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The Law of Divorce

The granting of divorces has become a thing of common occurrence. They may be reckoned by the hundreds. There are those that devote much of their time to securing divorces for parties applying therefor. May not silence on this subject be construed into encouragement? If no re- butes are administered will not this practice continue with increasing magnitude. It must be conceded by all unbiased minds that divorces granted except for cer- tain offence is contrary to the word of God, and all laws contrary to God's law are im- moral and dangerous in all their operation. Many appear to think in these latter days that the law of matrimony has no binding force, and may be annulled for a trifling cause. All human law must harmonize with God's law as revealed in the Holy Bible, or consequences the most unpleasant must in- ensue. The object of all law should be to pro- mote the highest good of the subjects of that law. Destroy the binding force of matrimony obligations and what kind of society would we have? The use made of the law of di- vorce at the present time is in most cases to gratify the evil propensities of our un- sanctified nature. In all the cases of divorce, with which I am acquainted, none of them could be jus- tified on Bible principles. In most cases a husband and wife disagree and continue to wrangle without a vigorous effort to adjust their differences, until they become com- pletely alienated in affection, and finally seek a remedy in divorce. Can divorce under such circumstances comport with moral principles? Will a difference of opinion or any incongruity constitute a Bible cause for divorce. There can be but one answer. Is it not time that the press and the pulpit denounce this bold en- couragement not only against the word of God but upon the wellbeing of all good society. It is generally conceded that adultery is a crime clearly condemned by the word of God, and no legislative enactment can make it otherwise. The word of God says: "He that putteth away his wife, except for a certain specified cause, and marrieth another committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away committeth adultery," especially so if all parties are living. Again we read, "What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder." And the plea that the parties have been divorced and as a consequence the nature of the case is changed, is of no avail. From the original institution of marriage in Paradise, and from the great law thereof declared by God himself on that occasion it evidently appears that the union of a man and woman in matrimony is the strongest of all friendships and di- vinely approbated, therefore nothing but death should dissolve it. If husbands and wives being joined together by the ordi- nance of God, must not be put asunder by any ordinance of man. The bond of mar- riage must be regarded sacred and insep- arable of being dissolved by anything which unites them cease to be one flesh. God made in the beginning one man and one woman thus condemning polygamy and by constituting them by marriage; one flesh, thereby condemning divorce. A union constituted and approved of God, should not be, and cannot be, severed only by ways and means approved by the same authority. It is not a fact that has come under the observation of all, that di- vorces almost without exception, could not be justified by those who would promote the best interests of society. Who would want to live in a neighborhood where the people generally believed that the law of matrimony had no binding force except what the law of the land gave it. How natural it is for men to gratify their pas- sions and then try to justify their pas- sions by the word of God (which they over mis- construe) or by some corrupt legislative ac- tion. The passions and appetites of men need never to be kept in check, but give more and good judgment the most am- ple way. M. DeLury.

The man who dont advise has his store hung around with shingles and pieces of barrel heads inscribed with lampblack, "high potatoes," "korn pie," "flour," "all kinds of kentry produce," "kaiks and kankies for sale here." He says, "There ain't no sense in no newspaper advertising so long as a man is smart enough to attend to his own business, and kin stand at the door and holler the feller in."

Dr. G—, of Spangora, Ill., riding in the country one day, saw a sign upon a gate post reading thus: "This farm for sale." Stopping his horse, he hailed a little old woman, who stood on tip-toe hanging out clothes. "I say, madam, when is this farm going to sell?" "Just as soon sir," replied the old lady, placing her thumb to her nose, "as anyhows comes along who can raise the wind!" The doctor drove thought- fully on.

THERE was a rare exhibition of horsemanship at a fire in a New York boarding-house when the staircase was crowded with board- ers trying to get away with their luggage. A pretty young woman, with dark curly hair, had just arrived on the landing with her arms full of knick-knacks, when she suddenly dropped her load, and putting her hand to her head, exclaimed, in heart- rending accents, "O, my blonde hair! my blonde hair!" rushed frantically back, and disappeared in a volume of smoke. There was a moment of awful suspense to the bystanders, but presently the courageous girl appeared at the stairs, carrying about ten pounds of blonde capillary ornamentation.

Robert Ashton's Story

BY JOHNNY LUDLOW.

