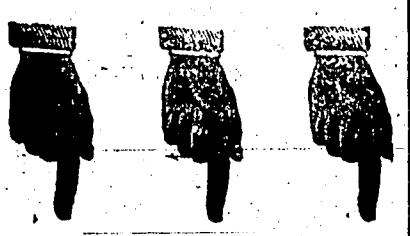
South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher. **Terms--$1.25 Per Year.**

Vol. XXII, No. 22. Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, May 31, 1884. Five Cents per Copy.



MY VISION.

I wake in the midst of the night;
And down my dreams there come
The tramp of men and the flash of light
And the rattling beat of the drum.

How grim are the faces there!
With gray mustache, and eyes
That gleam under the shaggy hair
With a will that never dies.

And a sound goes down the line,
As the muskets quickly poise;
Then the sharp command—the bursting mine
Of the muzzles' deadly noise!

And the flag lies over all—
The flag with its stripes and stars—
And forward they go, to fight or fall,
Those veterans of the wars!

—*Samuel W. Duffield.*

Letters from the Far West

NO. I.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

HAMMONTON TO CHICAGO.

To the Editor of the South Jersey Republican:

Agreeable to your request, I will endeavor to write down a few observations and reflections, on this my third trip to Colorado. So much has been said and written of every part of our country, that it seems hopeless to attempt to tell anything that has not been told a hundred times, and in as many ways. I can only expect to tell an old story in my own way. Traveling by rail is not a very satisfactory mode of exploring a country for the purpose of finding out anything definite about it, anyway. One gets a passing glimpse of what is on each side of the track, and must judge of the rest from this and previous knowledge. But this rapid view the traveler takes is what the testimony of experience is to hearsay. It unveils a picture perhaps but dimly conceived of before in the mind, and reveals details and facts that cannot be learned in any other way.

We left Hammonton at five o'clock P. M., May 15. Every thing was so blooming and lovely in our quiet little town, that it was like being driven out of an Eden, being obliged to go at this particular season. We left Philadelphia at 8 P. M., on the Lehigh Valley Road, thus passing through the most picturesque portion of our route through Pennsylvania in the night. When I looked from the window of my berth at "peep of day," we had left behind the rugged scenery of Pa., and I saw the hills and valleys and cultivated farms of Southwestern New York. There was a chill in the air which told us that we had traveled far enough northward to realize a difference in climate. Vegetation was not nearly so far advanced as in New Jersey. The fields were clothed in deepest green, but the trees were just beginning to put forth leaves, and the fruit trees were scarcely in bud. Changed cars at Hornelsville, which is the only change before we reach Chicago. Traveled again through the region of oil-tanks. These are so numerous and so near together, in some places, as to suggest the idea of a village with strangely built houses. Some are perched upon hilltops, whence it is easy to discharge their stored wealth through pipe lines to the seaboard. This is a grazing country and it was pleasant, all day, to see the cattle feeding upon the hillsides, and the pastures bright with the bloom of the dandelion and cowslips. West of Olean, for a long distance, the country seemed new, and the sight of stumps all over the farms suggested the thought that a few of neighbor Pressey's stump machines would be exactly in place here. I saw the patient oxen working among stumps and fallen trees, after the manner of primitive times in our country. But amid all the roughness, what a profusion of wild flowers delighted the eye! They were everywhere—on the hillsides, in the pastures and meadows, on the bank by the side of the track, in the woods, in the wildest thickets and swamps, among the stumps and logs and along the streams, and water pools. Thus, I thought, does nature ever exhibit in a greater or less degree, the lovely with the rude, the attractive and good with the repulsive—and not less in human nature than elsewhere. There is no mountain so rugged and cold, and no desert so brown and bare, that they do not hide within their bosoms elements of wealth and beauty which express themselves in the fair oases scattered here and there, the mineral ledges and the humble flowers growing among rocks and by the side of eternal snows. So, there is no human being so "totally depraved" that he does not sometimes reveal to those who have the tact and sagacity to bring it out or discover it, the good that bespeaks the spark of divinity within, which cannot be quenched by the influence of evil, but only obscured, as the desert sand and dearth obliterate the signs of Nature's richness except where favorable conditions have permitted their appearance.

As we passed to the south-east, in the afternoon, we saw the orchards in bloom, and all the signs of a more advanced season. That portion of Ohio through which we passed is a very fine country, rich, and with a sufficient variety of scenery to make it attractive to the traveler. We saw, everywhere along, evidences that rain had been abundant, and early droughts were not to be feared. At Ashland, Ohio, where our train stopped at a late hour in the evening, it was boarded by a noisy crowd: we could not tell, at first, whether it was a regiment of the salvation army, or a company of roughs out on a spree, as their manner and language was suggestive of either. We finally learned that there had been two men hanged at Ashland that day, and of course the "doings" called out the *elite* of all the neighboring country. Some one suggested that they ought to have hanged a few more, and I thought perhaps they might have to do so; but they soon left, without making any serious trouble. After daylight the next morning we had not a long distance to travel before reaching Chicago. We arrived at 8:30 A. M. There we met friends. Found a note awaiting us here, from our townswoman, Mrs. Samson, whom we had expected to accompany us to Denver with her daughter, stating that they had arrived safely at Elbert, Colorado, her daughter's home.

MARIA M. KING.

DENVER, Col., May 21st, 1884.

Lord Drummond, heir to the Scotch Earldom of Perth, who ran away from home and married his governess a number of years ago, has been discovered working as a porter in a New York shipping house.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* said the English people bought last week more American stocks than in the whole twelve months previous.

The gross revenues of the Western Union Company for the year ending December 31, 1883, were $19,571,476, and its net profits $6,642,513.

Many distinguished people were at Henry F. Gillig's dinner, Wednesday night, in Paris, to M. Bartholdi, the sculptor of "Liberty Enlightening the World,"

Two Anglo-Egyptian expeditions are now being made ready,—one for Berber via Suakin, the other for Khartoum.

France proposes a heavy increase in her custom dues on cereals, cattle and sheep.

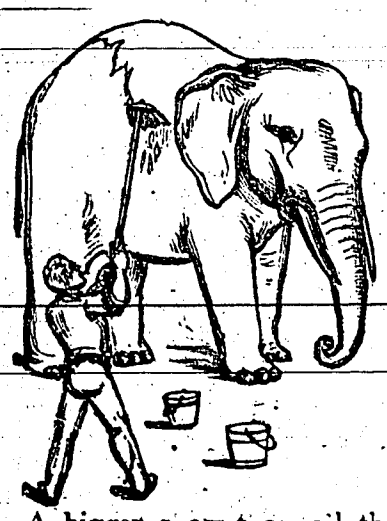
The Methodist General Conference elected Rev. Wm. Taylor, the world-renowned independent missionary, missionary bishop in Africa.

One doesn't notice that a car window is anything like an oyster until he tries to open it.

Large quantities of strawberries are being sent from the South in refrigerator cars, and Boston people say it is very cold for any one who wishes to buy any of them.

What is the use of wasting money by advertising in the papers, when one can tack a notice like this on an old board: "Los or strade a Soral horse too wite feat and wite fase blind in wun i five doler reword."

Mr. Corcoran, the great Washington banker, is said to glory in the fact that his father was a shoemaker, and to treasure the old cobbler's sign-board among his choicest possessions. Unfortunately, he has but few imitators.



MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

Oh, I pity my neighbor over the way,
Who has nothing to do but to yawn all day;
No little hands to tumble her hair,
No little "nuisance" to vex her care,
No little "torment" to worry and tease,
Nothing to do but consult her own ease.

Poor, rich neighbor, I am sorry for you—
Sorry, because you have "nothing to do."
Sorry, because as the days go by—
You are restless and weary, you know not why,
And once in a while I can see the trace
Of many a tear on your proud, fair face.

You see I am only a laborer's wife,
Doing my part in the treadmill of life;
Joe, my husband, is off all day,
Fighting the giants of want away;
Baby and I are busy, too,
But we've plenty of time to be sorry for you.

Baby's a nuisance, a plague, and a joy,
But then, you see, he's my own sweet boy;
I have no time for a groan or a sigh,
No time to be idle as the days go by;
My arms are full as the day is long,
Full as my heart with its happy song.

Poor, rich neighbor, over the way,
Watching my baby and me at play;
What of your wealth if your heart is bare?
'Tis to love and be loved that makes life so fair.
No, neighbor mine, I can tell you true,
Indeed, I'd rather be I than you.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright red-brick, sweet-scented woodbine trailing over its rustic porch, a green lawn before it surrounded by flowers, and a charming country landscape spreading out in the distance. Inside, in its small but pretty parlor, on the red table-cover waited the tea-tray, with its cups and saucers. The window stood open to the still, warm autumn air, and the French porcelain clock on the mantel-piece was striking five.

A slender girl of some 20 years came in. She was very lovely. But her bright blue eyes bore a sort of weary or discontented look, and her bright brown hair was somewhat ruffled. She wore a print washing-dress of black and white, neither very smooth nor very fresh, and a lace neck collar fastened with a bow of black ribbon.

She had made an appointment to meet Reginald Vavasour, a rich young gentleman who had made her acquaintance down by the willow walk, and her lover, Thomas Watkyn, had told her he would call that evening. Just before he left, she said:

"May I ask you to do me a little favor, Thomas?"

"What is it?" he repeated.

"If you would not very much mind going home by the hill and would leave this note at Miss Ford's. I particularly wish her to have it this evening."

He paused for an instant, not replying. She went on hurriedly:

"I see that it is disagreeable to you. I have offended you too much."

"Not that," he answered, holding out his hand for the note. "But I can hardly spare the time for the long way this evening, as I have to call at Killick's for my father. However—" he said no more, but took the note.

"Good-by, Thomas."

"Good-by."

"I'm glad he took the note. I shall be safe now."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever young lady. The direct and near way to Mr. Watkyn's home would lead him past the willow walk. She had devised this impromptu note to her dressmaker in the afternoon to prevent his taking that usual route. Had he seen young Vavasour cooling his heels within the precincts of the willow walk he would inevitably suspect he was waiting to keep a lover's tryst.

Alison was busy in the kitchen next morning when she heard her mother open the front door and some one come in. "It is that chattering Mrs. Bennett," thought she, as she dried the teaspoons.

"Alison, come here, called her mother, in a quick voice.

She went to the parlor just as she was—her sleeve turned back at the wrist, a large, brown Holland apron on. Very pretty she looked with it all. But it was not Mrs. Bennett who sat with her mother; it was a venerable, white-haired old gentleman—Mr. Watkyn, the elder,

"I am come to ask about Thomas," said he. "I believe he came here last night, Miss Alison; at what time did he leave you?"

A prevision struck her with a sort of terror that something was wrong. "He left quite early," she faltered.

"Well, he has never come home."

"Not come home!" she said, with a whitening face.

"I sat up till 1 o'clock, and then I thought the mist must have kept him; that he had stayed at some friends house. I knew not what to think, and that he would be home the first thing this morning. But we have not seen him, and I cannot hear of him."

Mrs. Reece was impressed with the frightened, guilty look that Alison could not keep out of her countenance, and began to feel uneasy. "Cannot you tell what time it was when he left you?" he demanded, sternly.

"It was after dusk. It was just after sunset—before the mist came on. It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pursued Mrs. Reece. And very reluctantly Alison answered, for she foresaw it would bring on further questioning:

"The long road—round by the hill?"

"Round by the hill?" echoed Mr. Watkyn in alarmed surprise. "Why did he take that way?"

Alison flushed and paled alternately; her lips were trembling. The fear creeping upon her was that he and young Vavasour had met and quarreled. Perhaps fought and injured one another fatally. In these dread moments of suspense the mind is apt to conjure up far-fetched and unlikely thoughts.

"I asked him to go around that way," she replied, in a timid tone. "I wanted him to leave a note for me at the dressmaker's.

Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair, putting his hands before his troubled face. "I see it all," he breathed faintly. "He must have fallen down the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror.

"Deceived by the mist, he must have walked too near the edge," continued the old man. "Heaven grant that it may not be so, but I fear it. Was he mad, to attempt to cross the plateau on such a night?"

Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grabbed her daughter's hands. They were icy cold.

"Alison, what passed between you and Thomas last night?"

"Don't ask me, mother. Let me follow Mr. Watkyn. I cannot rest indoors. Oh, it cannot, cannot be as he fears?"

"Not one step until you tell me what passed," said the mother firmly. "There's more in all this than meets the eye."

"He asked me to—give up talking to Mr. Vavasour.

"And you refused. Well?"

"He told me I must choose between them," continued Alison, bursting into tears. "Oh, mother, it was all my folly, all my temper; he could not see that, and when he went away he said he went for good."

Mrs. Reece drew in her thin lips sternly. She was thinking.

"And what does it mean about your giving him a note for the dressmaker? I do not understand. You had nothing to write about."

The girl had got her hands free and flung them before her face to deaden the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was a resolute mother at times, and she extorted the confession. Alison had improvised the note and sent Thomas around the long way to deliver it, and so keep him from passing by the willow walk.

