

# South-Jersey Republican

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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, April 4, 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 ACUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for its 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, 631 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

**FISH GUANO.**  
Pure, dry, fine-ground fish guano for sale at the farm of Jos. Wharton, Batsto, Burlington County.  
Also, about fifty young, fresh milk cows, for sale. **Geo. WRIGHT, Manager.**

Steering tickets between New York and Liverpool, Glasgow, Derry, or Belfast on the fastest steamers afloat, at away down rates. Tickets between New York and Hamburg—either way—only \$10.  
**Wm. RUTHERFORD, Agent, Hammonton, N. J.**

**Canada Ashes.**—All wanting Land Lime, Marl, Fish Guano, and Canada Ashes, will please order early. I am prepared to furnish the above named fertilizers, on the cars at Hammonton, N. J., by the ton or in car-load lots. Prices as low as the lowest. Terms, cash or approved paper. **JOHN SCULLIN, Hammonton, N. J.**

I am prepared to furnish COAL of different kinds and sizes, to suit, from yard or car. Chestnut, \$5.85 per 2240 pounds; Stove, \$5.50 for 2240.  
**G. F. SEXTON, Hammonton.**

**NEW HAMS.**—The best hams in the world at Jackson's, only 13 cts. per pound by the single ham. If you want a nice ham, try one; or if you want a larger quantity, the price will be made satisfactory. Every ham warranted good, or money refunded.

### WANTED.

Practical hands wanted on Branson, Tuttle and Lamb machines.  
Also experienced hands on Crochet and Frame Work.  
For further information and particulars apply with samples, between now and April 15th, at the Woolen and Hosiery Mill of  
**ISAAC KAUFFMANN, Egg Harbor City, N. J.**

### Guano! Guano! Fish Guano!

I hereby give notice to friends and patrons that I can furnish the above named Fertilizer as usual.  
I am not to be undersold.  
**M. PARKHURST.**

## 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.

## Ins. Co. of North America AHEAD!

Sworn returns on the 31st of December, 1884, of all the Insurance Companies in the United States show the **ETNA** and **NORTH AMERICA** to be much the largest; and the greater of these is the **NORTH AMERICA**. They show as follows:

NORTH AMERICA, assets, :	\$9,087,235
Surplus above capital and all other liabilities, :	\$3,128,880
ETNA, assets, :	\$9,013,517
assets above liabilities, :	\$2,064,491
Agricultural, of Watertown, assets above liabilities, :	134,551
Trade, of Camden, assets over liabilities, :	7,377

**A. J. KING & SON, Sole Agents of the N. A. for Hammonton property.**

## S. D. HOFFMAN, Attorney - at - Law,

Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner.

City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.



### EASTER.

Once more the yearly miracle Is wrought before our eyes, And over all our waking earth A tender beauty lies— A rapt expectancy of desire, When soon the pomp shall be Of drifting blossoms rolling far Like billows of the sea.

Fair Spring! she comes with lilacs pale, Like vestal virgins white Who hear the bridegroom and the bride, And meet them in the night: Fair Spring! she bears a seal divine, For on her shining way She gives the world her Eden back On every Easter Day.

If Mr. Jefferson Davis wants to die amid a nation's grief, let him manage to peg out simultaneously with the Hero of Appamattox.

M. Ferry has handed President Grevy a despatch from the Chinese Government received Wednesday, accepting the French terms of peace. The despatch is dated subsequent to the French defeat at Tonquin.

From a Nevada well that is 260 feet deep speckled trout six inches long have been drawn in large numbers.

At Dublin Castle Drawing Rooms, the Lord Lieutenant is compelled by custom to kiss all the "coming-out" ladies presented.

**COUNTERFEITING A VALUABLE ARTICLE.**—The publisher of the *Madison County Record* writes from Huntsville, Ark., as to the effect of Brown's Iron Bitters on his wife. Daugherty says, "My wife has been using the Bitters for some months; the effect in her case is remarkable." He also writes that owing to counterfeits and imitations, it was difficult to get the genuine article. That difficulty has now been remedied; imitations have been exposed and put to flight. There, as elsewhere Brown's Iron Bitters can be had of all the respectable druggists at a dollar a bottle.

