

South-Jersey Republican

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VOL. 27.

HAMMONTON, N. J., APRIL 6, 1889.

NO. 14.



Silver

Gold

Steel

SPECS & EYE-GLASSES

Nickel

We are prepared to fit you with Glasses of almost every style and quality. Broken frames and glasses repaired.

CARL M. COOK, Jeweler and Optician.

Christmas, and other Holiday Goods

At **CHARLES E. HALL'S** New Store

FURNITURE.

FANCY ROCKERS, in Plush and Carpet,

New Patterns in Carpets and Rugs. Baskets of all kinds.

Woodware, Hardware, and Tinware,

Valley Novelty Range, and Penn Franklin open grate Stoves.

We keep nothing but what we can recommend. Please call and examine goods before purchasing.

C. E. HALL, cor. Bellevue and Central Aves.

GEORGE ELVINS

DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,

Agricultural Implements, etc., etc.

N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

M. L. Jackson Sells



All Vegetables in their Season.

His Wagons Run through the Town and Vicinity



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South Jersey Republican

AND
Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

A WONDERFUL PUBLICATION.

Many suppose DEMOREST'S MONTHLY to be a fashion magazine. This is a great mistake. It undoubtedly contains the finest fashion department of any magazine published, but it is the case from the fact that great enterprises and experience are shown, so that each department is equal to a magazine in itself. In Demorest's you get a dozen magazines in one, and secure amusement and instruction for the whole family. It contains stories, poems, and other literary attractions, including illustrated, scientific, and foreign matters, and is illustrated with original steel engravings, photographs, watercolors, and fine woodcuts, making it the most MAGAZINE OF AMERICA.

Each copy contains a PATTERN ORDER entitling the holder to the selection of ANY PATTERN illustrated in any number of the Magazine, and in ANY OF THE SIZES manufactured, each valued at from 20 cents to 50 cents, or over \$3.00 worth of patterns per year, free.

Yearly subscription, \$2.00. A trial will convince you that you can get ten times the value of the money paid. Single copies (each containing Pattern Order), 20 cents.

Published by **W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, NEW YORK.**

The above combination is a splendid chance to get our paper and DEMOREST'S MONTHLY at reduced rates. Send your subscriptions to this office.

SCHOOL REPORT.

The following pupils have received an average of 90 in deportment, 80 or above in recitations, and have been regular in attendance, during the week ending Friday, March 29th, 1889, and thereby constitute the

ROLL OF HONOR.

HIGH SCHOOL.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Mamie Wood	Lizzie Seeley
Nellie Tudor	Florence Jacobs
Leona Adams	Chas. Moore
Etta Hall	Harry Baker
Lilla Ruby	Henry Stockwell
Mabel Dorphley	Chester Crowell
Myra Patten	Harry Monfort
Nellie Monfort	Charles Jacobs
Lizzie Gross	Zim. Roberts
Kate Fitting	Ernest Swift
Helen Miller	Bertie Jackson
Laura Baker	Sam. Newcomb
Lucy Hood	Eddie Cordery
Mamie Thomas	Walter Stevens
Lizzie Walther	James Scullin
Samartha Bernshouse	Willie Hoyt
Jesse Rutherford	Will. Parkhurst
Grace Whitmore	

GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.

Miss Annie L. Weston, Teacher.

Mettie Tilton	Gertie Smith
Minnie Cole	George Hewitt
Belle Hurley	Jerry Trent
John Baker	Josie Henshaw
Russell Trent	Mattie Setley
Evelyn Edsall	Clara Duerfel
Allie Setley	Chas. Bradbury
Sarah Carney	Lizzie Laver
Rutherford Tomlin	Eddie Whitten
Nat. Blaine	David Davies
Kirk Blythe	Allie Whittier
Maud Leonard	

INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Susie L. Moore, Teacher.

Bertha Matthews	Samuel Irons
Maggie Miller	George Whitten
Blanche Jones	Frank Tomlin
Fred Stevens	Herbert Cordery
Harry Simons	James Baker
Nellie Hurley	Charles Miller
May Simons	Harry Thomas
Charlie Hoffman	Louis Cordery
Gertie Thomas	Reita Schlenitzauer
Johnnie Hoyt	Myrtle Smith
Gertie Schlenitzauer	Harry Rutherford

PRIMARY.

