

South-Jersey

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.



Republican

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XX, No. 24.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, June 17, 1882.

Five Cents per Copy.

Swaynes

TO LIVE TO A GOOD OLD AGE,
FREE FROM ALL
ACHES AND PAINS, USE
THIS GREAT HEALTH RESTORER.

PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD

ACT AS A
HEART CORRECTOR

And by cleansing, regulating, and strengthening the organs of digestion, secretion and absorption, cure Apoplexy, Fits, Paralysis, Nervousness, Dizziness, Debility, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Complaint, Lack of Appetite, Low Spirits, Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Headaches, Constipation, Fevers, Malaria and Chills, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Gout, Female Weakness, Urinary Disorders, and all irregularities of the System, Stomach, Bladder and Bowels.

Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THEM.
Price, 25 Cts. Five Boxes, \$1. Sent by Mail to any Address.

Spring

Goods!

AT

E. Stoeckell's

Store.

You will find a line of

Spring Goods!

Peregrines, hams,

With a good variety of

Hamburg, Swiss

Emmentaler

ries.

White and

sh Laces.

Breton

Coll.

Ties

Fiel

NE

TON

P

all

In N

GA

by Invits

Contests

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

From a South Jerseyman.

To the Editor of the South Jersey Republican:

"The best laid schemes of mice and men, gang aft a-gley,
And leave us nought but grief and pain for promised joy."

Sadly do the Democrats realize the truth of the foregoing lines, as they contemplate the terrible defeat they recently sustained in the House. Before the present Congress got actively to work, the ability of the Republicans in the House to cope successfully with the Democrats, was seriously doubted. It was by no means certain that new leaders would appear, able to take the places of Garfield, Frye, Conger and Hawley. It was soon evident, however, that our friends in the House are not one whit behind their predecessors, in courage and capacity to do battle for party measures. The Elections Committee have been criticised right and left in the party papers, for their apparent delay in reporting contested cases to the House; but here it was best to "make haste slowly." Just how to meet and overcome the filibustering tactics of the Democrats, so as to secure action after report, was a problem not easily solved. Solved it has been, however, by wiping out a senseless rule, whose observance would have prevented the House from performing its highest constitutional duty. That any parliamentary body has the right to rescind or change its rules when it sees fit, no one but a Bourbon Democrat doubts. The natural place of the Democrats is that of the under dog in a fight. Right well they snarled and growled and frothed at the mouth; but it was of no use. Four Bourbon bulldozers had to step down and out, and thus, Mr. Editor, has the Republican party made good, to that extent, one of its promises to the people, during the last campaign, and it has the nerve to finish up the work.

Our party promised that there should be no tricking with the finances; that American industry should be protected; that the will of the people, as expressed at the polls, should be respected at any cost; and also that "every citizen of the United States should be afforded an opportunity to vote once on each election day, and to have his vote counted as cast." Who can say that all the strength of our Representatives, and of the Executive, has not been put forth to redeem Republican pledges to the people. Long live the grand old party, that has ever maintained the right!

It is rumored that Secretary Frelinghuysen is to be appointed minister to England,--to be succeeded by ex-Senator Conkling. Also, that Secretary Folger is to resign and run for Governor of New York; and that Senator Cameron is to be made Secretary of the Treasury.

The speech of Representative Brewer on the tariff, received unstinted praise in the press of this city, and has been favorably noticed in nearly all the Republican papers of our State. It is getting to be well understood that the best legislation for this country is not to be secured from a Congress composed exclusively of lawyers; but that men of ability and experience in other avocations, bring to the work of law-making an amount of practical common sense, and acuteness, that are worth just as much as legal acumen, and worth bushels of mere "book learning." Mr. Brewer has worked very hard for the interests of our District and State, and to return him would be a most fitting compliment. In fact, it amounts to a duty to reward a faithful public officer, as well as a private servant.

Hon. Mr. Robeson is chairman of the Republican caucus, and is the recognized leader of the House. Speaker Keifer was not very popular at first, but his recent rulings have been so brainy, and he has displayed so much grit, that it is now universally conceded that "he will do."

But my article is already, I fear, much too long. Very Respectfully,

BIANCIA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10th, 1882.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10, 1882.

We are having just now some of Washington's far famed splendid June weather; just warm enough to cause pedestrians to seek the shady side of the street. The capital city of this vast republic is to-day the most beautiful city on this continent; if not in the world--so traveled strangers say. There have been set out, since the time Alex. R. Shepherd took charge of the Board of Public Works, 67,000 trees, and miles on miles of concrete pavements, as smooth and level almost as a billiard table. Wealthy men from all parts of the country are building costly buildings and making this their winter residence. One may prophesy that the day is not far when this city will be to the United States what Paris is now to France.

The past week has been unusually dull at the capital. It was once said of John Sherman, during a visit home to look after a re-election to the Senate, that he had gone home to look after his fences. Just now the fences of many members of the House must be sadly out of repair, if we may judge from the lengthened leaves of absence on important private business.

Haverly's Minstrels appear here the last week in June. There are several circumstances connecting this troupe with the Garfield tragedy so singular in their nature that they are well worth mentioning. The minstrels were playing an engagement here inauguration week, and prominent among the bands which took part in the pageant was Haverly's, with its big bass drum bearing the legend, "Forty--count them." During the sad week which included July 2d the minstrels were here again. By a singular coincidence they were here the week Garfield died, and on the day his remains were removed from the Capitol to the railway station, among the dirge-breathing bands which headed the mournful procession were Haverly's musicians. But the big bass drum with its "Forty--count them," was not there. It was unsuitable for such a solemn occasion, and in its stead was another neatly trimmed in festoons of crape. And now, by a fatality, the week which will see the assassin hung by the neck until he is dead, dead, will find them here for the fourth time, spectators, if not participants, in the last scene which ends this strange eventful history.

The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill was reported in the House yesterday afternoon. It appropriates \$19,777,627.90. The total number of persons employed in the several executive departments and their respective bureaus or offices at Washington under specific authority of law, during the current year, was 5,313; the number employed and paid from miscellaneous appropriations was \$40, making in all 6,155 actually in service during the current fiscal year, at an aggregate cost of \$7,367,531.82. The number estimated for the service of the ensuing fiscal year of 1883 is 7,649 at a cost of \$9,447,608. The number recommended in the bill is 7,552, at a cost per annum of \$9,195,611.25.