"Oh, child, child!" moaned the dismayed woman. "If he has indeed fallen over the Scar it is you who have given him his death."

And it proved to be so. In taking the two miles round between the cottage and the farm a high and perpendicular precipice, called the Scar, had to be passed. The tableland, or plateau on the top was wide and a perfectly safe road by daylight, since a traveler could keep as far from the unprotected edge as he pleased, but on a dark night, or in a thick fog it was most dangerous. Thomas Watkyn must have drawn near the edge unwittingly and fallen over it. There he lay, on the sharp rock, when the poor father and others went to look for him, his death-like face upturned toward the blue sky.

"Speak to me, Thomas, speak to me!" wailed Alison quite beside herself with remorse and grief, as she knelt by him, wringing her hands. "Oh, Thomas, speak to me! I loved you all the while."

But Thomas neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had nothing but tender words was silent now; the heart she had so grieved might never beat in sorrow or joy again.

No person had seen or spoken with him after quitting her the previous night save the dressmaker, little industrious Miss Ford. She had answered the knock herself, she related, and he put the note into her hands, saying, "Miss Reece had asked him to leave it in passing. What a thick mist it is that has come on," he remarked to her in his pleasant, chatty way. "Aye, it is indeed, sir," she answered, and shut her door as he walked away.

For many weeks Alison Reece lay ill with brain fever, hovering between life and death. Some people said it was the shock that made her ill and took her senses away; others thought that she must have loved the poor young man to distraction; no one, save her mother, knew it was the memory of her last interview with him, and the scheming to send him on the route that led to his accident, that had well nigh killed her. But the young are strong in their tenacity of life. And she grew better by slow degrees.

One warm April afternoon, when the winter months had given place to spring, Alison, leaning on the arm of her mother, went to sit on the porch. She was very feeble yet. It was the first she had sat there since that memorable evening with her ill-fated lover. There she remained thinking and dreaming. They could not persuade her to come in, and so wrapped her in a warm shawl.

Sunset came on, and was almost as beautiful, curious, perhaps, that it should be so, as the one he and she had watched together more than six months before. The brilliant beams shone like molten gold in the glowing west, the blue sky around was flecked with pink and amethyst. Alison's eyes were fixed on the lovely scene with an enraptured gaze, her lips slightly parting with emotions.

"Alison, what are you thinking of?"

"Of him, mother. Of his happiness. He is living in all that glorious beauty. I think there must have been an unconscious prevision in his mind by what he said that evening as we watched, it, that he should soon be there. Oh, mother, I wish I was going to him! I wish I could be with him to-morrow.

The mother paused; she felt inclined to say something, but she feared the agitation it might cause.

"Well, well, child, you are getting better," she presently answered.

"Yes, I do get better," sighed the girl. "I suppose it pleased God that I should."

"Time smoothes all things, Alison. In time you will be strong again and able to fulfil life's various duties with a zest. Trials are good—oh so very good! for the soul. But for meeting with them we might never learn the way to heaven."

Alison did not answer. Her feeble hands were clasped in silent prayer, her face was lifted to the glories of the evening sky.

It was at the same sunset hour, an evening or two later, that Alison, who was picking up strength daily, strolled away to the churchyard. She wanted to look for a newly-made grave in that corner where so many of the Watkyns lay buried.

She could not see it; the same gravestones that were there before were there now; there was no fresh one.

"Perhaps they opened the old vault for him," thought Alison, as she sat down on a bench just inside the gate, for she was too weak to walk back again without a rest.

The sun was going down to-night without any loveliness, just as a crimson ball, which seemed to give red light to the atmosphere, and to light up redly the face of a pale, tottering man who was coming up to the gate by the help of a stick. He halted when he reached it. Alison turned sick and faint with all manner of emotions as she gazed at him, fright being uppermost.

"Alison!"

"Thomas!"

He held out his hand; he came inside; his pale, sad face wore for her its old sweet expression.

"Oh, Thomas, I thought you were dead," she burst out in a storm of sobs. "I came here to look for your grave. I thought I had killed you."

"They thought I was dead at first. They thought for a long time that I should die," he answered, as he sat down beside her, keeping her hand in his. "But the skillful medical men have raised me up, under God. I hope in time to be strong and well again."

"Can you ever forgive me?" she wailed, bitter, painful tears falling down her cheeks like rain. "I shall never forgive myself."

"No! Then you must atone to me instead, Alison. Be all the more loving to me during our future lives. We must pass them together, my dear."

"Do you mean it still?" she gasped. "Oh, Thomas, how good and true you are. If I can only be a little bit worthy of you."

They walked home slowly, arm in arm. Neither could walk fast yet. Mrs. Reece came to the porch to meet them. God is full of mercy, she thought.

"I did not tell her, Thomas," she said; "she was so dreadfully low when she came out of the fever. I meant to tell her to-night."

"I have told her myself; it was best so," answered Thomas Watkyn.

"How did you like my discourse this morning?" asked Parson Goodenough of Deacon Lightweight, the village grocer, as they walked home from church last Sunday morning. "Too long, brother, too long," replied the frank deacon; "I believe in having everything short." "Yes, I've noticed that in your weights, deacon," said the sarcastic parson.

One of Paul Jones Exploits.

One of the most stirring chapters in the history of the navy of the American Revolution is that which tells the story of the four-weeks' cruise of John Paul Jones with the frigate Ranger, in the Irish channel, in the spring of 1778. The Ranger was an 18-gun sloop, crank, slow, and of such poor repute that she was not thought good enough for so able a commander, while her subordinate officers seem to have been an indifferent lot. She had a gallant Yankee crew, however, and was so brilliantly handled by her dashing captain that for nearly a month she alone spread consternation along the English, Scottish and Irish coasts. Jones's success was owing in a great degree to his audacity. He ventured into the land-locked waters of his enemy, fought, as Cooper says, with a halter around his neck, hesitated at no enterprise however rash, and never shirked an engagement. He captured the Drake sloop of war, after a short fight on equal terms, and having made other prizes, and done a variety of mischief at Whitehaven and elsewhere he sailed safely away by the North channel. It is said that the Ranger was the first man-of-war to show the stars and stripes, the present national ensign having been adopted by Congress on the very day that Jones was ordered to the frigate.

Perhaps there is no exploit of this famous cruise which has been more widely celebrated than the descent upon the country-seat of the earl of Selkirk, at St Mary's Isle, on the Scotch side of Solway firth. This was near Jones's birthplace, his father, John Paul, having been gardener on the neighboring estate of Mr. Craik, of Arbigland. The object of the expedition was to seize Lord Selkirk, it being supposed that a prisoner of his rank might be useful in affecting the treatment of American prisoners in the hands of the British. Jones went ashore with a single boat's crew, but learning that the earl was absent he was about to retire when his men remonstrated. After some discussion he allowed them to go to the house and ask for plate. Two junior officers were with them. Lady Selkirk received the officers (the men remaining outside), and surrendered about £100 worth of plate, upon which the party withdrew without doing any further harm. A few days later Jones wrote the following letter to Lady Selkirk:—

JOHN PAUL JONES TO THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK.

"RANGER," Brest, 8th May, 1778.

Madam: It cannot be too much lamented that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling and of real sensibility should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such actions by his authority.

This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming as I do his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war.

It was perhaps fortunate for you, madam, that he was from home, for it was my intention to have taken him on board of the Ranger, and to have detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed by some men whom I met at landing that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me could not forbear expressing their discontent; observing that in America no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the houses of the rich without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milch cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me the same morning at Whitehaven; some complaisance therefore was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them and at the same time do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it; to treat you, madam, with the utmost respect; to accept of the plate which was offered and to come away without making a search or demanding anything else. I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed, since I am informed that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold I shall become the purchaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you by such conveyance as you please to direct.

Had the earl been on board the Ranger the following evening he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection to the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot (sufficiently) execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war—

"For they, 'twas they unsheathed the ruthless blade,
And heaven shall ask the havoc it has made."

The British ship-of-war Drake, mounted 20 guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men. ... The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell and victory declared in favor of the Ranger. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides nearly 40 of the inferior officers and crew, killed and wounded. A melancholy demonstration of this uncertainty of human prospect and of the sad reverse of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave with the honors due to the memory of the brave. Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the right of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife or family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot ensure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war began I had, at an early time of life withdrawn from the sea service, in favor of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed not only my favorite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and good-will among mankind. As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your persuasive art with your husband's to endeavor to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fall in this (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavors to effect a general exchange of prisoners will be an act of humanity which will afford you golden feelings on a death bed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let us not therefore the amiable countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy. I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do anything consistent with my duty to merit it.

The honor of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation, and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve. I wish to know exactly the behavior of my people; as I determine to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty. I have the honor to be with much esteem and with profound respect, —Madam, yours, etc.

To the Right Honorable the Countess of Selkirk, St Mary's Isle, Scotland.

The promise to purchase and restore the plate was faithfully performed, and a due acknowledgment was made by Lord Selkirk.

The Catawbas.

An Englishman contributes to a leading London Journal an interesting account of a visit paid by him to President Arthur. He remarks:—"In the President's house were some chiefs of the native tribe of Catawbas;" and he goes on to say that these Catawbas "were undersized," and that "there was a timorousness in their looks," although in former times "the Catawbas were noted for their ferocity." What does this Englishman mean? Does he expect "Still Catawbas"—for such, undoubtedly, were the Catawbas presented to him by our hospitable President—to be ferocious in appearance. Of course, when these Catawbas are called undersized we can understand that they were probably of the variety called "pints." Conceding that this was the fact, does it justify the Englishman in finding fault with the President's hospitality. Were an American to call on the Englishman in London, and were the latter to offer him a pint of champagne, would he like it if the American were to go home and complain of the small size of the champagne? Obviously he would not. Evidently the Englishman wishes to convey the impression that "in former times"—meaning, of course, the Presidency of Mr. Hayes—the Catawbas at the White House were larger than they are at present. They were then "noted for their ferocity," remarks the writer. Are we then to believe that Mr. Hayes ever offered any man Catawba in any form? The idea is simply preposterous. That good man never, while in his senses, offered Catawba or anything else to anybody, and his friends ought instantly to deny the Englishman's insinuation that Mr. Hayes was so far forgetful of his duty to himself as to pander to an Englishman's depraved appetite for anything stronger than water.

AT a New Jersey wedding the middle aisle of the church was covered with autumn leaves. Shiftless sort of sextons they must have in New Jersey.

NO plants are better suited for prolonged winter blooming than the common pelargoniums, or geraniums, as they are commonly called. The great number of varieties now offered by florists enables one to make a large and varied display in a winter window of geraniums alone. If one has good plants and they have lain in the shed and rested all summer, they should now be repotted, and they will bloom all winter. Geraniums delight in a rather heavy, coarse soil. Mix well-decayed sods or other soil heavy with vegetable matter with one-third its bulk of cow manure, and fill a six or eight-inch pot with it, setting in the geranium and placing it in the window where it is to remain during the winter. Give them plenty of light and sun.

KAINIT (German potash salts) is a very soluble substance, and more immediately available for plants than plaster. It is known chemically as sulphate of potash (crude), while plaster is sulphate of lime. Containing sulphate of magnesia, it is excellent for composting with manure, as its disposition is to form a double salt of magnesia and ammonia, thereby preventing the escape of gaseous substances, which are thus combined and fixed. Being caustic, it must not be used in contact with the roots of plants, as it may injure them, but should be carefully broadcasted at the rate of 200 or 300 pounds per acre.

AN old celery grower writes that there are two causes for rust on celery. One is too great exposure to the sun, the other is earthing up or hoeing when the ground or the plant is moist with rain or dew. A cool, moist situation is best for celery, and a little shade is no disadvantage. Earthing up should be done when the weather and everything about the plant is dry. A cause of both rust and rot is the entrance of earth between the stalks during the process of earthing up, and this is very apt to be the case with celery of a tall, blanching variety.

MICE IN ORCHARDS.—Young orchards are often ruined by the mice in winter. Thousands of fine young trees are thus girdled every winter, often in orchards kept too clean for the safety of the trees in trying winters. A safe and sure remedy is to pile a neat mound around each tree. To properly mound an orchard of say two hundred trees would be a light day's work. The mice in trailing under the snow seem to have no idea of climbing a small mound to get at the tree.

FEEDING HAY.—It is unquestionably true that a full feed of hay to horses, following the feeding of concentrated food, is wasteful, for the reason that it crows the first out of the stomach before proper digestion has been accomplished. And so, in order to secure the best results, hay should be fed at first and the concentrated food afterward, which leaves it to become digested with no danger of being crowded away or out of the performance of its desired purpose.

IT is all important that apple orchards be well drained. They should be underdrained in all cases, it possible: but if this cannot be done, at least a surface drainage should be now given, that all water may run off speedily during the uncongenial fall, winter and spring weather. Trees are very liable to be winter-killed if water settles about them. Keep the earth packed tightly about the base of the tree, and if the land is heavy and flat heap a little earth about it.

