

Bedrock Democrat.

VOL. 6.

BAKER CITY, BAKER COUNTY, OREGON, DEC. 15, 1875.

NO. 32.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square or less, one insertion, \$2.00; Each additional insertion, 1.00; One square three months, 5.00; Business Advertisements by the month, 1.00; Quarter column, .50; Half column, .25; One column, .15; Ten per cent. additional on advertisements to which a special position is guaranteed.

CORRESPONDENCE from all portions of Eastern Oregon is solicited for the DEMOCRAT. All communications, to receive attention, must be accompanied by a responsible name. Personal communications will be charged as special advertisements.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., 10 State Street, Boston, 37 Park Row, New York, and 701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, are our agents for procuring advertisements for the BEDROCK DEMOCRAT, in the above cities, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates.

JOB WORK. We are now prepared to do all kinds of JOB WORK on short notice and at reasonable rates. N. B.—All Job Work MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ANDREW J. LAWRENCE, Attorney-at-Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON. WILL PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS OF THE STATE. Baker City, Sept. 1, 1873. n17y.

L. O. STERNS, Attorney and Counselor at-Law, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, BAKER CITY, OREGON. L. O. STERNS will attend the Courts of the Fifth Judicial District, and of Idaho and Washington Territories. Water Rights and Mining Litigation a SPECIALTY. Collections promptly attended to. Nov. 1, 1875. n20y

T. C. HYDE, Attorney-at-Law, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS OF THE STATE. Office, corner of Court and Main Streets, in the old Herald building. Collections promptly attended to. Baker City, Nov. 1, 1875. n26tf

J. M. SHEPHERD, Attorney-at-Law, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

S. V. KNOX, Attorney at Law, (And Notary Public), WESTON, OREGON. Will practice in the Courts of this State and Washington Territory.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO LAND BUSINESS, and collections. n13tf

JOSEPH H. SHINN, Notary Public, AND Conveyancer, Will attend to Conveyancing and making ABSTRACTS OF TITLE. Baker City, Sept. 11, 1872. n18tf

A. J. THIBODO, M. A. M. D. M. A. Queen's University, Canada, M. D. Trinity University, 1854. Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office and Residence, at A. H. Brown's former residence, nearly opposite the Bedrock Democrat Office. Baker City, Oregon, Nov. 10, 1874. y

CORNER SALOON. ROSS & FLETCHER, Proprietors. BAKER CITY, OREGON.

WHERE the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars are kept. This Saloon has been entirely refitted and is now one of the neatest and most pleasant places of resort in the City. This Saloon is on the corner opposite to VIRTUE'S BANK. May 18th, 1875. n21t.

T. P. HENDERSON, MAIN STREET, BAKER CITY. Manufacturer and Dealer in HARNESS AND SADDLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CHEAP FOR CASH. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch at Reasonable Prices. Baker City, July 21, 1875. n11tf.

"SENATE" SALOON, V. Pfeifferberger, Proprietor, Opposite Pap Levens on Front Street, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

THE BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS and all other kinds of drinks, kept constantly on hand, and the costliest treat for the innocent amusements of Pedro-Sell Out, Pictorial reading &c., in Baker City. n50tf.

Where Advertising Contracts can be made. The Bedrock Democrat is the leading Democratic paper of Eastern Oregon. It has a large circulation, and is one of the best advertising mediums in the State. Terms liberal. Baker City, Oregon, March 22, 1875. n20tf

AGENCY OF THE PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Assets, \$1,852,302.82 Annual Income, 1,700,000.00 Operating conjointly with the HOME INSURANCE Co. of NEW YORK in this Department, enabling the PHOENIX to safely assume large lines, and affording its patrons the amplest security.

Aggregate Assets exceed \$7,500,000.00—Gold. Policies Issued and Renewed direct by John J. Coffey, Agent, State Investment & Insurance Co., of SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., CASH ASSETS, \$600,000, AND Home Mutual Insurance Company, of SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Issue Fire and Marine Risks.