The present force in the Pension Office is 742 employees, at an annual cost of \$868,530. The bill provides an additional force of 817 employees, at an annual cost of \$1,013,400. The present force in the Surgeon-General's Office is 257 employees at an annual cost of \$307,736.67. The bill provides an additional force of 166 employees, at an annual cost of \$224,290. The present force in the Adjutant-General's Office is 423 employees, at an annual cost of \$498,071.24. The bill provides an additional force of 167 employees, at an annual cost of \$200,660. There is also a proper increase for the same purpose in the second auditor's, third auditor's, second comptroller's office, and the office of the Secretary of War, rendered necessary to do this work in their respective offices on account of the increase in the Pension Office.

The bill also provides for an increase of fourteen clerks in the office of the

sixth auditor. Among the changes introduced in the bill is the abolition of what is known as general service men in the War Department, a system by which enlisted men have been employed in clerical duty.

Government receipts to-day: Internal revenue, \$459,027.85; customs, \$625,425.58.

JOHN.

News Items.

The United States Senate has voted to give \$75,000 for a public building at Camden.

Captain Lambert S. Mulford, ex-Sergeant-at-Arms of the State Senate, and a veteran Union soldier, has been nominated by the President for Postmaster of Salem.

As there will be no general encampment of the G. A. R. of New Jersey this year, several Posts have resolved to participate in the National Encampment at Baltimore on June 21st, 22d and 23d.

In accordance with a law passed by the Legislature permitting such work to be done, the prisoners in the Passaic County Jail were last week put to work repairing the roads between Paterson and Passaic City.

The honorable discharge of more than three hundred soldiers of the late war are on file in the Adjutant-General's office of this State, and will be returned to their owners on application to W. S. Stryker, Adjutant-General, State of New Jersey.

At Flemington the peach growers say the prospects were never better. Hunterdon county leads in the production. About 800,000 bushels are shipped from various portions of that county every year. Farmers declare that the yield this year will be almost phenomenal. They are alarmed at the enormous number of blossoms on the trees. Reports from Morris and Somerset counties announce an almost equally pleasing prospect.

The Delaware rolling mill in Phillipsburg has started up with a full force. It shut down three weeks ago owing to the men striking against a monthly pay day. The proprietors discharged and paid off all the hands, giving notice that the mill would be started on the first Monday in June. Most of the men are back and the places of others are filled by new hands. In two weeks improvements are to be completed and over 300 men will be employed.

The June crop reports of the Bureau of Agriculture are favorable. Winter wheat averages 100 in quality, though the area sown is somewhat less. Cotton is eleven per cent below perfection, but is promising. The average of oats will probably be 101 and barley and hay are fine. It is always a question whether the department reports are reliable, but in this case they agree pretty well with private advices, and the condition of agriculture generally may be set down as healthful. The question of interest will be as to the export demand and its effect upon prices.

Yielding to General Crocker's solicitations, Guiteau finally consented to see a clergyman, and he was attended on Friday by the Rev. Dr. Hicks, of the Tabernacle Church, of Washington. The interview lasted an hour, and the prisoner was much affected and earnestly joined in the prayers offered by the minister in his behalf.

Representative Brewer, of the Second District of this State, in an argument before the Committee of Ways and Means in behalf of the manufacturers of earthenware in the United States, advocated the amendment of existing tariff laws so that American manufacturers would be enabled to compete successfully with those of Europe. During the course of his remarks, Mr. Brewer, taking a lesson from Mr. Hill's tactics in support of the silk industry, exhibited a number of pieces of handsomely decorated ware which he had received at the potteries at Trenton.

Dyspepsia, heart-burn, nausea, indigestion, etc., are always relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it--no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health--in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

75 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.

I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. Mack.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

1828--RELIABLE--1882

BUIST'S SEEDS

ARE THE BEST SEEDS
Are entirely the product of our own farms, and are unsurpassed by any in the world for purity and reliability. Buist's Garden Almanac, containing 192 pages of useful information, with prices mailed on receipt of 3c. stamp.
For wholesale and retail orders apply to
ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Grower, PHILADELPHIA.

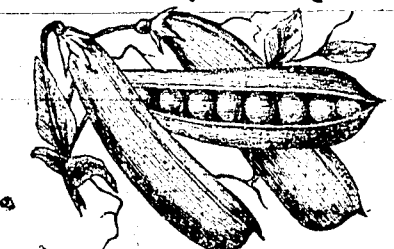
Sub. to

BUIST'S PREMIER PEAS

HAVE MADE

A CROP IN 40 DAYS!

For Earliness, Productiveness, and FINE FLAVOR they have NO EQUAL!



They are now preferred above all others by the extensive pea-growers of New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and Tennessee--invariably taking First Premiums whenever put in competition. They are dwarf in growth, exceedingly productive, entirely distinct in character and all market gardeners pronounce them "THE BEST EVER PLANTED."

If you want the Best Extra Early Pea, plant

BUIST'S PREMIER

and buy it only in a sealed bag bearing our name and London seal, or direct from

ROBERT BUIST, Jr.,

SEED GROWER,

(Lock Box 62.) 922 & 924 Market St., Phila.

THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!

PHENOL SODIQUE.

PROPRIETORS: HANCE BROTHERS & WHITE, Phila.

No Family Should be Without It!

No Factory Should be Without It!

No Workshop Should be Without It!

No Hospital Should be Without It!

No Physician Should be Without It!

No Veterinarian Should be Without It!

No Plantation Should be Without It!

No Stock-Raiser Should be Without It!

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS.

The Republican.

(Entered as second class matter.)

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

Who is to be our candidate for Assembly, this fall? Our late Legislature gave all sober Jerseymen enough of the monotonous and dreary of the same old sort of Representatives. No patron or friend of the whiskey interest is wanted on the Republican ticket, this year, and no such man can be elected. Let all concerned take due notice.

We cannot name a man who would be more popular with the Republicans of Atlantic County, as a candidate for Governor than Frederick A. Potts. We have not forgotten the means by which he was declared defeated, two years ago. If nomination could be made by ballot, we would be glad to see him elected. We would be glad to see him elected. We would be glad to see him elected.