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.—To be a successful farmer one should have a natural or acquired liking for his vocation, not merely as a business which he hopes may yield him a comfortable living or a competency, but as one worth his thoughtful study and research, whose fields are to him an open book, to be daily read and carefully studied, that their capabilities may be learned and their wants discovered and met.

THERE is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens fed on clean, sound grain and kept on a clean grass run give much finer flavored eggs than those that have access to stable and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on the oily species of fish and onions flavor their eggs accordingly the same as cows eating onions or cabbage or drinking offensive water impart a bad taste to milk and butter.

SPEAKING in a general way, soils best adapted for agriculture are those which consist of mixtures of sand with a moderate quantity of clay and a little vegetable matter. When sand or other coarse material predominates, the soil, as all farmers know, is easy to till and will grow a great variety of crops, but it is deficient in absorbent and retentive powers.

WATERING requires judgment. To saturate the earth in a pot by a daily soaking is a slow but sure way of killing a plant. The roots need air, which they cannot get if they are surrounded by mud. It is better to allow the plant to flag a little than to overwater it. Carefully watch the plants and only give water when they show that they need it.

THOSE who keep plants during the winter will find their success to depend upon supplying them with the needed water, heat and air, and in preserving them from insects and dust. These matters are easily regulated in a greenhouse, but it is more difficult with plants in window culture.

THE longest-lived tree is to be obtained by planting seed where the tree is to grow, and grafting it there without ever removing it, but it will be too long coming into bearing; this with apples and pears, but with the peach it is the way to insure the greatest possible hardiness with any given variety.

A Cincinnati gentleman thinks he has solved the problem of how to dispose of telegraph and telephone wires by an invention which he claims to be simple, inexpensive and practical. He proposes to have a row of iron side posts on each side of the street. These posts can be carried to any height and will support arches to which the wires may be attached. By this method the wires will all be brought over the centre of the street at a sufficient height not to interfere with the work of the fire department, and entirely clear of the buildings on either side. Indeed, it is claimed that the block, tackle and pulleys attached to the posts for the use of the workmen will be a valuable aid to the firemen. Although this new system, should it ever be adopted, will necessitate the use of posts on the sidewalks, it will at least overcome some of the disadvantages of the present haphazard method of stretching the wires over the roofs and across the streets in all directions.

A novel steering apparatus is to be placed in the United States tug Nina. The apparatus is the invention of J. J. Kunstadter, a Hungarian, and it has been used with success in Europe. The shaft of the propeller is carried through the rudder post and there, by means of a universal joint is connected with a shaft running through the rudder, and having at its end a supplementary screw. The universal joint allows the rudder to move freely, and yet establishes a perfect connection between the main and the supplementary screws. It will be readily seen that when the helm is put to port or to starboard the driving power of the supplementary screw is brought into play to turn the vessel. The vessel is thus turned quickly in a small space. In cases where there is danger of collision, and the engines are reversed, the vessel can be driven backward and completely out of her course in an exceedingly short space of time, as experiments have shown.

IT is not alone the digestive function that makes a great butter cow, for of 3 animals equal in digestive powers one may have a natural tendency to dispose of the digestive product in laying on fat and will give very little milk and butter; another may dispose of the food product in the formation of muscle and expend surplus vitality in activity, forming but very little flesh and giving little milk; the third may turn the forces into milk and make but little flesh or muscle, as long as the food elements can find an outlet through the udder.

A new battery has been devised by MM. Lelande and Chaperon. It is a single-cell one. The liquid used is a caustic potash. The depolarizing electrode is oxide of copper, and the other pole is made of zinc. This electric battery is manufactured in various forms. Its electromotive force is nearly one volt, and it is said to give a steady current through even a low resistance for a good many hours. When the power, or rather energy, is exhausted, the battery can be restored to its first condition by sending a current through it from an accumulator.

Postage stamp mucilage can be made by dissolving an ounce of dextrine in 5 ounces of hot water, and adding one ounce of acetic acid and one ounce of alcohol. The dextrine should be dissolved in water in a glue pot, or some similar vessel, which will prevent burning. The quantities in this recipe may be varied by taking any required weights in the proportions mentioned. Dr. Phin says that dextrine mixed with water makes a good label mucilage if a drop or two of glycerine be added to it. Too much glycerine will prevent the mucilage drying; with too little it will be likely to crack.

In Prussia the sale of poisonous and arsenical fly papers is only permitted to chemists and those who are authorized to deal in poisons. Such persons even are only permitted to sell them under the same regulations as must be observed in the sale of all poisons. These regulations require that a poison certificate be given with them, and also that the word "poisonous" be stamped upon them. In this country children have more than once been seriously injured by the poison upon fly-papers, carelessly sold without caution.

S. R. Cancstrini has been experimenting upon the effects of decapitation upon insects. Butterflies were able to use their wings eighteen days after they had lost their heads. Crickets leaped on the third day after they had been beheaded, and the praying-mantis showed signs of life on the fourteenth day after the head had been separated from the body. He gives still more singular observations, tending to show that the head in insects cannot be subject to the same perpetual strain as the head in mammals in guiding the motions of the body.

APPLE custard pie should be baked with an under crust only. The filling is delicious if made of one pint of sweet milk, one pint of smooth apple-sauce, well sweetened, three eggs; flavor with lemon or with a little cinnamon. This will make two small-sized pies or one very large one.

CLAY lands are the most difficult to work, sandy soils the most easy. Less work can be done in a day with the same power on clay and heavy soils than on light sandy ones, and this consideration ought to be borne in mind when stocking the farm with working animals and when making estimates in the cost of growing crops.

A GOOD gargle for a sore throat is made of vinegar and a little red pepper mixed with water.

ECONOMICAL DISHES.—Purchase half an ox head, soak it twelve hours in cold water. Then place it in a large saucepan, after dividing it into portions, with about four gallons of cold water, two onions stuck with cloves, four carrots, three turnips, half a burnt onion, a bay leaf, some mixed herbs in a muslin bag, salt and pepper to taste. Stew slowly for four or five hours. The liquor will gradually become reduced in quantity and, consequently, another gallon of water must be added. When quite tender take it out of the saucepan and cut off sufficient slices to fill a dish; if the appearance of the head on the table is objected to, serve the meat with some of the gravy and a fresh lot of vegetables. Some nice pieces should be left, which can be made into a mould of collared head for supper in the following way: Cut the meat into little squares and also a small quantity of fat bacon. Put this into rather more than a pint of stock with a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, three cloves in muslin, half a teaspoonful of parsley, a dish of cayenne pepper and some salt. Stew all these ingredients together for about an hour. Wet a plain mould, pour in the mixture and set it aside to get cool. The first lot of stock makes a splendid soup after all the fat has been carefully removed. A small quantity of sage and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs are a very good addition. The second stock, which is extracted from the bones, is naturally poorer, but it can be utilized very successfully for soup, thickened with tomatoes, tapioca, chestnuts, cold boiled potatoes, leeks, cabbage, carrots, lettuce, &c.—in fact, it can be employed in any way most handy. Such a large quantity of stock can be made from this very inexpensive dish that, with the addition of six pennyworth of fresh bones, enough soup and gravy for a moderate-sized family can be obtained to last about a week.

PLAIN paste. This is the paste that is used for pies, and it is very nice, although, as with the puff paste, its delicacy depends upon the manner in which it is made, the rolling and the coolness of the paste during preparation. The ingredients to be used for a plain paste are one cup of cream, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of baking-powder and flour to make stiff. Mix the salt and baking-powder with the flour, then wet with the cream, little at a time, and cut in with a knife. Roll them for the upper crust. To make the upper crust, spread the remainder of the dough with butter, sprinkle with flour, roll out half an inch thick, making the long strokes as far as the arms can reach; butter again, sprinkle, roll over like a jelly roll, and cut from the end to make a crust. Before rolling, it is well to put the pieces that have been cut between the ice, taking them out one at a time as they are to be used. A rim of puff paste between the under and upper crust is an addition to both the looks of the pie and its flavor. If there is to be no upper crust, make a rim of puff paste.

A GOOD APPLE JELLY for every-day use can be made as follows; Get nice juicy cooking apples, pare, core and cut them in quarters. To each pound put half a small teacupful of water, ½ pound of brown sugar, the rind of half a lemon, cut very fine. Boil gently three-quarters of an hour, or until some cooled on a plate will set quite firm. Have a china mould, well wetted with cold water; pour the jelly into this and tie down, as jam, if not wanted at once. The apples should be stirred well and mashed fine with the spoon while boiling.

ESCALLOPED EGGS.—Either bread or cracker crumbs may be used in the preparation of escalloped eggs. Wet them with milk or with melted butter, and lay them in a dish with alternate layers of boiled eggs sliced very thin, or, better still, cut into dice. Lay chopped meat above this, and then another layer of eggs, and last of all a covering of crumbs. Bake about an hour.

ORANGE WAFERS.—Scotch marmalade makes an excellent filling for thin cakes made after the following recipe: One-half pound of sugar, one-quarter pound of flour, four eggs. Separate the whites and yelks and beat very light; one lemon, half the rind and all the juice, or lemon extract. Drop from a teaspoon upon buttered paper and bake in a quick oven.

GERMAN SAUCE.—A delicious hot sauce for puddings is made of six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of butter, and one egg; beat the butter, sugar, and the yolk of the egg together, then add the white beaten to a froth; lastly stir in a teacupful of boiling water and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

MUFFINS without soda, if baked in a hot oven, will be light and excellent. Take one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of flour, one egg well beaten, about a third of a teaspoonful of salt. Have your gem pans very hot, fill about half full and bake. These are nice with butter alone, or with maple sugar syrup added.

THIS is an excellent recipe for Graham gems, and differs from any before given: One cupful of Graham flour, one cupful of fine flour, two eggs, two cupfuls of sweet milk, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Have the gem pans hot, and the oven hot, and twenty minutes will be long enough to bake them.

Bow knots. Roll puff paste thin and cut into narrow strips, make a bow knot with two loops and two ends; bake in paper-lined pans, and when cool, serve with a bit of jelly in each loop. These are very ornamental for a tea or lunch party, and are a variation on the round tarts.

"YES, sir," said the Western man, lovingly caressing his long hair and feeling of his hip pocket to see if his handkerchief was still there, "I have had some pretty lively times; have been a prospector, miner, government scout, cowboy, stage driver and trapper, and between times amused myself gunning for Indians and greasers on my own account."

"Been handled pretty rough sometimes?" ventured a pale-faced Eastern man on crutches and with one arm in a sling.

"Rough!" replied the Westerner, scornfully. "That depends on what you call rough. I have been chawed by grizzlies, scalped by Indians, nearly burned at the stake, shot and knifed dozens of times, blown up once or twice, and on one occasion fell into a quartz mill and was run clean through before it could be stopped. I don't consider such little experiences anything, but perhaps you might call them 'rough.'"

"Not at all; mere incidents, not worth mentioning."

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps you know what a rough life is then?" sneered the Western man.

"Yes, I do."

"And what might be your business?" grinned the Indian fighter, ironically.

"I," replied the pale-faced man, "have for the last ten years been a book agent. Permit me to show you the last great publication, only twenty-two volumes, elegantly illustrated, bound, sold only on subscription at $5.75 a volume, with 5 per cent off for ——"

But the Westerner had fainted.

THE following is a fair sample of the nightly scenes which occur at the stage door of the London theater in which our own Mary Anderson is now playing:

"Stand back, me Lud Juke. I reached here first, y' know."

"Give way there me Luds, his 'Ighness is gasping fcr air."

"Your Grace, 'pon me word y' know I cawn't 'ave you standing on my corns, y' know."

"This is a bloomin', blastered state of affairs, when a royal Duke must stand out hin the wet and be crowded by cads. Hit's a bleedin' shame, don't cher know."

"Phat's the matter wid yez, ye bloody spalpeens?" shouts Sir Dennis Kilarney, "sthand forninst and let her say phat a rale Irish gintleman is."

Then a burly policeman forces the crowd back and Miss Anderson makes a break for her carriage and is rapidly driven off, followed by a motley crowd of princes, dukes, lords, marquises, viscounts, etc." etc.

"YES, George, dear, I accept your proffered love, and will be your wife," and a pair of strong arms clasped her tightly, lovingly.

"You have heard of course," she said, from under the lapel of his coat, "that father has failed?"

"No, I hadn't heard that," said George, weakening his grip a little.

"Yes," she continued, nestling more closely to him; "he failed last week and——"

"That puts a different phase upon matters entirely," said George struggling to break loose, but the girl held him fast and continued.

"And settled with his creditors at two cents on the dollar, and——"

"Nay, dearest," interrupted George, passionately, "do not speak of such sordid matters. Let us think only of love and the happiness which the bright future has in store——"

But, gentle reader, let us leave them in their young love and perfect trust.

"SEE here, Mr. Druggist, did you not say that thermometer you sold me for $2.50 was a good one?"

"Certainly; it is one of the best I ever had."

"Then you keep a mighty poor stock, that's all."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough. Neighbor Brown got a twenty-five cent one in the city the other day, and this morning, when I was blowing about how cold it was, and told him what my new thermometer registered, he laughed at me."

"Well!"

