IN SEARCH OF HIM

BY ROBIN GREY

CHAPTER I.

"A lady to see you, sir. She asked for your uncle, sir, but I told her he was out of town, and then she said you'd do, sir."

"It was a great condescension on her part, Smiles. What might be her age, do you think, Smiles?".

"Her age, sir?"

"Yes; I really don't feel inclined to be bothered by seeing anybody. I'm in beastly temper this morning—ask the office boy if I'm not. So would any man be if he was tied to a London office in August—and such an August as this! I'm pretty comfortable just at this minute, without my coat and waistcoat. If I see the lady, I shall have to put them on. Query—Is the lady worth the trouble? That's what I want to ascertain."

"Well, sir, she's young—very young, as you might say, sir."

"And what's she like to look at, Smiles?"

"Well, sir, I can't say she's much to look at. No, I can't go as far as that," said Smiles, rather ruefully, scratching the top of his bald head. "She's rather—shabby, sir. Not good-looking."

"Well, perhaps she'll improve when she's old enough to know better. I suppose I must see her. You show her in, Smiles, in exactly five minutes from now—neither more nor less. Do you hear? The lady's plainness is forgiven on the score of youth and inexperience. I'll see her in five minutes."

"Yes, sir."

Left to himself, Mr. Martineau stretched his long legs, and sighed, with his face turned to the ceiling.

"It's a pretty dear price to pay for a junior partnership," he said; "to be in London this hot weather, while the old gentleman is enjoying himself in the land o' cakes; but I suppose, after all, I am a lucky dog, and mustn't quarrel with my bread and butter." Here he rose, and stretched an unwilling arm toward his waistcoat. "September will soon be here," he reflected more cheerfully, "and then hey for Clarisdale and Lady Mildred!"

Punctually at the expiration of the five minutes Smiles opened the door, and ushered in the lady client. She was received by a young man of stern, business-like aspect, irreproachably attired, who bowed with gravity and politeness, while his rather cold gray eyes inspected the little figure before him with a swift scrutiny. His eyes were deeply set beneath overhanging brows, which gave rather a repellant look to the fact—a look that would convince a keen observer that he was a man who kept his own secrets. His fair mustache was not long, but thick; his hair was also fair, and he was slightly bald above the forehead. His complexion was fair and clear, his nose straight and well-formed; his air was that of a thorough man of the world, with every now and then a suggestion of boredom. He had no outward characteristic that would justify one in putting him down as an attractive man, yet the impression made by Mr. Martineau at first sight was nearly always favorable; he conveyed the idea of being a cultivated man, and was almost invariably an agreeable companion.

A faint smile of amusement hovered about his lips as his eyes rested upon the lady client.

She was small as well as young—might be described, in fact, as petite. She was undeniably shabby. Her hat might have cost a shilling, and was trimmed with a plain bow of ribbon. Her dress was of cheap dark-colored cotton, and considerably the worse for wear. Her gloves were cotton, too; but her collar was as white as snow, and her skin as fresh and clear as if she had never been within reach of London smoke.

As she raised a pair of large, dark eyes to those of the junior partner a sudden change swept over his face—a fleeting expression, such as a man might wear to whom, in the midst of comfort and luxury, came a disagreeable reminder of the existence of poverty and want. The next moment he was offering her a seat and inquiring politely in what way he could serve her.

The lady client sat down. Mr. Martineau's own seat was placed so that his back was to the light; it suited him better to observe than to be observed. His visitor compressed her pretty lips in a strong effort to be solemn, and demanded:

"Are you Mr. Martineau?"

"I am—entirely at your service."

"Mr. Leroy is away?"

"In Scotland."

"I am very sorry for that," she said earnestly.

"So am I, if it gives you inconvenience," asserted Mr. Martineau; "but I am his partner—can't I do something for you? I will endeavor to compensate for lack of capacity by extra diligence."

"You must know," she said after another short pause, during which she seemed to be making up her mind, "it is a very difficult task that I have to set you. I want you to tell me who I am!"

"Ah—really," returned the young melancholy nod of the head, "really, you know, I'm afraid I can't oblige you there!"

"Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous?" she said, laughing. "Have you ever thought how remarkably queer you would feel if you didn't know who you were?"