Life Association of America. For Information, Apply to J. COFFEY, Agent for Eastern Oregon, Baker City, Oregon. n15n34

J. P. Atwood, M. D. (Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons New York and of the Medical Department of the Willamette University.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Terms cash, or no patronage solicited. Office two doors west of Wisdom's Drug Store. n28f BAKER CITY, OREGON.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, AT THE NEW STORE, First door above the Express Office. Ladies Fancy and Millinery Goods in Store, and Latest Styles received by Express every Month, and for sale at most reasonable Prices.

Dress Making Done to Order, and at Short Notice by MRS. L. J. HUSTON. Baker City, April 18, 1874. n51m6

COME! COME! COME! TO THE LADIES' BAZAAR, WHERE YOU CAN FIND ALL kinds of the best and cheapest Ladies' Furnishing Goods in the City, such as HATS, LACES, TRIMMINGS, PARASOLS, DRESS GOODS, &c., &c. Everything that a Lady requires to complete her Wardrobe. Also, a supply of Gentlemen's Handkerchiefs, Stockings, Neckties, &c. We pay particular attention to Dress Making, and pattern after the latest Fashions and Styles. Produce taken in exchange for Goods. All are invited to call. MRS. M. FOSTER & FERGUSON, Baker City, June 1, 1875. n44f

Fred. A. Bohna's SALOON, AT THE OLD STAND OF A. H. BROWN, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

FRED. A. BOHNA Respectfully informs the citizens of Baker City and the Public generally, that he has purchased the interest of Bob. McCord in the above SALOON, Where will always be found the very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Also One of the Finest and Best Billiard Tables To be found in the City. "Fred" will be pleased at all times to have his friends call. FRED. A. BOHNA, Baker City, Jan. 20, 1875. n39tf

PAP LEVINS WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALER IN WINES AND LIQUORS, Tobacco & Cigars. TOGETHER WITH A General Assortment Of all articles in his Line, which he sells at Lowest Prices, for the Reason His house is located on Main Street, opposite the Bank Block, Baker City, Oregon, Nov. 11, 1874. n2

Call and Settle. NOTICE is hereby given that I have leased my Blacksmith shop to Dealy & Tweedie, and to S. B. McCord, or McCord Brothers, who have notified that they must now close their accounts. You do not settle with me, you must settle with Dealy & Tweedie, or McCord Brothers. Baker City, May 10th. n11tf

Laborers Wanted. 15 OR TWENTY LABORERS WANTED immediately by the undersigned. Also EIGHT OR TEN BRICK MASONS. A. A. HOUSTON, Baker City, July 7, 1875. n31tf

2 Of the Celebrated Standard Organs—newly made. For particulars enquire at this office. We will sell the same on time, or take pay by installments. n32tf

Center Drug Store, W. WISDOM, Proprietor, Corn Main Street and Valley Avenue Southwest Side, BAKER CITY, OREGON.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND a Full Assortment of all kinds of Goods consisting in part of: Dr. U.S. MEDICINES, PAINTS and OILS, WINDOW GLASS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, and WINES & LIQUORS For Medicinal Purposes. TILLET ARTICLES Of Every Description.

Provisions prepared at all Hours. City and Country Trade Solicited. Berlands, of Family Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c., constantly on hand, at the Lowest Prices. Baker City, Oct. 7, 1874. n22ly

Meat and Vegetable Store, Philardist & Jno. Levens, Prop's, BAKER CITY, OREGON. REPAIRING ALL KINDS OF CARRIAGES, and all kinds of Harness, Saddles, and all kinds of Leather Goods. Also, BUTTER AND EGGS, and other articles in their line, wanted by the citizens of Baker City. Call at the next door to Pap Levens' Wholesale and Retail Liquor Store. HARKLEY & LEVENS, Baker City, June 9, 1875. n51tf

Blacksmithing. The undersigned is prepared to do kinds of work entrusted to his care in his line, and all work warranted to give satisfaction. I am in phone but the best of hands in my shop. Horse-shoeing. I have a good Horse Shoer in my shop, who understands the horses in all its different shapes, and shoe to fit the horse. Our work is line is warranted as good as best.

