

South-Jersey Republican

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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, March 21, 1885.

Five Cents per Copy.

Ladies' AND Children's Hosiery

Ruchings, Hamburgs, and Ruffings.

New Spring Dress Goods

Cretonnes, Muslins, And Prints.

Received this week

Stockwell's,

Bellevue, Avenue,

Hammonton, New Jersey.

D. W. JACOBS REPAIRS Sewing Machines & Organs.

Orders sent by mail (Hammonton Post Office) or left at Stockwell's store, will receive prompt attention.

Leave your order at the Republican Office if you want Calling Cards, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Invitation Cards.

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the safe, certain, speedy and permanent cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion, that in no case whatever will it fail to cure. If the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and scrofulous affections.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, The Popular Remedies of the Day. Principal Office, 331 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Khartoum, says Sir Samuel, is a wretchedly unhealthy town, containing about 30,000 inhabitants, exclusive of troops. In spite of its unhealthiness and low situation, on a level with the river at the juncture of the Blue and White Niles, it is the general emporium for the trade of the Soudan, from which the productions of the country are transported to Lower Egypt, i. e., ivory, hides, senna, gum-arabic and beeswax. During my experience of Khartoum it was the hot-bed of the slave trade. It will be marked that the exports from the Soudan are all natural productions. There is nothing to exhibit the industry of the natives. The ivory is the produce of violence and robbery; the hides are the simple sun-dried skins of oxen; the senna grows wild upon the desert; the gum arabic exudes spontaneously from the bushes of the jungles; and the beeswax is the produce of the only industrious creature in that detestable country.

When we regard the general aspect of the Soudan it is extreme wretchedness. The rainfall is uncertain and scanty; thus the country is a desert, dependent upon irrigation. Although cultivation is simply impossible without a supply of water, one of the most onerous taxes is that placed upon the sagger or water-wheel, with which the fields are irrigated on the borders of the Nile. It would appear natural that instead of a tax a premium should be offered for the erection of such means of irrigation, which would increase the revenue by extending cultivation, the produce of which would bear an impost. With all the talent and industry of the native Egyptians, who must naturally depend upon the waters of the Nile for their existence, it is extraordinary that for thousands of years they have adhered to their original simple form of mechanical irrigation, without improvement.

After applying in due form for a pension, a soldier is called upon for certain proofs, several examinations, a thousand and one affidavits, occasioning a delay of from one to ten years. After all the documents are forwarded, the pension must be found to be all right by the appropriate evidence, which is compared with the muster rolls and the records in the war department. It goes through a number of hands, and if found all right a requisition for its payment must go through thirteen bureaus before it can be paid.

In the first place there must be a fund appropriated by Congress for the payment of the class to which it belongs, and the appropriation must be available before the requisition will be made. Then it must drawn up and signed by the commissioner of pensions. From him it goes to the secretary of the interior, who signs it and sends it to the comptroller of the treasury. The second comptroller signs it and sends it to the third auditor, who looks it over and passes it on to the warrant division. From there it goes to the register of the treasury, who in turn examines it and hands it over to the division of accounts.

If it passes here all right it is then presented to the United States treasurer for his signature. Having been signed it goes back to the division of accounts to be registered, then to the register of the treasury for his signature, and then to the division of accounts for mailing to the depository of the pension agent who is to pay the claim, and another note must be sent informing the agent that the money is placed to his credit for its payment. This is the *modus operandi* for every pension claim that is granted, whether it is for \$100 a week, as in the case of the wives of dead Presidents, or \$1 a month for the end of a finger.

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair cells to healthy action, and promotes a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the natural hair beautiful and abundant; keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy.

Russian troops are being massed in large numbers toward Merv.

It is reported that China asked America's mediation with France but President Cleveland declined.

NEW JERSEY DAY,

Wednesday, March 21

The WORLD'S EXPOSITION

1885

The State of New Jersey has declared the day of Wednesday, March 21, 1885, to be a day of public rest, and has ordered that the public offices shall be closed on that day.

To enable New Jerseyans to attend on their State of New Jersey, the day of Wednesday, March 21, 1885, is hereby declared a day of public rest, and the public offices shall be closed on that day.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and effectively cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Blood and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves heartburn and bloating, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by DR. J. C. BROWN & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

20 ACRES of good land for sale, adjoining the west side of the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, half way between Elwood and DaCosta Stations. Price, \$200. Address E. WRIGHT, Atlantic City, N. J.