"I'm afraid I've never thought of such a thing," he admitted, almost with reluctance. "It seems rather like a nightmare, doesn't it?"

"That's exactly what it is like," she said; "only a nightmare which lasts for years is exceptionally trying. I feel as if I should like to wake up now! I thought that Mr. Leroy might be able to wake me." There was a touch of rueful melancholy in the last words.

"If you won't consider my curiosity impertinent," said Mr. Martineau, with infinite solemnity, "may I ask in what manner you thought he would set about it?"

"He made my father's will," explained the lady client, "and I thought he might in consequence be able to tell me my father's name."

"I admit the extreme probability of your theory," returned the young man; "but—forgive my obtuseness—if you are sure of your father's identity, why should you hesitate about your own?"

"Oh, you don't understand at all!" she exclaimed with conviction. "The affair is by no means so simple as all that. I wonder"—she put her head on one side and looked wistfully at him—"I wonder if I might tell you all about it?"

"Smiles was a fool when he said she was nothing to look at," inwardly commented Mr. Martineau. "I never saw such a pretty mouth in my life." Aloud he added: "I shall be only too grateful if you will so far honor me."

"It will take some time," she said, doubtfully; "and suppose, after all, I have troubled you for nothing?"

"How could that be?"

"Well," she answered, blushing and laughing, "it is best to be quite frank. I'll tell you what I mean. I have been saving up money for a long time for this purpose, and supposing, when I have done my story, you find that to do what I want you to do will cost more money than I have to spend, will you tell me so, please? I know so little about the law, and so forth."

"Certainly I will tell you; but if you merely want a will searched for, I can assure you——"

"I keep on telling you that you don't understand!" she cried, impatiently. "Let me tell you all about it."

"I am all attention; but, before you commence, would it greatly inconvenience you to tell me who you at present imagine yourself to be, or, if you have no ideas upon the subject, under what title do you choose at present to be known?"

"Yes," she rejoined, "I will tell you what I am called—Marguerite Lilbourne; but whether that is my real name or not I cannot tell you. I do not think it is?"

"Why not?" he asked, with a sudden start.

"I will tell you—I am just going to begin."

"Thanks. All I have to suggest is that you begin at the beginning, and that you don't attempt to tell me more than one thing at a time. I know you will excuse me, but even ladies are mortal, and have their besetting sins, among which is usually the total inability to tell a story. Try to prove yourself an exception to the rule."

The lady client was offended. She took up her umbrella and rose.

"I am a novice in the art of narration," she said, with a haughtiness which he did not expect from her, "and I might irritate your high strung nerves. I had better wish you good-morning, and will only trouble you to tell me when you expect Mr. Leroy home."

CHAPTER II.

The young man was delighted with this little ebullition. He was now absolutely resolved not to part with her until he was obliged.

"I am an unlucky fellow to be misunderstood," he replied. "I meant to convey to you a delicate hint that the longer you talked the more I should be pleased, but you turned my meaning upside down. Do forgive me and sit down again! I shall be quite disappointed if you go," he went on, as she hesitated. "You surely won't make it such a serious matter? I was half in joke, and thought you appreciated the humor of the situation."

"I was very silly to take offense," said the lady client with decision. "Now I will sit down and tell you all about it; but really I thought you felt me an infliction. It is very warm, you know."

"It is; but this old office keeps pretty cool. It is dark and low."

He rose and lowered the Venetian blind, then resumed his seat with an attitude of deep attention.

"Now, Miss Lilbourne."

"Ah, I wish I were certain that it is 'Miss!' she lamented. "That is one of the things that I don't know!"

He raised eyes to hers with another strange, furtive look.

"Oh," he said, "you do not even know whether you are married or single?"

"Not the least in the world!" she said, shaking her head and laughing.

"The plot thickens," said Mr. Martineau. "Please proceed to explain."

"The first place that I can remember," said Marguerite Lilbourne, "is a French convent. It was very happy there. The nuns made much of me; the sun used always to shine—at least, I cannot remember any wet days but one. They called me always Bebe or La Petite—I never knew any other name.

"They taught me to read and write, but I do not remember once writing my name. No letters ever reached me; childlike, I expected none. I knew of no world beyond the convent gates. There were no children there except me. I never wondered how I came there—it was home—it had always been so. I believe they told me that I was an orphan, but for me the word had no meaning—I had no desire for a father and mother, because, in my experience, there were no such things.

