

TERMS: \$1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

Independent on all Subjects

NO. 32

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC CO., N. J. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1878

Connecticut Gypsies.

seen them together, day after day, only to suspect that they seemed to appreciate each other. Only of late the demon of suspicion had entered my mind. Then I frankly acknowledged my fears, and asked that they should see each other no more. And they did so, but with a cool insolence that maddened me. I saw that there was a secret between them, and I knew it meant that I had lost the woman I loved, and that the man whom I had so befriended had robbed me of her.

The thought had rankled in me like this for some months. I had become moody and ill, separating myself from both of them so that I might not witness the happiness I had lost. This day Edmund had come to me, and with affected pity, offered me a glass of wine, saying that he would explain all. Ay, explain with cool indifference the falsehoods of them both. I had done well. My act was justice, not revenge.

I had been sitting with my eyes bent upon the floor; as I saw the traitor of Edmund, which hung upon the wall before me. My gaze fastened upon it with a kind of fascination. The frank, boyish eyes looked down upon me with what seemed a mute appeal for the man slowly dying in his face. I felt that I had been forgiven, but I felt my evil resolution melting away beneath its influence; but I could not. With the swiftness of thought a sense of horror for my meditated crime, and pity for my victim, rushed over me. Deeply as he had wronged me, I felt that I must forgive him.

I arose and went to the safe, intending to release him; but first called his

re gypses to be me

With fingers weak as dead already? "I tried to turn the handle, but it wouldn't budge," I told the police. "I tried to pull the bolt, and pulled at the knob. The door remained immovable. I had lost the combination by which I had fastened it. My insane fury had banished every number of it from my mind. Overcome with the horror of my position, I staggered to a chair and sat down. My reason fled, and I lay there for hours. I must be a murderer in spite of myself."

I was aware that once having lost the arrangement by which I had locked the door, it might be the task of days, perhaps weeks, to recover it again. Meanwhile Edmund must wait outside, and I could not leave him in such an atmosphere of the safe would be exhausted in a little over an hour, and there was not the smallest crevice by

which it could be renewed.

Once again I ran to the door and tried every combination I fancied might be the true one, but the great metal panel remained as immovable as ever before. Half an hour had already gone; but thirty minutes of life was left to the poor creature I had so madly sacrificed to my jealousy.

To the latest day of my life I shall remember the awful experience of those few short moments. All my love for

the poor boy came back with redoubled intensity. I forgot his baseness to me; I forgot all but the years we had lived together as brothers. Vague thoughts of basting, for aid and tools to blow the safe apart came to me, but I knew that Edmund must be dead many hours before even that could be accomplished. Back I went to the combination and whirled it round and round until the figures seemed to glare like sparks of fire before my dizzy eyes. Still the safe refused to render up its victim.

But fifteen minutes more of life re-

I arose once more, uttering a wild prayer to Heaven for pardon and help, and gazed vacantly around the room. My roving eyes fell upon the three heaps of ashes from the burnt letters lying upon the floor. Whether it was from some vague recollection or whether they really existed as I saw them, I know not, but the three heaps seemed to have assumed the shape of three distinct figures.

For a moment I stared at them blankly, then the blessed hope that they might represent the one out of the many thousand combinations that

Who can imagine the passion of joy and relief that swept over upon me, as the massive doors swung slowly back,

exposing the interior of the safe. Edmund lay partly upon the floor, palid as death itself, and utterly insensible; but, thank Heaven, the heart still fluttered feebly; he was not dead.

It was the effort of an instant to lift him out of the safe into purer air; but the work of an hour to call back the life I had so nearly deprive him of. At length, with a deep sigh, he opened his eyes and looked up at me inquiringly.

"Forgive me, Edmund," I cried, in an agony of shame and remorse, "I was mad. I knew not what I was doing. Take her, I am too sinful, too selfish to be worthy of her love."

"If I forgive you," I answered, with hesitating voice, "I will not give your self-condemnation, but I cannot take her in the sense you mean. I told you we loved each other, but it was only as relatives may love. For, Arthur, she is that sister whom, as you know, I lost in childhood. We learned that from each other long ago, and meant to keep the secret until your wedding day; but she has been so unhappy in your absence, and you have been so full of doubts of us, that I felt I must tell you. I hoped you would have told us all."

I could make no reply. The tears that filled my eyes were those of unutterable thankfulness for my narrow escape from an awful crime; and they sealed a firm resolve to be more worthy of the happiness I had so nearly flung away.