The hall clock was striking half past five as we went out into the sharp night air. Mr. and Mrs. Todhelly, and Tod. Old Conney's dinner was for six; but country people don't know anything about the fash- ion of dining in at the last stroke. It was cold, and no mistake the snow was on the ground; the stars shone like silver. This was New Year's Day; and to-morrow the second of January. Jane Conney would be married to Robert Ashton of Timberdale. The Ashtons were to dine to-night at the farm, and we had been asked to meet them. If everybody sat down upon his own level, we should see degrees over the Conney's heads in the scale of the globe's ladder; for old Conney was only a plain farmer; and you've learnt by this time what the Squire was. But they were right down good peo- ple—and made the best neighbors in the world.

We had but to cross the road, and old Conney had it swept for us. It was an old-fashioned farm-house, full of nooks and angles, with one ugly, big room in it, oak-pannelled. The cloth was laid there for to-night, the breakfast would be for the mor- row. Old Conney and Mrs. Conney came out to the drawing-room to meet us; that was small and snug, with a running pattern of roses on its white-washed walls. He was jolly, she plain, homely, and sensi- ble.

Jane was quiet, like her mother; very well she looked, standing on the carpet in her pretty blue silk dress. Tom, a tall strong young fellow, with a red face, lifted her out of the way by the waist, that he might shake hands all round. The eldest daughter, Mary West, was staying there with her nurse and baby; she looked ill, and got up only for a minute from her chair by the fire. Her husband was a lawyer, in practice at Worcester. Another young lady was sitting by, with light-frizzled hair; Mrs. James Ashton.

Before we had settled down, wheels were heard. It was Robert Ashton's dog-cart, bringing his two brothers, Charles and James; and Mary West's husband, Miss Jane's cheeks turned as red as a rose for nothing. Robert Ashton had not yet come. I had better say who the Ashtons were. Old Ashton (the father) had lived at Tim- berdale Court always. It was about three years now since he died, and he left a good pot of money behind him. Robert succeeded to the farm, and it was he who was to marry Jane Conney to-morrow.

They went upstairs with their carpetbags, having come direct from Worcester by train; Robert Ashton's dog-cart had been waiting, as arranged, at Timberdale Sta- tion to bring them on. Mrs. James Ashtons came over early in the day with Mrs. West. Robert and Charles Ashton were both fine young men, but the doctor was slight and short. Now I hope that's clear; because it was useful to say it.

What with looking at the presents, the time passed. They were laid out on the table against the wall, on a snow-white damask cloth of rare beauty.

"Look here," whispered Mrs. Conney, taking up a scented blue and white case of satin ribbon and beads for keeping pocket handkerchiefs in. "Poor Lucy Bird sent this. She must have made it herself; a thing like this, bought, would be as much at fifteen or sixteen shillings. It came anon- ymously. With best love and ever-kind wishes for Robert and Jane," written on it; but we knew Lucy's handwriting.

"Where are they now?" asked Mrs. Todhelly, in the same mysterious whisper.

"I fancy they are staying somewhere in Worcester. We should have liked to get Lucy over for the wedding; but you know how it is; we could not ask him."

Mrs. Todhelly nodded. There's some- thing in most families, and Lucy was the one in that of Ashton. She was educated at the best school in Worcester, and came home at eighteen—brimful of romance. It was her nature, not the school. You'd hardly have found so pretty and sentimental a girl in the country. Because her name happened to be Lucy Ashton, she identified herself with Scott's Lucy Ashton, and looked out for a Master of Ravenswood. These sentimental girls, sometimes come to grief, for they possess but three parts of their share of plain common sense. The Master of Ravenswood came in the shape of Captain Bird, a tall, dark man, with a flaming coat and fierce mustache. He paid court to Lucy; and she fell in love with him before a week was over. The Ashtons turned their backs upon him; there was something in the man they did not like, in spite of the red coat and black mustache. But he came over Lucy—he had heard of her fortune, you see—and she promised to marry him. She was a gentle, yielding, timid girl then; but her love was strong and she ran away. She ran away, and was married the same morning at St. Helen's church in Worcester, in which parish Bird had been staying. It was the talk of the country; but when the platter had sub- sided, everybody began to pity Lucy, saying she would have plenty of time and cause for repentance. After all, he was not a real captain. He had sold out, and there rose a rumor that he had done some- thing or other wrong, and was obliged to sell. Old Ashton had loved Lucy better than all his children. He gave her the mar- riage for Lucy's sake, and had them home on a visit, and prevented her with a hand- some sum. But he made a great mistake. I've heard the Squire say it often—in not settling it upon her. Bird got out of it as soon as he could; and he would have got out of some more that came to Lucy

when her father died, only that it was left in Robert Ashton's hands to be paid to her quarterly. People called Bird a black- leg. He was about the worst man that ever stepped. Robert had offered Lucy a home at Timberdale Court, but she would not quit her husband; she married him, she said, for better or for worse. If he came to be transported—and he was going on for it—the chances were, that Lucy would follow him to Van Diemen's Land. "I say, there's six o'clock," exclaimed Mrs. Conney. "Jane, what have you done with Robert?"