(To be continued.)

THE LADY CLIENT WAS OFFENDED. SHE TOOK UP HER UMBRELLA AND ROSE.

THE ARMY AS IT STANDS TODAY.

Organization of Our Fighting Forces in and Out of Action.

Previous to the outbreak of the Spanish war the permanent military establishment of the United States was comprised in ten regiments of cavalry, five regiments of artillery and twenty-five regiments of infantry, with their necessary adjuncts of the staff bureaus, altogether aggregating 2,164 officers and 25,000 enlisted men. By law its enlisted strength was limited to 25,000 men, not including some hundreds of general service clerks, hospital attendants, etc. So that, with slight fluctuations in the official personnel and these subsidiary corps, the aggregate strength of the army had ranged for a number of years around 28,000. In 1898 in the forty regiments of the line there were 23,310 enlisted men, or an average of 610 in the cavalry regiments, 810 in the artillery regiments and 521 in the infantry regiments.

On April 22, 1898, Congress passed an act to provide for temporarily increasing the military establishments of the country in time of war. Three days later an act declaring war against Spain was passed, reciting that war had existed from April 21, 1898, and directing and empowering the President to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States in the prosecution of the war, and to call out the militia of the several states to the extent necessary "to carry this act into effect," and the following day a bill was passed "for the better organization of the line of the army of the United States," which authorized an increase of the regular army in time of war to about 62,000 officers and men, but provided that when the war was over the permanent establishment should be reduced to a peace basis, and that "nothing contained in this act shall be construed as authorizing a permanent increase of the commissioned or enlisted forces of the regular army" beyond what it was before war was declared.

When peace with Spain was restored the administration was in something of a dilemma. Although the war was over it knew that large bodies of troops would be required to preserve order in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, yet the law compelled a reduction of the army. Subsequently the outbreak of the Filipinos added to the gravity of the situation. The plan adopted was to muster out the volunteers gradually, and depend in future solely upon the regular army, which the military authorities proposed to Congress to have permanently increased to 100,000 men.

To this there was strong opposition, but what was known as the Hull reorganization bill was passed by the house in the last days of January. Although it was called the Hull reorganization bill it carried no changes of moment in the organization of the army. It simply provided for its permanent increase to 98,763 officers and enlisted men, for an increase of three major generals and six brigadiers, five regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, and for "a corps of artillery," dropping the regimental organization in that arm. It also provided for a large increase in line and staff officers.

When the Hull bill reached the senate it was strongly antagonized by the opposition on the old ground of dislike and fear of a large standing army. A compromise measure was forced upon the administration in spite of threats of calling an extra session. A bill known as the Cockrell-Gorman substitute was adopted, and was subsequently passed by the house and approved by the President. Neither was this a reorganization bill.

It provides for the muster out of the volunteer army, in accordance with the original act of 1898, and permits the President to retain in service the present regular army at a strength not exceeding 65,000 men, and, in addition, to raise a new force of 35,000 volunteers, to be recruited from the country at large or in the new colonies, as preferred by the military authorities. It authorizes the President to appoint or retain in the service, including the regular army major generals, one major general for every 12,000 enlisted men, and, including the regular brigadiers, one brigadier for every 4,000 enlisted men. No additional regular army staff officers are provided for, but there is provision for volunteer staff officers if needed.

In short, what is by misnomer called the "reorganization of the army" is merely an act to continue for two years longer the establishment raised for the Spanish war, namely, until July 1, 1901. As before, the regular army is to consist of three major generals and six brigadiers for the field and eleven staff brigadiers, at the head of the adjutant general's, the inspector general's, the judge advocate general's, the quartermaster general's, the surgeon general's, the commissary general's, the paymaster general's and ordnance departments, the corps of engineers and signal corps respectively.

The same number of cavalry, artillery and infantry regiments are continued. In other words, the regular army provided for in the Cockrell-Gorman compromise is exactly the regular army of the Spanish war, which will continue until July 1, 1901, when it will be superseded by the condition described in the opening paragraph of this article, unless, meanwhile, Congress takes hold of the matter and actually reorganizes the entire concern. The staff department is the only branch of the service really needing reorganization.