Cedar Shingles

Having my Mill in full operation, I am now prepared to furnish the best quality of Cedar Shingles, In any quantity, and at the lowest possible prices.

A. S. GAY, Pine Road, Hammonton.

A large lot of Cedar Grape Stakes and Bean Poles for sale, in the swamp or delivered at Elwood or DaCosta Station.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: the entire fulfillment of its promises.

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY E. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

For all the TONIC of the system, and for the blood. It is the best remedy for the most common and dangerous blood diseases.

Sold by all Druggists, \$1, six bottles, \$5.

BUY YOUR Bread and Cakes Pies, Rolls, Buns, Etc., Etc., Baked Fresh Every Day, At Packer's "Old Reliable" Hammonton Bakery.

Patronize home industry, and encourage home enterprise. By so doing you will the better enable us to serve you, and thus deserve your patronage.

Baker's Liquid Yeast Which most people prefer, made fresh every day.

Fruits and Confections As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

90 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST-OFFICES, and P. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable, Terms Easy. Call on, or address, A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J. P. O. Box 299.

R. W. Woodruff & Co., Commission Merchants in FRUIT, VEGETABLES, POULTRY, Etc., 42 & 44 Fulton Street, New York.

Shipping Cards and Blankets and information furnished by Wm. D. Packer, M. D., who says of this firm: "I ship all my produce to them in preference to any other house in New York."

HERMANN FIEDLER, MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN CIGARS, Hammonton, N. J.

Wm. Bernshouse, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER [Of 32 years' Experience.] Steam Saw and Planing Mill Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Moldings, and Scroll-work. Window-Glass. Odd sizes cut to order. Lime, Cement, and Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of FRUIT PACKAGES Berry Chests Cranberry and Peach CRATES. Odd Sizes of Fruit Cates made to order.

CEDAR SHINGLES A Specialty, - odd sizes cut to order. Oak and Pine Wood for Sale, Out and Split if desired.

A large quantity of Pine and Cedar Cuttings, for Summer and kindling, \$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS five and a half feet long, for chicken yard fence.

Dr. GEORGE R. SHIDLE, DENTIST, HAMMONTON, N. J. Office Days, - Wednesday Thursday Friday, and Saturday of each week

Pay the Printer promptly.

J. MURDOCH, MANUFACTURER OF SHOES. Ladies', Men's, and Children's Shoes made to order. Boys' Shoes a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.

A good stock of shoes of all kinds always on hand.

First floor - Small's Block, Hammonton, N. J.

PEABODY HOTEL, Philadelphia.

Ninth Street, one and a half squares south of the new Post Office.

Is now being entirely remodelled, enlarged and refurnished, so as to be one of the most perfect, convenient, and nice hotels in Philadelphia. It has no bar, and is strictly a family house, where ladies and gentlemen can have all the comforts, quietude, and refinement of a private home, and yet in the very heart of the city, convenient to all places of amusement, business and churches. Conducted on both the American and European Plan, so that rooms can be engaged with or without board, ranging from fifty cents to three dollars per day.

Dr. Clegymon received at half rates. W. PAINE, M. D., Owner.

Every packet is guaranteed by a sworn affidavit of the importer, V. M. HOLLENSWORTH, recently a Teaplanter, ASKAM, E. ST. JAMES, Agents Only, W. Simpson, Wholesale, Wm. Rotherford, Hammonton.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES.

Between his eyes to me and you
The brightest are and blindest
Shall storm arise between us two,
The oldest friends and truest?
She smiles on me, my heart is light,
And yours is steeped in sorrow,
And yet the flowers I care to-night
She'll throw to you to-morrow—
Cupidate is she, so easy with me,
"Let him who wins her wear her;
And fair—however fair she be,
There's many a lassie fairer."
But if it hap, and well it may,
That each in vain has pleaded,
If all my songs are thrown away,
And all your sighs unheeded,
We'll own ourselves no hermit's vows,
We'll find about our dismal brows
No wreath of mournful willow,
But show, in spite of her disdain,
We yet can live without her,
And joining hands we'll laugh again,
And think no more about her!

THE FRUIT FAIR.

