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AN IMPROMPTU.

[A valued friend thinks the following verses worthy of publication. The writer, like the Babes in the Wood, was "framed in beauty's mold," but, unhappily, lacks robust health, and has been ordered by her physician to use lager beer as a tonic. One day lately, as she was about taking the prescribed dose, a friend proposed an appropriate sentiment, the poet's words: "Look out upon the stars love, and shame their brightness with thine eyes." She sat down and wrote this reply:]

His words were clothed in beauty,
As with tender look and "soft,"
He bade her lift her brilliant orbs
And turn her glance aloft.

"Look out upon the stars," he said;
"That deck the evening skies;
Look out upon the stars, love,
And shame them with thine eyes."

"I'll look," she said, in accents low,
(Yet still her words were clear),
"I'll look and shame the stars," she said,
"When I've had my lager beer!"

Mr. EDITOR:—You say in your last issue "Think of these things, and let your light shine." Well, sir, I have been thinking of some things, and the light is not quite clear to me. But as Editors are supposed to know everything, I will ask you to remove the darkness. In the report of the Potter Berry, "Atlantic," Mr. John S. Collins is reported as saying—"It is a bright red." Now, I thought I knew something about colors, but if that is correct, I must begin to remodel at once. Had I not seen the berry, I should certainly have got a wrong idea of its color. Had he called the Crescent a bright red, I think he would be somewhere; at present, it is misleading. Again, in regard to its being a late berry, and the comparison with the Wilson and Crescent, I think wants amending. I have now been picking for table use, and shipping, just one month, the berry that I call bright red—the Crescent. Now you will see that the statement of its lateness "ten days later than Wilson and one week later than Crescent," needs straightening to make it right.

Respectfully, DAVID FIELDS.

Which?

Mr. EDITOR:—The public would like to know to which body—the Union or the Association—we are indebted for the nuisance of the Sunday night berry train; or whether they have joined hands in this thing and are both alike guilty. Report says, the Association made the arrangements last year, to secure the patronage of certain non-Sunday men, and that the Union revived and advertised the arrangements this year, and mean to stand by it lest certain of their members should go over to the other side. It is noticed that our foreign brethren are chiefly the offenders in the disturbance of the quiet and sanctity of the Sabbath, by ranging their fields picking berries, and carting them along the streets to the station while congregations are gathering for church service. Now, while we welcome these men from the lands of the oppressed to the land of the free (free to do right, but not to do wrong), we do not welcome their institutions. It does not appear that their nations are any more prosperous than those which respect the Sabbath. It is also to be regretted that a few of our native citizens should set these men the example of disregard for both the laws of God and man. Nor is it seen that those who do this are any more prosperous, as a general thing, than their neighbors who do it not. It is yet true that "Godliness is profitable unto all things," and that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Even if it could be proved that those who work on the Sabbath are largely the gainers; what then? Has not the Judge of the Earth asked, "what doth it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" To this Judge "every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess," whatever his belief or disbelief.

CITIZEN.

Fairfield, Iowa, Dr. J. L. Myers says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

Tallahassee, Fla., has but one white policeman.

Robert C. Winthrop is spoken of by some of the Massachusetts Republicans as their candidate for Governor.

A fine young seacow was shipped from Spring Lake to the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia. It was caught in the surf.

It is stated that the Hessian fly is making havoc among the grain fields in the upper part of Hunterdon county, and crops are greatly endangered by the ravages of this pestiferous insect.

One of the first acts of the new Democratic treasurer of Cincinnati was to remove the city funds from a reliable bank which pays 2 per cent on city balances to an institution in which he is interested, which pays no interest.

Joplin, Mo., Dr. J. B. Morgan says: "I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it."

One hundred and seventy-one thousand and four hundred and twelve crates of vegetables were shipped over the Florida Transit and Peninsula Railroad during April and May.

Attorney-General Brewster will shortly take his family to Long Branch.