One day less than two weeks of life remain for Charles Julius Guiteau, the assassin. We hope the Jerseyman who conducts the exercises of the day will do so with his accustomed success, that all may take warning, and by lives of purity avoid a similar fate.

Why it is so, we know not; but taking the Iowa State Leader, of May 15th, we see in both editorials and communications a labored effort to prove that the prohibitory law of Kansas does not prohibit the sale of liquor. It is only another instance under the old rule, seen so plainly during the late legislative session, of the Democracy and free men advancing together, fraternely. The fact is, there is so much money to be made in the whiskey business that some men will find a way to avoid punishment; and those who are determined to drink can always find the "critter."

In contrast to the above, we find the Iowa State Register, the Republican State paper, which is the champion of the proposed constitutional amendment, which is to be voted upon in that State on June 27th. This amendment reads as follows: SECTION 26. No person shall manufacture for sale, or keep for sale, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors, whether, including ale, wine and beer. The General Assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provisions thereof.

Then we have the Tribune, the Greenback organ of the same State. It does not favor the amendment, but says: "It is a simple-simon Republican measure, and Republicans should carry it, as they doubtless will." Adding, in honest language: "It will divide the Republican party, at which all good Greenbackers will rejoice."

Editorial Selection

If the Democratic party had not evinced an indisposition to seize its opportunities, there would be more serious fear of Republican defeat in Pennsylvania next Fall than now exist. The strife between those who desire success by any means and those who have personal ambitions to serve, has begun with activity in the Democratic ranks. Among the propositions by which it is claimed the party might succeed, is to nominate General Hancock for Governor. That he would be as strong a "regular" candidate as could be selected seems quite probable, but Pennsylvania ideas on tariff are hardly in accord with the Hancock utterances, which would be one source of weakness, while it is not easy to discern why any Republican should vote for him in preference to either of the other candidates. But, in any case, it is one of the most doubtful things whether Gen. Hancock would be willing to follow the footsteps of Gen. McClellan in civic paths. He is about fifty-eight years of age now and has six years of army service before him, which will probably be pleasant than anything his Pennsylvania partisans can offer.

OLD MOTHER SHIPTON.—Considerable "stock" was taken in what Mother Shipton said would come to pass in the year 1881 by those who are ready to swallow down every whim that floats along; but these same persons will suffer from having all sorts of humors for years, before they will believe that fifty cents' worth of Swaine's Ointment will effectually cure them. Ministers, judges, lawyers, and even physicians have testified to its merits. Try it.

"IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC."—The residence of a farmer who used the S. Anderson's Ointment was invaded by a bee's nest, and was stung severely, but by the prompt use of the Phenol, I was relieved of pain instantly. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers.—See ad.

"My father's got a million dollars." Second boy: "Well, 'e's got 'em. He made it in a little store and nobody ever heard of him or over. Now, my father's know every where. He's been called a thief and a blackguard in almost every paper in the country. He was once up for the law."

The destruction of the apprentice system has made lots of third rate American workmen, but it has made plenty of openings for skilled mechanics from other countries, if that is any advantage. Nothing like being open and above board with one's relations. Mary Anderson gives all her love letters to her stopper and it is stated that Henry Ward Beecher has all he gets to his wife.

The well known strengthening properties of iron, combined with other tonic and most perfect medicine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.

A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC

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

ALLEN B. ENDICOTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

AND
Master and Solicitor in Chancery,
MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

C. F. Jahneke, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at his residence, corner of
Vine St. and Central Avenue.
Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

Charles Hunt,
SHOEMAKER,
Solicits orders for Repairing or New Work.

Leave orders at Carpenter's store, or at my residence, Thirteenth Street, near First Road, Hammonton.

Washings wanted

—AT—

The Hammonton Laundry,
Bellevue Avenue.
Hair Washing done to order.

Mrs. N. ELLIS.

Almost every day some one who is not in the habit of buying of us comes in and asks

"Have you any flour such as you sold my neighbor so and so?"

To one and all we reply:

"Yes, our stock is complete, and the most remarkable thing about it is that it suits everybody. We have sold nearly one hundred barrels without hearing a complaint."

Price, \$8.50 per barrel.
Other grades, \$8.30, \$7.50, \$6.75, and \$3.75.

S. ANDERSON.

"IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC."—The residence of a farmer who used the S. Anderson's Ointment was invaded by a bee's nest, and was stung severely, but by the prompt use of the Phenol, I was relieved of pain instantly. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers.—See ad.

D. C. HERBERT,

Dealer in all kinds of

Boots Shoes

and Gaiters.

HAMMONTON,

N. J.

A specialty made in keeping a

GOOD ARTICLE

for the

LOWEST CASH PRICE.

CUSTOM WORK and RE-

PAIRING in all its

branches, neatly

EXECUTED.

Chas. N. Snyder,

Commissioner Merchant,

No. 56 Centre Row, W. Wash'n M't.

NEW YORK CITY.

Consignments of Berries and Produce of all kinds solicited.

Fire! Fire!

Was the cry that startled the people in Hammonton on the morning of April 24, and lo! Mr. J. C. Saunders' house was all ablaze, and in a few minutes was a bed of ashes. He was insured in the NORTH AMERICA. The company was informed by postal card on the 4th, and on the 6th he had the money for all loss, and no quibbling. Remember, the agent for this company in Hammonton is

A. J. KING.

For Sale and to Rent.

Improved Farms and Village lots with good buildings, pleasantly located, in and near the centre of the town.

For Sale from \$600 to \$5,000

in any instalments.

TO RENT FROM \$10 TO \$100 A MONTH.

Address, T. SMITH & SONS,

Hammoncton, N. J.

New Store. New Goods.

E. H. Carpenter

is prepared to show his customers a

large assortment of goods of his line

of "retailers" than any time before

with additions of other things, to

meet the wants of the community,

consisting of a large stock of

Boots, Shoes,

Gaiters and Slippers.

Felt and Summer HATS.

Stationery

Paper, Envelopes, Box Papers,

Monthly Magazines,

Blank Books, School Books,

And almost everything needed in

that line.

Ladies', Gent's, and Children's

Underwear.