Miss Nellie D. Foug, Teacher.

Harry Potter	Allie Mick
Anna Holland	Joe Bowker
Bertie King	Carrie Burgess
Ora Moore	Walter French
Willie Simons	Morris Simons
Mary Burgess	Josie Harris
Willie King	Harry Horn
Louie Colwell	Ollie DePuy
Katie Davis	Louie Attendar
Harry Langham	Sarah Roberts
Joe Herbert	Elmer Horn
Artie Potter	Harry Walker
Henry Whiffen	Mamie Mannico
Roy A. Leland	John Myers
Comely Albertson	Raymond Wilde
Blissie Mick	Gracie Thayer
Beulah Jones	Willie Myers
Charlie Laver	Mary Laver
Nick Mick	Amos Hurley

LAKE SCHOOL.

Miss Sarah Crowell, Teacher.

Alfred Nicolai	Maggie Foglietto
Jennie Hartshorn	Rosa Tell
Linda Wickward	Fannie French
Lula Hoppling	Mary Tell
Francesca Tassalaquo	Katie Foglietto

MAIN ROAD SCHOOL.

Miss Grace U. North, Teacher.

Bertie Adams	Ida Keyser
Mattie Swift	Wardle Campanella
Elia Twomey	Allie Slack
Chas. Campanella	Mary Crezendo
Lillie Orille	Amelia Esposito
Chris. Smith	Celia Esposito
Chas. Fitting	Ollie Adams
Charuice Fitting	

MIDDLE ROAD SCHOOL.

Miss Clara E. Cavilleer, Teacher.

Josephine Rogers	Clarence Anderson
Austin Scullin	Charlie Anderson
Rob Farmer	Edie Scullin
Nina Monfort	Angelo Juliana
Lillian Jacobs	Minnie Jacobs
Mabel Elvins	Antonio Tomosella
Archie Kellely	Joseph Gross
Harry Jacobs	Charlie Jullio
Alfred Patten	James Anderson
Josef Garton	Roy Beach

MAGNOLIA SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie L. Carhart, Teacher.

John Young	Clarence Littlefield
Joseph Young	Chas. Littlefield
Willie Duerfel	John Heller
Eddie Duerfel	Paula Granwald
Eddie Goppert	Lea Granwald
Henry Goppert	Lea Spyes
Albert Rehman	

COLUMBIA SCHOOL.

Miss Minnie Newcomb, Teacher.

Albert W. Westcott	Mary Piper
John Westcott	Josephine Westcott
Josephine Craig	Maggie Westcott
Jennie Stewart	Willis Vanaman
Maggie Craig	

ELM SCHOOL.

Miss Laura B. Dudley, Teacher.

Samuel Forman	Sherman Evalui
Donald Chapman	Mrs. Hyper
Josephine Craig	Nellie Jones
Deborah Forman	Lizzie Sweet
Walter Forman	Fred Schneider

STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.

	Total on Roll.	Average Attendance	Per cent of Attendance	Days of Absenteeism	Cases of Truancy
1 High School	49	43	88	26	6
2 Grammar Dept.	40	36	90	21	11
3 Intermediate	49	43	88	28	20
4 Primary	88	76	86	61	19
Total Central	226	198	88	139	56
5 Lake School	29	16	55	66	6
6 Main Road	54	48	89	20	23
7 Middle Road	49	43	88	20	11
8 Magnolia	40	36	90	21	11
9 Columbia	37	18	48	58	19

Over one hundred boys at the Boys' Reform school, at Jamesburg, are in idleness because of the shutting down of the shirt factory at that institution.

Ex-Congressman Brower is going to start a pottery at Tiffin, Ohio.

COAL.

Best Lehigh Coal for sale from yard, at lowest prices, in any quantity.

Orders for coal may be left at P. S. Tilton & Son's store. Coal should be ordered one day before it is needed.