It is a bad religion that makes us hate the religion of other people.

children half a dozen little millionaires,
 one of whom expressed his disapprobation
 of the sacrament in stentorian
 tones, and was carried out in disgrace
 by a nurse. Dr. Hall opened the regular
 service with prayer of the Presbyterian
 kind. It is the custom of people to sit
 and bend their body during prayer, and
 nearly all did so—all but perhaps thirty
 men, who rose, like garden pillars of
 the sanctuary, and aggregated in their
 representation the tremendous sum of
 100,000,000, if not more.
 The scene was a strange one. Half
 dozen unconscious babes had been

ouched by the clerical finger, tipped in Croton water, and the Creator of the Universe was asked to bless the same, in a million-dollar church, by a \$20,000 pastor, who received at once the moral and personal support of these men, who controlled to-day the destinies and potentials of more than 150,000,000. It suggested a glance at the monetary position of the congregation, and it revealed the presence of men whose names are

shown in the matter of commerce the
men of the world, and who, combined
would have a power greater than that of any
single number of men in any church in
the United States. A few of the most
prominent are as follows: Robert L.
Ingham, Robert Bonner, William Libbey,
Henry B. Hyde, Jacob D. Vermilye,
Henry G. DeForest, James Fraser,
John N. Morfmer, William Stoenes,
Charles Flak, John A. Stewart, and
others. We have already exceeded the ag-
gregate of two hundred millions of dol-
lars, either owned or in the control of
the United States, and there are a large

world around him, and who, combined
with a power greater than that of any
other man in the world, succeeded in
the United States. A few of the most
important are as follows: Robert L.
Henry, G. D. Hyde, Jacob D. Vermilye,
Henry G. D. Forest, James Fraser,
John N. Morfimer, William Sloane,
Frederick Flax, John S. Sweeney, the
aggregate of two hundred millions of dol-
lars, either owned or in the control of
the persons named. There are a score
of others, whose combined figures can-
not be less than one hundred millions,
and still another score who control one
half that sum. The prayer is heard
and the golden rule is in exemplification of the
salutary thereof, pronounced, Miss
Gilmann and her people, leg, appar-
ent, to become a reality, and the tramp
of her majestic limb beat in unison with
the measured cadence of the speaker's
voice. There stood the calm, pos-
sessed, the great man, whose name
was known to the world, attributed a
great part of his world-known triumphs
to William Libbey, a member of
his church, and a constant attendant
in its services. He always stands in
prayer-time, and looks more like a Cal-
vinistic preacher than one whose firm
faith is in the power of prayer, for
whom an army of clerks took for daily
direction and control. There, too, was
the editor and proprietor of the famous
weekly paper whose leaves are scattered
to the hundred thousands throughout
the land; a man whose very forces are
the better than the present forces of the
better.

world around him, and who, combined can equal a power greater than that of any individual man. The number of men in the United States is about 75,000,000. A few of the most prominent are as follows: Robert L. Taft, president; Robert Bonner, William Libbey, Henry B. Hyde, Jacob D. Vernaly, Henry G. De Forest, James Fraser, John N. Morfin, William Sloane, Alexander Flak, John A. Stewart, and others. There are already in the United States over two hundred millions of dollars, either owned or in the control of the persons named. There are a score of others, whose combined figures cannot be less than one hundred millions, and still another score who control one-half that sum. The prayer in the hall, in the golden cables went on, easily in the form of a symphony. The prayer of the president, who had been preceded, by William Libbey and her golden light appeared to become a reality, and the stamp of her majestic limb best in union with the measured cadence of the speaker's voice. There stood the calm, wise, brave man, to whose expansive ability the late A. T. Stewart, attributed the success of the great American of Columbus. William Libbey is a member of the church, and a constant attendant in its services. He always stands in prayer-time, and looks more like a Calvaryist preacher than one whose firm faith is good for \$50,000,000. He has an army of clerks, and is a very busy man. There, too, was the editor and proprietor of the famous weekly paper whose leaves are scattered by the hundred thousands throughout the land; a man whose very forces are represented by those the president of the United States, whose word is better than his bond, and whose good will is worth \$10,000,000. On the platform stood a man with a long head and a stalwart frame. He represents over \$300,000,000. Mr. Henry B. Hyde, of life insurance note, is a young man of melancholy look, as becomes his usual face. He is a member of the church. Robert Bonner, belongs to the church, and is rarely absent from its services; Bank presidents, executive officers of great trust companies, railway directors, insurance men, merchants and bankers of vast personal property and still vaster corporate wealth stood with him, and with the prayer of the nation, the Heavenly Father for a blessing on the children. They stood as he continued his prayer, which, by customary gradations, ascended to the plane of personal representation and acknowledgement of the divine goodness and power. Then the Rev. Dr. John Hall ceased, and they all sat down.