Plows Manufactured and Repaired. I can repair everything in my line made repaired at reasonable prices. Thankful for past patronage I respectfully solicit a continuance of same. S. A. GAINES, May 10, 1875. n11f

J. W. CLEAVER, Undertaker, Furniture and Chair Manufacturer, Baker City, Oregon. prepared to do all work in his line on short notice and at reasonable prices. Furniture and Chairs, of his own manufacture constantly on hand. Baker City, June 23, 1875. n71f

Buy Your Lumber at the Old, Reliable Ebells' Old Mill. WE HAVE REFITTED THE Mill and make the best Lumber in the county, at prices to suit the times. Any lumber left at our Mill receive as prompt attention in the future as in the past. We saw everything from a Lath to the heaviest timbers. Clean and seasoned Lumber always on hand. Those left with J. W. Wisdom will receive immediate attention. By strict attention to business, we hope to receive our share of public patronage. An unlimited amount of Grain taken in exchange for Lumber. MARCH 18, 1875. n44f

BAKER CITY ACADEMY. THE FALL TERM OF THIS INSTITUTION will commence on Monday, September 27th, 1875, under the control of J. W. GRAY. Assisted by such other competent and suitable teachers as may, from time to time, be required. By strict attention to business, we hope to receive our share of public patronage. An unlimited amount of Grain taken in exchange for Lumber. MARCH 18, 1875. n44f

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ALL NOTES due A. H. Brown must be paid to me immediately, or Costs of Action will be incurred. I. D. HAINES, Attorney. n32tf

THE MISSING SHIP.

The following beautiful lines are well adapted to the present time, owing to the sinking of the Pacific short line steamer—We do not claim the copyright: Right gallantly, that morning hour, From harbor she sailed for home; Five hundred sunny hearts on board, A thousand bales of worth—

A little kingdom on the sea, A little heaven of hopes, And whistled merrily the winds, And seamen at the ropes. Oh, what a picture gallery Was in those wooden walls! Each man was painting out his dream Of woods and waterfalls;

Of corn fields bowing to the sun; Of kine on sweet green sward; These were to be across the sea, And he, of all, the lord!

No wonder 'twas, though hard to part From all beloved of yore, That such a shout rang from the ship, And such a shout from shore!

They went. They're gone from mortal ken God only know where; Full many a fathom deep, perchance, Each with his dream so fair. Not one shall ever come to tell Of how and when they died; If thirsting for a burning calm, Or whelmed beneath the tide;

If storm or rock, or horrid fire The fatal havoc made; If some went mad, if some blasphemed, If some embraced and prayed, 'Tis many a day since they our hopes; Long since they left our coast; God pity them as we do! Then None should be mourned as lost.

ASAD FATE. [The writer of the following is Mr. R. C. White, who played with the Falford theatrical troupe in Walla Walla two years ago this winter.] A few days ago I happened to pick up a scrap of a New York paper, which contained a paragraph to the effect that one Julian Cook, formerly an actor, died in an insane hospital, after a respite of two and twenty years.

I remember him well as second juvenile man, in the old Eagle Street Theater, Buffalo, then under the management of J. S. Carr & Warren, of whose company I was then a member. And the unfortunate circumstances which deprived the poor fellow of his reason, are as fresh in my memory, after a lapse of so many years, as if they had transpired but yesterday.

It was the last night of the engagement of that erratic and talented woman, who like a meteor, flew with such dazzling brilliancy around the world, delectating countless thousands, both in Europe and America; ruling at one time with more than queenly sway the King, court, and people of Bavaria, and anon flying for her life before an infuriated populace, fed and flattered by the noisily of Paris.—Creating a wonderful sensation in Australia, and finally sinking into obscurity, degradation, and the grave, in a small mining town in California.