Hanlan, the oarsman, was given a public house by his Toronto friends some time ago, but he has shut it up, because most of his customers were men who said "we gave you this hotel" and act accordingly.

Dennis Kearney, of California, declines to take second place on the Democratic ticket with Ben Butler. It is barely possible we have been too harsh in judging Kearney.

Thurman says Blaine is the greatest of living politicians.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company has issued an order that hereafter it will not employ any one on the road under twenty-one years of age.

If the Republicans of Atlantic County want to do the sensible and really strong thing, they will re-nominate and re-elect Senator Gardner. He is a big man, and makes his power felt in legislation. Woodbury Constitution.

The concentrated power and curative virtues of Ayer's Sarsaparilla render it the most reliable and economical medicine that can be used. It contains no dangerous or harmful ingredients, and may be safely administered to patients of all ages. When you are sick the best medicine that can be obtained is none too good, and is the cheapest, whatever its cost.

General Diaz, who had such a good time during his recent trip through the United States, wants to be elected President of the Mexican Republic, but the papers in that country oppose him, on the ground that he is too intimate with our own General Grant to be safely entrusted with the affairs of the Government.

"Temperance Island," in the Passaic river, in the heart of Paterson, has lately been leased for a German beer garden, but the lessee has sub-let it to the temperance people for Sundays.

The heaviest and longest beams ever rolled in Trenton, and probably in the world, were rolled at the rolling mill of the New Jersey Steel and Iron Company last week. They were sixty-four feet long and weighed 1,200 pounds each.

An eleven-year-old boy named Charles Wood was playing with a toy pistol a few days ago, in Paterson, when the weapon was discharged. It was loaded with a blank cartridge and only made a slight wound in the boy's hand. A doctor dressed it and nothing was thought of the wound until Thursday, when the boy began to complain. Lockjaw set in and he died at night.

A Baltimorean has a cage of monkeys. By way of variety he put a cat in with them, much to their delight. On taking it out the other day there was a terrible howling on both sides. The cat refused to eat, and the monkeys sat licking the tears out of each other's eyes for days. Finally the cat was put back, and then there was great joy. It licked all the little monkeys, and the big ones took turns hugging it until its tongue stuck out.

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THE LOST SELF.

Supposing there had been two brothers, twin as the sun,
To youth, but one died, and the other one
Lying fell lower every day in sin,
Betraying his own heart, yet kept therein,
When all things else were lost and he
Lived on, the dead strong and undimmed
Love of the dead strong and undimmed
Which thing, alas! of playing gods to win
This boon, "know-like to pass the gate,
Living, of Death, and in the fields of Hell
And groves to neither June nor consecrate
To meet the luckless shade of the boy; but he
Turned his pale face away in loathing—
Well,
Even so it is with my old self and me.

How She Married Him.

Harriet Buckthorne had survived, by a considerable period, whatever of feminine charms and graces she might have once possessed, when a handsome fortune dropped down upon her as if from the clouds. Had the riches come a score of years sooner there is no telling what might have been. Harriet's attractions had never been, so to speak, dazzling.

But twenty years have great potency in turning dimples into wrinkles and lines of beauty into frown-^{ed} feet. And many an adventurous Cæsar who might have found Miss Buckthorne a match not unacceptable, with such a fortune, at twenty-five, passed her by at five and forty, saved from the sin of covetousness by the reflection that she and her money were inseparable conjuncts. Even Topham Gynblaney, the daily problem of whose life was to keep adjusted the balance between a very moderate income and quite expensive tastes, and who looked upon a thrifty marriage as the goal of his reconnaissance to Harriet, few visits of reconnaissance to Harriet, which let him in little doubt that he had but to say the word to receive a gracious answer, left the word unspeakable.