GEO. F. SAXTON.

Mrs. C. M. JORDAN

Has the agency for

Wheeler and Wilson
Sewing Machines

Ladies are invited to call at her residence and see the

New No. 9,

High Arm, Automatic Tension, Noiseless in action, lightest running, and fastest feed of any machine made.

Does all kinds of work.—Darning, as well as plain, practical work, on the thinnest muslin to the heaviest work made.

Old Machines Taken

In part payment, for which good prices are allowed.

Machines sold on instalments at lowest cash prices.

Henry Schulz,
FRESCO PAINTER

Paper Hanger,

House & Sign Painter,

And Grainer.

Portrait & Art Work

Done to Order.

Fairview & Railroad Avenues,
Hammonton.

Patronage Solicited

H. FIEDLER,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS.

Dealer in

Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery,
HAMMONTON, N. J.

G. VALENTINE

IS THE ONLY

RESIDENT

UNDERTAKER.



W. A. HOOD, Assistant.

Ready to attend to all calls, day or night. Can furnish anything in this line there is in the market, at lowest prices. Mr. Hood's residence is on Peach St., next to C. P. Hill's.

Orders left at Chas. Simons Livery will receive prompt attention.

COAL YARD

Having purchased Mr. Geo. Elvins' coal business, I will be prepared to furnish

THE BEST GRADES OF

COAL

In large or small quantities, at shortest notice, and at bottom prices for 2240 pounds to the Ton,

Your patronage solicited.

W. H. Bernshouse.

Office in Wm. Bernshouse's office.

Allen Brown Endicott,

Counselor-at-Law,

Real Estate and Law Building,

ATLANTIC CITY. N. J.

Hammonton Property For Sale.

A handsome residence on Bellevue Avenue, ten minutes walk from station, with large barn and other buildings; 24 acres of good land, all cultivated, mostly in fruit and berries. This will be divided, if desired.

Also—Seven acres on Liberty Street, in blackberries, in full bearing, and a good apple and pear orchard.

Also—3½ acres on Valley Avenue, in blackberries—full bearing.

Also—Ten acres on Myrtle Street,—8½ acres in fruit.

Also, Two valuable building lots on Bellevue Avenue, near the Presbyterian Church.

Also, Thirteen acres on Pine Road, 1½ acres in bearing grapes (Moore's Early), 3 acres in cranberries three yrs. old, 7 acres cedar timber.

Inquire of

D. L. POTTER, Hammonton.

A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC

AND

Conveyancer.

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.

Hammonton, N. J.

A. J. KING,
Resident Lawyer,

Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Insures in No. 1 companies, and at the lowest rates. Personal attention given to all business.

New Spring

Satteens,

Prints,

and

Ginghams.

A Fine Assortment,
Just Received,

at

Stockwell's.

Sweet Sorrow.
Life's chalice overflowed with wine
Through a joyous year.
I quaffed the draught, I sipped the lees
I drunken with cheer.
I swore that I should never be
Less free, less strong, less sweet.
What had been, should be no more,
Joy, rapturous and complete.
Next year that cup was filled with myrrh
Instead of pleasure's wine.
A mingled with the bitter draught
Were tears, and they were mine.
I poured the cup, and dashed the draught
Down over desert sands,
And fled the place, and many years
I roamed in distant lands.
I sought again to fill the cup
With wine, as sweet and strong
As that I drank, that wondrous year
When life was budding and song.
I sought to vain—the grapes I pressed
Flowed ever juice of grief;
And tears and blood were blended there,
Till I despaired of life.
And after many years had sped,
I sought the desert land,
And lo! a spring was flowing there,
From out the sand.
I drank the crystal water then,
To still the craving thirst;
I found it sweeter than the wine
That filled my cup at first.