Ginghams, Prints, Muslins,

Silicas, Cambrics,

Russian Crash, Silk Veiling,

Gossamers, Overalls,

Over-jackets,

White and Colored Shirts

Dr. Warner's New

Coraline & Health Corset

And other makes,

Hammocks, Bird Cages,

Croquet Sets,

Musquito Netting, Zephyrs,

ck Chanvilly Lace,

White Brabant Lace, Collars,

Gloves, Hosiery,

Hamburg & Swiss Embroidery,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

All which will be sold at the

lowest possible prices.

E. H. CARPENTER

American Watch and Clock Depot,

No. 11 N. Second St. (above Market), Philad'a.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT AND SMALL PRICES.

LOOK AT SOME OF THE PRICES.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES. \$25 00

ONE DAY WATCHES AS LOW AS. \$10 00

ONE DAY WATCHES AS LOW AS. \$10 00

A Large Stock on hand of Solid Gold and Steel Batted Pocket Watches and Chains. Solid and

Plated Wares, Opera Glasses and Spectacles. Repairing of all kinds done in a skillful manner.

S. PICARD, No. 11 N. SECOND STREET PHILADELPHIA.

P. S. Every Article warranted as represented.

Landreth's Garden Seeds,

Landreth's Field Seeds,

Landreth's Flower Seeds

Founded 1784.

Flowering Roots, for Spring Planting. Rhubarb Roots, Asparagus Roots, Seed Oats.

Seed Potatoes in great variety. Field Corn in great variety. It is Reddish Roots.

Sugar Corn in great variety. German Millet. Hungarian Millet. Red and White Clover.

Alfalfa Clover. Lucerne. Blue Grass. Green Grass. Orchard Grass. Hard Grass.

Personna Rye Grass. Mixed Lawn Grass Seed, finest quality. Plant food, for house plants.

Carrot Seed. Parsley Seed. Land Plantain. Farm Seed. Flaxseed Meal.

Tobacco Dust. Medicated Nest Eggs. Agricultural Implements in great variety.

Regulative for garden. For sale. Careful Attention Guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free. Loc.

D. Landreth & Sons,

No. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Market and Chestnut Streets,

and S. W. corner Delaware Avenue and Ave. St. Philadelphia.

Berry tickets distinctly and neatly printed, at the REPUBLICAN office.

Jos. H. Shinn,

INSURANCE AGENT

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,

References: Policy holders

in the Atlantic City

Area.

Jos. Thompson. S. D. HOFFMAN

Thompson & Hoffman,

Attorneys-at-Law,

Masters in Chancery, Notaries Public

Commissioners of Deeds, Supreme

Court Commissioners.

City Hall, Atlantic City, N. Y.

GO TO

PACKER'S

Old Stand,

The Hammonton Bakery.

Where the usual variety of cakes, bread,

rolls, cakes, pies, and crullers, are well

attested to, in quantity and quality,

by a critical and discriminating

New England public. Also for

this special occasion may be

found a full, complete and

varied assortment of choice

confections. Comprising

mixtures, caramels,

chocolate creams,

bon bons, lozenges, etc. Also a great

variety of penny goods for the little

ones.

Also apples, oranges,

figs, golden and common,

dates, raisins, nuts, lem-

ons, coconuts, etc., etc.

Thinking the public for the liberal

share of patronage so generously be-

stowed, we hope, by strict attention to

business and fair dealing to merit a

future continuance of the same.

W. D. PACKER.

A YEAR'S READING

For \$1.

The New York

Weekly World.

New Presses, New Type, New Building.

New Appliances, and New Life

in Every Department.

\$1.00 a Year, Postage Prepaid.

50 cents for six months.

A Complete Family Paper.

Freemasons

Should read this special Masonic Department,

edited by one of the most

renowned Freemasons, with con-

tributions from the pen of distin-

guished Masons.

The Weekly World is the only leading

newspaper in the country that has

a special department devoted to

Masonic interests.

Other excellent features

1. All the News, complete and interesting

2. The Farmer's World—a full page of

agricultural and farm news.

3. The Literary World—full page of long

stories and short stories, comic ballads

and serious poems, fairy tales and

satirical yarns.

4. The Housekeeper's Column—what

every woman wants to know.

5. The Veterinary Department—with pre-

scriptions free for all subscribers, and

full instructions for the treatment of

live stock.

6. The best Chess Column in the world

for amateur players.

7. The best Checker Department in the

world for both amateur and profes-

sional players.

8. A Corner for the Young Folks—riddles,

charades, puzzles, enigmas, acrostics,

etc., etc.

9. Complete Market Reports—unvalued

in detail and accuracy.

10. Answers to inquiries.

Each department is perfect of

its kind, and all combined

make the best weekly news-

paper ever published.

The New York World has no superior on

either side of the water, at a Low,

Brilliant, Perfectly Appointed

Progressive Newspaper.

Unequalled Offers

to Club Agents.

Specimen Copies Sent Free.

The New York World,

World Building, New York.

E. H. CARPENTER

The Republican.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

Mr. Paul Wootton and family are

here again, for the summer.

Geo. H. Perkins, of Atlantic City,

was in town on Thursday.

Are dogs to be muzzled this year?

Respectfully referred to Town Council.

Cool nights and hot days—pleasant

sleep and perspiring labor.

Attention! Regular meeting of

Railroad Items.

The tour of inspection now being made over the Pennsylvania Railroad by President Roberts will occupy two weeks.

The grading of a new road bed for the Pennsylvania Railroad, near the Gap, in Lancaster county, has been completed.

The Conrail Bluffs extension of the St. Paul road will be completed about July 15.

The Davenport, Iowa, and Dakota Company has been incorporated with \$3,000,000 capital.

The Rochester and Pittsburg Company is working night and day on its line to Bradford.

It is stated that H. A. Hubbard, General Freight Agent of the Vandalia Line, has been appointed to the same position on the Pennsylvania Line.

At the office of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company no information has been received from Mr. Gowan as to what time he expected to sail for home.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has put on extra baggage handlers at all the important stations on its main line, in anticipation of a heavy rush of travel this summer.

The stockholders of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company re-elected the old Board of Directors. The balance in the Treasurer's hands was reported to be \$47,692.22.

President Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, left Philadelphia, accompanied by his private secretary, to make a tour of inspection over the lines of the company West of Pittsburg.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has purchased the station at Edge Moor, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, which belonged to private parties. Sufficient grounds have been purchased for a garden, and it will be greatly improved and beautified.