world around him, and who, combined can equal a power greater than that of any single nation, and who, in the eyes of the great majority of States, are few of the most illustrious, are as follows:—Robert L. Stuart, Robert Bonner, William Libbey, Henry B. Hyde, Jacob D. Vernaly, Henry G. De Forest, James Fraser, John N. Morfin, William Sloane, Alexander Flack, John A. Stewart, and others, but already mentioned, are the agents of two hundred millions of dollars, either owned or in the control of the persons named.—There are a score of others, whose combined figures cannot be less than one hundred millions, and still another score who control one-half that sum.—The prayer in behalf of the golden badge went on, until, in the presence of the congregation, the speaker, who, throughout, was personified, Miss Williams, and her golden legs appeared, to become a reality, and the stamp of her majestic limb best in union with the measured cadence of the speaker's oratory.—There stood the calm, wise, brave man, to whose expansive ability the late A. T. Stewart was indebted for the success of his great iron triumph.—William Libbey, a member of the House of Representatives, a member of the Senate, and a constant attendant in its services. He always stands in prayer-time, and looks more like a Calvinistic preacher than one whose firm faith is good for \$50,000,000.—The man whose arm, in the great reconstruction and reconstruction.—There, too, was the editor and proprietor of the famous weekly paper whose leaves are scattered by the hundred thousands throughout the land; a man whose very forces are represented by the president of the United States, whose wide world is better than his home, and whose good fortune is the side of \$10,000,000.—On the platform stood a man with a long head and a stalwart frame. He represents over \$30,000,000. Mr. Henry B. Hyde, of life insurance note, is a young man of melancholy look, but he has the heart of a lion, like Mr. Libbey and Mr. Robert Bonner, who belongs to the service; and is rarely absent from its services; Bank presidents, executive officers of great trust companies, railway directors, insurance men, merchants, and bankers of vast personal property and still vaster corporate wealth, good men, all, who were continued to petition the Heavenly Father for a blessing on the children. They stood as he continued his prayer, which, by customary gradations, ascended to the plane of personal representation and acknowledgement of the divine goodness and power.—Then the Rev. Dr. John Hall arose, and they all sat down.

A True Tramp Story—Of Course.

A story has been told us which seems to go far in corroboration of the late story of Twed's theory of chance. It is a story that something like a year ago a tramp called at the house of Mr. Bailey, of Moss township, N. Y., and asked permission to stop all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper.

world around him, and who, combined can equal a power greater than that of any individual group of men in the world. He is the Father of the world. A few of the most prominent Robert are as follows: Robert L. Stuart, Robert Bonner, William Libbey, Henry B. Hyde, Jacob D. Vernaly, Henry G. De Forest, James Fraser, John N. Morfin, William Sloane, Alexander Flak, John A. Stewart, and others. He is already a stock owner in the United States, two hundred millions of dollars, either owned or in the control of the persons named. There are a score of others, whose combined figures cannot be less than one hundred millions, and still another score who control one-half that sum. The prayer in Isaiah, in the golden bible, was not, usually in the contemplation of a stock owner, but of a man who was interested, like William Libbey and her golden leg, as a man, to become a really, and the stamp of her mental limb best in union with the measured cadence of the speaker's voice. There stood the calm, wise, wise, have man, to your executive ability. The late A. T. Stewart, standing in the hall of the New York Public Library, Dr. William Libbey is a member, of this church, and a constant attendant in its services. He always stands in prayer-time, and looks more like a Calvinistic preacher than one whose firm investment is good for \$50,000,000, and who has an army of clerks at his command. There stood, there too, was the editor and proprietor of the famous weekly paper whose leaves are scattered by the hundred thousands throughout the land; a man whose very forces are represented by the president of the United States, whose word is better than his bond, and whose bond is good for any man or woman in the world. There stood a man with a long, a man with a stalwart frame. He represents over \$30,000,000. Mr. Henry B. Hyde, of life insurance note, is a young man of melancholy look, as becomes his business. He too, like Mr. Libbey and Robert Bonner, belongs to the churches, and is rarely absent from its services; Bank presidents, executive officers of great trust companies, railway directors, insurance men, merchants, and bankers of vast personal property and still vaster corporate wealth stood silent while the preacher, in the name of the Father, prayed, either for a blessing on the Holy City, or for the blessing on the church. They stood as he continued his prayer, which, by customary gradations, ascended to the plane of personal representation and acknowledgement of the divine goodness and power. Then the Rev. Dr. John Hall, in the name of the Father, said:

A True Trans-Story-Of Course.

A story has been told us which seems to be in corroboration of the same Twisted theory of chance. It is a story that something like a year ago a tramp called at the house of Mr. Bailey, a Moss town, N. Y., and asked permission to stop all night. A little personification led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey, who was a very good woman, but was on the edge of paid no attention. Again calling, the mother used the full given name of the child:

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear?"

The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked, mustily, "Isabella, have you any relations of that name?"