The army as it is and as it will remain until 1901 is set out in the following tabular statement, copied from the Army Register for 1899:

Ten cavalry regiments	12,170
Seven artillery regiments	16,541
Twenty-five infantry regiments	32,225
Unattached	239
Indian scouts, recruiting parties, etc.	174
Quartermaster's department	105
Subsistence department	90
Engineer bureau	757
Ordnance bureau	605
Signal corps	200
Total enlisted strength	63,106

These figures give an average of enlisted strength to the several regiments of the different arms as follows: Cavalry, 1,217; artillery, 2,363; infantry, 1,289.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF OUR REGULAR AND VOLUNTEER ARMY.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Gibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Jack's Triumph.

He told her she was sweeter than the petals of the rose,
He told her she was fairer than the lily;
She pouted and pretended to turn up her pretty nose,
And she answered: "Jack, I pray you, don't be silly."

Another who was richer and who knew much more than Jack
Came wooing the sweet maiden who had pouted;
He looked upon her fondly, but she only turned her back—
The love that he bestowed on her she flouted.

The man who had the riches and the brains forgot to say
That she was like a rose or like a lily;
Jack came again and flattered her in his old, foolish way,
And she took him, still protesting: "Don't be silly."

—Chicago News.

The Cause.

Miss Wheeler—What made her throw you over?

Climber Hill—I hugged her and forgot about her vaccination.

A Philanthropist.

Lady of the House—"I should think a big, strong fellow like you would rather work than go around begging.

Sloppy Sim—I would if it wasn't for one t'ing.

Lady—"What's that?"

Sloppy Sim—I ain' got no fambly meself and I'm afraid if I went to work I might crowd out some poor chap that has little ones to support.

The Real Thing.

"The idea of sending children to bed early to punish 'em!" exclaimed Mrs. Cossel, who was discussing her relatives. "That isn't any way to c'rect them."

"Of course it isn't," answered her husband. "If you want to convince 'em that you mean business make 'em get up an hour or so earlier in the morning."

Matter of Digestion.

"Oh, that I had the wings of a bird she sighed, with infinite sadness.

Tonight, for dinner, she had eaten pork chops, pickled olives and ice cream.

Was it, then, that she needed the gizzard rather than the wings of a bird, in order that she might be happy?

The Color of the Lobster.

Hubby—I feel ill this morning. I'm afraid those lobsters I ate last night didn't agree with me.

Wifey—I was afraid they wouldn't. They were green when I bought them, and I told the fish man I didn't think they were ripe, and he said they always come that way.

Possibly.

The tragedian laughed bitterly as he stalked along the railroad track.

"This is what comes of going out with a stalk company!" he exclaimed, and laughed again, something less bitterly, mayhap.

Will Expand Now.

"How does it happen that your brother Bill has quit talking against expansion?"

"He has been promised a job on the police force, and, of course, he's got to be consistent."

A Bond of Fellowship.

"Women who wear eyeglasses or spectacles are always congenial."

"Yes; they like to tell each other how they had put them on long—long before age had anything to do with it."

A Queer Fellow.

"What makes you think he is eccentric?"

"Well, he borrowed an umbrella from me and returned it the next day."

Something in the Tone.

"That boy of mine," said the angry father, "is just a natural born fool."

"Of course," returned the neighbor, and there was that in his tone that made the father want to climb the fence and go after him.

This Earthly Tenement.

Mr. Soppy seems to me to be very selfish. He lives entirely within himself."

"Oh, well, you know, some of our best people live in flats."

"Did that woman give any reason for attempting suicide?" "Yes, yer honor." "What was it?" "She says she wanted to kill herself."

SERIOUS HINTS ON DRESS.

With Some Flippant Comments by a Boston Man.

We have received a little pamphlet which we hope has been distributed widely among our readers, observes the Boston Journal. The careful study of it may put an end to doubts that have embittered households and poisoned the wells of domestic happiness.

This little book—we dislike the term "booklet"—tells in simple language how to dress your coachman, groom, butler, doorman and page.

Thus, for instance, the coachman should wear six buttons on his coat—two on the back at waist and two at the bottom of the skirt. He should also have flaps on his pockets. Otherwise he might be mistaken for the groom, who has no flaps on the pockets and has five buttons in front and six behind. These buttons should always match the metal trimmings on the harness. Ardent Bryanites will, of course, use silver.