The largest prune orchard in the world is situated one mile from Saratoga, Cal., and contains 16,000 trees. It was recently sold for \$72,000.

The story of Mrs. Garfield's alleged betrothal is indignantly denied by her friends. The lady herself regards the statement as an insult.

The acreage of winter wheat in Kansas and Western Missouri is 20 per cent less than last year, and in large wheat counties the report is "poor," "very poor." Reports from Southern Nebraska are more encouraging. Warm rains will improve the prospect.

President Cleveland has nominated A. Leo Knott, of Maryland, to be second assistant postmaster general.

That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may prove fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best of known remedies for colds, coughs, catarrhs, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

Ex-Congressman Thi Thompson, of Kentucky is to be made assistant attorney general.

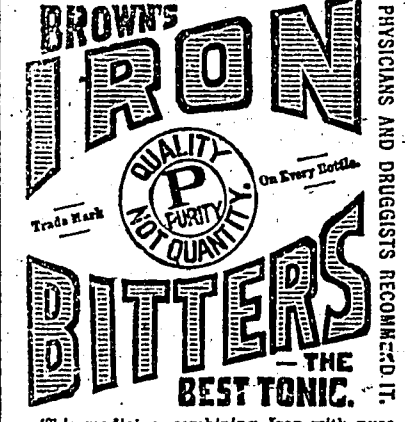
The decrease of the public debt for the month of March amounts to \$483,000.

A plot to have unwary negroes circulate counterfeit money has been discovered in Texas.

"How are we ever going to get through our summer's work? We are all run down down, tired out before it begins." So say many a farmer's family. We answer, go to your druggist and pay five dollars for six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is just the medicine you need, and will pay compound interest on the investment.

Aspinwall, Panama, has been burned by the revolutionists and there is danger of the massacre of all American residents. A special meeting of the Cabinet at Washington has resulted in the announcement that every precaution will be taken to protect the lives and property of Americans.

Secretary Whitney has ordered Commander Kane, of the man-of-war Galena, to recapture the steamship Colon from the rebels, who seized the vessel at Aspinwall.



This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys 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 Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermitting 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 BROWN CHEMICAL 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.

## WARREN LELAND,

whom everybody knows as the successful manager of the

### Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, in the early days of emigration to California, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND's farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running ulcers formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter. No treatment was of any avail until the man, by Mr. LELAND's direction, was supplied with AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which allayed the pain and irritation, healed the sores, removed the swelling, and completely restored the limb to use.

Mr. LELAND has personally used

### Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of blood diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND's permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his main hotel, Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Mr. LELAND's extensive knowledge of the good done by this unequalled eradicator of blood poisons enables him to give inquiries much valuable information.

PREPARED BY **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$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 R. 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.

### Established 1842.

## R. W. Woodruff & Co.,

Commission Merchants in

## FRUIT, VEGETABLES

POULTRY, Etc.,

43 & 44 Fulton Pier & 43 Merchants Row,

West Washington Market, New York.

Shipping Cards and Blanks, and information furnished by Wm. B. Porter, 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 Crates made to order.

### CEDAR SHINGLES

A Specialty,—odd sizes cut to order.

Oak and Pine Wood for Sale,

Cut 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.








Over 60,000 paper carwheels are in daily use on American railways.

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JOBING promptly attended to.

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and can do any kind of book or  
job printing. Bring all such  
work to the REPUBLICAN office

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The Independent's Clubbing List will be sent free to any person asking for it. Anyone wishing to subscribe for one or more papers or magazines, in connection with the Independent, can save money by ordering from our Club List. Address

**The Independent,**  
P. O. Box 2787, New York City.

The Progressive Spiritualist  
Hammononton celebrated the anniversary of  
Spiritualism on Tuesday last. They  
a sort of experience meeting in the af-  
noon, wherein local speakers took prom-  
inent part. A magnificent supper  
laid at the proper time, and an enjoy-  
meeting held in the evening.

the Highway Committee.  
Voted, to hold regular meetings  
the last Monday evening in each month  
at half-past seven o'clock.  
Adjourned.