The Merchants Dispatch Transportation Company, which has taken the export business on the Vanderbilt route, will be discontinued.

The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Sea Coast Company has been organized, with a capital of \$3,000,000, to build from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Clinton, Iowa.

The contract for building the extension of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway to Elkins, formerly Fairfax Stone, fifty miles from Piedmont, was awarded to Humbird & Sons; Cavan, Codwile & Co. and Adams & Kennedv. Humbird & Sons, of Cumberland, get thirteen miles of the road and all the machinery.

C. P. Huntington, in behalf of the Chesapeake and Ohio, has closed a contract with Hascall & Arman, builders and managers of the Erie grain elevators in Jersey City, to build a grain elevator and warehouse at Newport News, with a capacity of 1,500,000 bushels. Work is to be begun within ten days. The Chesapeake and Ohio Company is also building extensive coal docks and warehouses at Newport News.

Indianapolis freight agents report an increase in receipts from local business for May of from five to fifteen per cent. Though business shows a falling off from thirty-five to fifty per cent. West bound freight business for five months ending May 31, was fifty-four per cent. greater than 1891, fifty-six per cent. greater than 1890, and twelve per cent. greater than 1878. There was no increase in receipts as the business was done on a low contract basis.

The Baltimore and Ohio has got its charter for its telegraph company into New York. The route is from New York to Brooklyn, thence across New York Bay to Edgewater, through Richmond county to a point in the southwestern corner, in or near Totterville, Staten Island. The object of the new company is to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the telegraph system, when that road shall have built the proposed road from Baltimore to Philadelphia.

Mr. John Scullin, of St. Louis, the well-known Western contractor, has accepted the position of manager of construction for the Mexican National line and has entered upon the discharge of his new duties in Mexico. It is his intention to let out the work in contracts of all sizes—even down to sections of a single mile—to be determined by his opinion of the energy and ability of the sub-contractors. With his own large experience as a railway builder to serve him as a

Genius and Solitude.

That which for the average man is the dull, and perhaps, even the stupefying life of seclusion, is the very condition under which great genius is nursed into its highest intensity. To be really dominated by great thoughts, you must have lived in them, and lived in them till they assumed a hundred different aspects which they are only capable of assuming for one who has applied them to all these circumstances of his life, and his reading to which they are really applicable. Thought never becomes a passion until you have brooded over it, till it flashes new light for you on a hundred half-familiar things which, familiar as they were, you never really understood till you regarded them by the light of this thought. And till thought becomes a passion, it hardly ever becomes a power. The true reason why the thoughts of man influence them so little is that they just pass over the mind like wind over the grass and never really saturate it. It takes solitude to get yourself saturated by any thought, and to the great majority of men even solitude will not effect it, but only lower their thinking power to the congenial point. Nevertheless, as Mr. Darwin saw in relation to the growth and decay of species, the very condition which kills out a weak thinking power, leaves a strong thinking power. Lord Bacon said always, and said truly enough, that men were ruled not by their interests, but by passion and imagination. Till the life of a thought becomes identical with the life of an emotion, it will never really dominate the minds of men. And so far as we can judge by history, this result is never attained for thought, without long, solitary brooding over it, till it becomes the master key of the mind which conceives it.

"The reason of a man," says a striking preacher of the day (Mr. Scott Holland), "are themselves intelligent they move under the motives of reason." That, no doubt, is more or less true of all men; but of men of genius, it is also true that their ideas are themselves passions, that they move with the tidal strength of passion, and, therefore, carry all before them. And we could hardly define better what we conceive to be the difference between a man of genius and a man of no genius, than by saying that with men of genius the thoughts behave more like passions than thoughts, and yet, as to all intents and purposes, thoughts still; while with ordinary men, thoughts mould and modify passions, but never live the life of passion.

Doubtless the reason why solitude is so necessary to give great thoughts the way of great passions, is precisely the same as the reason why a tree which is topped of its redundant foliage sends out roots into the deeper and stronger for the pruning. Hardly minds which cannot find outward distractions, grow inward; and this very often, even though if they had outward distractions, they would expend themselves in those distractions. It takes, however, some exceptional affinity for the life of thought, to render it possible at all that thought should grow into a passion. Isolate some men with their thoughts, and their thoughts simply dry up altogether. Isolate others with their thoughts, and the thoughts take living forms, with which their whole being gradually becomes identical. This is only another way of saying that solitude tends in every considerable thought, to the life of real action; to him, thought becomes action, and therefore also passion, for effective action breeds passion quite as truly as passion breeds action—indeed, no passions are higher than those which spring out of a man's knowledge that his thoughts are giving him a new hold over the life within and outside him, and are substituting for a dim and hazy tradition, the tall tale of a new vision, and the spell of a new clew to the ways either of nature or of man.

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. This does not include the locks that change owners in conjugal unpleasance.

Agricultural.

Asparagus Culture.—The soil and its preparation.

The best soil for asparagus is a light, well-drained, sandy loam. It should be deep and thoroughly pulverized and well manured with old, rotted barnyard manure, carefully worked into the soil. This is better than chemical fertilizers, where it can be obtained, though they will be found good for top-dressing. The old process of "trenching" with a spade is a slow and laborious one, and our best market gardeners are substituting some such method as the following. After laying out the bed, mark off a piece along the side about three feet wide, and from it remove the surface soil to the depth of a foot or so. Then cover this open space with six inches of good, rich manure or old leaf mold, mixing it well with the subsoil by using a spade. Spread from four to six inches of manure over the undisturbed portion of the bed, lay off another piece three feet wide, and throw its top soil into the "trench" previously made, and so proceed until the bed is completed, when the last opening may be filled with the surface soil taken from the first. It will be seen that this process differs from "trenching" proper in that the surface soil is not replaced by subsoil. Such preparation of the ground is more essential in the bed in which the plants are to be set than in the seed-bed, though thorough "working" of the soil there will be repaid.

Sowing and Transplanting. The seed should be sown as early in the spring as the soil can be worked, and as early as April in most localities in this latitude. Sow in drills, about a foot apart and two inches deep, and drop the seeds about half an inch apart in rows. After the young plants come up, the hoe should be used frequently between the rows, to keep down the weeds and pulverize the soil, and hand-weeding of the plants will, doubtless, be found necessary. The point is to get a good growth in the first season, so that the plants may be large enough to transplant the following spring. The general impression that asparagus should not be set out until the second or third year is erroneous, providing they are carefully tended and "forced" the first season.

