

NO. 50.

MAY'S LANDING, ATLANTIC CO., N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878.

VOL. I.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

It is all very well for the poets to tell,
By way of their songs adorning.
Of milkmaids who rouse, and to manipulate cows,
At five o'clock in the morning.
And of money young mowers who bundle out
doors,
The charms of their straw beds scoring—
Before break of day to make love and harp,
At five o'clock in the morning.
But between me and you, it is all untrue—
Believe not a word they utter;
To no milkmaid alive does the finger of five
Bring beans—or even bring butter;
The poor, sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
Would do so, perhaps, in a howling—
But the sweet country girls, would they show
their curls
At five o'clock in the morning?
It may not be wrong for the man in the song—
Or the woman—if anxious to settle,
To rise at five, grass, and pop, but also kneel;
What if he popped down on a nettle?
For how could he see what was under his knee?
If in spite of my friendly warning,
He went off of bed and his horse and his head,
At five o'clock in the morning?
It is all very well such stories to tell,
But if I was a maid, all forlorn-ing,
And a lover should drop in the clover to pop
And a lover at five o'clock in the morning:
If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call
three."
If not, I'd dismiss him with scolding—
"Don't come here, you flat, with conundrums
like that.
At five o'clock in the morning!"

A Very Natural Mistake

Dale Vere took his Flor de Puma from his tawny-moustached mouth and scientifically examined it of its column of foaminess, with his white, monogrammed cameo-ringed finger.

"Very pretty name, I admit, Dick—" Stella Ganderland; yes, very artistic in sound and construction. But after all that I can't see why ~~you~~ ^{she} must be expected to go into ecstasies at the prospect of my introduction."

Dick Maltynide drew his brows up into an impatient frown, and tipped the ash off his cigar so emphatically that it did not find its sepulchre in the cuspidor.

"Hang it all, you provoke me beyond endurance. What are you made of, anyhow? Any man living except yourself, would give the eye out of his head to become acquainted with Miss Ganderland, while you—oh, you fooler! wretch—you seem to think she isn't worth the thinking of."

Dick gave a little amused laugh, showing his exquisite teeth—a laugh that was not repeated in his dark deep-gray eyes.

"You're about right, Dick. In my estimation the woman doesn't live who is worth thinking of. What are they but the eyes of a pretty husband hunter, or not a thought about dress and beaux and society? I tell you; women are a—mistake."

And Dale Vere religiously meant every word he said. And the reason he believed it was because of this life he had been too blessed to know. He had been too wealthy and belonged to a proud of their name as everking was of his crown. He had always been a handsome, so handsome that all his life women had courted and caressed him, and he had been so taken with worldly-wise and so he had become selfish, and all the detail of leisure fashionable life until he had come to be unable to find any sweetness in anything, and only resort left him was to take things as they came, allow no feeling to enter his calm, to make no friends, to be an aristocratic society of the advent, and a beauty and an heiress who was creating havoc wherever she went.

Whereas, Dick Maltynide, young as he was, had been a poor fellow, by ten years than Dick-headed and was thirty-five, and continually bursting with indignation against his friend and susceptible comrade for his "bloodlessness."

Just now, Miss Sanderland was the topic under discussion, and Maltynide was in a state bordering on fury at Vere's cold, persistent, sarcastic refusal to be dragged to Mrs. Westmoreland's reception for the sole purpose of an introduction.

"I tell you you've not the least comprehension of what you're missing, Vere. Why, she's—she's perfectly stunning; she's—why, she's a magnificent creature—all curves—"

"Cotton, Dick."

"And creamy skin that—"

"Liquid pearl, beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"And such hair—well—"

"That Gullmand can sell at ten dollars a clutch. I tell you, Dick, I don't hate that!—a puff of blue fragrant smoke!" for the girl who evidently sent you pretty far gone. But, to heal your wounded spirit, I'll consent to the sacrifice of a quiet evening at the club and be led like a lamb to—Mrs. Westmoreland's, to-night."

And that was how it came to happen that at half-past ten o'clock that evening Miss Maltynide was bowing and smiling Mrs. Dale Vere was bowing and smiling, hostess, handsome, languid, easy, bored; to be rushed up into the ten minutes after-ward by Dick Maltynide.

And he was in the music-room with a snob of a cousin of hers—wears his hair parted in the middle, and writes his name the same way. Come daintily want you to have a good sight of her before she sees you."

