

South-Jersey Republican

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Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

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HAMMONTON, N. J., APRIL 24, 1886.

NO. 17.

THE WALMER HOUSE,

Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

Open at all seasons, for permanent and transient boarders. Large airy rooms. First-class table. Verandas and balconies to every room. Plenty of shade. Pure Water. Stabling for horses. **Special Rates for Families for the Season.** For terms, address—
WALMER HOUSE,
Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey.
(Lock-Box 75)

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

J. MURDOGH,
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.

Read the Republican.

Wagons AND Buggies.

On and after Jan. 1, 1886, I will sell

One-horse wagons, with fine body and Columbia springs complete, 1 1/2 inch tire, 1 1/2 axle, for CASH,	\$80 00
One-horse wagon, complete, 1 1/2 tire 1 1/2 axle, for CASH,	62 50
The same, with 2-inch tire,	65 00
One-horse Light Express,	60 00
Platform Light Express,	60 00
Side-spring Buggies with fine finish,	70 00
Two-horse Farm Wagons,	\$95 to 120 00
No-top Buggies	50 00

These wagons are all made of the best White Oak and Hickory, and are thoroughly seasoned, and ironed in a workmanlike manner. Please call, and be convinced. Factory at the C. & A. Depot, Hammonton.

ALEX. AITKEN, Proprietor.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on Wednesday, the
Fifth day of May, 1886,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Veal & Norcross, in May's Landing, Atlantic County, New Jersey: All that certain messuage or tenement and tract or piece of land situate in Mullica Township, County of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as

Beginning at a point in the middle of Weymouth Road, being a corner to an exception; thence running South seventy-nine degrees West, by line of the said exception, one hundred and fourteen and twenty-hundredths rods to a corner; thence North forty-three degrees West, by line of lot three hundred and eighty-three, seventy-five rods to a stake in Tomlinson's line; thence South forty-seven degrees West, by Tomlinson's line, forty-nine and sixty hundredths rods to a stake; thence North seventy-nine degrees East, by Tomlinson's line, twenty-five and twenty-hundredths rods to the middle of Weymouth road; thence along the middle of the said road South eleven degrees West five rods to the place of beginning. Containing, according to a recent survey made thereof, thirteen acres and sixty-seven one-hundredths of an acre, be the same more or less.

Sold as the property of Thomas J. McCauley, Junior, and taken in execution at the suit of Laura Maria Westman, and to be sold by

CHAS. R. LACY, Sheriff.
Dated February 25th, 1886.
SCOVILL & HARRIS, Solicitors.
Pr. Bu. 1, 2-24, 712, 300.

THE ATTENTION of the citizens of Hammonton is called to the fact that

GERRY VALENTINE

Is the only RESIDENT

**FURNISHING
Undertaker.**

Having recently purchased a
New and Modern Hearse,
And all necessary paraphernalia,
I am prepared to satisfy ALL who may call.

Mr. Wm. A. Hood

Will attend, personally, to all calls, whether day or night. A competent woman ready to assist, also, when desired.

Mr. Hood's residence, on Second St., opposite A. J. Smith's.
Orders may be left at Chas. Simons' Livery.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
Indorsed all over the World.

**SYMPTOMS OF A
TORDIP LIVER.**

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part. Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fainting of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

12 THESE WARNINGS ARE UNDECEIVED. REMEDY WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and do effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OF WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and is instantly removed. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
Office, 24 Murray St., New York.

JOS. S. CHAMPION

Calls attention to the following facts:

1st. He is the only

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

AND

Furnishing Undertaker

In Atlantic County, being the only undertaker who makes this his special business.

2. He is the only undertaker who keeps a fine new hearse in Hammonton.

3. He is the only undertaker in Atlantic County who is a professional embalmer of the dead.

4. He has all the conveniences and appliances for carrying on a large business, and is prepared to respond to all calls at the shortest notice, whether day or night.

5. He reads all and follows none, as he makes this his only study.

6. D. B. Berry, of Hammonton will attend to all orders left with him.

Office, No. 3 Fay's Block, Hammonton, N. J.