"Yes," said the lady. "That was my

world around him who combined an equal power greater than that of any single number of men in any other land. He was the "Zow of the most potent beneficent force as yet known." Robert L. Bennett; William Libbey, Henry B. Hyde, Jacob D. Vermilye, Henry G. De Forest, James Fraser, John N. Morfimer, William Sloane, Alexander Flak, John A. Stewart, and already we have recorded the names of the great benefactors of millions of dollars either owned or in the control of the persons named. There are scores of others, whose combined figures cannot be less than one hundred millions, and still another score who control one half that sum. The prayer in Isaiah at the golden babies went on, until, in the contemplation of the enormous wealth of the world, it said: "The mountains shall become a reality, and the dream of her majestic limb best in union with the measured cadence of the speaker's voice. There stood the calm, wise heaven man, to whose executive ability he late A. T. Stewart, attributed a great part of his world-known accomplishments. United States members of a large church, and a constant attendant in its services. He always stands in prayer-time, and looks more like a Calvinistic preacher than one whose firm conviction is good for \$50,000,000, and whom an army of clerks took for daily direction and control. There were weekly papers whose leaves are scattered by the hundred thousands throughout the land; a man whose very horses are better housed than the president of the United States, whose bond is better than his bond, and whose bond is better for any sum this side of \$10,000,000. There were a host of others—a bank president and a stalwart farmer. He represented over \$30,000,000. Mr. Henry B. Hyde, of life insurance note, is a young man of melancholy look, as becomes his business. He too, like Mr. Libbey and Mr. Robert Bonner, belongs to the service. Bank presidents, executive officers of great trust companies, railway directors, insurance men, merchants, and bankers of vast personal property and still vaster corporate wealth stood about the preacher continued to mention the Heavenly Father for a blessing upon the children. And as he blessed them, which, by custom, gradations, ascended to the plane of personal representation and acknowledgement of the divine goodness and power. Then the Rev. Dr. John Hall uttered, and they all sat down.

A True Framp Story—Of Course.

A story has been told us which seems to go far in corroboration of the late "twisted" theory of chances. It is a true story, and it is a true story. It is a true story called at the house of Mr. Bailey, of Moss town, N. Y., and asked permission to stop all night. A little person led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey called to her little daughter, but the young one paid no attention. Again calling, the mother used the full given name of the child.

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear?"

The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked, musingly, "Isabella Stevens? Isabella Stevens? Have you ever seen any relation of that name?"

"Yes," said the lady, "that was my mother's name."

"There is," said the tramp, "an unfortunate fortune in Cornwall, England, which has been for twenty years awaiting a claimant of that name who is supposed to be in America."

He then proceeded to give all the details he could, and the result was that the Bailey woman, seated opposite to her mother, who secured the fortune, was enjoying the fruits of her daughter's hospitality to the tramp.

THE END OF THE TRAMP.

Those who have attained maturity

world around him who combined can equal a power greater than that of any single number of men in any country in the world." "Of course," said one of the most prominent converts as he bowed: "Robert L. Stuart, Robert Bonner, William Libbey, Henry G. Hyde, Jacob D. Vermilye, Henry G. De Forest, James Fraser, John N. Morfimer, William Sloane, Alexander Flak, John A. Stewart, and—there are already we have exceeded the ten million mark." "The millions of dollars, either owned or in the control of the persons named? There are a score of others, whose combined figures cannot be less than one hundred millions, and still another score who control one half that sum. The prayer in Isaiah's old golden bible went on, until, in the contemplation of the enormous numbers of people possessed by the millions and hundreds of legions appeared to become a reality, and the tramp uttered his lamb best in jubilation with the measured cadence of the speaker's voice. There stood the calm, wise, heaven man, for whose executive ability he late A. T. Stewart, attributed a great part of his well-known triumphs. He was from New York City, and had been a churchman for many years in its services. He always stands in veneration time, and looks more like a Calvinistic preacher than one whose firm conviction is good for \$50,000,000, and who has an army of clerks took for daily direction and control. There, too, was the editor and proprietor of the Standard, and the thousands of names scattered over the hundred thousands throughout the land; a man whose very horses are better housed than the president of the United States, whose word is better than his bond, and whose bond is good for any sum this side of \$100,000,000. On the same stand stood Frank H. Rowland, a capitalist and a sainted friend. He represented over \$30,000,000. Mr. Henry B. Hyde, of life insurance note, is a young man of melancholy look, as becomes his business. He too, like Mr. Libbey and Mr. Robert Bonner, belongs to the church, and is rarely seen outside in the affairs of great trusts companies, railway directors, insurance men, merchants, and bankers of vast personal property and still vaster corporate wealth stood while the preacher continued to mention the Heavenly Father for a blessing on the children. They stood as he continued his prayer, which, by the way, was not according to the plan of personal representation and acknowledgment of the divine goodness and power. Then the Rev. Dr. John Hall stepped forward, and they all sat down.

A True Tramp Story—Of Course.

A story has been told us which seems so far in corroboration of the late Thomas Twedd's theory of chances. It is said that something like a year ago it happened at a small town near Bay, in the town of Newport, N. Y., and asked permission to stop all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey called her daughter to her side, and the young one paid no attention. Again calling the mother used the full given name of the child:

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear me?"

The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked, musingly, "Isabella Stevens? Isabella Stevens? Have you ever met any relations of that name?"

"Yes," said the lady, "that was my father's maiden name."

"There is," said the tramp, "an Italian family living in England, which has been for twenty-year available chairman of that name who is supposed to be in America."

He then proceeded to give all the details of his life, and the result was that Mrs. Bailey communicated the facts to her mother, who secured the fortune teller, and the following day her daughter's hospitality to the tramp.

Unexplained Regions of Africa.