"Then I got mad and we compared them, and I hope to freeze if his thermometer was not ten degrees lower than mine. Now you've got to take it back and give me one that will beat his on cold mornings or you lose my trade; d' y' hear?"

VOLUBLE party, reading letter of introduction whose bearer stands before him—"Ah, to be sure; delighted to see you; any friend of Jackson's most welcome. Sit down, Mr.—Mr.—, let me see, what's the name? Baker. Ah, yes; John Baker. Never knew but one John Baker—didn't really know him—friend of a friend of mine. Poor devil! Was sent to Bloomingdale Asylum hopelessly insane. Always suspected it. Thought him a queer cad, you know!" Mr. John Baker—"Ah, indeed! I am the very man. Was discharged a year ago, cured."

A CORRESPONDENT says that young horses should never have shoes imposed upon them until it is well proved that they cannot do without them. He predicts that the day is not far off when some humane benefactor of his kind and horse kind will produce a breed of horses having such firm, tough feet, in addition to all other good qualities, that shoeing will be unnecessary.

ALEX. HERON, Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, has trained a potato plant by cutting off all but one stem at the top until that single stem is now as thick as one's wrist, and rises to a height of nine feet five inches.

TEAMS ON THE FARM.—As a general thing a span of horses will plow over more ground in a day than a yoke of oxen, because they walk faster, yet occasional exceptions to this occur. We remember to have aided in turning over a fallow to twenty acres, in which a span of horses and a yoke of oxen were employed. It was decided to test their relative capacity for the work, both teams being allowed their natural gait, Equal sections of land were assigned to both teams, and the oxen came out invariably a little ahead, gaining at each turning of the corners. They were then tried on the same lands for a day, with no marked advantages on either side. These oxen were broken to the work, held their work well up, and marched along with a steady, stealthy step. In this particular instance the oxen were better for plowing than the horses, for the simple reason that, performing equal work, they cost less for keeping, and were more readily prepared for labor.

Where the field operation is at a considerable distance from the barn or pasture the horse would have the advantage in the celerity of his movements in reaching it. As a general thing, the summer season through, horses can do more work than oxen for this reason, it no other; they can stand the heat better. Both are important on a considerable farm, and if the ox is found to be worth the most when age suspends labor, the horse will have made up for the celerity of his movements and the more diversified uses for which his labor has has been made available. Both are good in their places and no extensive farmer is properly equipped for business who is destitute of either.

EARLY BEEF.—The most extensive cattle-feeder of Illinois, Mr. Gillett, says it takes an immense capital to carry steers until three years old, before being properly fitted for the shambles; and for one, he is now done with it. He will dispose of his present three-year-olds this fall, and never rear another lot to this age. Hereafter he intends to keep his calves fat as they grow up. He will induce them to eat oats and grass before weaning, so that they cannot fall away in flesh when taken from suckling the cows. He will continue with oats and hay in winter, until they can digest corn well, and then give them plenty of that. By this system of feeding he can bring his high grade Shorthorn steers up to 1500 pounds at twenty to twenty-eight months old, Young cattle take on flesh and fatten much faster previous to attaining the age of two years than to any subsequent period. In consequence of this there is considerable profit in pushing them up with plenty of feed thus far, rather than allow less feeding, and keep them on till three years old. Beeves of 1200 to 1500 pounds weight are now preferred, both in the American and English markets, to those older, for their meat is found to be more tender, juicy and savory than that of older and heavier cattle.

BRANDING INK.—A waterproof branding ink, good for marking sheep: Shellac, two ounces; borax, two ounces; water, twenty-four ounces; gum arabic, two ounces; lamp-black, sufficient. Boil the borax and shellac in water till they are dissolved, and withdraw from the fire. When the solution becomes cold complete twenty-five ounces with water and add lampblack enough to bring the preparation to a suitable consistency. When it is to be used with a stencil it must be made thicker than when it is applied with a brush. The above gives a black ink. For red ink substitute Venetian red for lampblack; for blue, ultramarine; and for green, a mixture of ultramarine and chrome yellow.

REGARDING the right depth to run the plow, all the circumstances must be considered. If we have manure enough to fertilize an acre to the depth of four inches, it will be less than half enough to fertilize eight inches deep, for the under strata is always poorer then the upper one, unless some previous deep plowing has reversed the natural order of things. And if it has, nature does its utmost to restore the true order. It is not only that natural manuring is always on the surface, but in dry weather and on dry soils fertility generally tends toward light and air. This argument of course does not apply to prairie soil a yard deep but to such as we find in the Eastern, Middle and Southern States.

MOST crops seem to have a special fertilizer adapted for them—as plaster for clover, lime and potash for potatoes, and nitrogen and phosphoric acid for wheat. The peach tree has a special fertilizer also, one which combines a great many ingredients, but the most suitable for the purpose. It is the cleanings from the privy. This refuse will show in comparison with anything else that can be tried as it gives quicker growth, increases the fruit and colors and foliage to a deep green. The discovery was made by a New Jersey fruit grower who experimented for the purpose, and the most casual observer could easily discern the difference in the appearance of the trees treated in this way from those manured in any other manner.

POULTRY SHED.—One of the best things many farmers could do would be to build a long, open shed adjacent to their poultry house, where the fowls could scratch and sun themselves on cold, stormy days. It need not be expensive, but should be substantially built. Such a shed is almost indispensable to these who raise early chickens.

HARD MAPLE SAUCE.—Maple sugar beaten up with half its bulk of butter makes a very nice pudding sauce.

The Republican.

(Entered as second class matter.)

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

Rev. J. Somers Cordery is at home for a visit.

☞ We have been handed a half dozen copies of the "New Jersey State Board of Agriculture Report" for 1884, which are for free distribution. Let any one who wishes a copy call at this office, or upon Z. U. Matthews.

☞ At last, a systematic effort is being made to establish some sort of protection against fire. Of course no definite plans are laid,—that work remains to be done by a public meeting which will be called after a time, when it is proposed that a committee upon apparatus, water supply, etc, shall be appointed. The move, thus far, is in the form of a preamble and resolutions, presented by C. S. King, Esq., reciting the danger to which Hammonton is daily exposed, and the dread results should a fire break out anywhere near the station; and the signers promise to attend the proposed meeting in the interest of the cause. We hope that all will see the advisability of the movement, and that the effort will result in good to all concerned. Forty-six names were signed to the paper on Wednesday morning.

☞ Forty-one members of Russell Post accepted the invitation and attended St. Mark's Church, last Sunday afternoon. It was a most beautiful day, and we found nearly every unreserved seat filled. The church was decorated with flowers and plants. Rev. G. P. Underhill, former Rector, read the lesson for the day. Rev. L. K. Lewis, the Rector, gave us a most appropriate and entertaining sermon from Paul's word: "Endure hardness as a good soldiers of Jesus Christ." He spoke eloquent words of welcome to the survivors of the armies of the Union, which gave evidence of his sympathy and made all our hearts warm to him. He referred to that moral courage which would endure all things for Christ's sake, as being of a higher order than the courage which would enable men to face death in the line of battle—praising the latter, but esteeming the former as above all praise. The music, by the choir, was the best we have heard in Hammonton on any occasion.

The great fire at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, destroyed about $1,000,000 worth of property,—oil, crude and refined, tanks, buildings etc. Lightning struck a tank, last Friday night, and the fire burned several days.

Senator Cameron occupied his seat in the Senate Tuesday, for the first time for over a year. [How about his pay?]

A United States mail coach was robbed on Tuesday and its passengers plundered between Helena and Benton, Montana.

Cairo advices state that the preparations for the Khartoum expedition for General Gordon's relief include equipments for 12,000, forty steam launches, 400 shallow draught boats and several hundred camels. It is doubtful whether the expedition will be ready to start before the end of August.

'Mamma,' asked a little girl, 'do big flies have sharper feet than little ones?' 'No, my child—why?' Because a great big fly stepped on my hand in the garden to day, and his feet hurted lots more than little flies' feet.'

G. J. Bonner, the Australian cricketer, hit a ball a distance which was calculated to be 167 yards before it struck the ground.

All men are created free and equal, but all don't remain so. Some marry women who boss them terribly.

The Republican.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ Council meeting this evening.

☞ Republican National Convention meets next Tuesday.

☞ The frame of the Union Depot was ready to raise yesterday.

☞ A. C. Wetherby moved, yesterday, into one of Mr. Smith's new houses.

☞ Mr. B. Oliver reached home last Tuesday, having been released on bail.

☞ T. J. Smith is building a barn in the rear of his new Second Street dwellings.

☞ We give, this week, the first of Mrs. King's letters. It will be found entertaining.

☞ The old road's short freight siding is being extended to a new switch opposite the ticket office.

☞ Rev. DeWitt C. Loop is suffering from ill health, and is now recuperating at Norristown, Penna.

☞ The Hammonton Post Office has been advanced from the Fourth Grade to the Third or Presidential Grade.

☞ Mr. Dion E. Woolley has rented a very pretty house on Fourth Street, Camden, and moved his family thereto.

☞ Have you a full supply of berry tickets? Look them over to-night, and see. We are printing a great many, and charge a reasonable price for them.

☞ Wednesday's rain was followed by a cold wave. Fires were necessary for comfort, and at five o'clock yesterday morning mercury stood at 42 degrees.

☞ Mr. J. Newton Jones is at home, and will open his photograph gallery for a time. If you want pictures, call without delay. Bellevue Avenue, just below the Post Office.

☞ On the Old Hammonton route, Bert Wheeler will deliver dispatches for the Union; on the Oak Road route, Charles Simons (or Bert); on the New Germany route, Jean Pressey. The first and last use bicycles.

☞ *To the Members of the Fruit Growers' Union.*—Berries will be received at Elm Station on Monday morning, June 2nd, for Boston and points north of New York. Time for receiving, 8:30.

M. PARKHURST, *Agent.*

☞ The children and other relatives of the late Capt. Jameson request us to express their heartfelt thanks to the friends who so kindly assisted them during the sad hours of affliction, and to the singers and others who participated in the funeral services.

☞ Mrs. Addie Avery, of Smyrna, N. Y., is visiting her brother, C. S. Newcomb. Mr. and Mrs. Avery were favored pupils of the late Wm. B. Bradbury, and Mrs. A's rich soprano voice made a pleasant addition to the music at the Presbyterian Church, last Sunday.

☞ John J. Gardiner's name is mentioned as candidate for the Congressional nomination, this Fall. Well, why not? Has not Atlantic County some claim on this office? We usually give the Republican candidate a majority, and have not asked the honors for a long time.

☞ Mr. Lewis Hoyt has completed the school census, and returns thanks for the uniform courtesy with which he was received. The official returns show that Hammonton contains 513 children of school age; boys, 280; girls, 239. By law, we are now entitled to six trustees, if the district so votes.

☞ Memorial Day exercises passed off very pleasantly. At Weymouth, four graves were decorated; at Elwood, eight, with appropriate remarks by Rev. Mr. Dyer; at Pleasant Mills, eighteen, with an address by Rev. Mr. Pine, and refreshments for the visitors; at Winslow, 15, address by Rev. Mr. Waples. At Hammonton, in Greenmount Cemetery, 15; in Oakdale, 7; in each of the latter cemeteries, appropriate songs were sung by a quartette, and an address, made by Gen. Biggs.

☞ Capt. A. A. Jameson, one of the well-known residents of Hammonton, passed from this to the better life on Saturday last, May 24th, 1884, aged 81 years. Funeral services were held at his residence, on Pine Road, on Monday afternoon, conducted by his pastor, Rev. D. T. Davies. Though long past the usual limit of human life, Capt. Jameson has appeared robust and vigorous until the past winter; and apparently recovering, he was about town for a time, and his departure seemed to us very sudden. Happily, his preparation for eternity was made long ago. We were told that Mr. Jameson began his seafaring life when only ten years old; when but nineteen, he was given command of a vessel, and held the position of Captain for over fifty years—resigning just before removing to Hammonton.

☞ O. E. Moore will have a larger wagon, in a few days.

☞ Samuel Holiday, Esq., will take a summer trip "way out West," to Dakota, perhaps.

☞ Mr. E. Keene received notice, on Monday, of the death of his oldest sister, aged 91 years.

☞ C. L. S. C. meets next Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the residence of Mr. Wm. Rutherford.

☞ We understand that Harry Phillips marketed the first Hammonton straw berries, on Monday last.

☞ The second G. A. R. sociable, last Saturday night, is said to have been equal to the first, in attendance and interest.

☞ Mr. Bernshouse has contracts for a church and two dwelling houses, at Malaga; also, two dwellings at Atco.

For Sale.—A good wagon and some house furniture. Enquire of

WM. STURTEVANT.

☞ Moses Stockwell, Esq., moved into his new house, last Friday. Mr. John McCrea occupies the house thus vacated.

☞ The first strawberries shipped this season (so far as we can learn) were on Tuesday last, May 27th,—three crates on the new road, and two on the old.

Cabbage Plants.—Landreth's Large York, and Bloomsdale Early Flat Dutch, for sale at ten cents per hundred, by

J. B. WRIGHT, Elwood.

☞ James B. Wright and wife, of Elwood, had a pleasant family gathering, last Saturday,—all the children being at home, to celebrate the eighteenth birthday of the twins.