This was Lola Montez, countess of Lansfeld. Yes, it was the last night of Lola's engagement, as well as the last night of the old Eagle. The morning disclosed transformation. The satelty old building had become a chaotic mass of black and smoking ruins.

It was a general belief that Lola Montez caused the destruction of the theater, which deprived one person of life, another of reason, and every member of the company of more or less personal effects. But it was a mere supposition, taking color from the fact that she had quarreled with the managers, and had spitefully remarked, "I wish your old theatre would burn down before morning." It did burn down before morning, but let us assume its destruction to an accident, and let us see if any act of that peculiar woman, which all her faults, had so justly deserved to be punished, would have been sufficient to cause the destruction of the theater.

How often have we seen her slip unostentatiously into the hand of some poor unfortunate, the means of procuring a meal, or a night's lodging. And the heart-felt "God bless you, lady," has often uttered with earnestness by the recipients of her bounty. Surely such prayers are not in vain.

Our company was a goodly one, composed of ladies and gentlemen of sterling ability. Some of them are still before the public—out the dark curtain has long since separated the majority of them from the auditorium of life. My own and every one of them, my earnest theatrical associates, enjoy an everlasting benefit. "In the new life in come in the old one's stead." Gay and thoughtless children of Bohemia, mingling at sunrise, catching a cloud; sitting and enjoying with an intensity, which, I firmly believe, belongs exclusively to the theatrical profession.

Well, as I remarked before, Julian was our second juvenile, a young man of fine, scholarly attainments, and an actor of great promise; but he was also a "jolly dog," fond of a rack, always in debt, bills and duns forever staring him in the face, liquidating demands on his empty purse, with a few funny stories, and dismissing his creditors with such a peculiar grace, that they left perfectly content to wait any indefinite time, snating the convenience of the pleasing young actor.

Why is it, that that the most glaring faults, the most hideous moral deformities, cannot alienate our hearts from some people? while the least impropriety in others meets with our severest condemnation.

Julian had many faults and weaknesses which, indeed, he never tried to hide, on the contrary, he would speak of his ex-

travagance, and escapades, in the most flippant and humorous manner, unconscious of having committed the least offense against good morals or society, and it was his unconsciousness of sin, his natural gaiety de coeur, his merry laugh, and never failing humor, that hid all the imperfections of his nature, and made him, one of the most desirable of companions.

But a change came over him, and for several months he had conducted himself in the most exemplary manner. He confided his heart to another's keeping, and was loved tenderly and truly in return. The cause of this salutary change was a beautiful and accomplished girl, occupying the position of danseuse in the company. Poor Mabel Kindall! her's was a sad fate. But to make a long story short—it was Saturday night, a large and enthusiastic audience had gathered, after witnessing the novel terpsichorean extravaganza by Lola and her coryphus.—The performers had all left for their respective lodgings, with the exception of Mabel, who was delayed longer than usual arranging and picking her costume, Julian and the night watchman.

The lights were all extinguished but the large lamp over the stage door and the one in Mabel's dressing room, which was situated on the O. P. side, in the proscenium and over the tier of private boxes.—It was an out-of-the-way room, and none but Mabel (who preferred being alone) was willing to dress in it.

A lumber room for the storage of dresses dated "props" and "sets," was situated on the "fly" gallery, and in close proximity to the young lady's dressing room.—The lumber room was full of light and flammable material, and kept under lock and key, and very rarely entered. Julian was sitting on the steps of the stage door, waiting to escort Mabel home. The night watch was impatiently pacing up and down the stage, and all was dreary as a theatre invariably is when its seats are vacant and its lights all extinguished. The spirit of gloom reigned throughout. Momo sulked in some dark corner. The daughters of Jupiter and mnemosyn have for a time deserted their favorite habitation—leaving only Melpomene to preside over the sad and mournful silence. The soul has left the body, the solemnity of death after brilliant life.