Those who have attained maturity may recall seeing upon maps of Africa a large black space in the center, indicating a region of unexplored territory. Of late years explorers have penetrated its mysteries, and ascertained that this region of great equatorial lakes and rivers, and that an immense plain among mountains crowned with eternal snow is watered by great rivers, prospects for the future are bright. The discovery of gold in the interior of Africa, and the knowledge that this mythical land is, how- ever, the shade of savages, who are acknowledged to be the cause of human suffering, has excited the interest of the world. As least five thousand slaves

world around him who combined can equal a power greater than that of any single number of men in any other country. Robert are as follows:—Robert L. Tamm, J. M. McKim, William Libbey, Henry B. Hyde, Jacob D. Verelotte, Henry G. De Forest, James Fraser, John N. Morison, William Sloane, Arthur Parker, John A. Stewart, and at already we have exceeded the aggregate of two hundred millions of dollars, either owned or under the control of others. There are a score of others, whose combined figures cannot be less than one hundred millions, and still another score who control one half that sum. The prayer in behalf of the golden babies went on, until in the contemplation of the enormous wealth thereabout personified, Miss Cline sang and her golden legs appeared again. Then she sang the hymn which, by her metallic limb, beat in unison with the measured cadence of the speaker's voice. There stood the calm, wise young man, to whose executive ability the late A. T. Stewart attributed a great part of his world-known triumphs. Mr. William Libbey is a member, of this church, and a constant attendant in its services. His vast estate in real-estate alone looks more like California than any other place. He is an able preacher than whose firm credit is good for \$50,000,000, and who has an army of clerks took for daily direction and control. There, too, was he editor and proprietor of the famous weekly paper whose leaves are scattered by the hundred thousands throughout the land; a man who controlled the campaign of 1896, and who had been president of the United States, whose word is better worth than his bond, and whose bond is good for any sum up to \$10,000,000. On the next aisle stood a man with a long head and a stalwart frame. He represented the life insurance note. He is representative of melancholy look, as becomes his unhealthiness. He, too, like Mr. Libbey and Dr. Robert Bonner, belongs to the church, and is rarely absent from its services. Bank presidents, executive officers of great trust companies, railway directors, insurance men, merchants, and bankers of vast personal property were present. They listened to the sermon with the preacher continued to address upon the Heavenly Father for a blessing on the children. They stood as he continued his prayer, which, by customary gradations, ascended to the plane of personal representation and acknowledgment of the divine goodness and power. Then the Rev. Dr. John Hall closed, and they all sat down.

A True Tramp Story—Of Course

A story has been told us which seems to afford some corroboration of the late Twined's theory of chances. It is a true tramp called at the house of Mr. Bailey, Moss township, N. Y., and asked permission to stop all night. A little persuasion led to his request being granted, and he was also asked to take supper. During the meal Mrs. Bailey was talking over her little daughter, but the mother did not hear what she said. Again the mother used the full given name of the child:

"Isabella Stevens, don't you hear me?"

The tramp looked up as if interested, and remarked, musingly, "Isabella Stevens? Isabella Stevens? Have you got to any relation of that name?" "Yes," answered the mother, "that was my father's maiden name."

"There is," said the tramp, "an unfortunate fortune in Cornwall, England, which has been for twenty years awaiting a claimant of that name who supposed to be in America."

He then proceeded to give all the details he could, and the result was that Isabella Stevens learned the facts to her mother, who secured the fortune, and was enjoying the fruits of her father's hospitality to the tramp.

Those who have attained maturity may recall springing across maps of Africa, black spots in the center of the unknown, land unexplored and undiscovered. Of late years explorers have penetrated its mysteries, and ascertained that this region of great equatorial lakes is one of the most populous and fertile of the earth, and that an immense plain, among mountains crowded with eternal snow, descends from their feet to the sea. This finding has, however, left little doubt of savages, who are perpetual war with each other, and who mutually cause destruction of human life computed at hundreds of thousands yearly. As least forty thousand slaves are also annually captured, there, for sale upon the coast. The Central African Republic, needed by the King of the Netherlands, desires to conquer the entire population of the country by force of arms, and thereby acquire an extra social

let me go to school any more, and made

"I'm not to school any more, and made myself papers. She used to give me eight cents every evening 'n I'd buy myself 'n sell 'em. Sometime the big boys hit me 'n took the papers, 'n then I always got a school 'n sometimes a Las' night I got stuck with these papers, 'n then she put me to work, sayin' that if I wasn't fit to earn money I wasn't fit to eat."

"Did you get enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes, sir," with some hesitation.

"Did you get any breakfast?"

"Most always I didn't. 'n sometimes I'd piece out a little, that was'n't good."

"Often, a didn't mind it."

"With a smile, "for I wasn't always hungry in the mornin'."

"And for dinner?"

"'Tud a piece o' bread 'n butter. 'n you know the lady went out washin', 'n so she was'n't always home," he observed.

"I must go to school any more, and made
me sell papers. She used to give me
eight cents every evening an' I'd buy
me a new paper an' sell 'em. Sometimes the big
boys hit me an' tore the papers, an' then
I always got a scoldin' an' sometimes a
lickin' at home. Tas' night got stuck
on three papers, an' then she put me
to sleep, sayin' that if I wasn't fit to earn
money I wasn't fit to eat."