Mr. Gynblaney's visits had ceased for some weeks, when a message came one day that Miss Buckthorne was quite ill—had fallen into a decline, in fact—and had been given up by Dr. Croke. She desired to see Mr. Gynblaney and such other friends as might wish to bid her farewell ere she started on that journey whence there is no return. Of course there was no refusing such a request. Decorously clad in solemn black, and with a face put on to match, Topham Gynblaney presented himself at the invalid's door.

"How is she, doctor?" he inquired gravely, of a dried-up little man, who met him at the threshold with a countenance in which was lined a whole homily on the vanity of hope.

"Sinking rapidly," Dr. Croke replied. "Those who wish to see her alive have no time to spare."

"There is no chance for her, then?" "Not the slightest. Constitution gone—nervous system shattered—lungs collapsed—no recuperative force—no—"

"How long do you think she'll last?" interrupted Topham, anxiously.

"Eight-and-forty hours at the furthest; more likely less than half of it. Would you like to see her?" asked the doctor.

"I called for that purpose," returned the doctor.

"Let me appraise her of your presence," said the doctor.

In her present state any sudden surprise might prove fatal."

After a brief absence the doctor returned.

"This way," he said, leading the visitor to the sick-room.

Mr. Gynblaney was shocked at the spectacle that met him. His heart, we have hinted, was pretty tough. But tough as it was, it was touched at the sight of that pale, emaciated face—enough of itself to dispel all doubt of the truth of the doctor's predictions.

"This is—very kind of you, Top—"

Mr. Gynblaney, I mean," the sick lady murmured, a spasmodic cough interrupting her words for him at the bedside, and clearing in his own the thin hand extended to welcome him, returned its trembling pressure.

The doctor and the nurse retired to prepare a posset for the patient, leaving the latter and Mr. Gynblaney alone.

"I trust you will be better soon," said Mr. Gynblaney, with well meant hypocrisy.

"That is—past—hoping—for," was the scarcely audible answer.

"Doctor—Croke—has—told—me—the worst."

Dr. Croke, we may remark, always told his patients the worst. If they got well, the more credit to him. If they

died, of course it wasn't his fault. A sudden thought flashed upon Mr. Gynblaney. If he could only marry Miss Buckthorne now!

In two days or less, he would be a widower, and the lawful possessor of this wife's fortune. Here was an opportunity indeed!

Rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief until they watered and looked red from the force of the friction, he gave the hand in his another and more tender pressure.

"Dear Harriet," he whispered softly, between his sobs, "how—how—cruel—that—that we sh—should be parted thus!"

"Cruel—indeed!" she answered.

"I have long cherished the purpose," he went on hurriedly, mastering his emotion with an effort, "of asking you to be mine. Diffidence alone restrained me. But if you will even now consent—"

"Do—you—feel—that—it—would—be—a comfort—to you—Top—Topham, dear—"

The cough would not allow her to finish.

"It would—it would!" he exclaimed, with a burst of well-feigned feeling.

"To call you mine but for an hour, though I lost you the next would for ever link my soul to a precious memory which—"

Mr. Gynblaney was on the point of ending his flight in an inglorious flop-down when Harriet came to the rescue.

"It—shall—be—as—you—please,—dear," she sighed.

"No time is to be lost!" he cried, springing up.

"Let us apply for a special license!"

Just then the doctor and the nurse returned, and Mr. Gynblaney departed.

In a few hours he returned with the license, the minister was summoned and a few minutes sufficed to make Topham Gynblaney and Harriet Buckthorne one.

A thing, which might have passed for a bluish twenty years ago, overpread the bride's countenance. For some moments she lay like one entranced with happiness.

"Topham, dear," she said, when they were again alone, "I feel as if I could eat something; I've kept me on gruel until I'm nearly starved."

"What would you like, dearest?"

"Some tea and toast, and chops, and boiled eggs, and—"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the doctor, entering in time to catch a portion of the list, "do you wish to commit suicide?"

"What harm can it do?" she answered. "You have already told me there is no hope."