"Not anything, papa. He said he should be here half an hour before dinner."

"And it will soon be half an hour after it," returned old Conney. "If he does not make haste, we shall sit down without him."

The clock on the mantle-piece went tick- ing on, and struck half past six. Dinner. The Squire led off the van with Mrs. Con- ney. Tod laid off Jane.

"I'll be in Robert's place while I can, Jenny."

The oak-room was a surprise. It looked beautiful. The dark walls were quite cov- ered with holy and ivy, mixed with the blossom of the laurestines and some bright flowers. Old Thomas (borrowed from us) and maids stood by the sideboard; it glit- tered with silver. The Conney's had their stores as well as other people, and did things well when they did them at all. On the table was a large cod-fish, garnished with horseradish and lemon. Our names were before our places, and we took them without bustle. Robert Ashton's next to Jane being left vacant.

A faint shriek interrupted the Rever- end Mr. Ashton, and the grace was broken off. Lifting his head towards the quar- ter whence the shriek came, he saw his sister-in-law with a scared face.

"We are thirteen!" said Mrs. James Ashton. "I beg your pardon, Charles. I beg every one's pardon—but indeed we must not sit down thirteen to dinner on New Year's Day. I would not for any money."

"What nonsense, my dear," cried her husband, rather crossly; "Robert will be here directly."

"There was no use. All the ladies look- ing part, saying they ought not to sit down. And there we all stood, uncertain what to be at, the dinner hovering in mid air like Mahomet's coffin, and not to be eaten."

"There are two days in the year when it is not well to sit down thirteen; New Year's Day and Christmas Day," said Mrs. Todhelly; and the rest held with her.

"Are we all to go back to the drawing- room, and leave our dinner?" demanded old Conney in wrath. "Where the plague is Robert? Look here; those that won't sit down thirteen can go, and those that don't mind it can stay."

"Hear, hear!" cried the Squire.

But Jane Conney went gliding over to her mother's side. "I will wait for Robert in the drawing-room, mamma, and you can sit down twelve. Yes, please; it is best so. Indeed I could not eat if I starved."

"Shall we send you some dinner in, child?" asked Mr. Conney.

"No, thank you, papa. I would like best to wait for Robert when he comes."

"All right," said old Conney. Johnny, you go over to that side to make the table even. We'll have the grace now, parson."

And the parson said it.

It was a dinner that pleased the Squire's heart. He had a mortal objection to what he called kickshaws, meaning the superflu- ous dishes you get at a modern establish- ment. The Conney's never had kickshaws, only a plain, substantial dinner, the best of its kind.

"Conney, I never taste such oyster sauce as yours, so where I will," cried the Squire.

"It can't be matched."

Old Conney winked; as much as to say he knew it. "The missis gives an eye to that you see, Squire," he answered in a side whisper. She had been in the kitchen till you came."

The Squire took another little fall. He went once or twice to every dish, and drank champagne with all of us. But still Robert Ashton did not come.

I slipped around to Mrs. Conney when the plum pudding appeared, whispering that I would like to take a slice to Jane.

"So you shall, Johnny," she said, giving me some on a plate, and putting a mico- pie beside it. "She'll have no luck unless she eats a bit of pudding and pie on the first day of the year."

Jane sat in an elbow-chair before the fire, her head leaning sideways on her hand, her hair a little tumbling. It was very nice hair, dark chestnut, and her eyes were hazel. Robert Ashton was fair haired and blue eyes; Saxon all over and very good looking.

"I have brought you some pudding, Jane."

"Oh, Johnny, why did you leave the table? I can't eat it."

"But Mrs. Conney says you are to; and some mince pie, too, or else you'll have no luck."

As if in obedience she ate a small bit of the pudding, cut a quarter out of the mince pie with her fork and cat that.

"There, Johnny, that's enough for luck. You go back now to your dinner, I dare say you've not had any pudding."