"Did you get enough to eat?"

"Yes, sir, with some hesitation."

"Did you get any breakfast?"

"Most always I did, but. Sometimes I
got a piece of bread, but that wasn't
often. I didn't mind it," he added
with a smile, "for I wasn't always
hungry in the mornin'."

"And for dinner?"

"I got a piece of bread an' butter."

"You know the lady went out washin',
an' you was'n't always home," he ob-
served apologetically. "For supper I
sometimes got meat."

"Did you have anything to eat this
mornin'?"

"Yes, sir; I had a penny in my
pocket and I bought a roll. What sort
of a place is the Protectory?" he in-
quired.

"It's a nice place where little boys
come to read an' write and learn a
trade. Do you like to go?"

"Yes, sir; I like to learn."

"Good. Hooray!" said the officer,
and little Henry Neeland smiled. "Good-
bye, sir," and accompanied the officer
to the car. Poor little fellow! An or-

"I must go to school any more, and made me sell papers. She used to give me eight cents every evening an I'd buy some papers an' sell 'em. Sometimes the big boys hit me an' tore the papers, an' then I always got a scolding. Last night I got stuck with three papers, an' then she put me down, sayin' that if I wasn't fit to earn money I wasn't fit to eat."

"Did you get enough to eat?"

"Oh! yes, sir," with some hesitation.

"Did you get any breakfast?"

"Most always I didn't. Sometimes I got a piece o' bread, an' that wasn't much. I didn't mind it," he added with a smile, "for I wasn't always hungry in the mornin'."

"And for dinner?"

"I got a piece o' bread an' butter. You know the lady went out washin', an' she wasn't always home," he observed apologetically. "For supper I got some cold meat."

"Did you have anything to eat this mornin'?"

"No, sir. I had a penny in my pocket, but I bought a roll. What sort o' a place is the Protectory?" he inquired.

"It's a nice place where little boys learn to do and write and learn a trade. Do you like to go?"

"Yes, sir; I like to learn."

"Come, Henry," said the officer.

And little Henry Neeland smiled "Good-bye, sir," and accompanied the officer to the gate. "Poor little fellow! An orphan, beaten, kicked, starved, he knows he dark side of life, but his dubious companions have not corrupted him. Little Henry Neeland will become a good man."

"I must go to school any more, and made me sell papers. She used to give me eight cents every evening an I'd buy three papers an' sell 'em. Sometimes the big boys hit me an' tore the papers, an' then I always got a scolding an' sometimes I was flogged. I'd 'sist night an' got stuck on these papers, an' then she put me on soap, sayin' that if I wasn't at it to earn money I wasn't fit to eat."

"Did you get enough to eat?"

"Oh! yes, sir," with some hesitation.

"Did you get any breakfast?"

"Most always I didn't. Sometimes I got a piece of bread, but that wasn't no use. I didn't eat night an' I knowed I was starvin' smil' for I wasn't always hungry in the mornin'."

"And for dinner?"

"I got a piece of bread an' butter. You know the lady went out washin', an' so she wasn't always home," he observed apologetically. "For supper I sometimes got meat."

"Did you have anything to eat this mornin'?"

"Yes, sir; I had a penny in my pocket and I bought a roll. What's that?"

"That is the Protectory?" he inquired.

"It's a nice place where little boys are learn'd to read and write and learn a trade. Do you like to go?"

"Yes, sir; I like to learn."

"Come, Henry," said the officer, and little Henry Neeland smiled. "Good bye, sir," and accompanied the officer to the car. Poor little fellow! I ought to have known, I thought, he would be on the side of life, but his dubious complaints have not corrupted him. Little Henry Neeland will become a worthy man.

The Riches English woman.

Mr. Thomas Coutts died, aged 51, in 1823. He did not find the house, but he gave it the name it enjoys, *Many Burdett*, the mother of Barbara Burdett Coutts, was his third daughter, and his first wife, a young woman of very humble origin. He left the whole of his immense wealth, after providing handsomely for his daughters, to his second wife, Miss Mellon, a celebrated actress, and she no doubt, in accordance with his wishes, bequeathed it to his youngest daughter. Why lady Burdett-Coutts was thus selected has not been explained.

Miss Coutts was a very beautiful woman, who has inherited this prodigious fortune and has become a central figure in English society. The London papers of 1824, when she emerged from widowhood, devoted much space to her belongings: "Mrs. Coutts, entertained at dinner last night H. R. H. the Duke of York; the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Argyll, and the Duke of Cambridge."