☞ Nearly half the berry tickets we have printed, this year, were for raspberries. As the price for picking is not the same as for other berries, it pays to have different tickets.

☞ Mr. David Field passed in a basket of strawberries, last Friday,—the first of the season. They have the same delicious flavor as of old. Next!

Latest.—The "next" came on Thursday, from our honored father. Next!

☞ Mr. Calvin R. Moulton, of San Francisco, who has been visiting his aunt—Mrs. A. C. Wetherbee—near the Lake, accompanied by his friend Senor F. S. Morales, of Panama, has returned to Philadelphia. Both gentlemen are students in the Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery.

☞ The annual meeting of the Atlantic county Bible Society will be held at the M. E. Church at Smith's Landing, on Wednesday, June 4th. Sermon by Rev. J. Garrison at 10:30 A. M. Please show your appreciation of the Holy Bible and the triumphs of its truths by attending this meeting.

C. E. P. MAYHEW, Sec.

☞ We have in our possession the material for two highly sensational items, but investigation develops the unadvisability of using them. You can easily start a brush-fire, but you can't always stop it at just the right point; and so with sensational articles,—they draw out replies, until no man can tell whose epidermis will be pierced next. No; we'll wait till there is more reason for using the material on hand.

ELM.

Mr. Enoch Cordery has added another story to his house and built an addition, which is quite an improvement to it.

Mr. Clark Holdridge has repainted his house and is just ready to put blinds upon it.

An entertainment, under the control of the school trustees, is under way for the celebration of the Fourth of July.

Mr. Geo. A. Rogers is visiting friends and relatives in Connecticut.

The first shipment of berries from Elm was made on Monday afternoon, by David Fields.

Rev. A. Gilmore preached in the school house on Sunday evening last. We understand it is his intention to preach at Parkdale next Sunday forenoon.

The baptism of some of the converts of this place will take place on Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, at the Hammonton Lake. Also on the third Sunday in June the baptism of others will take place in the school-house here.

The pupils of the school here presented their teacher, on the last day of school, with a handsome edition of Tennyson's poems and a fine silk handkerchief.

The following pupils were successful in the annual examination:

First Grade,—Anna U. Forman, Lillie May Albertson.

Second Grade,—Katie Schnider.

Third Grade,—Samuel Forman, Edwin Super, Harold Rogers.

Mr. Lewis Wood, who has been in Massachusetts for the past year, has returned, and is living again upon his place.

Mrs. Truman Robertson is here on a visit at her mother's, Mrs. E. Preston.

☞ Jones & Lawson began work on Dan. Ballard's house, last Monday.

☞ A bountiful and much needed warm rain fell on Wednesday. All nature manifested its gratitude.

☞ Communion follows the morning service at the Baptist Church, to-morrow; evening service as usual; sermon by the Pastor.

☞ St. Mark's Church—Whitsun-Day—June 1st, 1884, 7:30 A. M., Holy Communion; 2:00 P. M., Sunday School; 7:30 P. M., Evening Prayer and Sermon.

PASSAGE TICKETS from Philadelphia and New York to Antwerp, the Rhine, Germany, Holland, Austria, Italy, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England. Also, railroad tickets in connection, to any part of the interiors. *Rates are now lowest.* All can afford a trip to Europe.

W. RUTHERFORD, Agent, Hammonton, N. J.

Also, Real Estate and Insurance Agent.

From Our County Papers.

From the RECORD.

There is a big boom in mumps at Leeds Point.

G. Ireland, of Risleyville, amuses himself and friends with a pet snake seven feet long.

We understand there have been parties from Clayton looking for a suitable site to erect canning factory in Pleasantville. They propose canning tomatoes and other vegetables in their season, and the rest of the year put up clams and oysters. If the latter prove successful, they will be shipped to Europe.

The business end of a big snapper caused some tall howling on the part of a Bakersville boy, last week. He thought the creature was going away from him in the usual way, head foremost, instead of backing, and making a grab for what he in the excitement of the moment thought the snapper's tail, was himself grabbed by the hand. A painful wound was the result.

From the REVIEW.

At the instance of the Society for the Protection of Children from Cruelty Annie DeLucker, of Hammonton, was on Saturday (17th) sent to the Philadelphia House of Correction for three months. Although the woman has a home in Hammonton, she has been living in St. Mary Street, Philada. She was arrested for drunkenness three times last week. Her seventeen-months old child was taken charge of by the society.

Fish are more plentiful than usual this Spring, as high as nine tons being shipped in one week from Somers' Point.

Ryan's Hall, at Smith's Landing, is to be enlarged.

The strawberries on Sheriff Collins' farm at Smith's Landing look very promising.

Philadelphians are engaging board in our shore villages for the summer, and the indications are that these places will be far better patronized than in former seasons.

From the JOURNAL.

A shade tree is no place to hitch a horse to. Will some people never learn.

The Baptists of Tuckahoe hold services every Sunday afternoon in the town hall in that place. An effort is to be made to build a church. [Don't you know how to spell Baptist?]

The carp pond on Wharton's Batato farm is finished and presents a fine appearance.

The damage done to the paper mill at Pleasant Mills by fire will be repaired as soon as possible.

The Vineland and Buena Vista Base Ball Clubs played a very interesting game on Saturday afternoon last. The score stood 21 to 33 in favor of the Buena Vista boys.

☞ WINSLOW, from the *W. J. Press.*—William C. Hay, Chas. P. Westcott, and H. M. Jewett have been appointed trustees of the Winslow public schools.

Rev. Robert Waples will preach an illustrated sermon in the M. E. Church next Sunday morning.

C. P. Westcott has taken the census of the school children in District No. 41, between the ages of five and eighteen. The juvenile population of the District is 208.

Edward O'Neil, fireman in Hay & Co.'s mill, was overcome by the intense heat last Friday afternoon, and was convoyed to his home near this place in a serious condition. He is still confined to the house.

The patent of the improved telephone, obtained by D. G. Barnard, of this place, has been allowed in the countries of Canada, England, Germany, Belgium, and France.

About 56,000 fruit boxes have been manufactured in the mill thus far this season. About 17,000 more will be made up before the season's work is done.

WORDS OF CHEER.

There are days of deepest sorrow
In the season of our life,
There are wild despairing moments,
There are hours of mental strife,
There are hours of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach.
And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall.
And the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lays us low,
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brother,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet, at last, we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance, a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
Then he taught us how to wait.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

She was the proudest women I ever knew. Poor and proud this Kathleen Langley; but the adopted child of a very wealthy aunt, she had never felt the chilly blasts of poverty; probably never would, since now she was the betrothed of Arthur Fanshawe, and his name was good for a million.

I had been Kathleen's intimate friend and chosen companion ever since our schooldays; to me there had never been so true and dear a friend. But I could not shut my eyes to her besetting sin—pride. In vain I argued with her, lectured her on its evils. She had always listened patiently, but with a sarcastic gleam in her brown eyes, and when I had finished she would lay her head on my knee and smile up into my face mischievously.

"Dear old Mentor!" she would say; "it's no use. Pride was the sole heritage left me, and, though it wreck all my happiness, I cannot conquer it."

One day she came to my side and held up one white finger encircled by a costly diamond ring. In answer to my startled look of inquiry she said slowly, as though it pained her,—

"It is Arthur Fanshawe's ring, dear; I have promised to be his wife."

Arthur Fanshawe, the *blase* man of the world; a cynic, a sceptic, everything hard and unnatural. To throw away her youth, beauty and purity upon Arthur Fanshawe! It was a cruel thing.

"Oh, Kathie!" I cried, "tell me it is not true. You do not love him—I know it. Why, then, why do you make this sacrifice?"

Her red lip curled scornfully.

"There are a million reasons," she answered, bitterly.

Then she went away, and when I saw her again she was in the midst of a gay group, lovely in her glittering ball dress, and Arthur Fanshawe was at her side, his hard, cold eyes lighted with the frosty gleams of a selfish love, his engagement to the fair New York belle publicly announced.

I knew then that the match had been of her Aunt Langley's making; that her ambition for her beautiful niece had at last attained the height of a wealthy marriage, and that to induce Kathleen to submit she had contrived to make her realize her dependence. And Kathleen, feeling herself a burden on her bounty, grew

"Weary of eating another's bread.
And toiling up and down another's stairs."

Her pride had carried her through, and she had consented to the sacrifice.

Soon after Mrs. Langley projected a trip to Florida, and begged me to accompany her and Kathleen; Mr. Fanshawe, of course was to follow.

We arrived at our destination, a romantic little town in the last stages of dilapidation.

We settled ourselves in a long, rambling cottage near the loveliest lake in the world, and enjoyed the semi-tropical climate to our heart's content.

We had not been there three days when Kathleen appeared, one morning, in the room where I was sitting with her aunt over our fancy work, looking charmingly in a short costume, with wide sun hat and gauntlet gloves.

"I'm going to learn to row, auntie, if you have no great objection," she began gayly.

"Who in the world is going to teach you?"

Kathleen glanced through the long French window to the shore, but a few rods away where a tiny boat lay moored, and a masculine figure lounged back among the cushions, lazily puffing a good cigar.

"Oh, I don't know his name," she laughed, scornfully. "One of the aborigines here. I have engaged his services at so much a hour, and for the rest, as Mr. Toots would say, it is of no consequence, auntie."

"I trust Mr. Fanshawe approves," began her aunt.

"I am not Mr. Fanshawe's property as yet," suggested Kathleen; and before another remark could be proffered she was out of the house, down the path, and and off in the direction of the lake shore.

The boating lessons seemed to take up a great deal of her time and attention after that; but I never chanced to get a nearer view of her teacher, and, judging him by others of the native inhabitants whom I had met, I felt very little interest in the unknown.

"Come, ladies," said Mr. Fanshawe, one day, "let us go out on the lake; I have a boat engaged, and waiting your service."

We did not require a second invitation, and soon we gathered on the beach, where the lake spread out before us its broad, unruffled bosom, its green, cool lily-pads, and over all the blue, cloudless sky of a Florida midwinter, with the sun, like a great, untwinkling eye, staring lazily down upon us.

"Miss Langley," said a voice near us—a low, rich, sweet voice, like liquid music—"I beg your pardon for intruding, but that boat is unsafe. She has been for some time out of repair. I fear you will meet with some accident if you go out in her."

A young man stood at Kathleen's side, a tall, slender man, with a face like a picture, with great, slumberous dark eyes, and a nameless grace and fascination about him. But his dress was coarse and common, and his hands were embrowned with toil. With that wonderful face and figure, like some rare old statue, he was only a fisherman, after all!

Kathleen's face was flushed, and she glanced up timidly. But before she could say a word Mr. Fanshawe turned upon the intruder with a cool stare of insolence.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "How dare you interfere in my affairs, sir?"

The young man raised his hat with a graceful bow.

"My name is Sanford," he said quietly. "Ray Sanford. I live a mile above the beach. I am accustomed to the lake; I spend half my time upon it. I know all the boats; the one you have chosen is unsafe. If you go out in her, you will certainly be drowned."

He put on his hat, and walked away without another word. He was proud, too; it was easy to see that.

I glanced at Kathleen. She did not see me; her eyes were bent upon the graceful figure in its coarse dress moving down the shining sands.

I saw her clench her hands and set her teeth together, then her gaze encountered mine, and slightly, she forced a smile.

"Are you ready, ladies?"

Mr. Fanshawe's voice broke the silence.

"Are you going in the boat?" asked Kathleen.

"To be sure. I am not foolish enough to pay any heed to the croakings of yonder clodhopper. I'll teach him that I, too, understand managing a boat, if I do not spend half my time on the lake."

"You are careless in your epithets, Mr. Fanshawe," observed Kathleen, frigidly; "mistaken, likewise. Mr. Sanford is a gentleman."

"You have the honor of his acquaintance, it seems?"

Kathleen's eyes flashed, but she controlled her anger.

"He taught me to row," she answered, and said no more.

But she said enough to set me to thinking.

Well, we yielded to the ruling power; and soon, seated in the pretty boat, were dancing merrily over the water, far away from land.

It was a perfect day, and full of life and gayety, we had forgotten all about young Sanford's warning, when suddenly there was a low exclamation of horror from Kathleen,—

"The boat is filling with water! I do believe we are sinking?"

It was too true! The boat leaked at every seam; the water was pouring in; soon we should be beyond the reach of human aid.

I shall never forget that hour as long as I live. Fanshawe, livid with fear, crouched in the bow of the boat and uttered never a word. Mrs. Langley wrung her hands and alternately shrieked and moaned—now praying, and now her voice drowned in a storm of sobs and tears. Kathleen sat like a statue of stone, her hands folded, her eyes bent on a spot far away.

On we drifted. The boat rapidly filling; it was more than half full.

I crept up to Kathleen and put my arms around her.

"Kathie, Kathie," I cried, "we must die! Is it not dreadful?"

"There are worse fates on earth," she answered, her pale lips scarcely seeming to move, and still her brown eyes watched that tiny speck as it grew large; a man in a boat—a man bending all his energies to meet us.