The hat must be silk. There is no alternative. Slouch hats are no longer worn by the coachman of our more exclusive citizens, and the more fastidious insist that the hat should be a new one, not a cast-off dicer of the master. The coachman, when on duty, should smoke only cigars. They should cost at least at the rate of three for a quarter. Green baize cloth aprons should match your billiard table. Crest buttons, worn by your servants, should be ducal. There are several dukes in England, so there may be a variety in the device.

By paying attention to these details and the advice as to other matters given by this pamphlet, you will be obliged to be more scrupulous as to your own dress, for it is a sad sight when the groom is mistaken for the master.

NEW USE FOR TOY BALLOONS.

The increasing risk of collisions at sea, with all their terrible consequences, stimulates the interest that would in any circumstances be aroused by a rational proposal for reducing the danger of death by drowning.

A Frenchman, M. Charles Janet, has recently carried out experiments at Beauvais with the object of proving that by means of India rubber "balloons," as children call them, which may be carried in a very small compass and rapidly filled with air in time of danger, a person who knows nothing of swimming can keep afloat in the roughest water.

Nothing could be more simple than the apparatus, and it can be put into a box no larger than a lady's purse. It consists of a yard or so of whipcord, to which are attached four "balloons" rolled up, and what is necessary for blowing them out and keeping them afterward air-tight. The "balloons" should be filled to only about half of their full extent, so that they may offer sufficient resistance to the waves.

This resistance is very remarkable, considering the lightness of the material. M. Janet's children having fastened the apparatus just described to the upper part of the body, jumped into water thrown into violent commotion by the opening of sluice-gates, and although they were hurled into the eddies and drawn under by the force of the current, their disappearance was only momentary, whereas strong swimmers in the same circumstances would have run the risk of drowning.

Williams Hired Hands.

There are 1,500 persons upon the German emperor's list of employes, including 350 women servants, who are engaged in looking after the twenty-two royal palaces and castles that belong to the crown.

SOUTH AFRICAN HORSES.

Their Endurance Is Remarkable—Sorry Nags to Look At.

One of the first things that strike the wanderer in the great expanses of the southern hemisphere is the strength and endurance of the horses, says South Africa. He notes that, though to look at they are the sorriest scrags he ever set eyes on, yet they appear to be possessed of a power of getting over the ground that is little short of miraculous, and so astonishing in its persistence as to seem automatic. A striking instance came under my notice only a few days after landing in Cape Town, in 1863. I was sitting one Saturday afternoon on the stoop of Park's hotel, which occupied the corner of Adderley and Strand streets, when a dust-covered horseman stopped and dismounted. His horse was taken to the stables, and in the course of conversation in the bar I learned that he was a member of the legislative assembly for an up-country district. There was no railway communication with the interior in those days, and he had ridden in from his home, at Colesberg, in less than six days, having started the previous Monday. Now, Colesberg is more than 500 miles from Cape Town, and the country is very rough going, much of it being heavy and other parts very mountainous. No English-bred horse, fed according to English methods, could have accomplished such a ride as this, more especially when we consider the temperature of the Cape Colony. I went to look at the animal on which the journey had been performed and found it to be a little roan schimmel, barely fourteen hands, and apparently as fresh as paint. Another very remarkable ride that came under my notice was performed by a Boer who lived a few miles from Greytown, in Natal. His wife was taken ill, and a particular medicine, not to be obtained in Greytown, was imperative. So in the early hours of the night he started for Maritzburg, fifty-five miles distant, through an extremely hilly country, and was back on his farm in sixteen hours. The remarkable thing in this instance was that the Boer weighed over seventeen stone. In my own experience many instances of the wonderful staying powers of African horses have occurred. To mention one: In 1866 I had been appointed honorable secretary for the first athletic sports held in the Umboti country of Natal. They were to be held in Greytown on boxing day, which fell on a Monday. All preparations, entries, etc., were concluded early in December, when I received an urgent request to go to the Transvaal to look after a friend who was lying very ill in his wagon with no attendants but a couple of raw Kaffirs. I rode as hard as I could, and found him among the kepjes of the Drakenberg, between Lydenberg and Wakkersthoom, very bad with fever, which he had contracted somewhere in the low country to the northwest. I tended him for some days, until he was clearly out of danger, and then suddenly remembered that I had to be in Greytown on Monday morning. I was then sitting on the wagon box, drinking my morning coffee, at 6 a. m. Saturday morning. Grewtown was 220 miles away, but I was at my post there at 10 a. m. and in addition took a second prize, both in the running and jumping competitions.