"I don't go to school any more, and made
 myself papers. She used to give me
 eight cents every evening an' I'd buy
 myself an' sell 'em. Sometimes the big
 boys hit me 'n' tore the papers, an' then
 I always got a scolding. An' sometimes
 I was in the 'trot' last night, 'n' got stuck
 on these papers, an' then she put me
 down, sayin' that if I wasn't at it to earn
 money I wasn't fit to eat."
 "Did you get enough to eat?"
 "Oh! yes, sir," with some hesitation.
 "Did you get any breakfast?"
 "Most always I did, but. Sometimes I
 got a piece o' bread, but that wasn't
 nothing. I didn't mind it," he added
 with a shrug. "I wasn't always
 hungry in the mornin'."
 "And for dinner?"
 "I got a piece o' bread an' butter."
 "You know the lady went out washin',
 n' so she wasn't always home," he ob-
 served apologetically. "For supper I
 sometimes got meat."
 "Did you have anything to eat this
 mornin'?"
 "Yes, sir; I had a penny in my
 pocket and I bought a roll. What the
 name is the Protectory?" he inquired.
 "'Tis a nice place where little boys
 learn to read and write and learn a
 trade. Do you like to go?"
 "Yes, sir; I like to learn."
 "Come, Henry," said the officer,
 and little Henry Neeland smiled. "Good
 bye, sir," and accompanied the officer
 to the car. Poor little fellow! An or-
 phan, beaten, kicked, starved, he was
 the victim of a cruel life, but his dubious
 complaints have not corrupted him.
 Little Henry Neeland will become a
 good man.

The Richard English woman.

Mr. Thomas Couzts, aged 51, in
 1822: He did not found the house, but
 it gave it the name it enjoys. Lady
 Burdett, the mother of Barbara Burdett
 Couzts, was his third daughter by
 his first wife, an excellent woman of
 his time. He left the whole
 of his immense wealth, after providing
 handsomely for his daughters, to his
 second wife, Miss Mellor, a celebrated
 actress, and she no doubt, in accordance
 with his wishes, bequeathed it to his
 third daughter. Why Lady Burdett-
 Couzts was thus selected has not been
 explained. An accident, Mr. Couzts
 was so unfortunate as to inherit this prodigious
 fortune, she became a central figure in
 English society. The London papers of
 1824, when she emerged from widow-
 hood, devoted much space to her
 doings: "Mrs. Couzts, entertained at
 dinner last night H. R. H. the Duke of
 Gloucester; the Duke of Wellington, the
 Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and
 half a dozen of the most notable
 of the day, notably in Disraeli's "Vivian
 Grey." Five years later she married
 the Duke of St. Albans, but a life
 annuity of £50,000 a year was all the
 St. Albans' family got by the marriage. He
 was a few years old when she married
 him, for in her youth every
 penny had been of importance to the
 struggling actress.

In the early part of her career the
 Baroness Burdett-Couzts was like
 Queen Victoria—to whom men in the
 orbit of the theatre used to write notes
 say they had caught the glimpse of the
 "prince" half a dozen times, and
 "consorts" dreadfully
 distressed by would be suitors; and a cer-
 tain Mr. Dupa became such an importu-
 nable nuisance that she had to seek a
 legal remedy.

There is little doubt that her money
 was made her an old maid, but she
 probably finds compensation in the fact
 that she has the most royal

"I want you to school any more, and made me sell papers. She used to give me eight cents every evening as I'd buy newspapers," she told "em. Sometimes the big boys hit me," wrote the papers, and "then always got a scolding." Mrs. Coutts sometimes said she might get stuck on those papers, and then she put me down again, saying that if I wasn't fit to earn money I wasn't fit to eat."

"Did you get enough to eat?"

"Oh! yes, sir," with some hesitation.

"Did you get any breakfast?"

"Most always I did, but not. Sometimes I got a piece of bread, but that was'n't sufficient," she smiled.

"For I wasn't always hungry in the mornin'."

"And for dinner?"

"I got a piece o' bread an' butter."

"You know the lady went out washin', n'r no so she wasn't always home," he observed apologetically. "For supper I sometimes got meat."

"Did you have anything to eat this mornin'?"

"Yes, sir; I had a penny in my pocket and I bought a roll. What's the name of it? Is the Protectory?" he inquired.

"It's a nice place where little boys learn to read and write and learn a trade. Do you like to go?"

"Yes, sir; I like to learn."

"Come, Henry," said the officer.

"Little Henry Neeland smiled. "Good bye, sir," and accompanied the officer to the car. Poor little fellow! As Mr. Chapman, being kind, told him, he knows his own mind, and he has no doubts or complaints have not corrupted him. Little Henry Neeland will become a good man."

The Richesd English woman.

Mr. Thomas Coutts died, aged 61, in 1823. He did not found the house, but he gave it its fame. It enjoys many names. The mother of Barbara Burdett-Coutts, was his third daughter by his first wife. Her father was a very humble origin. He left the whole of his immense wealth, after providing secondly wife, Miss Mellon, a celebrated actress, and she no doubt, in accordance with his wishes, bequeathed it to his youngest daughter. Why Lady Burdett-Coutts was thus selected has not been explained.