AN OBEDIENT HUSBAND.
The first time I met my old chum
Vital Herbolot, after leaving school
was at a banquet attended by all the
old pupils of our provincial lycée.
I was not a little surprised to find the
Vital Herbolot of mature years quite a
different looking person from the youth
I remembered, and all round me I
found the man I had supposed my friend
would grow into. When I knew him
he was slender and taut, painfully
neat in his dress, scrupulously correct in
his manners and somewhat reserved,
combining, in short, all the good quali-
ties of a young lad determined to make
his way in the world, and his relatives
had called for him. I now saw a
compactly built, large limbed man,
much sunburned, with a bright eye and
the loud, clear, decisive way of speak-
ing of one unconsciously to people his
words. There was a free and easy and
not ungracious manner about him as
different as possible from that usually
assumed by the young officials in
whose ranks I supposed him still to be.
"What has happened to you?" I said
to him. "Are you no longer in govern-
ment employ?"
"No, no, follow; I am nothing more
nor less than a stupid old farmer. I
have a little place half a league from
here at Chateau de launeyville, where I
cultivate wheat and black Burgundy grapes,
the wine from which you shall taste when
you come to see me."
"You don't mean to tell me that you,
the son and grandson of a government
official, who was always held up as a
model employee at the bureau, and for
whom the most brilliant future was
predicted—you don't mean to say that
you have thrown away all your chances
of distinguishing yourself in your
chosen career?"
"Yes, that's the simple truth."
"How did it happen?"
"My dear fellow," he replied, laugh-
ing, "great effects are often produced
by very trivial causes. In this case it
was a couple of peaches which com-
pelled me to offer my resignation."
"A couple of peaches?"
"Precisely so, and if you will drive
with me back to Chateau de launeyville
you will see how it came about."
After coffee had been served we left
the banqueters and while discussing
over cigars my friend began his story.
It was a warm afternoon toward the
end of August.
"You know," he said, "that I was
born in the profession, and that my
father, though an old employee of the
bureau, thought there was nothing to
be compared to government service.
So as soon as I had received my
brilliant degree, and as nothing more
brilliant offered, I was installed as a
clerk in my father's office."
"As I was an industrious lad of regular
habits and had been taught from the
cradle to respect my superiors and to
pay them the respect which was their
due, I was in great favor with the
heads of the bureau. When I was 25
the director, who had conceived quite
a liking for me, took me into his office,
and I was an object of envy to my fel-
low clerks. I was, in fact, already
spoken of as in the way of speedy pro-
motion."
"It was at that period I married.
My wife was an exceedingly pretty
young girl, but who, though as good as
she was pretty and very affectionate,
had no fortune. This was considered
a grave mistake on my part in the little
world of employees in which I lived,
many going so far as to assert that I
had made a stupid blunder, and that my
marriage was a doubly bad one, par-
ticularly compromised my future. Nev-
ertheless, as my wife was attractive
and amiable, and as we managed by
the help of my father's salary to govern
after a while stopped talking of my
want of fortune and the society of the
provincial town in which we lived con-
descended to resign."
"My official superiors," the director,
was wealthy. He gave frequent recep-
tions, generous dinners, and now and
then a dancing party, to which his em-
ployees and the celebrities of the town
were invited. At the end of the year,
my wife, who was in delicate health,
was compelled to remain at home when
I should have preferred keeping her
company I was obliged to go alone, for
my host could not permit his invita-
tions to be refused."
"It so happened that just when my
wife was a little more indisposed than
usual these came a summons to a great