Asparagus may be transplanted either in the fall or in the spring, and it is a good plan to prepare the beds in the fall, even if the planting is not done till spring. There is a diversity of opinion as to the distance apart at which to plant; but, for garden culture, the row should be about two feet apart, and the plants about a foot and a half apart in the rows. For large-growing kinds of asparagus these distances should be increased six or eight inches. In field culture, make the rows at least three feet apart.

The method most commonly pursued in planting is to open a trench six or eight inches deep and a foot wide, and spread out the roots on the bottom carefully. For the purpose of the plants should be six inches beneath the surface of the ground. Fill the trench about half way up with soil at first, and when the plants are well above ground the filling may be completed. It is not generally calculated to cut much asparagus until the third season after planting, and it is still better to wait a year or two later than that. As an asparagus bed, with proper care and fertilization, may be counted on to yield abundantly for fifteen or twenty years, the plants should not be "stunted" by too early or too frequent cuttings.

American shepherds have yet much to learn in regard to the management of their flocks. For example, the sheep in Illinois are never exposed to much rain. Nor are they exposed to dust, for that is known to be injurious to the fleece. The greatest possible care is taken in the breeding. Men of experience are employed to go from farm to farm to examine the sheep and select the best rams that can be found. The rams are closely examined, and all but the very best are sold off. The whole economy of the sheep farm is as perfect as intelligence and industry can make it. A ton of wool is worth \$750 at 85 cents a pound, or \$500 at 25 cents. A ton of wheat is worth about \$32, and of corn about \$16. The freight is about the same for each, and is thus twenty-five times more for wheat, and nearly fifty times more for corn than wool. This is worth considering, and shows how much better it is to turn corn into wool than to sell it.

Call in Horse! This disease always comes on suddenly.

Humorous.

"Can't you trust me, darling?" murmured Splinkins to the daughter of old money lender.

"The breeze wafts dust and dirt, and the swaying of tree-tops, and the waves pass to and fro."

And in the fisherman's cottage The sun is shining bright, And a little form in the doorway Looks through the morning light.

Looks out over the bright blue ocean, With childish eyes strained fast, For the sign of a glistering sail top, Or a glimpse of towering mast.

And now in the misty distance, With white sails far outspread, Dancing with glee o'er the billows, The fisherman's boat is sped.

And why does the sound of the oars splash Add the soft wind, low and meek, Bring such a rich glow of gladness To the child's fair, rounded cheek?

And why does the distant music, Of a glad song, breathed low, Give to the mother's love-lit eye, Such a warm and sparkling glow?

—MADONNE KEENE.

Roma.

It was certainly a veritable antique, not absolutely perfect, still more valuable. Professor Buchanan contemplated it with all the satisfaction of an antiquary confirmed in an original opinion.

It was, after all, a poor thing, at first sight—only a dilapidated-looking ornament, an old bracelet spoiled by sea-sand and sea-water.

But in the eye of an antiquarian the disfigurements of age are so many signs of beauty. That the bracelet was bent, that its gold was tarnished, and the mosaic with which it was inlaid were partly wanting, was nothing; its antique shape and the magic word *Roma*, with which its ancient maker had cunningly engraved it, were quite enough for the Professor.

Moreover, he had not always maintained that the remains on that part of the coast were Roman? His brother Professor, McNaughton, had constantly endeavored to prove that that mighty nation had never penetrated so far north.

The ocean itself was to witness for the truth; and only ten days ago this precious relic had been offered to him by a fisherman, who had brought it to shore in his net.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could conceal his sense of the value of the bracelet sufficiently to drive a reasonable bargain; but his Scotch prudence prevailed, and in his heart he congratulated himself.

For some years he had spent part of his holiday on this coast, where a far-famed river widened to the sea, and the passing to and fro of the little steamer across its mouth was one of the great events of the day. To-day was stormy, and the waves ran high, and even now the Professor had been watching the somewhat rough passage of the boat.

"Overdue," he had said, and then he had turned aside to inspect his treasure. "Only regret"—so ran his professorial thoughts—"that that paragraph got into the *Modern Athenian* of yesterday; that body Andrew was just premature in sending it. It will anticipate what I was writing to the *Antiquary*."

"Here's the gentleman speaking for ye," said his rough Scotch domestic at this moment, recalling him rudely to every-day life.

The Professor instinctively replaced the bracelet in an open drawer, and closed the latter quickly before he turned to receive his guest, who proved to be a young man about twenty, short, fair and frank-looking.

"Professor Buchanan, I think?" said this young man, with a bow. "I must apologize, sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*."

"Deed," said the Professor. "I am glad to hear it, sir. At your age I am not always so much interested as all that in antiquities. And what will you your name be?"

"My name?"—there was, perhaps, a moment's hesitation on the part of the visitor; his color deepened—"O, my name is Henderson, and I—"

"Sit down," Mr. Henderson, sit down. And so you saw the pit passage in the paper; put in with no leave of mine, I must tell you."

"Well, I am very glad it was put in," was the reply; "for it has led to the discovery."

"A discovery you may well call it," Mr. Henderson said the Professor, rising and holding the loops of his coat with both hands. "A discovery confirming that which I have for years maintained, and that is that the remains hereabouts are Roman, and

Humorous.

"Can't you trust me, darling?" murmured Splinkins to the daughter of old money lender.

"The breeze wafts dust and dirt, and the swaying of tree-tops, and the waves pass to and fro."

And in the fisherman's cottage The sun is shining bright, And a little form in the doorway Looks through the morning light.

Looks out over the bright blue ocean, With childish eyes strained fast, For the sign of a glistering sail top, Or a glimpse of towering mast.

And now in the misty distance, With white sails far outspread, Dancing with glee o'er the billows, The fisherman's boat is sped.

And why does the sound of the oars splash Add the soft wind, low and meek, Bring such a rich glow of gladness To the child's fair, rounded cheek?

And why does the distant music, Of a glad song, breathed low, Give to the mother's love-lit eye, Such a warm and sparkling glow?

—MADONNE KEENE.

Roma.