**Land for Sale.**—Twenty acres of rate land, on Thirteenth St., about a mile from Hammonton Station, all under cultivation, with an apple orchard now bearing. Inquire of **D. FURNACE**

Orders left at the C. & A. Depot, or Stockwell's store, or Wm. Murphy will receive prompt attention.

**Stables at Wm. Murphy's**

**OCEAN TICKETS**  
To and from all ports of Europe, n  
out while you wait, at the Compan  
lowest rates rates.  
Office, in Rutherford's Bl

da  
as'  
k.



OUR BEST SOCIETY.

From crystal lamps, the soft light fell  
On gilded walls, on inland floors;  
The softest gleam of light, the softest gleam,  
Upon the carvings of the wall,  
Within a house, so rich to be,  
A King might call it home, with pride.

Beneath the lovely roof that night,  
The city's wealth and greatness shone  
Resplendent in the yellow light,  
In silk and lace, and gold and stone,  
Nor were there ever fairer scenes  
In drawing-rooms of noble queens.

Our best society was there,  
Our merchant princes, cattle kings,  
Their sons and daughters, debonair,  
In all the grace that poets sing;  
Their richness, royal splendor, merriment,  
These dainties and carols of noble kings.

Throughout the spacious halls there swept  
A faint mysterious taint of pork,  
And on the tongues of dames, were kept  
The brogue of hired help from Cork,  
While only odors did increase,  
As one came near the King of Greece.

On some a spot of iron rust,  
Despite of soap and dyes, would show,  
And California's golden dust  
Fell on the Prince of Calico;  
And now and then the air intenses,  
Was redolent of ten per cent.

But why proceed? It must be so  
In countries fresh and new like ours;  
Each year we somewhat older grow,  
And gather antique tone and power;  
And after while, beneath their lash,  
Our blood will flow instead of cash.

AN EPISODE OF THE PANIC.

It was a miserable Saturday morning  
For the month of April. Rain had  
fallen incessantly for thirty-six hours,  
and Manhattan Island looked as damp,  
dreary and uninviting as it probably  
did to the first settlers at the time Mar-  
tinez Noah was getting out his clearance  
papers. There was little or no wind,  
and the clouds banks swung so low that  
the housewife came within an ace of  
pricking them. And the rain fell with  
an effort; not in large, heavy drops,  
but in medium-sized ones, the myriad  
million stinging down as leisurely  
as snowflakes do in December, when  
they are in no haste, and apparently  
understand that they have all winter  
before them. Thousands of clocks  
were tolling the hour of 7, and the  
great human army of toilers was pon-  
ting down town. All the stages and  
cars were thronged almost to suffoca-  
tion, and several grand divisions of the  
army, whose members could not spare  
a nickel for a ride, were waiting, and  
spatched along on foot, out of humor,  
cursing both the elements and fate.

Gerald Gilmarin was marching along  
Lower Broadway, cursing about as  
lustily as the wickedest hoodlum of the  
throng. He had left his room in Clin-  
ton Place a few minutes late and with  
only a five-cent piece in his possession.  
Boarding the wrong car, he was set  
down at Broome and Broadway, and  
hence was obliged to tramp down to  
Wall street, if he got there at all.  
Gerald was a broker's junior clerk,  
and while Wall street could have survived  
the day without his presence, he could  
not afford to remain away. It was  
bread and butter in his case, and with  
a wholesome realization of the same he  
did a little extra swearing, walked a  
bit faster, and after all arrived at his  
post only a half hour late.