hall, and I was thus compelled, much
against my wishes, to don my dress
coat again.
"Just as I was about starting and
was engaged in tying my cravat, my
wife began to shower observations on
me.
"That will do capitally. Now don't
forget to notice everything carefully so
as to be able to give me a detailed ac-
count of all that happens. I shall want
to know the names of the ladies, how
they dressed and the bill of fare of the
evening, for they're going to have a
splendid one. I hear that there are a
heap of good things coming from
Chevet's, including some early fruit.
The grocer says that there will be
peaches that cost three francs a piece.
Oh! I adore peaches. Do you know, if
you were a very, very good boy indeed
you would bring me one?"
"Against this preposterous demand I
entered at earnest protest, but the
stronger the objections offered the more
insistent she insisted that I should gratify
her whim.
"On the contrary, nothing is easier.
Promise to bring me at the least one.
Swear to it."
"What can one say, when the wife
of one's bosom takes so decided an in-
terest, especially if she is in delicate health,
it seemed by my giving a vague promise,
that was hurrying away when, just as
my hand was on the door knob, she
called me back. I saw her great blue
eyes fixed on me, her face aglow with
the gleam of the expected treat, as she
cried:
"You promise?"
"It was a very attractive ball. Flow-
ers everywhere, fresh toilettes and an
excellent orchestra. The prefect, the
president of the court, the officers of
the garrison—all in 'high life' of the
place—were there. At midnight pre-
cisely supper was served and the dancers
passed into the supper room. I follow-
ed in some agitation, and had scarcely
got inside the door when I be-
lieved in the place of honor in the mid-
dle of the table, the famous peaches
sent by Chevet.
They were superb. Arranged like
a pyramid in a vase of Launeyville china,
and picture-quely separated by vine
leaves, with which the dark red and
whitish green of the fruit contrasted
most agreeably, the whole presented a
very appetizing picture. I fastened
them with my eyes from a distance,
and could easily imagine the state of
joyous excitement into which my wife
would be thrown if I could succeed in
carrying home with me a specimen of
this magnificent fruit.
"The longer I looked at them the
more determined I became to pilfer the
Launeyville fruit. I was not alone in
this. But how was I to accomplish
my nefarious design. The servants
stood guard around these costly pro-
duces of the hot-house, and it presently
appeared that my host had reserved them
for the consumption of a few
privileged guests. From time to time,
the prefect, a servant would take a
peach carefully from the dish, cut it
with a silver knife and offer the two
halves on a rich plate of Sevres ware
to the person designated. I watched
proceedings with anxiety, and felt cold
chills creep over me as the luscious
pyramid slowly but surely melted
away.
"The vase was not quite empty
when the dancers, recalled by a few
preliminary chords from the orchestra,
hastily returned to the ball room. In
fact, I could count half a dozen of the
homeliest, over the walls of which a
trelliswork had been made, whence
hung a fine show of peaches ripening in
the sun.
"I followed the crowd, but made only
a pretended effort. I had left my hat in
the upper room, in order to be able to
have an excuse for going back after it.
It was a silk hat, and had given me
considerable trouble in properly dispos-
ing of it during the evening. As I was
quite intimate at the house the servant
paid no attention to my movements.
Besides, at that moment they were busy
in taking the champagne silver to the
upper room. In an instant I had made
my way to the buffet, on which the cov-
eted fruit had now been placed. No one
was in the room and there was no time
to lose.
"After furtively glancing to the right
and left, I suddenly seized two of the
peaches and placed them carefully in
my coat, first wrapping them in my
handkerchief. Then very calmly and
with much dignity, although my heart
was beating frightfully, I left the sup-
per room, pressing my hat against my
breast and holding it there by my right
hand skillfully thrust in the bosom of
my vest, which attitude gave me a
somewhat heroic, not to say Napoleonic,
aspect.
"My intention was to cross the hall-
room quickly and then suddenly disap-
pear. Outside, I would carry the two
peaches tied in my handkerchief
victoriously home.
"This little scheme seemed not to be
so easy to carry out as I had imagined,
and just as I was about to emerge again,
All around the room was a double row
of black coats and wall flowers, sur-
rounding a second circle formed by the
cuppy chairs in which the dancers were
seated. The empty space in the middle,
where the latter were enjoying them-
selves, it was this space that I
had to cross in order to reach the door
of the supper room.
"I timidly wended my way between
the groups and glided adroitly among
the chairs with the suppleness of an
eunuch. I trembled with anxiety lest
some awkward elbow should displace
my head covering and cause the cov-
eted fruit to tumble into the floor. I
could hear the rolling around of my hat
turned red up to the very roots of my
hair.
"At last, after much tribulation and
several false alarms, I made my way
out into the open space just as a new
figure was being arranged. In this lat-
ter, one of the ladies stands in the mid-