Dr. J. A. Waas,

RESIDENT

DENTIST,

Successor to Dr. GEO. R. SHIBLE,

HAMMONTON, : : N. J.

Office Days, — Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

GAS ADMINISTERED.

No charge for extracting, when teeth are ordered.

S. D. HOFFMAN,

Attorney-at-Law,

Master in Chancery, Notary Public,

Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme

Court Commissioner.

City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

Judge Pardee's decision in the United States Circuit Court, at Dallas, Tex., in the case of the men sentenced to imprisonment for contempt of court in interfering with the business of the Texas & Pacific Railway, is as severe as the punishment of the offenders. He declares that the strike in the Southwest in its inception and early action was "gross contempt of court," and had for its object the forced recognition of a secret organization.

There is not much doubt that the vessel which sank the steamer Oregon was the schooner Charles H. Morse, bound from Baltimore for Boston.

There has been a steady improvement in Secretary Manning's condition. He sits up for several hours every day and has recovered the free use of his limbs. He is gradually gaining strength and will soon be able to walk. He is also very cheerful in spirit and frequently chats and jokes with his attendants.

THE MIKADO.—A book containing the complete words and music of the most beautiful songs of the "The Mikado," the latest great comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan, will be sent post-paid, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Ten exquisitely colored picture cards accompany each book. The Mack Publishing Co., 528 Washington Street, N. Y.

If the laboring people will permit the labor hierarchy to make war upon them, they must expect to suffer.

A fearful cyclone passed over Monroe Township, Nodaway County, Mo., last Thursday evening, destroying dwellings, barns, outhouses and killing thousands of dollars worth of stock. Three persons were killed and many injured.

Cornelius, W. K., F. W. and Geo. W. Vanderbilt, sons of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt, have given to the College of Physicians and Surgeons \$250,000 for the erection, as a memorial of their father, of a building on the college land, at Sixtieth and Tenth Avenue, to be known as "The Vanderbilt Clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons." The building will be used entirely for clinical teaching. Its erection will be begun at once.

Mrs. McClellan, the widow of General McClellan, will sail with her children for Europe shortly.

The German Crown Prince is ill with measles, and Prince Henry Battenberg is suffering from colic. Royalty is having a hard time of it.

The members of the New Jersey Legislature want their wages advanced to \$1000 a year, an increase of 100 per cent. If New Jersey is smart she will refuse the demand and let the statesmen go on an indefinite strike. — Press. A great fire at Stry, in Austria, has burned to death nearly one hundred children and a score of adults.

The Attorney General of the United States admits having tried to make money by gambling.

The one hundred and eleventh anniversary of Concord and Lexington was celebrated on Monday.

A destructive cyclone passed over Burlington, Mo., on Thursday evening of last week. The railway station was blown to atoms and great damage was done in the town and in the surrounding country. Two boys were killed, and many persons were seriously injured.

The Montreal flood is the worst ever experienced by that city, and the loss to the wholesale merchants alone will aggregate ten million dollars.

The Republicans in the New York State Assembly kept the party's faith with the people, Tuesday, by voting to submit a prohibition amendment to the voters of that State this fall. All the prominent Republican members favored and spoke for the bill, and were opposed by the Democrats. It was ordered to a third reading by a vote of 61 to 50. Of the affirmative voters, 60 were Republicans and one a Democrat. While the Republican party does not believe the times are ripe for prohibition, it is willing to leave the issue to the people. The Democrats, almost to a man, stand by the rum-sellers.



This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Injurious Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuritis.

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 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 medicine but BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

PLAIN FACTS!

IT IS A FACT—That no matter how severe your Rheumatism or how long you have suffered, you can get relief, and what's more, get it permanently—'for keeps,' as the boys surely put it.

IT IS A FACT—That thousands have had this glad experience, and now enjoy in perfect health. We can show you the testimonials of many such.

IT IS A FACT—That the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

does the business and has done it success fully every time it has been tried according to directions.

IT IS A FACT—That this remedy, though comparatively new in our country, has been used very many years in some parts of Europe, and with wonderful success.