From the time of Josephus, roman-  
ces—especially those of the Henry  
James and Mrs. Southworth school—  
have felt in honor bound to devote a  
column or two to a minute description  
of every hair on a creature's head, and  
to tell of a hero's adventures, not being  
a weaver of fairy tales, but one of the  
George Washingtons of my profession,  
intend to give the reader an idea of  
George Gilmarin, my hero, in a very  
few lines. He was an ordinary-looking  
fellow, about twenty-five years of age,  
and his salary did not exceed a thou-  
sand a year. Year in and year out he  
was hard up. He had few creditors,  
because tailors, shoemakers and hat-  
makers were not eager for his patronage,  
as to trust him. Beyond his landlady,  
a half dozen saloon-keepers and two or  
three restaurant proprietors, no trades-  
people could truthfully say that Gerald  
Gilmarin was slow pay. He would  
borrow a dollar or two from an ac-  
quaintance occasionally and never pay  
back; but as he regarded money obtain-  
ed in this fashion the same as though  
found in the street, this shortcoming  
need not be taken into account. Gerald  
had but one aim in life: that aim  
was to live. Every Saturday after-  
noon he would take his salary of \$19  
and some odd cents and live "decent."  
As he expressed it, until the following  
Monday. Then, with only about five  
dollars left, he would practice economy  
and reform until the next Saturday  
afternoon. Frequently, when urged by  
his acquaintances to get enough money  
in bank to provide for a rainy day,  
Gerald had but one aim in life: that  
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of his House remains. Saying money  
was one's own funeral expenses was  
from Gerald's standpoint, a notification  
to Father Time that another stalk of  
grain was prepared and awaiting his  
reaping machine.

But slight events often change the  
tenor of mortal ways, and the early  
morning stroll through the rain, set  
forth a couple of paragraphs above  
Gerald another aim in life. It was  
to get married. He had never been  
in love. His heart was as callous  
and cold as his subject as a chunk of  
pig iron, he had lived alone in the world,  
and his nature had become warped and  
dwarfed to a great extent. But this  
marrying freak impressed him suddenly  
as being very desirable to a poor man,  
the proper thing in fact. He thought  
the matter over until his labors of the  
day were completed, and by that time  
his mind was fully made up and he had  
selected his prospective bride.

The woman whom Gerald concluded  
to make Mrs. Gilmarin was Miss  
Fanny Gropeman. Gerald had known  
the lady for a dozen years. When he  
entered the services of — Co. and as  
errand boy in 1872, the firm was then  
handling Miss Gropeman's money. It  
invested it for her, and as a rule, she,  
once a fortnight, desired an exact  
statement as to how the money was pro-  
ceeding. Having taken a fancy to  
Gerald during his early years of service,  
she had requested that he act as special  
messenger to her in this connection,  
and as the firm realized that his services  
could be occasionally dispensed with for  
a couple of hours at less disadvantage  
than any other clerk in its employ, he  
had accordingly gone every fortnight  
to Miss Gropeman's residence and  
faithfully performed his specified duty.  
To be sure, the firm would always  
prompt him as to his statement before  
he set out.

Miss Gropeman was a peculiar  
woman. She was worth \$250,000.  
Homely to a painful degree in girlhood,  
she had the good sense to decline a  
score of propositions from fortune-hun-  
ters, and at the time of our story was  
like our hero, heart whole and fancy  
free. Residing with her mother, her  
sole relative, she devoted life to crocheting  
work. This work did not amount to  
anything. For Miss Gropeman never  
knitted anything except tidy clothes,  
and as she esteemed them too nice for  
use, they, when completed, would be  
packed in trunks and bandboxes, and  
stowed away on the upper floors of the  
commodious family mansion in West  
Twelfth street. Miss Fanny, as Gerald  
familiarly addressed her, never sat  
with a photograph. She knew she was  
looking, her mirror told her that truth,  
and so she sensibly did not disgrace the  
walls of the Gropeman home with por-  
traits of herself. In stature she was  
short and stout. Her height was four  
and a half, and her weight was nearly  
200. She detested tight lacing, and  
always attired herself in comfortable  
garments. It was seldom that she  
went out, and her life was practically  
passed in-doors. Her features were  
plain, her black eyes were small and  
deep set, and her hair was very black  
and contrary, defying pins and combs,  
and straying all about her neck and  
temples. Small white teeth, shown  
amplly by a generous-sized mouth, are  
all that need be stated in this descrip-  
tion of Miss Fanny Gropeman.