It was old Mrs. Knapp's opinion that her Ann had condescended a great deal in engaging herself to Jane Hedley's girl, Melinda. And, indeed, Melinda was more flattered than she would have acknowledged, for when times were hardest Mrs. Hedley had taken in washing, and the Knapps were never anything but farmers, and a "very good family" of the neighborhood. To be sure, the farm was small, and there was not much money in it, and Adam worked hard, as did his mother. Still, to think of being mistress of such a place, having a butler of the grandeur of the Knapps' front room, a spare room for company, and, no doubt, black silk for church, was a great dream for Milly Hedley, who had carried home baskets of linen to the hotel in her time. She never owned it, but she was proud of her elevation, beside being fond of Adam.

He might have been a little fonder of dancin' and less fond of reading, she thought; but it was "genteel," too, to be serious and given to books, and it never would have occurred to her to find fault with it, but rather to wish that she herself had more of his "genteel ways."

They had been "engaged," a good while; and she knew he would ask her to set the day soon, and had even thought over what she would wear on her wedding day.

In fact, she was looking at some artificial flowers in the milliner's show-case when she first saw that young traveling salesman. He was dressed splendidly. He wore kid gloves, and had what Milly thought a diamond pin in his cravat. The day he wore over his shoulder was only an addition to his traveling toilet, and the gay bonnet pins, of which he carried samples, were simply gorgeous to Milly's eyes. There was a gentleman, thought Milly, and she stared at him without intending to do so.

The young man was not blind to admiring glances.

"Perhaps the young lady might like to see these pins. They're the newest thing out," said the drummer. "No charge for looking. What we strive for is to please the ladies." And he spread his wares before her eyes.

The milliner was very polite. She always fulfilled her social obligations, and it struck her to be her duty to introduce these two persons before her counter.

"Oh! Miss Hedley," she said, "this is Mr. Fairer. He's brought me samples from New York for five years. Used to be we had to go on to purchase. We've got things brought to our doors now. I'll make a list of my orders, Mr. Fairer."

She went to her desk and began to write, and Milly and young Fairer talked. She was pretty, and he thought her flitlike.

"I'm going to stay here three weeks," he said. "My mother lives here, and I've got—well, most other friends on the West. I'll see you again. I'd be sorry not to, for you are good for sore eyes, you are."

When Miss Chip came back, and Milly felt that she must go, young Fairer repeated that they should be sure to see each other again.

"She's going to be married soon," Mr. Fairer, said Miss Chip, looking after her, "to Adam Knapp, up there on the hill."

"That don't make any difference to me, you know, Miss Chip," said Fairer, "if you mean it for a warning."

"Well, no, of course it don't," said Miss Chip, "and I only meant it for a bit of news."

But for all that, at the end of a fortnight Milly blushed and laughed to think that she had met Fairer six times.

"It can't be all chance," said she. "The Agricultural Exhibition," as it was called on the bills—the Fruit Fair, as the girls and boys dubbed it—was to

come off very soon. Melinda was very busy with her dress, her pink bonnet, her new dress made of what the country men at the store choose to call Japanese grenadine, her sash, her scarf, her low-cut shoes and bright stockings—each pulled for old Mrs. Hedley's purse, as if it had been a double tooth.

"However, I suppose you had ought to do the Knapps' errand," said the old lady, when the daughter stood before her dressed in all her splendor, "and you do look genteel."

Milly nodded an assent, and hurried away.

Down at the end of the lane stood a little two-seated vehicle, drawn by a smart-looking brown horse. In it sat the young drummer, in all his bravery, more elegant than ever.

"Hop in, Miss Milly," was his elegant address, "and if I don't take you over to the fair in 2:40 we'll know about it."

Milly jumped in. Off went the brown horse. Milly was enraptured. She felt that this was indeed stately. What was the Knapps' wagon, drawn by white-eyed Melinda, to this light along the road, in such a turnout, with such a driver?

"I always take toll at a bridge," said Mr. Fairer, as they rattled over one, and caught a kiss.

Milly had a vision of a brown-stone house, with high steps, in Fifth avenue, on the instant. How much a commercial traveler's salary was she did not know; but she fancied that one who dressed like a prince would live like one.

What would Adam Knapp think when she broke with him? She turned her engagement ring around on her finger under her glove. It was only plain gold.

On Mr. Fairer's little finger sparkled a diamond to match the one on his cravat.

"Isn't it time you dressed for the fair, Adam," said Mrs. Knapp, out of the kitchen window, for her son, moodily sitting on the door-step.