"I'll stay with you and eat this; as it is going begging."

She neither said yes no. She was looking frightfully uneasy.

"Are you vexed that Robert Ashton's not here, Jane?"

"I am not vexed; because I know he

would have been here if he could. I think something has happened to him."

I stared at her. "What! because he is a little late in coming? Why, Jane, you must be nervous."

She kept looking into the fire, her eyes fixed. I sat on the other side the hearth, the empty pudding plate, with its fork standing on the rug between us, where I had put it.

"Robert was sure to come for this din- ner, Johnny, all being well, and to be in time."

"Tell me what you fear Jane, and why?"

"I think I will tell you," she said after a pause. "I should like to tell some one. I wish I had told Robert when he called this morning; but I was afraid he would laugh at me. You will laugh too."

And Jane Conney told it in a low dread- ful voice, her eyes staring into the fire as be- fore, just as though they could see through the blaze into the future.

Early that morning she had a dream; a nasty, disagreeable, ugly dream about Robert Ashton. She thought he was in some frightful peril, that he cried out to him to avoid it, or it would stop their marriage. He seemed not to take the least notice of her, but to go right on to it; and in the alarm this brought her, she awoke. I listened in silence saying nothing to the und- no, nor then.

"The dream was so intensely real, John- ny. It seemed to be to-day; this very day then; and we both of us knew that it was; the one before our marriage. I woke up in a fever, and but that it was night and not day, should have had a diffi- culty to persuade myself at first that we were not really enacting the scene—it was, as I say, so vividly real. And Robert went out to the peril never heading me."

"What was the peril?"

"That's what I can't tell. A conscience- less lay upon me that it was something very bad and frightful; but of its nature I say nothing. I did not go to sleep again; it must have been about six o'clock, but the mornings are very dark, you know. I got up soon; what with this dinner party and other things there has been a good deal to do to day, and I soon forgot the dream. Robert called after breakfast, and the sight of him put me in mind of it. I felt a great inclination to tell him to take especial care of himself; but he would only have laugh- ed at me. He drove away direct to the Timberdale station, to take the train for Worcester."

She did not say what he had gone there for, though. To get the ring and license. "I have not felt the smallest fear of the dream all along, Johnny, since I awoke. Save for the few minutes Robert was here, I don't remember even to have thought of it. But when the other—his brothers, and Mr. West—came in without him, it flashed over me like a thunder-bolt. I felt sure then that something had happened. I dare say we shall never be married now."

"Jane!"

"Well, Johnny Ludlow, I think it. To me it seemed to be getting serious. The night be nothing at all in what she had said; most people would have said there was nothing, but, sitting there in the quiet room, listening to her earnest voice, seeing her anxious face, a feeling came over me that there was. What had become of Robert Ashton? Where could he be?"

"I wish you'd give me that shawl of mamma's," she said, pointing to one on a chair. "I feel cold."

She was shivering when I put it over her pretty white shoulders, and arms. And yet the fire was roaring to the very top of the grate.

"Alone here, while you were at dinner, I went over all kinds of probabilities," she resumed, drawing the shawl round her as if she were out in the snow. "Of course there are five hundred things that might happen to him, but I can only think of one."

"Well?" for she stopped. She seemed to be speaking very unwillingly.

"If he walked he would be almost sure to come the near way across the Ravine."

"Was she ever coming to the point? I said nothing. It was better to let her go on her own way."

"I dare say you will say the idea is very far fetched, Johnny. What I think is, that he may have fallen down the ravine."

"Well, I did think it far-fetched. I'd as soon have expected her to say fallen down the chimney."

"Those zig-zag paths are not very safe in good weather, especially the one on the Timberdale side," she went on. "With the snow on them perhaps ice, they are positively dangerous. One false step at the top—and the fall might kill him."

"Put in this way it seemed feasible enough. But yet—somehow I did not take to it."

"Robert Ashton is strong and agile, Jane. He has come down the zig-zag hun- dreds of times."

"I seem to see him lying there, at the bottom of the Ravine," she said, staring as before into the fire. I wish—some of you would go and look for him."

"Perhaps we had better. I'll make out. Who's this?"

It was Tom Conney. His mother had sent him to see after us. I thought I'd tell him—keeping counsel about the dream—that Robert Ashton might have come to grief in the Ravine.

"What kind of grief?" asked Tom.

"Being turned a somersault down the zig-zag and lying with a leg broken."