When Gerald Gilmarin awoke the  
second day of his determination to wed,  
it was nearly noon. He sat up in bed  
for a moment with his foot hanging  
over the rail, and then by a great effort  
got out, secured the water pitcher  
and nearly drained it before his thirst  
was slaked.

"My coppers were hot; too many  
straight whiskies last night," was his  
apology to the water pitcher for depleting  
its contents. Then he shuffled  
back to bed again.

Presently he remembered that he had  
concluded to wed Miss Fanny, and he  
arose. His shirt, which he had not  
taken the trouble to remove when retir-  
ing the night before, was crumpled and  
soiled, but his head ached so badly that  
he didn't put on a clean one. Changing  
collar and cuffs and putting on a large  
scarf, made the shirt presentable. As  
Gerald had but one suit of clothes, he  
was not puzzled to decide what he  
would wear, and so in a few minutes he  
was on the street, en route to a  
Broadway hotel. The rain had ceased,  
and the sky looked so nice and bright,  
and the sun's rays were so dazzling  
that Gerald almost wished in his re-  
veries that it would storm, a few  
days more before clearing up. At the  
hotel, despite the sign of "No Liquor  
sold on Sunday," he tossed off three  
whisky cocktails dashed with absinthe,  
ate a light breakfast and felt greatly  
refreshed. Then he fell to thinking of  
his marriage scheme. There was  
nothing to prevent immediate propo-  
sals to Miss Fanny that he could see,  
and he concluded to go to her house  
and settle it all without unnecessary  
delay. Fortifying himself with two  
"pony brandies," and harmonizing his

breath with a handful of parched corn  
and cloves, he set out for the Gropeman  
mansion.

"For sake! Mr. Gilmarin, do you  
hear bad news?" Miss Fanny asked in  
an excited tone as she came into the  
parlor to meet Gerald.

"No; not bad news. Good news, I  
hope," was his reply.

"But, Mr. Gilmarin, you never  
called before," she said. "You ought  
to have called long ago. It is Thursday next,  
and —" and completely exhausted by  
the excitement of the moment the lady  
dropped into a convenient arm chair.  
Gerald, nothing daunted, wheeled a  
chair directly in front of Miss Gropeman,  
sat down gracefully facing her, and  
said slowly and carefully:

"Miss Fanny, I am going to get mar-  
ried."

"Well," was the lady's quiet  
response, for like every woman, the an-  
nouncement that a wedding was on foot  
made her all attention, "have you  
called to ask my advice, to consult with  
me?"

"I have,"

"That being the case, Mr. Gilmarin,  
I will freely say that I think you are a  
sensible man. You are young, pretty  
good looking, and I presume your sal-  
ary is sufficient to keep a little home.  
Yes, I would say get married by all  
means. May I ask the young lady's  
name?"

"You may," replied Gerald, arising  
and placing his hands firmly upon his  
questioner's shoulders, "her name is  
Miss Fanny Gropeman."

For probably fifty-nine seconds Miss  
Gropeman was in a dazed, stunned and  
helpless condition. Gerald, in the  
meantime became weary of standing,  
and removing his hands he sat down on  
the left arm of Miss Gropeman's chair.  
"Mr. Gilmarin this is very sudden—  
this proposal of yours," began Miss  
Gropeman when she regained her  
voice, "and I do not think you have  
properly set about the task of wooing  
me. And please, Mr. Gilmarin, do  
take a chair and let us converse quietly  
and gently."

Gerald obeyed, and Miss Gropeman  
continued:

"Mr. Gilmarin, I have known you  
as a business agent for many years, and  
I must admit that you have been very  
honest, upright, obliging and gentle-  
manly with me. But I never knew  
you to be a woman. Do you really?"

Homely as was Miss Gropeman, at  
that moment she blushed like a girl,  
and the tone of her inquiry betrayed an  
eagerness for a flattering reply.

"I have never loved any woman,"  
said Gerald, "but I like you very much.  
I esteem you as a woman with a heart  
—a true, sensible woman—a woman  
whose head has never been turned, or  
never can be, by flattery; in short, as a  
woman whom I could ever live happily  
with and learn to love as sincerely as  
"this possible for me to love."