"I don't think I'll go," Milly said, but she didn't care to, said Adam, gloomily chewing grass.

"Oh," sighed Mrs. Knapp, "I was so set on going, I did so calculate on it. Got my new bonnet and all. What a shame!"

Adam looked up. His heart was heavy, but he loved his mother.

"Well, I'll be shot if you shan't go, then, ma," he said. "I'll fix up right away."

Mrs. Knapp brightened, and went to put on the new bonnet.

"Adam, I wouldn't put up with any airs from Milly Hedley, if I was you," she said, as she took her seat in the wagon; "she's not the best girl in the world, nor the prettiest."

Adam said nothing.

They drove slowly to the fair ground, for Dobbin was old, and they did not meet Milly and her cavalier in the crowd.

The big apples, the bright peaches, the melons, the grapes made a great show. The music played, Squire Fairer made a speech, Judge Abbott followed. Prizes were awarded. People ate ice-cream and drank tea. There was a Punch and Judy show, a bird fortune-teller, and a swing that held six people, on the grounds; but big black clouds began to gather in the sky, and the sun hid his light before noon.

Milly and her cavalier were eating ice-cream in a bower built for the purpose and baptized the "Rosebud Dairy," when suddenly the small boy who held the horse came to Mr. Fairer's side and whispered to him. With an apology he started up and ran away, returning in a moment or so, very pale and with a queer frightened look in his eyes.

"Tisn't very polite, Miss Milly," said he, "but I've got to leave you. You can get some of your friends to take you home. I know she was at mother's, and I never thought she'd come to the fair. She's got into my trap to give me a pleasant surprise, and I'm to drive her back. She's very jealous; a great deal older than me, you know, and she's got all the money in the family. I've told her I was talking to an old milliner woman about an order, so don't you show your pretty face. It's very mean, you know, to you, but a quiet life before all. Ain't there some stage I can give you your fare to go back on?" and he put a dollar on the table.

Milly, with a furious look, pushed it toward him.

"Do you think I'd have come with you if I thought you were a married man?" she said.

But he was off. Happily no very observant people were in the "Dairy."

She waited until the brown horse trotted away, and then stole out of the dairy, leaving the dollar where Fairer had left it on the table. She hurried toward the road, her heart beating, her face scarlet, her whole being crushed with a sense of degradation.

Not only had she been fooled and insulted, but she had done what in her eyes was the greatest wickedness pos-

sible—"Kept company with a married man." She plodded up the road with fourteen miles before her, and the dust of a riding storm about her, with only one wish to hide her head in her little bed at last, and there die.

Old Dobbin was making his slow way home before the Knapps' wagon. Mrs. Knapp was proud and happy. "Adam had received the prize for dwarf pears. The rain beat down, but the oil-cloth covering kept it off pretty well, and half their journey was over when, suddenly, Adam stopped with a jerk; his mother gave a cry.

"What's the matter?" said she. "I've have run over somebody next," he said, and jumped out.

Lying in the road, straight before the wagon, was a woman covered with mud, and quite insensible. He picked her up and came toward the wagon.

"Mother!" he cried, in a sort of shriek. "Mother, light the lantern. If I ain't crazy it's my poor Milly."

The lantern was lit. Milly it proved to be—Milly in a dead faint, with all her finery in a wet heap about her; and ignorant of the facts as they were, the mystery of her being there was tremendous. They took her home to her mother, and Mrs. Hedley, believing as she did that Milly had intended to go to the fair with the Knapps, old Mrs. Knapp arrived at the conclusion that, finding they were gone, she started after them on foot. What Adam thought he kept to himself.

Six weeks after, when Milly was getting well of the fever that followed, they had a talk together. When it was over, Milly said:

"Now, Adam, I've told you every word as true as gospel and if you want to break with me you can. I'm fonder of you than I ever was before, but I wouldn't let you have me without knowing how I'd behaved."

Adam looked at her quietly. "Milly," he said, "I think you need to be taken care of, and if you'll let me I'll do it. It's well that drummer has got away from the place, though, if he values his bones."

The Horse-Trader and the Horse.