IT IS A FACT—That the Russian Rheumatism Cure has the endorsement of eminent English physicians and Government sanitary commissioners, without which it could not be publicly sold in these countries.

IT IS A FACT—That Henry M. Fitch, of St. Philadelphia, Pa., Frank Ross & Co. of St. Philadelphia, Pa., and J. H. Fitch, of St. Philadelphia, Pa., have each tried everything, but nothing helped until I bought the Russian Cure. It cured me completely and very quickly.

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free.

Price \$2.50. If mailed, 10c. more.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors.

PFÄELZER BROS. & CO.

210-221 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Read the Republican.

COAL. — COAL

All wanting the best quality of Lehigh Coal can find it at Scullin's coal yard on Egg Harbor road, near Bernshouse's steam mill. Coal will all be dumped from the cars into the yard, and will be sold in five ton lots at the same rate as car load lots from other yards. Having a good plank floor to shovel from, instead of the inconvenience of shoveling from the cars, is really worth ten cents a ton to every purchaser.

All coal will be sold strictly for cash on delivery.

Office at Anderson's feed store.

JOHN SCULLIN,

Hammonton, N. J.

Tomlin & Smith

Have received this week a supply of

FALL GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery (cotton and wool)

CORSETS—Coraline, Duplex, Doctor

Warner's Health, and other makes.

GLOVES—new Fall shades.

Veiling, Collars.

Handkerchiefs—the latest styles.

SOAP—Colgate's, Cachemere Boquet,

Glycerine, Honey, and Oatmeal.

DRESS GOODS—Black and Colored

Cashmere.

Dr. ss Trimmings,—Silk, Drilling and

Cambrie.

White Goods, Nainsook, Lawn, and

Cross-barred Muslin.

Full assortment of NOTIONS.

New Goods Every Week

This paper is kept on file at the office of

AYER & SON

ADVERTISING

AGENTS

ESTIMATES FOR NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING FREE

Send 10c. to the Lowest Cash Rates FREE

Sample for AYER & SON'S MANUAL

New Spring
Tricots,
Cloths,
Sateens
Cretonnes,
and Prints

Just Received, at
Stockwell's.

New Goods received weekly.

All at greatly
Reduced Prices

Call and examine goods.

E. Stockwell,

Bellevue Avenue,

Hammonton, New Jersey.

DON'T GO HUNGRY!

But go to

Packer's Bakery,

Where you can get

The Best

Wheat, Bran, and Rye

BREAD,

At the old price of ten years' standing.

FIVE CENTS per LOAF

Breakfast and Tea Rolls,

Cinnamon Buns,

Pies, Crullers,

A great variety of Cakes.

Baker's Yeast

constantly on hand.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts and

Confections, as usual.

Meals and Lunches furnished to

order, and a limited number of

lodgers accommodated.

The REPUBLICAN contains more than twenty-five columns of entertaining reading each week. Thus, in a year we furnish you 1300 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for \$1.25.

**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 209.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Weeds grow where no crop is planted. A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

Faith and hope cure more diseases than medicine.

Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.

Better the seed better the crop, other things being equal.

A good temper must remain cool to retain its sweetness.

A handsome man in a general way isn't much of a man.

Two barn tubs may easily be made from one pork barrel.

The jealous man poisons his one banquet and then eats it.

It is upon the smooth ice we fall; the roughest path is the safest.

Woman is the nervous part of humanity; man the muscular.

He that has light thoughts of sin; never had great thoughts of God.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.

Who would venture on the journey of life if compelled to begin at the end?

The swell of the sea and the swell of dried apples are both produced by water.

There is but one way to heaven—the way of self-sacrifice and unselfish service.

Wrong entrenched in bad legislation cannot be converted into vested rights.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to say of you what they please.

There is no disaffection man, there is nothing so disagreeable as a manish woman.

Goodness consists not in the outward things we do, but in the inward things we are.

Brain is the propelling force of the world, and thought is the symbol of progress.

These sentiments of love which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

The best heads can but misjudge in causes belonging to the jurisdiction of the heart.

Very nice scruples are sometimes the effect of a great mind, but often of a little one.