"Mr. Gilmarin, you have only your  
salary, and that is not a fortune, is it?"  
Certainly not, Miss Fanny; but you  
are rich, your fortune will be ample  
for both."

"Mr. Gilmarin," responded Miss  
Gropeman, arising at the time, "I ad-  
mire your candor and respect you very  
much. I believe that I could speedily  
learn to love you, but I must have a  
little time to think this matter over.  
You may come and see me on Thursday,  
May 16, next month, and I will give you  
an answer. So, how go?"

Miss Fanny, as she has since informed me,  
was pretty much under the influence of  
liquor at the precise moment referred to  
in the paragraph, and as he crossed the  
parlor threshold, he stooped some eight-  
een or twenty inches and kissed Miss  
Gropeman "exactly in the mouth, she  
making a feebly show of resistance  
after he was too late."

On May 12 Gerald's matrimonial  
hopes were momentarily eclipsed by re-  
ceipt of the following, cruel, crushing,  
heartless letter:

M. Gerald Gilmarin—Dear Sir: De-  
tectives whom I have employed to in-  
quire into your antecedents and habits  
say that you drink, bet on horse races,  
and are considered a fast young man.  
Their disclosures shock me. You need  
not come to-morrow for your answer,  
for I am sure it is never.

You have trifled  
with my affections, and I never wish  
to see you again. Yours respectfully,  
FANNY GROPEMAN.

While in a nervous and excited con-  
dition, Miss Gropeman had written her  
letter on the body of a letter, the let-  
ter on one page, and after blotting the  
ink, she turned the page over, and  
then inadvertently affixed her signature  
near the bottom of its accompanying  
leaf. Her eyes were probably blinded  
by tears at the time.

Gerald read the letter a score of  
times, and then resolved to reform long  
enough to save a little money, purchase  
a double-barreled shotgun and slay a  
few detectives.

Wall street was in a great flurry on  
the morning of May 16, 1884. Several  
failures had already taken place, and  
the firm with which Gerald was a junior  
clerk, was preparing to go up. As our  
hero sat at his desk, a lucky thought  
struck him. Taking the cruel letter of

Miss Gropeman's from his pocket, he  
tore off the sheet containing her signa-  
ture, and wrote so that it would come  
in at the proper place:

New York, May 16, 1884.—Messrs.  
— & Co., Gentlemen—Please de-  
liver immediately to Mr. Gerald Gil-  
marin, my affianced husband and  
agent, all government bonds and other  
securities belonging to me now in your  
possession. Yours respectfully,  
FANNY GROPEMAN.

Five minutes later Gerald presented  
the above letter. The firm was thun-  
derstruck. Its members expostulated,  
but Gerald was firm, and the nice, crisp  
government bonds and a stock of railroad  
bonds, amounting in all to \$270,000 in  
value, were turned over to him.

In the course of another ten minutes  
the suspension of — & Co. was an-  
nounced in Wall street.

Pushing his way through the madding  
crowd, Gerald gained Broadway in  
safety. Taking a cab, he was driven  
rapidly to the Gropeman mansion.  
The door was ajar, and rushing in, he  
surprised Miss Fanny Gropeman at her  
couchet work in the parlor. Throwing  
down the bag of valuables, he caught  
her in his arms and hurriedly exclaimed:

"Darling, the old house of — &  
Co. has failed for a million, but I, at  
the risk of my life, have saved your  
fortune and brought it to you!"

Miss Gropeman swooned, and Gerald  
was unable to sustain her. Letting  
her to the floor as tenderly as possible,  
he dashed a goblet of water in her face,  
and she revived to find him seated on  
the floor while her head was pillowed in  
his arms.

"How can I reward you, Mr. Gil-  
marin?" she asked in half-giddy tones.

"By marrying me immediately—to-  
day—this afternoon," was Gerald's  
reply.

"But the report of the detectives,  
dear Gerald?" she asked, in almost a  
whisper.