And they scattered off towards the music room, Vere's face wearing a amused, half-resigned smile, where the door being wide open, he could command a full view of the occupants as he walked down the stairs, two people, one a blonde, slender gentleman, and one a stout, dark, elderly gentleman, seated on a state of pitiable awkwardness on the piano stool, playing delirious choros and arpeggios, with red, fat, fat faces; the other, a slender, exquisite, formed girl, leaning over the piano, her creamy cheeks, her dark hair, her creamy high off a forehead that was the perfection of womanly loveliness.

Her lips were lightly closed—such a—

so suggestive of kisses and love words; lips that were delicately lovely in their scarlet beauty, yet that held the promise of ardent passion in their perfect curves.

A face once seen never to be forgotten. A form so instinct with grace that no man would be satisfied with one look. A presence redolent of that subtle, intangible something, that mystery of unconfessed magnetism—this was Stella Sunderland, and Dale Vere had at first merrily glanced, then took in, in a rapidly interested survey, then regarded with annually eager admiration, and then—

She suddenly lifted her drooped lids and looked straight in his eyes—eyes a half-startled, half-expectant glance in her own dark depths, which told him when some instinctive feeling has told her there are a man's admiring eyes on her.

So their eyes met, and a tinge of exquisite rose hue swept swiftly across, and of her face, while into his eyes there came an eager, sudden balance.

Then he returned to Mattilynde, who stood startled out of her usual insouciance at the emotion so displayed by the hitherto so unalterably calm.

"By Jupiter, Dick, why didn't you tell me? She's the most glorious creature God ever made! Introduce me—quickly—or I'll—"

Dick bestowed on him a look unutterably.

"I'll—that—Why didn't I tell you that you, sinner!"

And the next minute Dale Vere's handsome head was bent reverently before Miss Sunderland, and he recorded a vow in his suddenly-awakened, manly worshiping heart.

"What a woman for a man to love! And I will win her!"

And Dick did win her. Such earnest devotion as he offered her could not have failed of winning any woman's heart, and Miss Dale Vere had assigned himself to be, he was confident enough now that this was the first time in his life that he had ever actually been so loved.

For the first time he knew what jealousy was, when, one day when Stella English cousin was lounging in Sunderland's parlor at the Windmill, and she was in one of her sweetly pious moods that accompanied with a quietest look of sanctified respect to her father, she started to tell him all about her cousin Claude—Claude Renrick Francis, youngest son of Sir Hubert Clarence, who once on a time had wanted to marry his fair cousin, but who, after a series of hopelessly agonies it took to come to the conclusion that he would rather be rejected, had consented to another fair of little, blue-eyed girl, the daughter of Stella's familiar and dearest friend.

Of course, Mr. Dale Vere had no remotest idea that his beloved could entertain a thought of any one else while he was on the carpet, but yet, when, even handsome men, but yet so conscious of their influence and power, and Dale would not be other Mr. James and Stella had not been so thoroughly cozily terms.

But there always was the thought of Stella's familiar that acted as a kind of counter-irritant, until—well—the love romance was bound to have its ups and downs of tragedy that for the being is as threatening as any of gloom.

For an instance it happened strangely; it happened rarely enough, and, as Dale Vere felt, a little natural enough to his face the blue blood coming from him when the sunshiny afternoon when on a sailing vessel, for Stella's appearance stepped on a letter, "lying so close to that without a least effort he caught address, in the unmistakable handwriting of the only man in all the world of whom he was so fond—Mr. F. and the very last of the address were so startlingly little one."

And the address on the envelope beneath the letter was in the unenviable hand, Miss Stella's.

For a second every vestige of self left his handsome face; for a second the darkness around him.

Stella, his love, his betrothed, his "pure fair star," so base, so treacherous. Now he understood their cousinly intimacy, their cousinly intimacy! Now he knew why, he understood it, he had so often seen so hotly jealous, apparently wince. Now he understood it. A woman he had worshipped for first, the one, only woman he had cared for, and who had come with her glory of beauty and even beyond that, a vivid imagination of a nature.

"My darling little one." That that his betrothed wife—his "little one" was playing a game of loose and loose with him and her—while Nita Vere, poor, "my little one," who adored her, whose hearts must suffer and break men were cruel and unkind.

He was still standing beside the rail of estate staring at the proof of Stella's treachery, when a girl, who would all the while of his life call her "my darling," came in to him, her eyes, her smile, her dimples, her dimpling smile, her welcome.

"I kept you waiting long before, didn't I, Dale? Now, why, what have I said?"

For the white sternness suddenly impressed her.

"How can I tell what you do? I only know that you do, by the merest chance, not the woman I will ever love, the woman who will ever be as closely linked to him in that as slowly changed to honor as a flush of womanly and pain creep over her face."

"I am afraid I don't understand."