It was certainly a veritable antique, not absolutely perfect, still more valuable. Professor Buchanan contemplated it with all the satisfaction of an antiquary confirmed in an original opinion.

It was, after all, a poor thing, at first sight—only a dilapidated-looking ornament, an old bracelet spoiled by sea-sand and sea-water.

But in the eye of an antiquarian the disfigurements of age are so many signs of beauty. That the bracelet was bent, that its gold was tarnished, and the mosaic with which it was inlaid were partly wanting, was nothing; its antique shape and the magic word *Roma*, with which its ancient maker had cunningly engraved it, were quite enough for the Professor.

Moreover, he had not always maintained that the remains on that part of the coast were Roman? His brother Professor, McNaughton, had constantly endeavored to prove that that mighty nation had never penetrated so far north.

The ocean itself was to witness for the truth; and only ten days ago this precious relic had been offered to him by a fisherman, who had brought it to shore in his net.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could conceal his sense of the value of the bracelet sufficiently to drive a reasonable bargain; but his Scotch prudence prevailed, and in his heart he congratulated himself.

For some years he had spent part of his holiday on this coast, where a far-famed river widened to the sea, and the passing to and fro of the little steamer across its mouth was one of the great events of the day. To-day was stormy, and the waves ran high, and even now the Professor had been watching the somewhat rough passage of the boat.

"Overdue," he had said, and then he had turned aside to inspect his treasure. "Only regret"—so ran his professorial thoughts—"that that paragraph got into the *Modern Athenian* of yesterday; that body Andrew was just premature in sending it. It will anticipate what I was writing to the *Antiquary*."

"Here's the gentleman speaking for ye," said his rough Scotch domestic at this moment, recalling him rudely to every-day life.

The Professor instinctively replaced the bracelet in an open drawer, and closed the latter quickly before he turned to receive his guest, who proved to be a young man about twenty, short, fair and frank-looking.

"Professor Buchanan, I think?" said this young man, with a bow. "I must apologize, sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*."

"Deed," said the Professor. "I am glad to hear it, sir. At your age I am not always so much interested as all that in antiquities. And what will you your name be?"

"My name?"—there was, perhaps, a moment's hesitation on the part of the visitor; his color deepened—"O, my name is Henderson, and I—"

"Sit down," Mr. Henderson, sit down. And so you saw the pit passage in the paper; put in with no leave of mine, I must tell you."

"Well, I am very glad it was put in," was the reply; "for it has led to the discovery."

"A discovery you may well call it," Mr. Henderson said the Professor, rising and holding the loops of his coat with both hands. "A discovery confirming that which I have for years maintained, and that is that the remains hereabouts are Roman, and

Humorous.

"Can't you trust me, darling?" murmured Splinkins to the daughter of old money lender.

"The breeze wafts dust and dirt, and the swaying of tree-tops, and the waves pass to and fro."

And in the fisherman's cottage The sun is shining bright, And a little form in the doorway Looks through the morning light.

Looks out over the bright blue ocean, With childish eyes strained fast, For the sign of a glistering sail top, Or a glimpse of towering mast.

And now in the misty distance, With white sails far outspread, Dancing with glee o'er the billows, The fisherman's boat is sped.

And why does the sound of the oars splash Add the soft wind, low and meek, Bring such a rich glow of gladness To the child's fair, rounded cheek?

And why does the distant music, Of a glad song, breathed low, Give to the mother's love-lit eye, Such a warm and sparkling glow?

—MADONNE KEENE.

Roma.

It was certainly a veritable antique, not absolutely perfect, still more valuable. Professor Buchanan contemplated it with all the satisfaction of an antiquary confirmed in an original opinion.

It was, after all, a poor thing, at first sight—only a dilapidated-looking ornament, an old bracelet spoiled by sea-sand and sea-water.

But in the eye of an antiquarian the disfigurements of age are so many signs of beauty. That the bracelet was bent, that its gold was tarnished, and the mosaic with which it was inlaid were partly wanting, was nothing; its antique shape and the magic word *Roma*, with which its ancient maker had cunningly engraved it, were quite enough for the Professor.

Moreover, he had not always maintained that the remains on that part of the coast were Roman? His brother Professor, McNaughton, had constantly endeavored to prove that that mighty nation had never penetrated so far north.

The ocean itself was to witness for the truth; and only ten days ago this precious relic had been offered to him by a fisherman, who had brought it to shore in his net.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could conceal his sense of the value of the bracelet sufficiently to drive a reasonable bargain; but his Scotch prudence prevailed, and in his heart he congratulated himself.

For some years he had spent part of his holiday on this coast, where a far-famed river widened to the sea, and the passing to and fro of the little steamer across its mouth was one of the great events of the day. To-day was stormy, and the waves ran high, and even now the Professor had been watching the somewhat rough passage of the boat.

"Overdue," he had said, and then he had turned aside to inspect his treasure. "Only regret"—so ran his professorial thoughts—"that that paragraph got into the *Modern Athenian* of yesterday; that body Andrew was just premature in sending it. It will anticipate what I was writing to the *Antiquary*."

"Here's the gentleman speaking for ye," said his rough Scotch domestic at this moment, recalling him rudely to every-day life.

The Professor instinctively replaced the bracelet in an open drawer, and closed the latter quickly before he turned to receive his guest, who proved to be a young man about twenty, short, fair and frank-looking.

"Professor Buchanan, I think?" said this young man, with a bow. "I must apologize, sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*."

"Deed," said the Professor. "I am glad to hear it, sir. At your age I am not always so much interested as all that in antiquities. And what will you your name be?"

"My name?"—there was, perhaps, a moment's hesitation on the part of the visitor; his color deepened—"O, my name is Henderson, and I—"

"Sit down," Mr. Henderson, sit down. And so you saw the pit passage in the paper; put in with no leave of mine, I must tell you."

"Well, I am very glad it was put in," was the reply; "for it has led to the discovery."

"A discovery you may well call it," Mr. Henderson said the Professor, rising and holding the loops of his coat with both hands. "A discovery confirming that which I have for years maintained, and that is that the remains hereabouts are Roman, and

Humorous.

"Can't you trust me, darling?" murmured Splinkins to the daughter of old money lender.

"The breeze wafts dust and dirt, and the swaying of tree-tops, and the waves pass to and fro."