Tom showed all his white teeth; the notion amused him excessively. "What else would you like to suppose, Johnny?"

"At any rate, Johnny thinks so."

She turned round then, the tears in her eyes, and went up to Tom in a burst of grief. It took him aback.

"Tom! Tom! If no one goes to see

after him, I think I must go myself. I can't bear the suspense much longer."

"Why, Jenny, girl, what has taken you?" "That had taken her. The fear that Robert Ashton might be lying disabled or dead in the Ravine. Tom Conney called Tod quietly out of the dining-room and we three started. Putting on our coats in si- lence, we went out at the back door, which was nearest the Ravine. Jane came with us to the gate. "I never saw such eager eyes as hers were, when she threw them out across the snow in the moonlight."

"Look here, said Tom, "we had better tuck our trousers up."

It was not pleasant I can assure you, es- pecially the going down the zig-zag. Jane was right about its being slippery; we had to hold on by the trees and bushes and tread cautiously. When pretty near the bottom, Tod made a false step, and shot down into the snow.

"Murder!" he roared out.

"Any bones broke?" asked Tom Conney, who could hardly speak for laughing. Tod growled, and shied a handful of snow at him.

But the slip brought home to us the probability of the fear about Robert Ashtons. To slip where Tom did, was fun; to slip from the top of the zig-zag quite another thing. The snow here at the bottom was up to calves, and the black trousers got rolled up higher. The moonlight lay cold and white on the Ravine; the clustering trees thick in summer were leafless now. Had any fellow been gazing down from the top, we must have looked to him like three black-coated undertakers, gliding along to a funeral.

"I tell you what," cried Tod, "if Ashtons did lose his footing he'd not come to such mortal grief. The depth of snow would have saved him."

"I don't believe he did fall," said Tom Conney, stoutly. "Bob Ashton's as sure footed as a hare. But for Jane's being so miserable, I'd have said flat, I would not come out on any such wild goose errand."

On we went wading through the sea of snow. Some of us looked round for the ghost's light and did not see it. But rumor said that it never came out on a bright moonlight night. Here we were at last! at the foot of the other zig-zag. But Robert Ashton wasn't here. And the best proof that he had not fallen, was the unbroken surface of the snow. Not so much as a rabbit had scudded across to disturb its smoothness.

"I knew it," said Tom Conney. "He has not come to grief at all. It stands to reason that a fellow must have heaps to do the day before his wedding, if it's only in burning his old love-letters. Bob had a heap of them, no doubt and could not get away in time for dinner."

"We had better go on to his house and see," I said.

"Oh, that be hanged," cried the other two in a breath.

"Well, I shall. It's not much farther. You can go back, or not, as you like."

This zig-zag, though steeper than the one on our side, was not so slippery. Per- haps the sun had shone on it in the day and melted the snow. I went up it nearly as easy as in good weather. Tod and Conney thinking better of the turning back, came after me.

We should have been at Timberdale Court in five minutes, taking the short cut over hedges and ditches, but for an adver- ture by the way, which the magazine would not give me space to tell of. It had noth- ing to do with Robert Ashton. Getting to the door we hammered at it hotly till the door was opened. The servant started back in surprise.

"Goodness me!" said she, "I thought it was master."

"Where is the master?" asked Tom.

"Not some home, sir. He has not been in since he left this morning."

It was all out. Instead of pitching into Crab Ravine and breaking his limbs, Bob Ashton had not got back from Wor- cester. It was very strange, though, what could be keeping him, and the house was nearly in a commotion.

When we got back to the farm they were laying the table for the wedding break- fast. Plenty of kickshaws now, and some lovely flowers. The ladies helping; had their gowns skirts turned up. This helping had not been in the evening's programme; but things seemed to have been turned upside down and they were glad to seize upon it. Jane and her sister sat alone by the drawing-room fire; never saying a word to one another.

"Johnny, I don't half like this," whis- pered Mrs. Todhelly to me.

"Like what good mother?"

"The absence of Robert Ashton."