The habitual horse trader is not always a bad man and neighbor but he is always supposed to need especial watching. He, certainly, is a double moralist except where he sometimes merges his private code into his official one wholly. For, the horse, which is among the noblest of animals really, is somehow, practically, a corrupting institution. "He contains in himself pretty nearly all possibilities of the good and bad. His scale of developments is of immense reach; and the worst of it all, is that his qualities are only to be known, within any moderate approximation, by an expert. It is hardly credible that under the visage which seems so guileless there can be hidden so much deception. But he knows, to our sorrow, that it does hide there. We generally find out the day after an unfortunate purchase that the animal driven up so proudly before us yesterday is not the or that now limps and wheezes. The real entity was not mounted on a horse. If it had been, Edipus would have been worse baffled to unravel the mystery. The slipperiness, therefore, of the horse trader, is easily accounted for. He cannot very well help it. It is altogether probably that he is half the time cheated himself. That he has more virtue than he is credited with is evident from the fact that he is rarely, if ever, known to be rich, and is never a millionaire.

One Hundred Years Old.

The College of France, at the recent Elysian levee in Paris, was headed by a rival of Sir Moses Montefiore, M. Cheroul, dean of that body, who will be 100 years old next August. He fills the chair of chemistry, and is at the head of the chemical department of the Gobelins. Though he come from a wine country, he is a water drinker. Notwithstanding his age, he rises at 5 and takes a long matutinal walk in all weathers in the Jardin des Plantes, where he lives and attends to his professional duties, which are arduous. His father was a doctor. Though he enjoys the present, he takes infinite pleasure in thinking about the past and recalling the images of most of the celebrated French men and women of the century. He dresses according to the style that was in vogue in Charles X's reign, but is too absent-minded to be neat in his apparel. In going to the levee he forgot to put on the white muslin neckcloth which serves him as a cravat.

The young, obscure years ought to be incessantly employed in gaining knowledge of things worth knowing; especially of heroic human souls worth knowing; and the obscure years are, it is apt to be better.

Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling to thy skirts.

An English Court.

Very few of the cases entered on the books of an English county court come to trial at all; that is to say, the court is chiefly used to compel the payment of small debts which are not disputed. This being the case, the roll is generally called twice before the arrival of the judge. The names of the litigants are called over in a stentorian voice by the registrar or his deputy; those who answer are marked present; and thus the list is clear of those against whom judgment is entered in their absence. Should you be unfortunate enough to be absent when your case is called for the first time, mention the matter as soon as possible to the registrar. If your opponent is still about the building, the matter will be set right at once. If he has gone home, you may have to pay his costs for the day before your case is reinstated in the list. As soon as the judge arrives, and has disposed of any cases which may have been adjourned from last court day, and the "judgment summons" (a term which I will explain presently), he begins at the top of the list, which, meantime, has been further winnowed by the registrar calling it a second time, and dealing on the spot with those numerous cases in which there is no defense, and the defendant merely wants time to pay. If the list of cases which require to be heard is a long one, you may have to hang about the room with your wits on edge all day, waiting for your case to come on. For this reason it is well to inquire, when you take out your summons, whether your case will be near the top of the list; and if it is a long way down, and there are no special reasons for immediate action, it is better to take out your summons for the court day after the next, and thus you will have your case heard early in the day.

When your case is finally called for hearing you will take your place, if you are plaintiff, in a small raised box at the end of the registrar's desk, while your adversary, the defendant, occupies a similar position on the other side. After taking the oath—and it is well to pull off your glove beforehand, to save time—you, being plaintiff, begin by stating your case as shortly and clearly as you can, saying nothing, however true it may be, which you cannot prove, either from your own knowledge, or by witnesses, or by the admissions of your adversary. The great point is to keep cool. If the Judge speaks roughly to you (and he has much to try his temper), answer mildly and sensibly and you will disarm him at once.

It is well to mention indisputable facts which tell against yourself, giving your own explanation or answer to them at the same time, thus taking the wind out of your opponent's sails, and preparing the judge against the effect of them. When you are cross-examined, never allow yourself to say a word against the defendant or his character generally, or refer to transactions which have nothing to do with the matter in hand, unless you wish to show that he was in the habit of allowing a claim, or something of that kind.

The soldier holds almost as bad a position in the social scale as the actor does in China, where his rank is lowest of all other professions—a pretty fair test of the culture of the people. The same is true of this land of "God and Liberty" from which I write.