dle of a circle of dancers who, joining
hands around their backs, look toward
her. While this is being done, she
places a hat she holds in her hand on
the head of the gentleman she wishes
for a partner to dance a quadrille. On the
occasion it was my host's daughter who
was to perform the last trick, and I had
hardly taken two steps on my way to
the door when I was called out.
"A hat! I must have a hat!"
"Then she caught sight of me with
my stoupe glued to my breast. I
saw her eyes fixed on me, and could
feel all the blood in my face rush into
my face, while my heart seemed to
stand still in a spasm of alarm.
"Ah! you come just in
time," Mr. Herbolot said. "You have
just seen that I have a hat. Before I
could stammer out a word of
protest she had seized that useful
article of my attire, and so suddenly
that the peaches were thrown some dis-
tance in one direction while my hand-
kerchief and the vine leaves flew in an-
other.
"You can imagine the scene. The
dancers laughed in their sleeves at the
disclosure of my theft and my utter dis-
comfiture. My host roared and look-
ed at me with the stare of a man who
eyed me askance. I felt my little
giving way under me. How I wished
that there had been a trap in the floor
just as I was about to disappear from
public view.
"The young girl bit her lips to keep
from laughing as she politely returned
me her hat.
"Vital Herbolot," she said in a slightly
ironical tone, "had you not better pick
up your peaches?"
"This was the signal of an outburst
of laughter from all parts of the room.
Even the servants had great difficulty
in restraining themselves from joining
in the general mirth. As for me, pale,
haggard and trembling, I fled from the
room. I was so upset that I was in no
mood to follow up my own line of
thought, and when I finally reached
home, I found my wife returning
home to pour my sorrows into my wife's
sympathizing ears.
"The next day the story was all over
town. When I went to the office my
fellow clerks were all laughing at me.
"Herbolot, pick up your peaches."
"It made me blush again. I could
not walk a step in the street without
being pointed out and laughed at.
"That's the gentleman with the
peaches."
"The situation became intolerable,
and a week later I sent in my resigna-
tion.
"An uncle of my wife's had an estate
in the neighborhood of my native town.
I decided to take me as an assistant.
He consented, and I moved to Chateau
de launeyville. How was I to tell?
I went resolutely to work rising at
six and not shirking any necessary
labor. It turned out that I had a
greater talent for agriculture than for
drawing up official documents, for in a
short time I became a real farmer.
The estate throws so well under my
management that our uncle left it to
me at his death. Since then I have brought
it to the state of high cultivation in
which you see it is now.
"I had reached Chateau de launeyville,
passing through an orchard where the trees
were laden with fruit, the limbs hang-
ing down with the weight of the burden
of apples and pears that they towered
the ground. After leaving the orchard
and going through a vegetable garden
I could see the white front of the
homestead, over the walls of which a
trelliswork had been made, whence
hung a fine show of peaches ripening in
the sun.
"I followed the crowd, but made only
a pretended effort. I had left my hat in
the upper room, in order to be able to
have an excuse for going back after it.
It was a silk hat, and had given me
considerable trouble in properly dispos-
ing of it during the evening. As I was
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paid no attention to my movements.
Besides, at that moment they were busy
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and left, I suddenly seized two of the
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handkerchief. Then very calmly and
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kerchief and the vine leaves flew in an-
other.
"You can imagine the scene. The
dancers laughed in their sleeves at the
disclosure of my theft and my utter dis-
comfiture. My host roared and look-
ed at me with the stare of a man who
eyed me askance. I felt my little
giving way under me. How I wished
that there had been a trap in the floor
just as I was about to disappear from
public view.
"The young girl bit her lips to keep
from laughing as she politely returned
me her hat.
"Vital Herbolot," she said in a slightly
ironical tone, "had you not better pick
up your peaches?"
"This was the signal of an outburst
of laughter from all parts of the room.
Even the servants had great difficulty
in restraining themselves from joining
in the general mirth. As for me, pale,
haggard and trembling, I fled from the
room. I was so upset that I was in no
mood to follow up my own line of
thought, and when I finally reached
home, I found my wife returning