In judging of others, a man often erred; but in examining himself, always fruitfully.

As to trouble, who expects to find cherries without stones, or roses without thorns.

He who is slowest in making a promise is the most faithful in the performance of it.

Devote each day to the object then find and the evening will find something done.

Absence in love is like water under fire; a little quickens, but much extinguishes it.

But little it would be done in the world if evil never could be done in the name of good.

Honest worth clothed in poverty often trembles upon approaching vice though it is in the name of duty.

Pack your cares in as small compass as you can carry yourself and not let them annoy others.

Bacon says that labour conquers all things; but idleness conquers more people than labour does.

From the knowledge of what you should not do, you may easily judge what you should do.

Worthy people are not companions; they are collaterals; lose yourself in them and all our cares.

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes, for the present, is as blind as he who cannot.

If you should have just what you desire—no more, no less—would you be as happy as you are now?

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade, in short in all management of human affairs.

The future of society is in the hands of mothers. The world was lost through woman; she alone can save it.

The gentlest effort may put a wedding ring upon the finger. A thousand horse-power may not suffice to pull it off.

It is little trouble that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

Children should, if possible, be joyous and happy. If childhood does not blossom, manhood will be likely to bear no fruit.

We always know everything when it serves no purpose, and when the seal of the irreparable has been set upon events.

Pride and malice are the causes of censoriousness. We must seek a remedy for these evils in the practice of humanity and charity.

The true test of friendship is to be able to sit or walk together for a whole hour in perfect silence, without wearying one another's company.

He who is conscious of his ignorance, viewing it in the light of misfortune, is more wise than one who makes superficial polish of real knowledge.

So quickly sometimes the wheel turned round that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity which his own piety projected.

There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones, who are disappointed after it.

There is no preacher listened to but time gives us the same old story of turn of thought which older people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

RIGHT SORT OF A TENANT.

"Oh, yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced gentleman in New York, "and the one I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age."

A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the West Side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old cop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" says I. "To live in," he replied. "You can have it," I said, "you can have it."

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WHAT?

A big, old-fashioned barn in the country, piled full of sweet-smelling hay, thousands and thousands of clean white chickens, and a few old, rusty, tumble-bone buzzards, gathered there their sweet burden, were stowed away in the loft; golden butter and eggs were in the kitchen; and a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

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A STRANGE ACQUAINTANCE.

"On a dark, windy April night, a carriage conducted, by a sleepy coachman and containing one passenger, stopped along a part of a highway which, bordered on one side by a deep ravine and on the other by steep cliffs, and led to a tumultuous torrent, was especially favorable for ambush, and where attacks by armed men had already occurred."

"Suddenly, when least expected, four bandits furiously assaulted these travelers. The attack was serious, the driver had rolled or been pushed down the ravine, and the passenger, attempting to defend himself, received a knife-thrust on his arm, when he was saved by the unexpected intervention of a man who appeared from the darkness and, by the violence and unexpectedness of his share in the fray, secured a momentary respite."

"While the coachman regained his place, the traveler, after blinding his wound, pressed the hand of his liberator, a peasant of about 50 years of age, and said heartily:

"Thank you, you have certainly saved my life. I am bound to recognize that service."

"Thank you, sir, I have only done the duty of any one, and besides, you could not do anything but what I did."

"Perhaps you are mistaken without being rich, I am well off, and—"

"Thank you again, sir, but I repeat it, you do nothing for me."

"For what? I find myself a brave deliverer, you appear poor and suffering; you have not enough clothing for this cold weather and your face is pale. At least take a little while waiting for something better."

"I will, but it is for another."

"How did you happen to be here to help me at the moment when I was almost perishing?"

"Oh! it is very simple. I followed the road—I heard a noise—I hurried—you know the rest."

"Yes, I know that I owe my life to you, which he would like to be of service to you."

"It is scarcely probable that you could be. But who knows? Will you let me say that?"

"The traveler knitted his brows and remained silent."

"Did you hear my question?" asked the young man, telling you either my profession or my name."