"The detectives be blowed!" was  
our hero's prompt and manly answer.  
"They make a living by meddling with  
the affairs of respectable people!"

Miss Gropeman could find no time  
between Gerald's kisses to interpose  
further objections. That afternoon a  
clergyman visited the Gropeman man-  
sion, and the happy twain were made  
one.

Meeting Gerald Gilmarin last even-  
ing I asked him how he proposed to  
kill time the coming summer. He  
looked at his elegant gold watch for a  
moment to see if it was time to take  
another drink, and then, after taking  
two champagne cocktails, replied with  
the air of a billionaire:

"Making love to Mrs. Gilmarin and  
clipping our mutual coupons."

CATERWAULTING.

Those who regard themselves as vic-  
tims of caterwauling here may take  
consolation in the thought that they  
are not alone. The writer says that cat work  
was carried to its greatest extent by the  
ancient Egyptians, whose devotion to  
their pets was such that, according to  
Herodotus when a fire broke out they  
cared for nothing but the safety of their  
cats, and were terribly afflicted if one  
of them fell a victim to the flames.

On the death of a cat the inhabitants of  
the house shaved off their eyebrows,  
and beatled. What if this should be a  
buried and turning them loose on the  
street? Many cat mummies have been  
found in the Egyptian tombs and some  
are to be seen in the British Museum,  
together with similarly preserved speci-  
mens of human beings and of sacred  
calves. Their movements and their  
cries were consulted as oracles, and the  
murder, or even the accidental fellede  
of one of them, was punished by death.

This invites the assumption that the  
mode of life at Sandringham is full of healthy  
enjoyment. House time is half an hour  
earlier than that of Greenwich, so that  
the 9.30 breakfast is really at 9; the 2  
o'clock is at 1.30, and the 8 o'clock at  
7.30. There are farms to be visited,  
stock to be scrutinized and poked in  
the ribs, and sheep to be criticised for  
days. The stables and kennels are  
full of interest, and there are delightful  
drives.

Hospitality.

To go into the house of a friend one  
has not seen for some time and have  
her meet you with cheery face and  
commence to untie your bonnet strings  
before she has got through saying  
"How do do," and "I am so glad to  
see you," insisting you are going to  
stay to tea and part of the evening,  
and the dearest of things, "I have a  
mine has gone for a week, but you  
have a chance to have one of my sup-  
pers, that's all," is proof positive that  
old-time hospitality isn't dying out,  
for all so many claim it is. It is far  
more resting to have such a visit than  
one you are invited purposely for, and  
be left in state in the parlor to amuse  
yourself with the albums, cards and  
photographs while your hostess, too  
careful for the things that perish,  
spends most of the time in getting the  
table in the order she wishes it. We  
all take a pride of some kind in our  
homes; and we all like to be found at  
our best, I am sure, but, after all, isn't  
the warm-hearted reception worth  
more to us than anything else?

COUNTRY HOME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

At Sandringham the Prince and  
Princess of Wales lead the quiet, well-  
ordered, tranquil, yet busy life, sur-  
rounded by the amenities of a well-  
equipped establishment, by some of the  
state which is inseparable from their  
position. There is at the gate by the  
janitor a blue-coated, helmeted person-  
age, familiar with the discipline of  
Scotland Yard, to look after vagrant  
men and women, and the broad paths  
and shrubberies between the cottage  
and the hall are under the eye of other  
members of the force. But the penalty  
of greatness pays for security in  
which greatness pays for security in  
not very heavy and ministers in London  
or on their travels in the three king-  
doms are subjected to the discomfort  
of being looked after by constables.  
The royal palaces filled with treasures  
of price need protection as much as pub-  
lic museums, etc., and their inmates,  
moreover, are especially exposed to the  
onslaughts, aggressions and importu-  
nate attempts of the wide-ranging  
guerrilla of lunatic, weak-minded folk  
of mad people try from time to time to  
burst in upon Windsor, Balmoral,  
Sandringham, Osborne, or Aberfeldy—  
and, yes, even in the valley of the Dee.  
But in these days there must be war-  
ders at the gate as there were in days of  
old.