Some companies of the Eleventh Mexican cavalry are stationed here, and I have an ample opportunity of studying the soldiers of the republic at will. They are all shades of color, from almost white to a dirty black. In nearly all the Indian blood can be distinctly traced, and in many the type is so strongly marked as to dwarf all others. The uniform is not handsome. It consists of a kind of heavy blouse made of coarse black cloth, with red facing, and pants of the same material, and fatigue caps similar to our own. The men are not measured for their uniforms nor anything else. There are three sizes of uniforms, and one of the three must fit. If it does not it does not matter, as the officers seem utterly indifferent to the personal appearance of their men. In foot gear the poor fellows are worse off than in anything else. I notice many brave defenders wearing old moccasins in a state of dilapidation that would excite the contempt of a Papago Indian. It is chilly just now in the mornings and I observe that many of the soldiers have colds in their heads, which is very unfortunate for them, as up to date the republic has omitted to supply them with pocket handkerchiefs.

The Mexican cavalry horse cannot by any stretch of fancy be called a noble steed. He is not a Tartar of the Ukraine breed, nor of any particular breed to speak of. He is a mustang—broncho at that. His coat is rough, and judging from its appearance I would argue that the stable call is seldom sounded in the

Eleventh cavalry. In barracks his ration of hay is small and his allowance of corn frequently a negative quantity, which mathematicians demonstrate is less than nothing. In the field he lives off the face of the country, and how he continues to live when an American horse would starve is an equine mystery. But it is the capacity of both man and horse to live on little and bear hardship that makes the Mexican cavalry better Indian fighters than our own. The Mexican cavalry horse has little impediments to carry. A light hair larlet that cannot be eaten by cavyotes, supplies the place of our heavy plow rope and pin, he has neither side lines nor hobbles, a poncho supplies the place of blankets, and nearly all the weight on the horse is that of the rider, his ammunition and his simple field ration. As the horse can live on anything that a burro can, the long wagon or mule train is unnecessary. No one save those who have seen the Mexican horse on service can imagine the little he will live on and the long marches he will make. Almost as sure footed as a mule, he will climb the steepest mountainside, and finds refreshment and nourishment in the tough and wiry grama grass.

Mexican rations are not fixed by the government, and being his own commissary he has no complaints to lodge against the department of subsistence. He gets 30 cents per diem and he finds himself as well as his slender pay will permit. In the field he lives on pinola (roasted corn ground to fine flour), carne seca (jerked meat), pincho (a kind of candy made from dirty brown sugar), with, as a luxury, a few tortillas thrown in by his sweetheart or wife. Strange as it may seem, there are men in the Mexican army who on 30 cents a day manage to "support" a wife and an odd babe or two.

The pinola is meat and drink. Mixed with water it makes a slight acid flavor which makes it very agreeable in the heat of a semi-tropic sun. The pincho and tortillas may be looked upon as a rough attempt at pastry and desert. In barracks this hard fare is varied by a little chile con carne, an article which, I see by a recent order of the secretary of war, has been, in my opinion, unwisely omitted from the subsistence stores of the American army. On the Mexican frontier, as in all warm climates, the stomach needs a stimulant much better supplied by chile con carne than by the "cow-boy's" cordial with a bite," sold in and around our military reservations.

The lot of the Mexican soldier, like that of Gilbert's policeman, "is not a happy one." In the vast majority of cases he is serving out a term of imprisonment in the army. The uniform he wears brings with it the ignominy of the striped suit of the penitentiary. Liberty he has none, except in cases of exceptionally good conduct and he is guarded by his non-commissioned officers and his more lucky comrades during the few hours that he is allowed to exercise or make his poor little purchases on the plaza.

A fashion authority on the important topic of the hair says: The tuck-up switches are popular. These are easily adjusted, can be twisted or tied in various styles, and with the aid of ornamental hair pins make a very pretty coiffure. Young ladies affect puffs which are very becoming to many, and when parted a little at one side add to the appearance of some faces. "The preying style" is one of those mythical elements in the American management that is often a perplexity and ladies should care little for the arbitrary demands of fashion, but follow a style that is becoming as well as convenient. The reputation "bang" of happy suggestion and not specially tender memories, is fortunately a thing of the past, so entirely out of fashion that even on little girls it is scarcely allowable.

An effort has been made by a few leaders of fashion to make popular the brushing of the hair off the forehead, but without any show of success. The style of covering the forehead to the very brows is so becoming to most women that its abandonment will not be thought of, at least for the present. The brushing of hair back is an English fashion that few of our ladies seem inclined to tolerate.