"I don't know that I liked it either. (To be Continued.)

what he styled "rich infidel talk," so the poor schoolmaster was discharged. "Who was ever that?" to measure it, I'd like to know? The old farmer remarked to me when telling of the atrocious "inside" talk of the quondam school master. Thinking the story would amuse Baillie, I told him, without however venturing an opinion on the merits of the case. Mr. Baillie remarked, "he rather thought the old coon's head was level on that air question." He proceeded to give his reasons for the faith that was in him: "I once heard talk like that afore, down to the settlements. One fall I was down there, to do tradin', and when settin' in the store, there I heern a kind of half schoolmaster talkin like that. Set't to him, 'Mister do ye say the 'arth is round?' 'A'w, 'ses he, kind o' laughin' like, 'men us science say so.' 'Men us science,' ses I, 'be damed. I know a sight better. Did you ever come across the plains?' 'No,' says the schoolmaster. 'Then ses I, 'you don't know nothin about it; you'd across the plains and seed so far fur- nest me; you couldn't see no foddor. Now of the 'arth was round, how would that have bin?' 'Now, once across I sears a damed fool like you,' ses I to the school- master, and the boys in the store larked like mad, 'talk like that, but I didn't say much, but went to him, and put a tater on a stump outside my ledge.' 'Now, is the mornin' that tater was just I put it. Now of the 'arth had turned round, whar ud that tater bin?' But he didn't say nothin but give a kind of laugh. 'Now, ses I, 'of the 'arth turned round that would be the tallest scartier,' ut the na- tions you ever did see. No, mister, ses I, 'the 'arth's as flat as a pancake, and I know it.' And with that he vamooseed."

But all men Baillie knew, those for whom he had the greatest contempt were the "shootin' gentlemen." Sometimes, when he went down into the settlements, he was asked to act as guide to parties of town sportsmen, his character as a hunter being famous. "They come," Baillie remarked, "in their store clothes, billed rags and waistcoats, with lots of provisions and whis- key, (which aint to be laughed at though,) though a hunter-takin' provision into the mountains with him is the greatest notion I ever heern on. Afore they camp at night they load their rifles, in case of hard; next mornin' they fire em off, in case they're damp, and that, Cap'n, as you know, don't bring the deer within a mile or so of the camp. Going out they see nothin', and aware there is no game around. They then take a few drinks of old rye, which makes them talky, and then they begin somethin' about the darn 'lection ticks' or to shoot at marks. 'Bout this time they get hungry, and go back to camp, and afore their supper is over, it's a dark. They then load their shootin' rigs again, and so the same old game goes on. Darn me if it don't, Cap'n. When it's about time for 'em to go home, I tell 'em to hold on, not to fire, and so I go out to shoot 'em a varmint of some sort apiece to show when they go back to the settlements as their shootin', they meanwhile pickin' berries and talkin' locotion. I guess they like that about as well. Then they don't wash their faces for a day, tear their store clothes a bit, and go back to the settlements as big wags down a 'rim tail', and just about as nat'ral-darn 'em!" Baillie in his day had endured many hardships. He had made meals on many anomalous things from the animal and vegetable worlds, in- cluding a pair of old moccasins, grass brush, leaves, grasshoppers and beaver skin; and had more than once eaten his horse from under him; but he declared that an old carion-crow was the most unpalatable article he ever died on. In reference to this (and the phrase he also applied meta- phorically to many things in life, which though not unbearable, are yet sorely to be wished for) he used to say, "I kin eat crow, Cap'n, but darn me, if I hanker arter it!"—All the Year Round.

An illustration of the spanking privilege is given by the Davenport (Iowa) Ge- zette. On the evening of the 15th instant there arrived in the postoffice of that city a registered letter, duly franked, in the shape of a large canvas covered trunk weighing at least three hundred pounds. It was mailed at Washington and directed to San Francisco. A mail agent reported that the State Department lately franked from Washington to Yokohama a trunk full of blank forms, weighing two hundred pounds, for the use of the American Lega- tion in Japan.

An Ohio quince grower has been very successful for two years past with this fruit. His treatment of the trees is very simple. He spades the ground of his orchard every spring and scatters a peck of coal ashes around each tree. He finds that the best manure for the quince and apples about one quart to the ground under each tree after the soil has been spaded, and another quart when the quince are about half grown. Last year he sold three hun- dred bushels of quince from his orchard of three-quarters of an acre.

To remove a screw roused in the wood, beat a poker red hot in the fire, and put it on the top of the screw, and you will get it out easier if you do it when it is warm.

A young gentleman of "Charley" City, Iowa, sent seventy-five cents for a method of writing without a pen or ink. He re- ceived, in large type, on a card, "Write with a pencil."

"Bill," said one apprentice to another, "my boss is a better man to work for than your old man. My boss ain't nothin' but his shop interfering with his own business."

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