A strange smile touched Kathleen's lips.

"Ray," she muttered, as though she had forgotten our presence, "Ray, I knew you would come to us in our distress."

It was indeed Ray Sanford, and he was rowing with the strength of a giant and the energy of a man determined to win or die.

He reached us at last not a second too soon. I aroused Mrs. Langley from a fit of incoherent sobbing and ejaculating, and pointing to our rescuer. He stood up in his boat, and had Kathleen in his arms in an instant. Then he turned to Mrs. Langley and me. Fanshawe followed us, and soon we were all safe in his boat—saved from a dreadful death.

Not a word was spoken during the long run home. Kathleen never looked at Ray; she seemed unconscious of his presence.

When we reached the shore, she dropped from the boat unassisted, as though she did not see the young man's proffered arm.

Fanshawe, safe on shore, was himself again. Turning to Sanford, he took a banknote from his pocket and tendered it to the young man.

"Here," said he, in a cold, insulting tone, "you've helped us out of a scrape; allow me to—"

But he never finished. Ray Sanford struck the money from his hand, and then without a word, strode off down the shining beach. After that we saw him no more.

The time for our departure for home drew nigh.

Kathleen had grown pale and thin during these days. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her cheeks wore a hectic flush; there was something wrong about Kathleen.

It was the evening before our intended departure, and we two walked alone on the beach. The sun was setting, dropping slowly down its golden ladder into fleecy cloud banks of scarlet and amber; up and down we paced, neither of us speaking— So the sun set and the twilight gathered.

Suddenly the form of a man rose before us in the gray twilight. He came straight up to Kathleen, and held out both his hands.

She laid both her own within them. There was a sweet smile on her lips; her eyes were luminous,

"Is it good-by?" she said softly.

"Never!" he cried, fiercely. "Tell me, Kathleen, is it true, are you going to marry that man—that Fanshawe?"

A sneering laugh fell upon our ears Fanshawe stood beside us.

"A pretty scene!" he sneered. "A flirtation between my betrothed wife and a common fisherman!"

With a face like marble and eyes like flashing diamonds Kathleen slipped her engagement ring from her finger and laid it in Arthur Fanshawe's hand, saying coldly,—

"I have worn it too long, Mr. Fanshawe."

Ere Fanshawe could recover from his amazement, Ray Sanford spoke.—

"And who told you, Mr. Fanshawe, that I was but a common fisherman? Not that I attach any ignominy to the vocation, which has been followed by some of the noblest and grandest heroes of earth; but unfortunately, I have no claim to the title. I am merely passing a few months on the Florida coast, roughing it that I might regain the health and strength which had unaccountably deserted me. I leave soon for my home in the North. You have heard of Hugh Sanford, of Boston?"

"A merchant prince!" ejaculated Fanshawe, beginning to move away.

"He is my father," said Ray Sanford, cooly; and bending over Kathleen, who stood clinging to me, he continued, while Fanshawe slunk on through the evening shadows, "Kathleen, say you forgive me my unintentional deception. I had known you a week or more before I realized the full extent of my guilt. Forgive me, for I love you so!"

Her head was on his shoulder, his arm around her. They had forgotten all about me, and I went home alone.

An hour later Kathleen came to my side, her eyes shining like stars.

"You'll be my bridesmaid, dear," she whispered, kissing me with tears in her eyes. "I'm the happiest little woman alive! And the best of it is I loved him just as well when I thought a poor fisherman as I do now that I know he is of a wealthy and aristocratic family. I tell you dear (another kiss), pride is a very good thing in its place, but true love is always and ever the best."

A National Forest Reserve.

President Arthur recently called the attention of Congress to the necessity of saving our forests from destruction. In his late message he is more specific than in his first, and recommends that a certain portion of the national domain which he names, be reserved from sale and held forever in permanent forest for the definite purpose of preserving the equable flow of the streams which there take their rise. This region, lying north of Flathead Lake contains no settlers, and is practically unknown. It has never been surveyed and rarely traversed by white men. It is rugged and broken beyond any possibility of being subdued to agricultural use. No gold or silver is there to tempt the miner. It is on no natural line of communication. No rights of farmer or miner will be interfered with if it should be set apart for the storage of moisture. It is especially important now, as the source of one of the main feeders of Clark's fork of the Columbia, and as the woods are swept away from the regions drained by other tributaries of this river, its value will proportionately increase. Here are more than 5,000 square miles of wilderness traversed by four or five parallel ranges of the Rocky Mountains, one of them the main continental divide. There is hardly a spot in all the proposed reserve where one can escape from the sound of water, tumbling down in cascades or rushing onward in pure streams from melting snows to the Gulf of Mexico through the Missouri, to Hudson's bay through the Saskatchewan, or to the Pacific Ocean through the Columbia.

If our rivers are to remain navigable if the arid plains of Montana are to be converted into fertile farm lands by irrigation, if the mountains themselves are to be saved from degradation, the forest must be left to cover this summit of the continent where the water is collected in such abounding volume. It may be that our legislators will be so occupied in "making capital" for the Presidential canvass next year that they will have no time to look after such a trifling interest as the water supply upon which the agricultural possibilities of thousands of square miles depend. Nevertheless it is a proof of a strong, growing and intelligent public sentiment in this matter when the President is moved to direct to it the attention of Congress in two successive messages.

Gliding Along the Ice.

"The touch of cold weather we had a short time ago starred up the boys," said an old skate sharpener of New York as he filed away on a pair of club skates. Hanging over him were skates of all kinds, rusty and with runners covered with dirt. "These have just been brought in," continued the old man, "to be fixed up for the coming season. I have been busy with skates for the last few days, and when the ice is formed I shall have more than I can attend to."

"Is skating as popular as formerly," was asked.

"Certainly it is. There is no out-of-door exercise the popularity of which remains so constant and which is indulged in with such evident pleasure. Did you ever hear a young man or young woman refuse to go skating if there was nothing to prevent and a fair sheet of ice? I file down and sharpen more skates every winter than I did the previous one. In the country the boys try the ice every day, and the winter's sport invariably begins with a ducking for the first adventurer. I suppose the popularity of the sport is due in some degree to the comparatively short time in which it can be enjoyed. This makes it a novelty. But it is more due, I think, to the exhilaration and thorough enjoyment to be derived from it. In country towns where the ice lasts all winter there is as much skating at the end of the season as at the beginning, and the young man who does not become a fancy skater in those places is looked down upon. In my opinion, skating is more enjoyable than sleigh rides or coasting."

The old man filed away on his skates and told of the miles he had skated when a boy and the kind of skates then used, comparing them with the ten-dollar skates of to-day. The improvements in the skates themselves have done much to increase the love for the sport. It is in the remembrance of old skaters that the preparations for an hour's skating were multitudinous. Thirty years ago the skater was compelled to wear a heavy pair of boots, with strong, big heels, for no one in those days ever thought of skating in shoes. Then a large gimlet hole had to be bored in the heel, into which the peg on the heel-plate of the skate would fit. The gimlet ever afterward had to be carried about in the pocket to do duty in cleaning out the snow or mud that would accumulate in the walk to the rink or pond. These old skates were marvels in themselves, with their intricacies of straps and rings. There were straps at the heels and straps at the toes. Straps crossed and recrossed, and finally ended with long tags hanging over which had to be stowed away somewhere, and which generally in the first two or three turns on the ice would work under the runners. Many a time as doubtless the old skater of a quarter of a century ago will testify, has the ice been tested to its fullest strain by the avoirdupois of the skater all on account of the ends of straps. There was an old style of skate, a nondescript affair, which the fond parent of to-day as he buys for the boys the light pairs of nickle-plated clubs, is very ready to attempt to describe. It was fitted up with iron rings, through which the straps were drawn. These rings were placed so as to rest just over the ankles, and were constantly chafing him. Passing through the rings, the straps were crossed over the foot twice and often once around the heel, making a network over the foot. If any part of the network loosened, it was necessary to unravel the whole.

With what pleasure the then new style of rockers with patent buckles and side straps was hailed. One occasionally meets such a pair at the present time in the country towns, although they are antiquated in the city. With the skates of the previous period, when the skater wanted to stop, he simply pressed down hard the heel, and the sharp end of the blade would plow a furrow in the ice, and would cause a sudden stop. With rockers the end curved up, and the skater was compelled to use the side movement of the feet by which he comes to a quick standstill with modern skates. Nine years ago the club skate appeared, and there has been little change in them since their first introduction. Two styles—the American club and the Acme—came out at the same time, and their sale was immense, and their popularity has kept up ever since then. At first, on the former, a key was necessary to lock the skate on to the foot, but in a short time the lever of the present style was substituted, which, by reversing, fastens at once both the heel and foot clamps. Both styles were the same in principle, and after a short time of trial, were pronounced a great success and immediately their use became universal. The hardest thing to overcome in their adoption was the prevailing idea that a heel strap must be retained, and even now many call for this strap, as they claim to have a feeling of greater security in its use. Experienced skaters all agree that it is unnecessary. Ladies also now use club skates, and many very pretty nickle plates have been manufactured for them during the past year, They are required to have plain heels upon their shoes, however, as no clamp can be made to fasten upon the French heels, with their abominable curves.

"The use of club skates by ladies," added the old man, who had been discoursing on skates, rubbing down the sides of blades with emery paper, "has been objected to by young men, who now have no excuse for fondly lingering over their sweetheart's dainty shoes as formerly, when it was necessary to fix a strap here and a buckle there, and then to do it all over again because it wasn't tight enough."

"Do ladies skate as much as in the old days?" was asked.

"Young man, ladies, young, old and middle-aged, will go skating whenever they can get a man to go with them," was the reply. "If they have to go by themselves they soon give it up. Yes, ladies like to skate as much as ever and you will find plenty of 'sister Kates,' to use the words of the poets, who skate and cut a figure 8, in any State. If there's only ice, crowds of graceful female skaters are to be seen pleasant afternoons and moonlight nights at the parks, and a pretty sight it is to see them in their bright skating costumes, gliding along the ice and sweeping about in most graceful curves."

The sale of club skates in this country has been very large and the demand for them is still great. Over 20,000 pairs of one style alone are generally sold in this city during the season, and if the ice continues for a long time in good condition the demand is greater. In this city the sale depends almost entirely upon the length of time there is skating in the park. This, of course, cannot be foreseen, and the large dealer always expects and is ready to carry over one-third of his stock to the next season. Again, often his skates are exhausted before the season is over. Year before last a comparatively small number of skates were sold. Last year for a time the sales were brisk, and the prospect of this season is good, dealers say. In the holidays the largest quantity of skates are sold, as a pair is always a standard Christmas present for a boy. One pair of skates ought to last several years if kept in good order.

Why He Left.

"Why did you desert?" asked the reporter, bluntly.

"I have no hesitation in telling you," was the reply. "We enlist for military service, and besides performing it we are compelled to work as laborers. I could stand this, though, if it wasn't for the treatment we receive in other ways. I will just give you an instance of our day's routine duty. We generally rise about 5 o'clock and clean up our quarters. Forty minutes are given for grooming our horses, and then we drill for an hour and a half. When breakfast is over some go on guard, while others do fatigue work. This consists of cleaning officers' quarters, chopping wood for officers, hauling coal for officers and ourselves, working in the ditches, and building roads or plowing fields."

"Is this compulsory?"

"If we complain the guard house is the place for us, and if we go to the hospital ten chances to one we are told that nothing is the matter with us, and we are sent away without explanation."

"Don't you get some rest from your labors?"

"Only the favored ones are allowed to leave the fort. I have been repeatedly refused permission to go away, while others had almost as much liberty as the officers."

"We are made to do regular servants' work in the kitchen," continued the soldier, "a burly negro bossing us at his will. Complain, did you say? If we do not perform the work just to suit him he'll report us to the officers, who will make us run errands and carry slops."

"Is there not too much drinking going on in the army?"

"Well, a poor fellow can't help sometimes, but very seldom, when he gets a chance, taking a drop too much, But we generally suffer for it, and are sent to the guard house. An officer can indulge as much as he pleases, and if he becomes intoxicated we have the pleasure of putting him to bed,"

"Do the men ever complain about their treatment?"

"They don't dare to do that. I have known them to leave the table and feign illness rather than say anything about the bad food. Let me give you the bill of fare for one day: For breakfast we have what we call boot-leg coffee and California mystery. There is a standing prize to any man who will discover the substance of which the latter is made. I have gone through many hardships and had to eat many a hard crust, but I couldn't stomach that dish-water."

"For dinner we get what the cook calls pork and a few potatoes, and for supper we sometimes get potatoes and alleged pork for a change. The coffee is for the most part water. The cook sweetens it, but when I drank it I always imagined there was no sugar in it. I certainly didn't taste it.

"The officers, however, live like lords on the rations which belong to us. If we open our mouths the prospect of severe punishment stares us in the face, and so the boys believe in the old saying: 'Of two evils choose the least.'"

Getting Noisy.