Dale spoke very gently, but

the hint of cold reproach in her voice
whose effect was to sting him into hot-
ter fury.
"Of course not. What woman dis-
covered ever did understand? It is
enough that I understand. Consider
that the engagement is perpetually
broken off at this hour."

And then, while Stella stood there,
the lovely flush all gone, and the pale
cheeks glowing deathly white, while
a glow of haughty anger and
rose in her flashing dark eyes, Mr. Dale
rose to pick up his hat—and cane and
gloves and went out—the most thor-
oughly furious man of the time be-
ing, he felt tumble into the arms of Claude
Fairfax, who was stepping out that trip-
elevator—the only passenger that trip-
He nodded cordially to Stella.
"Hello—which way? Such a—"
And he stopped, point blank, at sight
of the white fury in Vere's face, just as
Stella and he other.

"You bound! How dare you assump-
your insolent familiarity with me? I
it is not enough that I have discovered
your vile treacherousness, I—"
It was Mr. Fairfax's turn to assume
the indignant.

Stella turned at a loss to understand
your insulting speech, sir."

Vere laughed sarcastically.
"Doubtless; your charming cousin
equally ignorant. Remarkable that
that neither of you can understand m-
it is to be hoped you at least un-
stand each other."

And he turned sharply on his heel
the elevator descended, and was do-
to the ladies' entrance just in time
meet Lita Volente stepping from an
elegant little coupe—poor, uncomely
girl, for merry, laughing eyes and d-
molested him of the misery in store
for him when the inevitable discov-
ery should be made.

For one second, as Vere lifted
or hat, he asked himself whether or
it was his duty to tell her, then
touched his sleeve with a dain-
pearl-kissed hand.

And Mr. Vere, what do you think
That stupid, careless lover of mine
sent me a note intended for Stella—
about some books and things—am
am sure he has sent Stella the au-
to my note. I'm going up to see,
how. Will you come with me?"

He stood at the doorway as if tr-
ing, said, "What—a mistake—a per-
natural mistake!—and he—oh, the
headed, hot-hearted fool that he w-

But, like the gentleman he was
went straight up to Mr. Claude
Fairfax, who had evidently explained
lover's conduct to Stella, and with a
up and apologized, and offered his
Stella, and then, well, of course
he came all right.

Only he can never forgive him
for his harsh words to her.

His Way of Doing Good.

Up in New Hampshire is a self-
known eccentric individual, a self-
made curer of all ills, a sort of
versal panacea-body and soul,
heart-and conscience doctor, who
all his eccentricities, has a fund of
ative wit that is hard to be cal-
long ago the "doctor" was called
the witness stand. The opposing
right the doctor's said to sometimes
with "liquid" plain-
ing the doctor's peculiarities, ve-
in cross-examining to show him
bit. The result will be approxi-

"What is your business?" per-
quered the counsel.

"My business is to do what I
I can to my fellow-men," mode-
plied the doctor.

"But that cannot answer m-
tion," said the remarked the o-

"Why, Squire, it takes about a
time to do what I said," insist-
doctor.

"But I want something mo-
nite," stoutly demanded the o-

"How do you go about your busi-
ness?"

"That depends upon circumstances,
according to the case," the doctor
explained to begin with, "I'm
beginning to begin with the
first thing I should do would I
vise you to sign the temperance

The court roared and the co-
if convinced the doctor was pe-
legitimate and respectable
proceeded with the regular
amination.

Hygienic Hints.

Sucking the thumbs may be a
cause deformity of the chest
dren, and even a form of dis-
the jaw.

Arsenate of gold, a comb
gold with arsenic, is claimed
extraordinary powers in dis-
cure of skin diseases.

Wetters have been found
surgeons very useful in pro-
resolution of enlarged glands
because of those which have be-
purate.

A recent statistical paper
intimate relation between the
climate, temperature and the amount
of water with sewers through
closets, water-pipes, etc.

Professor Mialhe, of Paris
dwellers in cities who take
cal exercise, often require
quantities of alkalies, such
order to gain their bodily
and healthy condition.

Loosen the clothing, as
erect, throw the shoulders
then hands behind and the
ward. In this position draw
deep inspiration as possible
tain it a few breaths a great
second, draw out the breath
from a few natural breath-
ing inspiration. Let this
ten or fifteen minutes every
six weeks' time a very per-
crease in the climate, such
its prominence, will be ex-

California. It is esti-
mated this year not less than
thousands of wheat and 10,000
of barley.