Julian had just risen to his feet, calling to Mabel to make haste, when a wild shriek, and a sudden illumination of the theatre, nearly paralyzed him with an overwhelming sense of danger.—Rushing wildly on the stage, where he could command a view of the situation, he beheld a most appalling sight. The lumber room was on fire, and there in the door of her dressing room, like a tableau of despair, white and motionless as a statue, stood Mabel.

Seeing at once that the only sure means of escape was by her jumping from the gallery, Julian placed himself in conjunction with the watchman, in a position after the manner of acrobats, ready to receive her, and cried to her to "jump," but she was like one in a trance, the horror of the situation had deprived her of the power of motion.

The fire by this time was devouring the flies, which extend above and across the stage for the purpose of making the tops of the "flats" or scenes, and the "rigging" loft still higher up, was one hissing, crackling canopy of flame. Fierce red tongues were leaping the rail along the "fly gallery," to the proscenium, closing the only open gap to escape to the unfortunate girl. Julian finding that she was deaf to his cries, determined to save or perish with her, dashed madly up the stairs leading to the "fly gallery." The fire alarm had been sounded throughout the city. The prompt and efficient firemen were already at work, and the human and confusion attending that post, where stood at his post for her life and jump Julian's misery. He hurriedly explained to the fire men who had by this time made their way on the stage, the great peril of the poor girl, and there were no lack of brave men ready and willing to risk even life to save her.

She was no longer visible from the stage, for a great wall of fire had risen up, completely obscuring her with its light. And now above the dim and fearful confusion of sounds, was heard shrieks, so piercing, so poignant of agony, that strong men trembled, and hearts stood still. All eyes were riveted on the spot where Mabel was last seen.

A moment more and Julian emerged from the dressing room with Mabel in his arms. Dashing through the flames he gained the edge of the "fly gallery," is seen to stagger for a moment, but finally mastering his remaining strength, leaps, with his precious burden (which he has hastily muffled in various articles of costume), to the stage below. A distance of twenty-four feet. A mattress, the stage carpet, and other articles of soft goods, were previously brought out and arranged to receive them.

Better far had the unfortunate couple perished at once in the flames. It would have spared one of them days of the most dreadful suffering, and the other long years of limberly worse than death.—They were taken to their lodgings, followed by the melancholy train of actors and firemen, rendering what assistance within their scope.

Although there was no outward sign of fire on the poor girls person, except the loss of her beautiful, dark brown hair, still the dread element had found its way to her lungs. She had inhaled the fiery breath, and no power on earth could save her.

Julian was also in a critical condition.—His hands and face were fearfully blistered, and he too had lost his curling locks, a painful disguise the poor fellow wore; and it was hard, indeed, to recognize in his mutilated and suffering person, the gay and light-hearted youth of a few hours previous.

The terrible ordeal which he had passed through had deprived him of consciousness—during which Mabel had passed into that long and quiet sleep which knows no sorrow, knows no pain. The fire that had seared her vitals, had turned to ice. Achernon's dread offspring, with their scorpion sting, vanished at the approach of the dark and silent "Angel." "She had found a bed where she could dissolve herself in sleep." Holding the mirror up to nature, that the world may see the naked deformity of sin as well as the beautiful proportions of virtue.

Julian awoke from oblivion, to learn that she, whom he so tenderly loved, was dead, had left him when darkness was on his brain, when his own life was balanced with that of death. He received the sad intelligence without a murmur, but the agony expressed upon his features, so helplessness, so beseeching, called forth the tenderest sympathies of all present. For hours he lay with closed eyes, silent and motionless as if he too had gone out into the night, a cold and weary pilgrim, in search of her he loved so fondly, and the joy and sunshine of the eternal future.

At length the paroxysm passed away, the lethargy was broken, he was aroused to life, but his reason was dead, buried. A dumb brain paralyzed, and now "like sweet jangling, out of tune and out of time" And so he lived for two and twenty years, a helpless maniac, capable of neither joy or sorrow.