home to pour my sorrows into my wife's
sympathizing ears.
"The next day the story was all over
town. When I went to the office my
fellow clerks were all laughing at me.
"Herbolot, pick up your peaches."
"It made me blush again. I could
not walk a step in the street without
being pointed out and laughed at.
"That's the gentleman with the
peaches."
"The situation became intolerable,
and a week later I sent in my resigna-
tion.
"An uncle of my wife's had an estate
in the neighborhood of my native town.
I decided to take me as an assistant.
He consented, and I moved to Chateau
de launeyville. How was I to tell?
I went resolutely to work rising at
six and not shirking any necessary
labor. It turned out that I had a
greater talent for agriculture than for
drawing up official documents, for in a
short time I became a real farmer.
The estate throws so well under my
management that our uncle left it to
me at his death. Since then I have brought
it to the state of high cultivation in
which you see it is now.
"I had reached Chateau de launeyville,
passing through an orchard where the trees
were laden with fruit, the limbs hang-
ing down with the weight of the burden
of apples and pears that they towered
the ground. After leaving the orchard
and going through a vegetable garden
I could see the white front of the
homestead, over the walls of which a
trelliswork had been made, whence
hung a fine show of peaches ripening in
the sun.
"I followed the crowd, but made only
a pretended effort. I had left my hat in
the upper room, in order to be able to
have an excuse for going back after it.
It was a silk hat, and had given me
considerable trouble in properly dispos-
ing of it during the evening. As I was
quite intimate at the house the servant
paid no attention to my movements.
Besides, at that moment they were busy
in taking the champagne silver to the
upper room. In an instant I had made
my way to the buffet, on which the cov-
eted fruit had now been placed. No one
was in the room and there was no time
to lose.
"After furtively glancing to the right
and left, I suddenly seized two of the
peaches and placed them carefully in
my coat, first wrapping them in my
handkerchief. Then very calmly and
with much dignity, although my heart
was beating frightfully, I left the sup-
per room, pressing my hat against my
breast and holding it there by my right
hand skillfully thrust in the bosom of
my vest, which attitude gave me a
somewhat heroic, not to say Napoleonic,
aspect.
"My intention was to cross the hall-
room quickly and then suddenly disap-
pear. Outside, I would carry the two
peaches tied in my handkerchief
victoriously home.
"This little scheme seemed not to be
so easy to carry out as I had imagined,
and just as I was about to emerge again,
All around the room was a double row
of black coats and wall flowers, sur-
rounding a second circle formed by the
cuppy chairs in which the dancers were
seated. The empty space in the middle,
where the latter were enjoying them-
selves, it was this space that I
had to cross in order to reach the door
of the supper room.
"I timidly wended my way between
the groups and glided adroitly among
the chairs with the suppleness of an
eunuch. I trembled with anxiety lest
some awkward elbow should displace
my head covering and cause the cov-
eted fruit to tumble into the floor. I
could hear the rolling around of my hat
turned red up to the very roots of my
hair.
"At last, after much tribulation and
several false alarms, I made my way
out into the open space just as a new
figure was being arranged. In this lat-
ter, one of the ladies stands in the mid-

FASHION NOTES.
When Morse, the father of the tele-
graph, was taking daguerotypes on the
top of the building at the corner of
Nassau and Beekman streets, New
York, Samuel Morse, the inventor of the
revolver, was a friend of the electrici-
an. Colt had his mind full of a tor-
pedo for the defense of the coast, which
was to be exploded by an electric cur-
rent. As Morse had the wires and the
battery, the dabbler in torpedoes found
his necessary machinery ready at hand.
On one occasion, when Morse was ab-
sent, an experiment was to be tried on
the roof of the house, with a slight
charge of powder, which was to be con-
fined under a drum of fire.
The gentleman who told this story was then a
mere lad, light of weight, and was ex-
actly the convenient resisting medium
which Colt wanted. It was agreed
that the boy should stand on the box
while the powder was fired. Just as all
preparations were completed, and the
drum stood on the box, Prof. Morse ap-
peared, and who took him at a glance.
"Stop," he cried, "Colt, bid
that boy get down. If you want to try
the experiment, jump up in his place."
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powder there, said Colt, "but, I am
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