[illegible]

lightning of their souls. The
 moist earth. But communication with
 the fire-place, the influence of the soot in
 diminishing the total resistance is com-
 pensated. A house, around the roof of
 which there is a system of water effect-
 reaching to the ground, is
 ly protected. By affixing a conductor to
 fears to rest by the lightning, and burying the
 lower end sufficiently deep in the
 ground to be always in moist earth.
 The risk of personal injury from con-
 dition is necessarily small, as the
 sions favorable to the occurrence of ac-
 cidents are of such a nature
 that combinations requisite for their
 fulfillment can not often take place.
 There are but two situations in which
 danger is to be apprehended, namely,
 on the portions of a flat district, where
 destitute of trees, and where the branches
 of an isolated tree, standing in a
 spot that is almost dominated at a short
 distance, by higher ground. But even
 there the danger is not necessarily cer-
 tain, for thunder clouds do not by any
 means invariably discharge to the
 ground.

Bottled Waters.

It is stated on good authority that of
 the bottled beverages, none of them are
 what they profess to be. There is no
 sarsaparilla in "Sarsaparilla," no gin-
 ger in "Ginger Ale," nothing of a min-
 eral character in "mineral water," and
 seltzer has nothing appertaining to the
 real seltzer water, or seltzers water is
 its composition—except water. Otta-
 wa beer is usually made with sugar, and
 root and aromatics, which are not
 soon after the beverage manufactured. It
 should be made, which every day, but
 is not. The carbonic acid gas
 will disguise the bad taste of stale Ot-
 tawa beer until it has been swallowed
 but soon internal disturbances be-
 come plain. Fresh Ottawa beer is
 pleasant beverage, and kept so fresh
 summer time at the drug
 water is served water, flavored with syl-
 in. Much of the ginger ale is served
 water flavored with Cayenne pepper
 It is held that Cayenne pepper in com-
 is rather beneficial than otherwise, and
 is really a healthy beverage. It should
 with other beverages. Ginger ale should
 be made with lemon, ginger, sugar and
 carbonated water. Seltzer water is sim-
 to the palate it is not very pleasant,
 has quite an influence upon the bow-
 and it is often used by them who have
 imbibed too freely of intoxicating
 the purpose of neutralizing the effects
 of the liquors. None of the drinks
 referred to are injurious if their be-
 has been made in wholesome fac-
 tories. Nearly all first-class drug stores
 manufacture their own flavoring
 ups, and many who do not, procure
 the imported French fruit containing
 These come in bottles containing a
 pint and a half, and are sold at
 seventy-five cents. The essences
 obtained by expressing the fruit
 containing the juice cold.
 opened, it will ferment in the bot-
 unless sweetened and used in a
 time. A bottle of fruit essence
 serve to make several bottles of
 It is said that the
 and raspberry essence as the Eng-
 qually
 fruits; pine apple and other
 essences of domestic manufacture
 equal to the same varieties of im-
 ported essences.

A Trail Varn.

A man named Curl was telling
 other night, how the Indians had
 killed during the last three months
 during the war with the Black Hills.
 "After he had talked half an hour
 of the listeners who had kept track
 of the number killed exhibited their
 "I find," he exclaimed,
 you have killed 1,500 savages in
 months."
 "Is that all?" exclaimed the
 abashed Sam Hiller. "Why,
 I have you have left out a week's
 there somewhere."
 "If you had such good luck
 demanded another suspicious in-
 "Well, the truth is, gentlemen,
 afraid of ruining my big game. I
 along my gun belt, and so much
 my face was being drawn out so
 and the sight was so far gone that
 to be called about by a dog."
 "And you killed Indians w
 that condition?"
 "I did, though I always felt
 mean about it. I couldn't see
 and so I'd run down a
 "em to let me know."
 "I want to ask the forgiv
 you gentlemen, right here and
 There was a long spell of
 silence, and then some said
 Francis had bought a new cow

A Smart Call.

Good old Mrs. Gail was very
 hearing, being somewhat advan-
 years. Her daughter Lydia
 blooming lass, who loved to go
 and knew well how to give a
 young men were all drunk
 Lydia had been made aware
 of the bad habits of the fun
 was to see what the wild
 This was a wet blanket to
 ment, and Lydia was all out
 she wished he would go, and
 by he got up to depart.
 "Oh, deacon," said another
 not think of going before tea.
 The deacon, so strongly
 "Well, I think I will rest
 folks will expect me before
 "What did he say, Lydia?"
 widow.
 "Lydia had a ready answer
 "If she says he will not to-
 as the folks will expect him
 fore dark." Why, how de-
 dious!"
 "Oh, well, some other said
 won't you," said Mother G
 showed that Deacon out
 "The girl, that," said t
 con trudging along home
 and bar my way through, I'll

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Representative Business Houses

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