DUNKHORST A MAMMOTH.

Record of the Boxer Who Will Fight at Athens.

Since the days when Joe McAuliffe came out of the west to win fame in the prize ring there never was a boxer of note who possessed the same generous proportions claimed by Ed Dunkhorst, who meets Joe Butler at Athens tomorrow evening. Dunkhorst is six feet high, and weighs, in condition, 225 pounds. He has been nicknamed the "Mastodon," and it is well earned. But Dunkhorst is different from most of the big fellows in that he is fast as a feather-weight. Those who witnessed his terrific fight with Peter Maher at the Arena need no further verification of that statement. Fast as Maher was, Dunkhorst was equally so, and, although Maher won, he did not get off scot free by any means. While a comparatively newcomer in the ring, Dunkhorst's dozen battles have already demonstrated the possibilities of his huge frame, when thoroughly seasoned. One peculiarity of Dunkhorst's is that he seems to be immune from the blows soporific, which so many boxers succumb to. Up to the present time he has never been knocked out, and it looks as though he never will be. Although he was in no condition for a contest when he met Maher at the Arena, and the Irish champion landed again and again on his jaw the pummeling he received did not seem to affect "Dunk." He took it all good naturedly, and Maher, who always believed his good right hand was invincible, was dumfounded. Dunkhorst has declared that had he been in shape he would have beaten Maher that night, and many good judges agree with him. When Gus Ruhlin was at his best and Dunkhorst only a novice it took the former twenty-two rounds to win from the Syracuse man at the Greater New York Athletic club. The experience he gained there did Dunkhorst good, for he went right up to Toronto and beat Charley Strong so badly that the referee stopped the bout in the fourth round. Frank Childs, the colored giant, met "Dunk" at Detroit for eight rounds, and the Cadillac Athletic club witnessed the fastest fighting ever seen in that section.

ANIMALS

Have Steadily Decreased in Size Since Prehistoric Times.

Most of the gigantic animals of geological eras belonged to species which have completely vanished, and of those which have living representatives it is difficult to say whether they have undergone a true change of size or whether the modern examples are merely survivals of smaller contemporary varieties. The larger animals have a tendency to disappear first in a partial failure of food supply. Gigantic armadilloes closely resembling those of the present day were formerly abundant in South America. The remains of huge sloths are found in Cuba and North America. Sharks attaining a length of more than 100 feet are found in comparatively recent fossil deposits. Another fish which represents a larger prehistoric species is the American bony pike, which is one of the few survivals of the enormous ganoids of the secondary strata. The tiny nautilus of the present day had kindred 10 or 12 feet long in early times. Another small shell fish, the pteropod, whose delicately complex structure is packed in an inch of shell, is found in fossil remains to have reached the respectable length of a couple of feet.

Origin of the Word News.

It is popular to say that the word "news" is derived from the initial letters of the four points of the compass, arranged in a device in the form of a cross, and placed at the top of some of the earliest news sheets to indicate that their contents were derived from all quarters, but it is easy to show that this is purely fanciful. The earliest English newspaper dates from 1662, yet we find the word "news" exactly in its modern sense in Shakespeare, who died fifty years earlier—namely, in 1616. Thus we have in "Macbeth," "How now? What news?" In "Winter's Tale," "But let time's news be brought." In "King John," "Even at that news he dies." This list, which might be much prolonged, effectually disposes of the popular theory.

Seven at a Birth.

The greatest number of children born at a birth was seven. This case is well authenticated. It occurred in Hamelin, Germany, in 1600; and in a house which is yet standing and bears the following inscription: "Here resided a citizen, Roemer by name. His spouse, Anna Bregres, well known in the town, when they wrote the year 1600. On January 9th, in the morning at three, bare two boys and five maidens at the one time. They having received holy baptism, died a blessed death on the 20th of the same month at twelve o'clock. May God grant them that blessedness which is prepared for all believers."