that six months from the 21st day of March, 1884, have been limited and allowed by said Probate court for creditors to present their claims.
Dated this 21st day of March, A. D. 1884.
EULALE GUION,
Administratrix of the estate of Frederick Guion, deceased. mar22-5w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, special term, March 28, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of Elizabeth Pickett, deceased.
Whereas, an instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Elizabeth Pickett, deceased, late of said county, has been delivered to this Court:
And whereas, Patrick W. Dowd has filed therewith his petition, representing, among other things, that said Elizabeth Pickett died in said county on the 13th day of March, 1884, testate, and that said petitioner is the sole executor named in said last will and testament, and praying that the said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be to him issued thereon;
It is ordered that the proofs of said instrument, and the said petition, be heard before this court, at the Probate office in said county, on the 23d day of April, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument.
And it is further ordered, that public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested, by publication of these orders for three weeks successively previous to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at St. Paul, in said county.
By the Court, WM. B. McGRORTY,
[L. S.] Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.
mar29-4w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate court, special term, held March 20, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of John B. Phillips, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Andrew R. McGill, administrator of said estate, setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to his hands, and the disposition thereof; the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased, and a description of all the real estate of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value thereof; and praying that license be to him granted to sell at private sale all the real estate set forth and described in said petition;
And it at appearing, by said petition, that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of said administrator to pay said debts, and that it is necessary in order to pay the same, to sell all of said real estate;
It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate, appear before the judge of this court, on Tuesday, the 6th day of May, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Court house in Saint Paul in said county, then and there to show cause (if any there be) why license should not be granted to said administrator to sell said real estate according to the prayer of said petition.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order shall be published for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul in said county, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said county, at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, and upon all other persons interested, according to law.
By the Court.
[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.
BRYANT & BRYANT, Attorneys for Administrator.
mar22-5w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY ss. In Probate Court, at special term, April 3, 1884.
In the matter of the guardianship of Allen McQuillan, Annie B. McQuillan, Clara B. McQuillan and Phillip F. McQuillan, minor.
On reading and filing account of Louisa A. McQuillan and John H. Allen, guardians of said above named minors and their petition for the examination and allowance thereof;
It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard, by the Judge of this court, on Tuesday, the 22d day of April, A. D. 1884, at two o'clock p. m., at the Probate office, in Saint Paul, in said county.
And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for two successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper, printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county.
By the Court, WM. B. McGRORTY,
[L.S.] Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. ap5-3w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, April 4, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of John Smith, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Hannah M. Gove, of the county of Hennepin, in said state, representing among other things that she is the owner in fee of a certain lot of land situated in said county of Hennepin, and state aforesaid, described as follows, to-wit: Lot eight (8) in Laflin's addition in Minneapolis, according to the recorded plat thereof on file in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said Hennepin county, that said lot is a part of the estate left by said deceased whose last will and testament was duly proved, allowed and admitted to probate in said court, on the 25th day of October, 1871, that Catharine S. Smith, Solomon A. Smith and Albert F. Rand, named in said will as the executors thereof, neglected to qualify as such under said will, and praying that letters of administration with the will annexed of said estate be granted to Charles L. Gove of said county of Hennepin.
It is ordered, that said petition be heard before the Judge of this court, on Wednesday, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in Saint Paul in said county of Ramsey.
It is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested in said estate by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks once in each week in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at St. Paul, in said county of Ramsey.
By the Court,
[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.
SNYDER & JAMESON, Attorneys for petitioner.
ap5-4w-sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY —ss. In Probate Court, Special term, April 4, 1884.
In the matter of the estate of Frank H. Pratt, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Helen A. Pratt, of said county, representing, among other things, that Frank H. Pratt, late of said county, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1884, at Saint Paul in said county, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is the widow of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to her and Fred S. Pratt granted;
It is ordered, that said petition be heard before the judge of this court on Wednesday, the 30th day of April, A. D. 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., at the probate office in said county.
Ordered further, that notice thereof begiven to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county.
By the Court.
[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.
C. K. DAVIS, Attorney for Petitioner.
apr5-4w-sat

Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Notice is hereby given, that default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage containing a power of sale made by Julius Kingsley and Bergitte Kingsley his wife, mortgagors, to Harriet L. Pearce, mortgagee, dated the first day of June, 1883, and recorded on the 29th day of June, 1883, at 4:45 o'clock p. m. in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county of Ramsey and state of Minnesota, in Book 67 of mortgages, on page 94. The real estate affected and conveyed by said mortgage, is described as follows, to