And in the fisherman's cottage The sun is shining bright, And a little form in the doorway Looks through the morning light.

Looks out over the bright blue ocean, With childish eyes strained fast, For the sign of a glistering sail top, Or a glimpse of towering mast.

And now in the misty distance, With white sails far outspread, Dancing with glee o'er the billows, The fisherman's boat is sped.

And why does the sound of the oars splash Add the soft wind, low and meek, Bring such a rich glow of gladness To the child's fair, rounded cheek?

And why does the distant music, Of a glad song, breathed low, Give to the mother's love-lit eye, Such a warm and sparkling glow?

—MADONNE KEENE.

Roma.

It was certainly a veritable antique, not absolutely perfect, still more valuable. Professor Buchanan contemplated it with all the satisfaction of an antiquary confirmed in an original opinion.

It was, after all, a poor thing, at first sight—only a dilapidated-looking ornament, an old bracelet spoiled by sea-sand and sea-water.

But in the eye of an antiquarian the disfigurements of age are so many signs of beauty. That the bracelet was bent, that its gold was tarnished, and the mosaic with which it was inlaid were partly wanting, was nothing; its antique shape and the magic word *Roma*, with which its ancient maker had cunningly engraved it, were quite enough for the Professor.

Moreover, he had not always maintained that the remains on that part of the coast were Roman? His brother Professor, McNaughton, had constantly endeavored to prove that that mighty nation had never penetrated so far north.

The ocean itself was to witness for the truth; and only ten days ago this precious relic had been offered to him by a fisherman, who had brought it to shore in his net.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could conceal his sense of the value of the bracelet sufficiently to drive a reasonable bargain; but his Scotch prudence prevailed, and in his heart he congratulated himself.

For some years he had spent part of his holiday on this coast, where a far-famed river widened to the sea, and the passing to and fro of the little steamer across its mouth was one of the great events of the day. To-day was stormy, and the waves ran high, and even now the Professor had been watching the somewhat rough passage of the boat.

"Overdue," he had said, and then he had turned aside to inspect his treasure. "Only regret"—so ran his professorial thoughts—"that that paragraph got into the *Modern Athenian* of yesterday; that body Andrew was just premature in sending it. It will anticipate what I was writing to the *Antiquary*."

"Here's the gentleman speaking for ye," said his rough Scotch domestic at this moment, recalling him rudely to every-day life.

The Professor instinctively replaced the bracelet in an open drawer, and closed the latter quickly before he turned to receive his guest, who proved to be a young man about twenty, short, fair and frank-looking.

"Professor Buchanan, I think?" said this young man, with a bow. "I must apologize, sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*."

"Deed," said the Professor. "I am glad to hear it, sir. At your age I am not always so much interested as all that in antiquities. And what will you your name be?"

"My name?"—there was, perhaps, a moment's hesitation on the part of the visitor; his color deepened—"O, my name is Henderson, and I—"

"Sit down," Mr. Henderson, sit down. And so you saw the pit passage in the paper; put in with no leave of mine, I must tell you."

"Well, I am very glad it was put in," was the reply; "for it has led to the discovery."

"A discovery you may well call it," Mr. Henderson said the Professor, rising and holding the loops of his coat with both hands. "A discovery confirming that which I have for years maintained, and that is that the remains hereabouts are Roman, and

Humorous.

"Can't you trust me, darling?" murmured Splinkins to the daughter of old money lender.

"The breeze wafts dust and dirt, and the swaying of tree-tops, and the waves pass to and fro."

And in the fisherman's cottage The sun is shining bright, And a little form in the doorway Looks through the morning light.

Looks out over the bright blue ocean, With childish eyes strained fast, For the sign of a glistering sail top, Or a glimpse of towering mast.

And now in the misty distance, With white sails far outspread, Dancing with glee o'er the billows, The fisherman's boat is sped.

And why does the sound of the oars splash Add the soft wind, low and meek, Bring such a rich glow of gladness To the child's fair, rounded cheek?

And why does the distant music, Of a glad song, breathed low, Give to the mother's love-lit eye, Such a warm and sparkling glow?

—MADONNE KEENE.

Roma.

It was certainly a veritable antique, not absolutely perfect, still more valuable. Professor Buchanan contemplated it with all the satisfaction of an antiquary confirmed in an original opinion.

It was, after all, a poor thing, at first sight—only a dilapidated-looking ornament, an old bracelet spoiled by sea-sand and sea-water.

But in the eye of an antiquarian the disfigurements of age are so many signs of beauty. That the bracelet was bent, that its gold was tarnished, and the mosaic with which it was inlaid were partly wanting, was nothing; its antique shape and the magic word *Roma*, with which its ancient maker had cunningly engraved it, were quite enough for the Professor.

Moreover, he had not always maintained that the remains on that part of the coast were Roman? His brother Professor, McNaughton, had constantly endeavored to prove that that mighty nation had never penetrated so far north.

The ocean itself was to witness for the truth; and only ten days ago this precious relic had been offered to him by a fisherman, who had brought it to shore in his net.

It was with some difficulty that the Professor could conceal his sense of the value of the bracelet sufficiently to drive a reasonable bargain; but his Scotch prudence prevailed, and in his heart he congratulated himself.

For some years he had spent part of his holiday on this coast, where a far-famed river widened to the sea, and the passing to and fro of the little steamer across its mouth was one of the great events of the day. To-day was stormy, and the waves ran high, and even now the Professor had been watching the somewhat rough passage of the boat.

"Overdue," he had said, and then he had turned aside to inspect his treasure. "Only regret"—so ran his professorial thoughts—"that that paragraph got into the *Modern Athenian* of yesterday; that body Andrew was just premature in sending it. It will anticipate what I was writing to the *Antiquary*."

"Here's the gentleman speaking for ye," said his rough Scotch domestic at this moment, recalling him rudely to every-day life.

The Professor instinctively replaced the bracelet in an open drawer, and closed the latter quickly before he turned to receive his guest, who proved to be a young man about twenty, short, fair and frank-looking.

"Professor Buchanan, I think?" said this young man, with a bow. "I must apologize, sir, for intruding on you. I have called upon you in consequence of a paragraph in the *Modern Athenian*."

"Deed," said the Professor. "I am glad to hear it, sir. At your age I am not always so much interested as all that in antiquities. And what will you your name be?"

"My name