With this view I started out one  
evening for a walk, and as I passed  
over some of the public thorough-  
fares, I found myself on the borders of  
a locality that did not look particularly  
inviting, the streets being badly paved  
and the houses and the people indicated  
the quarter of the poorer class. I kept  
on, however, some little distance, taking  
care not to lose sight of the main street.  
I had left, and was the point of the first  
turning, when, from a dark alley, a  
little girl, poorly and thinly clad, came  
running toward me, crying as if her  
heart would break.

"I am going to the door for the door  
through which I supposed the real murder-  
er had escaped, and just as I had  
succeeded in finding it, some two or  
three persons burst into the room, and  
I, following the first, and in another mo-  
ment my fate might be sealed.  
I must escape—it would be madness  
to remain—and without a moment's  
hesitation I tore myself from the grasp  
of the woman whose body fell heavily  
upon the floor, but whether in life or  
death I could not tell.

I sprang across the door for the door  
through which I supposed the real murder-  
er had escaped, and just as I had  
succeeded in finding it, some two or  
three persons burst into the room, and  
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THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, then, with dream the life is fair,  
And thy spirit will light to roam;  
And thou shalt go, but never, when there,  
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more  
bright,  
It dangles to lead astray;  
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night,  
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the heart of home has a constant  
flame,  
And puts a vital fire,  
'Twill burn, 'twill burn forever the same,  
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest tossed,  
And thy hopes sail, but never, when there,  
Forget the light of home.

And there like a star through the midnight  
cloud,  
Thou shalt see the beacon bright;  
For never, till shining on thy shore,  
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill glaze the name,  
But the heart's fire will not let it fade;  
And fashion's smiles, that rich eyes claim,  
Are but beams of a wistful day.

How cold and dim those beams must  
be,  
Should life's wretched wanderer come.  
But my boy, when the world is dark to  
thee,  
Then turn to the light of home.

A NIGHT'S STORY.

I have traveled in my time over a  
great portion of the world, and have had  
some rather curious and exciting adven-  
tures; but the most remarkable of these,  
taking everything into consideration,  
was the series that occurred one night  
at New Orleans in the winter of 1883.

I was visiting the city on a trip of  
pleasure, and had letters of introduc-  
tion to some of the most prominent  
families; but I arrived there a perfect  
stranger, put up at one of the principal  
hotels, and thought I would see a little  
of the town before making my  
acquaintance with the city.

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"AN AIRY" GROUNDED THE POOR WOMAN.

"Her words were cut short by a wild,  
pleading cry, 'Murder! murder!'  
followed by a cry of 'Murder! murder!'  
Help! help! help!"

Impulsively I sprang out of the room,  
and, as I came back to the door, I per-  
ceived the glimmer of a light through a  
partly-opened door. As the cries of  
murder came, I rushed to the door, and  
opened it without hesitation, and was  
immediately clutched by a woman  
with a disordered dress and disheveled  
hair, and whose eyes seemed blinded by  
the blue streamers from a large gash  
across her forehead. I had only time to  
see this much, and that there was a  
man springing back with a bloody knife  
in his hand, before the light was sud-  
denly dashed out, and the man seemed  
to retreat through a door on the other  
side of the room. The woman evidently  
suffered the impression that she had  
been held of her murderous assailant,  
held on to me with the grip of death,  
crying:

"Quick, quick! I have him! Murder!  
murder! help! help!"

As every succeeding word grew faint-  
er and more faint, till the last one had  
a choked and indistinct utterance, it  
was evident to me that the poor wo-  
man was either dying or swooning; and,  
as her hold on me was in no degree re-  
laxed to correspond with the feebleness  
of her voice, I feared she was already in  
the clutches of death.

Here, then, was a situation for a  
stranger in a strange city—to be found  
in the clutches of a murdered woman,  
and to be the witness of a crime which  
I could not commit the wicked deed! And  
even if I were not the crime—even if I  
were not the crime—even if I were not  
the crime—even if I were not the crime—  
I was taking the most favored view possible  
in case the woman should not live to  
testify that I was not the murderer.

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