"Perhaps you would regret having done me a service. But if you wish me to claim my money, I can always come to bring you mine. Tell me your name and residence."

"The young man sighed, dropped his head and remained silent."

"Did you hear me?" asked the traveler.

"Yes, but you cannot know my residence nor my name. Perhaps you would be better to let me say that?"

"The traveler knitted his brows and remained silent."

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THE YEAR THAT'S GONE.

Over the dark vale of the past.
On the olden ramparts of the east,
O'er the years that fled so fast,
In the year that's gone—
Gone, each memory,
In the year that's gone.

Fairy lands, bright and green,
On life's desert waste are seen;
But dark waters intervene,
Twixt the New and the Old,
Shining brightly in the light
Of the year that's gone.

Joyous spring with budding flowers,
Dancing through the forest bowers,
Headless was of Time's foot hours,
In the year that's gone—
Gleeful wild that happy child,
In the year that's gone.

Many were the castles bright,
Peopled with fair forms of light,
Eloph kings and fairer sprites,
In the year that's gone—
So sweet visions, that they fled
In the year that's gone.

Morning fragrance early shrouded
Children's dreams here in the dead,
Youth's wild dreams will soon have fled,
With the year that's gone;
But bright in memory
It'll have a throne!

THE TIDAL TRAIN.

There was a great rush for the tidal train that morning from Paris. It started at a very convenient hour, 9.40, and was patronized by a crowd of people. As the time for departure approached, there was the usual outcry for seats. The French officials, it seemed, shrugged their shoulders and pointed to the nearest carriage; what they meant was that there was still room to spare if people did not cover up extra seats with their belongings, and so monopolize more than their share. Late arrivals took no notice of the outcry, and went down the whole length of the train, seeking accommodation excitedly, and in vain.

Among the rest were two ladies, one of whom, the elder, seemed greatly flustered and put out. "I know how it would be," she cried, in a despairing voice, "every seat is occupied! What shall we do? why were we late?"

She was a middle-aged, somewhat plump-looking dame, with an air of much importance, marred for the moment by helplessness and ill-temper. "We shall find places presently, dear Lady Jones," replied the younger, who had the rather sympathetic air of a humble friend. "The guard will help us."

"They never do, and they don't understand. Dear, dear! why didn't we come in time? I know how it would be, thank you, but what shall we do? Oh, thank you, but what shall we do? suddenly, with effusion.

A gentleman, who apparently had been watching her distress, pushed open the door of the carriage he occupied and invited her to enter. His companion, another man at the far end, made room by removing rugs and a bag, and presently Lady Jones, with a sigh of relief, stepped into the carriage. Then with feminine selfishness, and forgetful of the trouble she had just escaped, she proceeded to prevent any one else from getting in.

"Cover up the seats with your things, dear," she said, and she sat down. "Oh, thank you, sir," she added to one of the men, who seemed to fall in readily with her idea of keeping the carriage to herself.

There was nothing very remarkable about Lady Jones's new-found friends. One was a tall, dark man, with a clean-shaven face, and very dark eyes which glared out from under the shade of a black felt hat; the other was smaller—a restless little freckled-faced man, with a short red beard and trimmed to a point. They did not look like Englishmen; but they spoke the language fluently with a slight accent.

The first, somewhat fierce demeanor of the dark man had faded and softened. When he said abruptly, "If my place please," people retired discomfited, and as time was nearly up, Lady Jones began to hope that their privacy and comfort would not be disturbed. Almost at the last moment a man came to the door, importunate and persistent.

"Any room?" he asked in English, as he stood on the doorstep. Then getting no answer, he repeated the question in French. "How many are you?" Still no answer; so he counted for himself, and went away.

Lady Jones was delighted; but her triumph was of short duration. The last arrival came back at once with a whole posse of French officials at his back, the chief of whom, in a voice of authority, repeated the inquiry.

"How many are you?" Four? More to come? Impossible! The train is starting. Get out, monsieur; enter, vitez; and the next minute the stranger was hurled into the carriage, the door was shut with a bang, the horns sounded, and the train went off at express speed.

The occupants of the carriage, Lady Jones in particular, resented this unceremonious intrusion.