What Sister Duniway Says. Owing to the fact that some of our readers growled about the large amount of religious matter in this paper last week, we promised to take extracts from "Old Hill" this week to counteract last week's issue, but we concluded to copy from Sister Duniway, of the New Northwest at Portland, who was lecturing a short time since in Eastern Oregon: "Luckily the stages changed 'time' before we left the town of Union, we had the pleasure—if such it might be called that naught of ease had in it—of making the drive of about forty miles in the snow-laden daylight, instead of the freezing, bitter night, as had been expected.

"Found dinner at a way station, where the wind held high carnival with the freaky, fickle frost-king, and on we went again, lurch-ity-lunge, smash-ity-bang, with ever and anon an excited ejaculation from our invalid fellow-passengers, causing us to doubly rejoice in our own good health; and at night-fall we traversed a sloppy lane and a long bridge, and fetched up at the well-kept Western Hotel at Baker City.

"Since the 'primeval days' when we were young and romantic, keeping time in the weary emigrant march, to the slow, measured tread of lazy oxen, we had not looked upon this land of sage and greasewood. But we did not, in the golden long ago, imagine that we should ever see these arid vales and uplands covered with the cattle from a thousand hills, or that fields of waving grain would ever be garnered from the ash-liekoil around a thriving city. Such is the fact, however, and Powder River Valley needs nothing but a railroad to make it one of the wealthiest of the favored spots of this most favored land.

"Baker City is about twice as large as La Grande. Like the latter, it nestles under the lee of a range of hills, and unlike Uniontown, seems to be somewhat sheltered from the fullest blasts of the every-where prevailing winds. Several prominent buildings of brick and stone, and every imaginable stock of materials, and a large number of small dwellings, are scattered about the town, and a few of the most comfortable and well-kept hotels, are to be seen.

"Our old Portland friend, Charles St. Louis, planted here with a jeweler's business, and is as genial and ready to accommodate as of yore. Hon. Mr. Wisdom, a member from Baker," is in the drug business, as also is Mr. McKinney, and both seem to be flourishing. There are two hotels and one restaurant, all well patronized, and several physicians, of whom Dr. Atwood seems to be the chief. There are three churches, a good frame court house, three or four schools, a fine hotel, and a large number of saloons that we cared to count. Mrs. Alfred keeps a flourishing store, and a fine assortment of millinery and fancy goods, as also do Messrs. Foster & Ferguson. There are a good many neat and tasteful dwellings, and a large number of hospitable ladies and gentlemen, the most of whom have unbounded faith in the future prospects of Baker county, and in its undeveloped wealth of gold and silver ores, as well as its inexhaustible stock range and agricultural facilities.

"Mr. J. W. Cleaver kindly undertook the looking up of a suitable hall for the lectures, and attended to all the preliminaries with kindly good-will. The first and second lectures were held in the Court-house, and the third and last one in the Methodist Church. All were largely attended, and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout the protracted discourses of each evening. Somehow, the more we travel among the people, the more we have to say about it a woman question, and the more the people are about it, the more ready they are to satisfy ourself or the people with facts or four lectures in a place. But the cold weather admonishes us to reduce our steps or run the risk of being ice-bound; therefore, with a regretful good-bye to the hospitable citizens of the place who have generously added a large number of our subscription list, we warily scribble these closing lines, and prepare for the hazy journey, which begins with the dawn of the morrow. A. J. D. Baker City, November 23.

"P. S.—In the hurry of preparing it is correspondence for the mail, we came near forgetting to mention the Baker City Band, which, under the efficient leadership of Prof. King, makes music, after only two months' practice, that would do honor to a band of veteran performers. Mr. K. has taught, and is yet teaching in Grand Ronde valley, with marked success, the rage for music having reached all these mountain fastnesses, where it flourishes without any apparent diminution of its harmonizing forces. Also, we became near omitting to mention that the adherents of Odd Fellows and Good Templars, joined their meetings to attend the lectures—and but we must stop writing and try to get some sleep, to prepare us for tomorrow's staging. A. J. D."