Puffs appear in some very stylish dressings and are discarded in others. Curls are slowly coming in favor. Letter from Paris says that curls, four or five inches long, reaching just to the neck, below the chin, at the back, are very fashionable. Ornamental pins in plain tortoise shell are the most popular among refined ladies. But few styles in fancy patterns are called for.

Milly little shall pin, with a half ring top, is worn in everyday hair dressing, five or six being used at one time. A large comb, with flat, square top is also fashionable, and very ladylike. Natural dressers are much worn for evening gowns, but always preferably a gift from some loved one.

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A VIGIL.

There was a lane down below—
Past the mill and the miller's door,
Where the shadows lay,
And the night withholds her power,
And the moon is in the sky,
The shadowed moon is high.

From the wild rose deep unshed,
Their unforgotten song,
With that of woods and grasses bent,
A murmured flight of bird,
No whispering voice, no footstep;
No breeze amid the poplar-tops,
The smallest leaf has stirred.

Yet round me, here and there,
A faint fluttering wing,
Plays now—these senses have divined
A breeze across my hair,
A touch, that on my forehead lies,
And presses long.

These lips so mute of song,
And now, wild kisses cool, my half-shut eyes.

This night? O what is here!
What countless stars clings
Softly, so near,
On this twilight eve,
Which Memory will not be denied
Unfettered wings?

My arms reach out, in vain—
They fold the air,
And my heart reaches out again,
Two wings to make her phantom plain,
Too tender for despair.

LANETTE,
OR, THE OUTLAW'S SISTER.

Captain John Hablett, in whose truthfulness we all have implicit confidence, relates the following story:

One night, several years ago, I was a passenger on a night railway train that was carelessly robbed by a party of leering young wretches who not only deprived us of our valuables, but who, during the outrage, subjected us to their low drugging rally. I was not indifferently encumbered with money, and, as a result, I was left with a few shillings, which I had, but when one of the rascals told me to take off my watch, I filed my motion for an appeal. The watch, aside from being a gold time-keeper of finest make, had been presented me by a dear friend.

"Look here," said I, "can't you let me keep this watch? I suppose you have often heard such a request—not at all strange in your line of business—but which by granting would exhibit your running down of wages, and which I might say with no reason, to leave me at repentance."

I was a young member of the bar at that time, rather liked to hear the sound of my own voice, and thought this little speech so applicable and delivered with such emphasis, and with a certain degree of impudence, but on this occasion I am really pressed for time, while I am accommodating, and willing to grant a hearing to any one dissatisfied with the manner in which I conduct my affairs, yet I must insist that you pay more attention to your delivery and less to oratory. "Ah," taking my watch, "a jeweled checker-off of time's hurrying moments. So long, sir. I wish you a safe journey."

About two years after my experience with the robbers and my loss of the watch, I was on a vacation to Wisconsin. One day, while thrashing a little trout stream, I met a young gentleman to whom—as he was engaged in the same pastime, and as he had caught nothing—I became attracted. He was a tall, graceful young man, quiet and well-to-do, and very prettily handsome. We sat in a mossy shade and ate lunch together. We talked for an hour together, and, then, like American citizens, introduced ourselves. This is an American characteristic. As he spoke, I noticed that your name before he exhibited the slightest interest in you, but an American must become acquainted with you before he cares to know your name.

"My name is Robert Gosman," said he, "and I delivered my cognomen to you when we met at the trout stream. I don't know why, for no one ever sees me in a hurry. Here's some very fair cabbage pickle."

"Call you Wild Bob because you are not wild probably," I replied. The members of a certain bar in Adams called me Coldwater John, though I don't now remember that I have ever shown any marked predilection for cold water—Pickles is first rate."

"Say, Hablett, I live about three miles from here. You haven't anything to do particularly, have you?"

"Well, anything I have to do, I do it particularly."

"I mean have you anything particularly to do?"

"No."

"Well, suppose you go home with me. You will find the folks to be very agreeable. I've no boarding-house."

As the boarding-house which I had secured was hardly up to the standard of appetite, say nothing of association, I agreed to accompany Mr. Gosman.

The Gosmans lived in a large brick house, surrounded by tall trees. The cool yard, the spring near the house, and even the great barn from which issued the sharp smell of a good horse, all seemed to me to be inviting. I looked around to see if anyone were about to shoot at me, but saw nothing but a cow quietly grazing. I wandered if I were not in a dream, and I was not.

Our