She inherited this prodigious fortune as became a central figure in English society. The London papers of 1824, when she emerged from widowhood, devoted much space to her belongings: "Mrs. Coutts entertained at her former last night H. R. H. the Duke of York; the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Argyll, etc., and the figures in half a dozen novels of that day, notably in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey." Five years later she married the Duke of St. Albans, but a life annuity of £20,000 a year was all that her family got for her marriage. The Duke's family could well how to hold the country strings, for in her youth every young man had been of importance to the struggling actress.

In the early part of her career the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was, like Queen Victoria—to whom men in the circle of the theatre used to write and say they had caught the essence of her—she was ready to consent to become prince's consort—dreadfully seduced by would be suitors; and a certain Mr. Dunn became such an insufferable nuisance that she had to seek a legal remedy.

There is little doubt that her money was an old maid, but she probably finds compensation in the fact that it has also made her the most popular woman in London, with which city the Barons were closely identified herself; for Lady B. Coutts, with all her millions, has no country seat, except a villa, inherited from the Duchess of St. Albans, at Highgate, in sight of the metropolis. Her town house is an immense air-windowed mansion in Stratton street, a *cui de sac* which runs along the walls of Devonshire House, locally. Its windows command a

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"I want you to school any more, and made me sell papers. She used to give me eight cents every evening an' I'd buy some an' sell 'em. Sometimes the big boys hit me an' tore the papers, an' then she always got a scolding an' sometimes she always got a scolding. Last night got stuck on these papers, an' then she put me to school, sayin' that if I wasn't at it to earn money I wasn't fit to eat."
 "Did you get enough to eat?"
 "Oh! yes, sir," with some hesitation.
 "Did you get any breakfast?"
 "Most always I did, 'nt. Sometimes I got a piece o' bread, but that wasn't often. I didn't mind it. If she was hungry in the mornin'." "And for dinner?"
 "I got a piece o' bread an' butter. You know the lady went out washin', 'nt? so she wasn't always come," he observed apologetically. "For supper I sometimes got meat."
 "Did you have anything to eat this mornin'?"
 "Yes, sir; I had a penny in my pocket and I bought a roll. What sort of a place is the Protectory?" he inquired.
 "It's a nice place where little boys learn to do right and write and learn a trade. You would like to go?"
 "Yes, sir; I like to learn."
 "Come, Henry," said the officer, and little Henry Neeland smiled. "Good bye, sir," and accompanied the officer to the car. Poor little fellow! An orphan, a beggar, kicked, starved, he knows the dark side of life, but his dubious education has corrupted him, and little Henry Neeland will become a good man.
 The richest English woman.
 Mrs. Thomas Courtnay, died, aged 91, in 1882. He did not find the house, but he gave it the name "The Courtnay." Mrs. Burdett, the mother of Barbara Burdett Courtnay, was his third daughter by his first wife, an excellent woman of very humble origin. She was the sole heiress of her father, and after providing handsomely for his daughters, to his second wife, Miss Mellogh, a celebrated actress, and she no doubt, in accordance with his wishes, bequeathed it to his invalid daughter. Why Lady Burdett Courtnay was thus selected has not been explained. As soon as Mrs. Courtnay was known to have inherited this enormous fortune, she became a central figure in English society. The London papers of 1834, when she emerged from widowhood, devoted much space to her doings: "Mrs. Courtnay, entertained at dinner last night H. R. H. the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll," etc., and she has figured in the most notable in Diarists' "Vivian Grey." Five years later she married the Duke of Albany, but a life annuity of £50,000 a year was all her husband's family got by the marriage. The duke knew full well how to hold the purse-strings; for in her youth Mrs. Courtnay was of importance to the struggling actress.
 In the early part of her career the Queen Victoria Burdett Courtnay was, like Queen Victoria, to whom men in the orbit of the theatre used to write notes as they had caught the glances of her eye, and were ready to be snatched by her. She was dreadfully disliked by her husband, and a certain Mr. Dunn became such an insufferable nuisance that he had to seek a legal remedy.
 There is little doubt that her money has made her an old maid, but she probably finds compensation in the fact that it has also made her the most powerful woman in England, in which dry the Harlawes closely identified her wealth; for Lady B. Courtnay, with all her millions, has no country seat, except a villa, inherited from the Duchess of St. Albans, at Highgate; in sight of the metropolis. Her town house is an immense airy windowed mansion in Stratton Street, the front of which runs along the walls of Devonshire House, in London. Its windows command a fine view of what is called the Green Park of Buckingham Palace. The mansion contains quantities of very valuable objects of art, including a cabinet which has been appraised at 18,000 guineas.
 She entertains a great deal, and gives larger dinner parties in her London, but neither her dinners nor her balls are exceptionally recherche. Still she sees all the most interesting people. She is an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone, who in 1871 addressed her in the House of Commons. She has been married several weeks with her in town, some years ago, when her own house was not available.
 Lady Burdett Courtnay is now about sixty; she is tall and thin, with a very pleasing expression of countenance and a pleasing manner, the latter being utterly devoid of the slightest arrogance or pretension. Her husband, the Duke of Albany, is a very rich man, but his wealth will be not be his. His brother, Mr. Robert, is a successful old bachelor, with £300,000 a

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