Gallantry awakens early in the breasts of some Boston boys. A lady in Boston has a class in the Sunday school of one of the leading churches, the membership of which consists of boys who are each about 8 years of age. Like most youngsters they are of too exuberant spirits to keep altogether as quiet as the demands of the school require, and are prone to become restless and noisy at times. Last Sunday one of them was particularly uneasy, when the teacher said, thinking to shame him into quiet: "Now, George, I don't know what I shall do with you if you are so noisy. I am afraid I shall have to punish you for it, and think the best way to do so would be to make you sit in my lap." "Ah," says the young scapegrace with an arch look, "if you should do that, Miss ——, I think you would find the whole class getting noisy."

A man makes himself greater as he increases his knowledge.

Mount Athos.

Mount Athos, the Monte Santo of the Italians, the Hagion Oros or Holy Mountain of the Greeks, is perhaps the most curious survival of the Middle Ages now remaining in Europe. It is the famous peninsula a the southwestern end of the archipelago which Xerxes could not get around, and across the isthmus of which he cut a canal, the remains of which are still to be seen. The mountain, rising boldly out of the water, and visible as the most prominent object for many miles round, sends the wind sweeping down it upon the vessels beneath with tremendous force. Now, as in the days of Xerxes, it is next to impossible with certain winds for a sailing vessel to double the Cape of Athos, and a powerful Messageries steamer in which I have recently returned from the mountain was at one time only able to make her two knots an hour against the mountain breeze which sought to drive her back.

Before the tenth century numbers of men, tired of the world and desirous of finding rest from the troubles which were pouring in on the Empire of the new Rome, had established themselves as hermits on the peninsula, and by the year 1000 of our era the odor of sanctity had begun to attach to the mountain. From that time to the present it has been the great seat of the monasteries belonging to the Eastern Church. These monasteries now consite the oldest, the most populous, and the most conventual republic in existence. In the fourteenth century the monks had obtained privileges from the Emperors which made them almost independent of external control. Virtually they were then, as they are now, a Republic in a larger State, admitting indeed the suzerainty of Constantinople, but being allowed to govern themselves as they liked. Half a century before the capture of Constantinople by the Turks they had made their peace with the invaders, and in return had obtained charters or firmans acknowledging their right to self-government and promising that their ancient privileges should be respected. These promises have in the main been fairly kept. At times, the latest of which was the war for Greek independence, the Turks have plundered the monasteries, and have hanged the heads of the houses. Their libraries were ransacked, and soldiers cut up invaluable manuscripts in order to make water-bottles and cartouche-boxes, such treasures of silver and gold as could be found were stolen, and most of the monks were expelled. But, barring these occasional bad times, no complaint can fairly be made against the Turks for their treatment of the monks of the Holy Mountain.

The population of Mount Athos is probably between six and seven thousand. But the remarkable feature about this population is that on the whole of the peninsula, which may be described roughly as about thirty miles long by ten broad, there is not a woman. To such an extent is this monkish idea of the exclusion of the opposite sex carried, that no female of any kind down, even to a hen is permitted to enter the peninsula. The rule is enforced with the utmost strictness. There is indeed a story of an ambassador's wife having visited the monasteries shortly after the Crimean war, but she was disguised as a man. The monks believe, or affect to believe, that for thus violating the law of the mountain she was visited with a severe penalty by the Virgin Mary. The only exception which has been made is that of one or two ladies who have approached the shores with their husbands in their yachts—in one case on board one of her Majesty's ships—have been permitted to land and remain on the beach while their husbands have visited the monasteries.

I have said that the Holy Mountain, or rather its institutions, are a survival of the Middle Ages. This remark applies to almost everything one sees. My visit there during the last month has certainly given me a more vivid impression of much which belongs, say, to the thirteenth century than could have been gained by a visit to any other place. As there are few travellers, there are no hotels, and a visitor has to be lodged and provided for by the monks. They amply maintain their reputation for hospitality. The Patriarch of Constantinople was good enough to furnish me with a letter to the heads of the monasteries, which enabled me to obtain this hospitality. On landing at Daphne, the port of the Holy Mountain, I made my way on the back of a mule, with a thirteenth century saddle, to perhaps the quaintest and most curious thirteenth century village now in existence. This was Karyes, which is the metropolis of the mountain. If there exists on the peninsula enough plain to make a full-sized tennis-ground, all that I can say is, that I have not been fortunate enough to see it. A ride on a true Roman road, paved with large stones, which have got misplaced by centuries of torrents, on a mule along mountain passes, is not the easiest way of travelling. The mule is an animal which ignores the existence of a bridle. "As obstinate as a mule" has for me now a very distinct meaning. The monks, recognizing facts, have ceased to trouble themselves, and a halter does duty instead. One of the mule's fancies is unpleasant to a man who has not unbounded confidence in his animal. He will insist upon walking on the extreme edge of the road. Under ordinary circumstances this does not matter, but when the precipice beneath is 200 or 300 feet deep, and there is no fence, or attempt at a fence, it becomes a question of importance.

However, Karyes was reached. The seat of government is here. On the peninsula are twenty large monasteries, besides a considerable number of smaller ones, of askites, a word connected etymologically with the English adjective ascetic, of the cells of hermits, and of smaller houses which are let out to monks who wish to engage in tilling the ground. Each of the twenty monasteries has a representative who lives at Karyes, and the twenty form the Council which governs the Holy Mountain. There is indeed a Turkish governor, but he and his three Turkish zaptiehs are only the symbol of supremacy. As the governor must conform to the rule of the place, and have no female member of his family there, it may be imagined that the office is not much sought after. On presenting the Patriarch's letter to the Council, I was at once informed that I should be furnished with a circular letter addressed to each monastery, and that everything I wished to see would be open to me. Before leaving the Council I was requested to sign my name in the visitor's book. A French writer who has recently visited the mountain mentions that he only found seven Frenchmen's names as visitors during the last sixteen years. I was curious to find whether more Englishmen had been there, and turned over the pages with the result of finding that about the same number had inscribed their names there during the last ten years. I subsequently found that not more than three had been able to do more than visit Karyes and two or three of the monasteries. Chance visitors from yachts to one or two of the monasteries on the coast would, however, slightly increase the number.

A visit to one monastery gives a very fair idea of the arrangements of all. Nearly all were constructed at times when it was necessary to be ready to resist pirates. Greeks and Venetians, Arabs and Genoese, have attacked the fastnesses of the mountain with more or less success. Each one, therefore, resembles a Middle Age fortress. The walls are high; there is but one entrance, which could always be well defended; and many of the dwelling places are built on the top of the lofty walls. As space must always have been an object, the houses of wood project over the walls. There is no reason to doubt that the appearance of the monasteries is very much what it was six or seven hundred years ago; and the painter in search of picturesque combinations of old buildings will go far—even if he succeed at all—before he finds such curious corners, groupings of towers, houses, churches, campaniles and projecting stones as he will in such monasteries as Vatopodi. This particular one may be taken as a type of the rest. The fortress-like buildings, surmounted by wooden houses, form a striking object for miles around. Within the walls are massed together among quaint houses in artistic confusion ancient churches, refectory, library, watch towers, and other buildings which the requirements of a thousand monks have rendered necessary. Everything, however, is orderly and clean.

A Slugging Implement.

"It's the neatest one I ever saw," said Lieutenant Laughlin, of the Harrison street police station, Chicago, turning over in his hand a mysterious cylindrical object of stout canvas. It was about a foot long, and somewhat larger around than a man's wrist. It was filled with fine, dry sand. One end of it was nicely rounded, and midway of its length it was tightly and smoothly wrapped with strong cord.

"What is it?" asked a Daily News reporter.

"A sandbag. It is of the most approved pattern. Any sandbagger in this city would be delighted to own it. It has been constructed with great care and is nearly new. Look how firmly the seams have been sewed."

"Did it ever do any work?"

"Yes; its owner knocked a woman senseless with it in her bedroom on Clark street three weeks ago. Then he took a gold watch from her and ran away, leaving the sandbag behind."

"Is a sandbag a deadly weapon?"

"Well, people have been killed with them, though they are calculated only to knock one senseless. Sometimes they produce concussion of the brain, which causes death. Now and then a blow from one of them rapters a blood vessel in the head and destroys life in that manner. A terrible blow can be struck with one of them. A slight touch with it on your arm or shoulder will convince you of that."

"Do many of them come into the hands of the police?"

"No, very few. A man never carries a sandbag unless he is looking for a chance to use it. If he fears that he is about to be arrested he throws it away. To be found in the possession of one is to confess one's self a highway robber. For that reason the highwaymen are gradually discarding the sandbag, and adopting less merciful weapons."

"What do they use instead?"

"The butts of revolvers, short bars of iron, clubs, or thick ginger-ale bottles. A blow from any of these is more dangerous than a blow from a sandbag."

"Does anybody know who invented sandbags?"

"I don't think it likely. They have been in use a good many years."

A FEW weeks ago and the pitcher of a base ball club couldn't walk down the street without having a brass band and a crowd of admiring citizens chasing after him, begging for his autograph. And now he gets jostled on the sidewalk, people trample on his toes on the opera house stairs, and if he complains he is called "Oscar" and told to go out on the prairie and back his feet around. So goes the vanity of this world.

The Poisoner of Ninety-Six Victims.

To those who believe that the practice of Thuggee has been completely put down in India, the story of Sharfu, whose career of crime has just terminated by his being sentenced to transportation for life, will come as an unpleasant revelation. Sharfu was the son of a butcher in a small village in the Punjab, and when yet a boy he developed a marked taste not only for gambling, but even for card sharping. At the age of 18, having quarrelled with his father, he left his native village and attached himself to a party of horse dealers. He then joined the Bareilly police, but was shortly afterward sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for injuring his wife, the daughter of Thakur, whom he had abducted. In the Bareilly jail he came in contact with Tikka Ram, the head of a band of poisoners in the northwest provinces. On their recovering their liberty they resumed operations together, making their headquarters in the town of Agra. After six years of undetected crime, of which the details have not been revealed, the two fell out, and Sharfu joined the police force again, only, however, to be dismissed in a few months.

It was after this occurrence that he resumed operations as professional poisoner on his own account. His mode of working was simple. Disguising himself as a well-to-do native of Oude, he used to waylay and enter into conversation with those natives of the province who happened to be returning with their savings. His favorite scene of operation was on the Grand Trunk road. Once he had struck up a companionship with these unsuspecting travellers it was an easy matter to take food with them, and Sharfu rarely failed to introduce the opium or *dhatura* needed to drug his victims, whom he speedily relieved of their savings. Most of these unwary persons recovered when pursuit was useless, but many of them died. His operations between the years 1867 and 1872 were particularly numerous and successful; and official reports recognized the extent to which Thuggee prevailed in the Junjab during that period. In July, 1881, his secret was revealed by Tikka Ram's wife, with whom he had been living for fourteen years; and he had only just sufficient warning to make a hurried retreat into Rajpootana. There he renewed his old practices, and placed his services at the disposal of those who had inconvenient relatives to get rid of, and who would pay handsomely for the dangerous work. He long baffled the pursuit of the officials, and it was not until the present year that he was discovered, through the instrumentality of Tikka Ram, undergoing a short term of imprisonment in Agra jail under an assumed name.

Brought up for trial at Loodiana, he admitted his guilt in ninety-six cases of murder or drugging, and was sentenced to death; which was afterward modified to transportation for life. Sharfu's long impunity shows the great difficulty of detecting crime in India, at the same time that it reveals the extensive organization which criminals have formed, in the Punjab at all events. Much light has recently been thrown by Dr. Leitner on the *argot* which thieves in the Punjab have framed for their own use, and of which Government officials are absolutely ignorant.

Camphor.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub on a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubes with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubes is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for the market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes

Proverbs for Lovers.

Love knows hidden paths.
Love makes labor light.
Love makes time pass away, and time make love pass away.
Love me little, love me long.
Ami moi un peu, mais continue—Love me a little, but keep it up.
Love one who does not love you, answer one that does not call you, and you will run a fruitless race.
Love others well, but love thyself the most; give good for good, but not to thine own cost.
Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love subdues everything except the felon's heart;
Love teaches asses to dance.
Love, knavery and necessity make men good orators.
Love, thieves and fear make ghosts.
Love your friend with his faults.
Love your neighbor, but don't pull down his fence.
Lover's purses are tied with cobwebs.
Lover's quarrels are love and redoubled.
Lovers think other have no eyes.

Gambling in Grain.

Mr. Hertel a heavy broker in Chicago says: "Legitimate business in this city has almost disappeared, and everybody is dealing in options. Even the old conservative firms have been obliged to adopt the new order of things."

"Then, this speculative business is on the increase?"

"Yes. Houses that used to think they had done something wonderful when they handled 7,000,000 bushels of wheat in a single day, now regard that as simply an average business."

"What is the exact mode of dealing in options?"

"Well, to suppose a case, you hear that corn, either on account of bad weather or an unusually brisk demand, is going to be scarce and consequently high in price. You therefore buy 1,000 bushels of corn, which is to be delivered in February or some future month. Now it is not expected that you have the money to pay for it, or that the other has the corn to deliver. You simply buy in the hope that corn will go up and that you can sell out at a higher figure, while he hopes that it will go down, thus enabling him to buy it at a less price than he has contracted for selling it."