"Extraordinary," she said, in a loud tone, addressed to Millicent, "People never know when they are in the way."

"What do you do with them?" he repeated, looking hard at the insolent little red man.

"Pile them out of the window, or on to the line," said the other.

"Be quiet, Thaddy," interposed the dark man; "remember there are ladies present."

"Don't mind me, gentlemen, if you wish to give him a lesson," said Lady Jones, who had dismounted the part of her friends.

The Englishman looked at her rather keenly, but made no remark. Nor, although they continued to talk at him, did he make any further notice of them, but read a novel attentively which he had extracted from his little black bag.

By the time they reached Amiens, quite a pleasant intimacy had sprung up between Lady Jones and the two men. The four went to the buffet and breakfasted together. Returning to their carriage they found that the Englishman had disappeared, so they made merry at his expense.

But they had not done with him yet. He was there on the quay as the train ran alongside the Pont Neuf station; they saw him again on board with his little hand-bag, and always calm and imperturbable. Only once did he betray the slightest emotion; it was when a man came up to him as he stood near the funnel, and with an almost imperceptible salute, addressed him as Mr. Hopkinson.

"Hush," said the man, "Don't mention names," he replied, "I know how it would be, but what shall we do? suddenly, with effusion.

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"And you, you fool, to get quarreling with him in the train!"

"Do you think he has his eye on us?"

"You may take your oath of that."

"What is the name of conscience shall we do?"

"Leave it to me; I have a dodge, if I can only work it."

The dinner being very crowded, Lady Jones and her party had been unable to secure a private cabin. They had to stay on deck, and in by no means a good place. But, thanks to the attention of her friends, Lady Jones was made comfortable with rugs and wraps near one of the paddle-boxes, while Millicent and the maid sat close beside her. The voyage across the channel was not good, and the ladies resented the fact that the Englishman, who had been so grateful and so charmed that she begged them to call on her in London, and gave them her address.

When the portenousness on board, Lady Jones desired one of them to go at once and secure her carriage.

"We don't want any scandal or noise. We might lose the others," said the tall man, who was sitting next to him.

The examination of Lady Jones's baggage was completed, everything was re-packed, and the train started.

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"What is the name of conscience shall we do?"

"Leave it to me; I have a dodge, if I can only work it."

The dinner being very crowded, Lady Jones and her party had been unable to secure a private cabin. They had to stay on deck, and in by no means a good place. But, thanks to the attention of her friends, Lady Jones was made comfortable with rugs and wraps near one of the paddle-boxes, while Millicent and the maid sat close beside her. The voyage across the channel was not good, and the ladies resented the fact that the Englishman, who had been so grateful and so charmed that she begged them to call on her in London, and gave them her address.

When the portenousness on board, Lady Jones desired one of them to go at once and secure her carriage.

"Can't be done, mum," he replied, "All the things have to be examined before they let us through to the train."

"We don't want any scandal or noise. We might lose the others," said the tall man, who was sitting next to him.

The examination of Lady Jones's baggage was completed, everything was re-packed, and the train started.

"Don't mind me, gentlemen, if you wish to give him a lesson," said Lady Jones, who had dismounted the part of her friends.

The Englishman looked at her rather keenly, but made no remark. Nor, although they continued to talk at him, did he make any further notice of them, but read a novel attentively which he had extracted from his little black bag.

By the time they reached Amiens, quite a pleasant intimacy had sprung up between Lady Jones and the two men. The four went to the buffet and breakfasted together. Returning to their carriage they found that the Englishman had disappeared, so they made merry at his expense.

But they had not done with him yet. He was there on the quay as the train ran alongside the Pont Neuf station; they saw him again on board with his little hand-bag, and always calm and imperturbable. Only once did he betray the slightest emotion; it was when a man came up to him as he stood near the funnel, and with an almost imperceptible salute, addressed him as Mr. Hopkinson.

"Hush," said the man, "Don't mention names," he replied, "I know how it would be, but what shall we do? suddenly, with effusion.

"It was too late, however; many of those around had heard the name, and among

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