"How much do you suppose of the grain that is thus bought and sold is actually transferred?"

"About ten bushels in 1,000,000. There cannot be more delivered than is really in existence, and every day the transactions are for far more than the entire crop."

"I presume that, like gamblers, the grain brokers couldn't get along without lambs to fleece?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes. All this option business is done through the Board of Trade, which is composed of brokers, They take orders for outsiders and charge a commission. Nearly three-fourths of the business done is for New York buyers and sellers."

"Wall street?"

"Yes, Wall street. The capitalists there get together and arrange to send up the price of wheat, but everything is done through Chicago. Our city is the great grain and provision centre, as New York is the centre of finance and stocks."

"Don't you find that this gambling in grain, as it is called, has a bad influence on other branches of business?"

"Not at all. It makes trade lively, though, I don't believe to-day that Chicago is half as solid as Cincinnati."

Dickens and Wellington St.

Proceeding up Wellington street, London, you are as certain to meet an actor as the Parisians say you are a white horse on the Pont Neuf. This street is, besides, sacred to the august Morning Post, to the Athenæum, Field and other newspapers. Half way up is a pretty little office, small, but not inelegant, with a bowed editor's room. This was erst the first abode of Household Words, and here of summer days sat Charles Dickens, busy with proofs, and giving cheery welcome to his contributors. As the gifted, genial editor came from the Charing Cross station he almost invariably turned sharp out of the Strand, making for the retired back roads, through Maiden lane, which so many men of letters fancy, under the idea that back and tortuous ways seem shorter than the long straight road. He passed by punctually and briskly along this favorite route, his little black bag in his hand. New, All the Year Round has its home higher up, at the corner of York street. The mention of Maiden lane suggests the name of "Rule" and his oysters—a famous place in that department. Rule and his oysters have been known to many celebrated persons—Thackeray, Dickens, etc.—his two monstrous shells in the window. Old "Rule's" was pulled down not long ago and rebuilt. It used to be recorded to the credit of "Rule's" that when there was a famine in oysters—or, rather when prices were run up so extravagantly, which is a different thing—Rule never varied. Not many streets away I once saw a crowd about an oyster shop, while a "gentleman" within—so he was styled—was eating oysters for a wager; it is to be presumed "against time," as several were busy attending to his wants, opening as fast as they could. The performer merely gulped or swallowed each native. There was a pride about him as he went through his work before the public, his friends and backers encouraging him, but to uninterested persons he presented the beau ideal of the beast, and the bivalves he was consuming seemed to deserve more respect. This recalls "Dando" and his oyster exploits.

THERE are times in this little life when a man can feel perfectly serene, and at peace with all mankind. A time when he can forgive his enemies and think only the kindest things of the man who has beaten him in a horse-trade. A time when he feels as happy as a school-boy on Friday afternoon, when he is throwing his books aside, and figuring on playing shinney the following day. But no man ever feels in this particular mood after he has mounted the steps of the Elevated Railroad and waited five minutes for a train, only to discover that he is on the wrong side of the road to go in the direction he wants to.

Visits of the Dead to the Living.

When Marshal Bazaine, in 1866, assumed command of the French army in Mexico, he found a complete want of discipline and order among his troops. Marauders had been allowed to wander about with impunity, and the Mexican villages, friendly or hostile, were plundered by the French soldiers. The Marshal resolved to stop these excesses with a strong hand, and an order was issued that any soldier discovered in the act of pillaging should, at the end of the march, be brought before a council of war, and, if found guilty suffer the penalty of death.

A few days afterwards, a corporal of a battalion of Chasseurs, commanded by Prince Nadoleon Charles Bonaparte head of the Italian branch of the family, was arrested by the military police on the charge of marauding. At the end of the march, so soon as the camp was pitched, he was tried by a council of war, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was carried out on the spot, and, as it had become quite dark a lantern was attached to the prisoner's breast to enable the firing party to aim correctly. The corporal fell dead at the first discharge. A grave was hastily dug, and the wretched man was buried exactly as he fell, in his uniform, with the lantern still on his breast.

The same evening Prince Bonaparte was sitting in his tent, talking with one of the military chaplains who had attended the execution, when he heard a man's voice outside the tent. The Prince called to the man to enter, and the soldier whose execution and burial he had just witnessed walked into the tent, still wearing his uniform and with the lantern on his breast. "My commandant," said the soldier, "my family lives at Marseilles, in the Rue ——; be so good as to inform them of my fate." The Prince, suspecting some trick rushed at the man with the intention of seizing him, The corporal, however, was too quick. He ran out of the tent and fled closely followed by the Prince, who was guided in the pursuit by the lantern on the man's breast. The Prince, after a short chase, overtook the fugitive, and was on the point of seizing him when he (the prisoner tore the lantern off his breast, threw it away, and managed to escape in the darkness.

The Prince at once reported the affair to the Marshal, and an order was given that the corporal's grave should be opened. This was done, and the corpse was found lying in the same state as when it was buried, but the lantern was gone.

I have only to add that on his return to France the Prince ascertained that the address at Marseilles was, in fact, the dwelling place of the prisoner's family. The unfortunate abbe was so affected by the circumstance that he lost his reason, and is, (or, was a few years ago) in a *maison de sante*!

Prince Charles Bonaparte himself always believed that the affair was a hoax.

Dancers, Beware.

The whirling waltz is seductive and the lanciers alluring. The exhilarating break-down has its attractions and the lively jig its votaries at this festive season. Yet dancers must learn to practice moderation. Otherwise the fate of the Niantic man who danced so long and so hard that he broke his right leg may overtake our society beaux and belles before the ball season is over. In cold weather the bones are more brittle, and as the prospects of a hard winter are excellent, the greatest care should be exercised. To see one of our male society beanpoles suddenly crack a leg in the midst of a german, or, more terrible still, to see one of our young ladies suddenly need the skill of a bone-setter, would cast a gloom over the festivities now fairly started that we do not care to contemplate If the broken nose of the base ball field and the dislocated ankle of the skating season are to be supplemented by the broken leg of the hop season we may cease to wonder why so many young doctors are yearly set loose on the community.

Number of Years.

The Japanese women advertise the number of their years by the arrangement of their hair. Girls from 9 to 15 wear their hair interlaced with red crape, describing a half circle around the head, the forehead being left free, with a curl at each side. From 15 to 30 the hair is dressed very high on the forehead, and put up at the back in the shape of a fan or butterfly, with interlacings of silver cords and a decoration of colored balls. Beyond 30 a woman twists her hair around a shell-pin, placed at the back of her head. Widows also designate themselves, and whether or not they desire to marry again. This is a fashion which American woman will never adopt.

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable and inexcusable.

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

An evaporator for making sugar from juices has been patented by a Honey Creek, Wis., man. It consists of an upright externally-evaporating cylinder with a series of outer distributing cups, so that evaporation will take place as the liquid runs in thin film over the outside of the cylinder, these cups being arranged so as to be readily attached or removed. The evaporation may be open or by boiling *in vacuo*.

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Cured me of Sciatica. W. J. Lee, 325 North Second St., Phila.

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OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

When e'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
He lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus, undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

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City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Feb. 9th, 1884.

UP TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. a.m.	Exp. a.m.	Mail p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Su.Ac p.m.
Philadelphia	9 20	9 35	5 50	10 20	6 20
Camden	9 13	9 33	5 40	10 15	6 20
Penna.R.R.Junct'n	9 08	9 28	5 21	10 10	6 12
Haddonfield	8 51	.....	4 58	9 50	5 53
Berlin	8 30	.....	4 52	9 26	5 31
Atco	8 28	.....	4 52	9 19	5 25
Waterford	8 16	.....	4 44	9 11	5 16
Winslow	8 07	8 47	4 34	8 59	5 05
Hammonton	8 00	8 40	4 26	8 51	4 58
DaCosta	7 55	.....	4 21	8 46	4 53
Elwood	7 47	.....	4 13	8 38	4 45
Egg Harbor City	7 39	8 24	4 04	8 29	4 36
Absecon	7 10	8 09	3 43	8 09	4 15
Atlantic City	7 05	7 55	3 30	7 55	4 00

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	At.Ac. p.m.	Mail a.m.	Exp p.m.	Su.Ac. a.m.	Su.Ac. p.m.
Philadelphia	4 30	8 00	3 30	8 00	4 00
Camden	4 40	8 10	3 40	8 12	4 10
Penna. R.R. Junct'n	.....	.....	Express on Saturdays only.	.....	.....
Haddonfield	4 56	8 28		8 32	4 30
Berlin	5 18	8 51		8 55	4 56
Atco	5 25	8 59		9 01	5 03
Waterford	5 33	9 07		9 10	5 15
Winslow	5 42	9 18		9 21	5 26
Hammonton	5 49	9 25	4 28	9 28	5 33
Da Costa	5 53	9 29	.....	9 33	5 40
Elwood	6 01	9 37	.....	9 42	5 49
Egg Harbor City	6 10	9 45	4 46	9 52	5 58
Absecon	6 30	10 07	5 03	10 12	6 18
Atlantic City	6 40	10 20	5 15	10 25	6 30

Camden & Atlantic Railroad

On and after Feb.28th, 1884.

Trains will leave as follows for ATLANTIC,—

From Vine and Shackamaxon St Ferries,—Express on week-days, 3.30 p.m. Parlor Cars on Saturdays.

Accommodation Train will leave above ferries week days at 8.00 am and 4.30 pm, and Sunday at 8.00 am parlor car, and 4.00 pm

LOCAL TRAINS.

For Haddonfield from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 7:00, 8:00, 10:00 and 11.00 am., 12 30 m., 2.00, 4:30, 6.00, 6:30p.m.

From Vine St. only, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30 p.m.

Sunday trains leave both ferries at 8 a.m. and 4:00 pm

From Pennsylvania Railroad Station, foot of Market St., 7;30 am, 3;00, 5:00 and 11;30 pm weekdays. Sundays, 9;30 am, 5;30 pm.

For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries 8;00, 11 am, and 12;30 noon, 4;30, 6;00 pm. Sundays, 8;00 am, 4;00 pm. From foot of Market St, on week-days, 11;30 pm.

For Hammonton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00, 11 am, 3.30, 4.30, 6;00 pm. Sundays 8;00 am, 4;00 pm. Saturdays only, from foot of Market St., 11;30 pm.

For Marlton, Medford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7;30 am, 3;00 and 5;00 pm. Sundays, 9;30 am, 5;30 pm. From Vine St. and Shackamaxon ferries, 10;00 am. week-days.

For Williamstown, from Vine & Shackamaxon ferries, 8;00 am., 12;30 m, and 4.30 pm.

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Monday, October 1st, 1883.

DOWN-TRAINS.

	M'x'd A.M.	Acc A.M.	Acc. P.M.	Sund'y A.M.
Philadelphia		8 00	4 00	8 00
Camden	4 46	8 20	4 25	8 2[illegible]
Oakland	4 57	8 27	4 32	8 2[illegible]
Williamstown Junction	5 58	9 04	5 08	9 06
Cedar Brook	6 12	9 10	5 14	9 14
Winslow	6 21	9 21	5 26	9 24
Hammonton	7 02	9 39	5 34	9 31
Da Costa	7 18	9 55	5 40	9 37
Elwood	7 35	9 42	5 47	9 45
Egg Harbor	8 04	9 52	5 57	9 55
Pleasantville	8 55	10 15	6 29	10 21
Atlantic City, Ar.	9 15	10 30	6 35	10 35

UP-TRAINS.

	Acc. A.M.	M'x'd A.M.	Acc. P.M	Sund'y P.M.
Atlantic City	6 00	10 45	4 05	4 00
Pleasantville	6 15	11 10	4 20	4 15
Egg Harbor	6 35	11 47	4 43	4 33
Elwood	6 45	12 16	4 53	4 43
Da Costa	6 53	12 26	5 01	4 56
Hammonton	7 02	12 39	5 08	5 03
Winslow	7 11	12 55	5 16	5 11
Cedar Brook	7 22	1 16	5 27	5 22
Williamstown Junction	7 28	1 26	5 33	5 28
Oakland	8 03	2 26	6 08	6 04
Camden	8 10	2 40	6 15	6 10
Philadelphia	8 35		6 35	6 30

☞ The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 4:00 P. M., reaches Hammonton at 5:08, Pleasantville at 5:47, Atlantic City at 6;:: Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7:30 A.M. Pleasantville at 7:44, Elwood 8:13, Hammonton 8:23, reaches Philadelphia at 9:30.

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In part, the object is to wield the immense subscription list of the The *Tribune* toward rolling up the campaign circulation of The *Weekly* to 100,000 copies more than at present. The time has come for Republicans to be up and doing. The campaign will be on the line of the policy marked out by The *Tribune*. A good sound exponent of Republican opinion should be placed, as soon as possible, in the hands of as large a number of voters as possible. If the regular readers of The *Tribune* regard this paper as the right one for good hearty campaign work, they are invited to take hold at once and set the ball rolling.

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