"I think we might as well gratify her," her husband added.

And finding himself outvoted, the doctor held up his hands in horrified protest.

The repeat was brought in, and received ample justice. Next morning Mrs. Gynblaney was up by time, packing her trunks for an elaborate wedding tour, from which her husband and the doctor-stroke-in-vain dissuaded her.

It would be hard to tell which of them was most amazed. Both were firmly convinced that the age of miracles was not yet passed, unless, as the disconsolate Gynblaney half suspected, he had been the victim of a cunning plot. Ten years have passed, and Gynblaney has still the old problem to puzzle over; for Mrs. Gynblaney holds her own purse-strings, and insists on "Topham's" living on his own income.

The Merry Side.

"Why were you not at church last Sunday, Clara?" asked Amelia. "I couldn't go; didn't have anything to wear. I shall go next Sunday if my sack is done."

"Oh, you sack-religious thing!"

"A young man, while out hunting for his father's pig, accented an Irishman as follows:—"

"Have you seen a stray pig about here?" Pat responded: "Faix, how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

"There are two things," remarked a shrewd old lady, "which no matter how you look, the world will never dispute you on. One is putting your age up high, and the other is setting your capacity down low."

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer, said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Pat," said the dealer, to his assistant, "will ye be after givin' the gentleman three pigs' feet?"

Agricultural.

Charcoal is highly recommended as a preventive of disease among sheep, and in an English pamphlet the following recipe for its use appears: The charcoal should be given mixed with the food, except in urgent cases, when it may be mixed in water—or thin gruel, and given as a drench. The dose is 1 pint to every 25 head of sheep or lambs. One-quarter pint per head for full-grown cattle, horses or pigs; half the quantity for young cattle, and two teaspoonfuls to a desertspoonful for young calves.

It has been discovered that potato for potatoes does little good unless applied early and thoroughly mixed with the soil. This may indicate either that the plant needs the potash in its earlier stages of growth or that the alkali serves other purposes in developing plant food in the soil, which requires a longer time.

It is probable that crude potash is rarely or never used as plant food. As it absorbs nitrogen and becomes a nitrate of potash its virtues become available for plant nutrition.

Fattening horses is well understood by jockeys, and may well be studied by farmers who have horses to sell. A horse well fed and kept steadily at work will grow slowly and his flesh will be solid and enduring. This is best for the buyer, and has the advantage for the seller that the horse earns his keeping while being put into condition. The jockey method is to feed oil-meal, exercise little or not at all, and make a glossy coat, which will soon become rough and staring when the horse is put at hard work.

All kinds of fowls are natives of warm or semi-tropical climates. However long they have been domesticated, they retain their liking for warm weather, or at least warm quarters in cold weather. In the winter season they will do better in close houses, even with little ventilation, rather than exposed to severe weather. When a young chick will rest under its mother's wing in a summer's night at a temperature of 100, or more, there is little danger of smothering an old fowl in winter in a tight house.

Economizing Labor and Space.

There are few people who are more generally economical than the Germans, and an instance of their ability to make much out of a little has recently come under my notice which seems worthy of attention.

One of my friends has her garden worked on shares by a German. Early in the spring he put out a quantity of cabbage plants, giving a little more space between the roots than is usually allowed.

The cabbages were easily worked with a hoe. Later, when the time for setting celery plants had come he planted double rows of celery between the cabbage.

The celery rows are not over eight inches apart, and in the same trench, so that when banked not more than half the work will be required to prepare them for bleaching that would be necessary if the plants were set in the usual way. The cabbages are nearly ready for use, and will soon leave the celery in full possession of the soil.

Every part of this garden is utilized. When the early potatoes were ripe they were dug and turnips were sown on the land. Vacant spaces in other parts of the garden have been filled with superfluous plants from the beet bed.

Where space is somewhat limited it richly repays the labor to fill the ground and keep something growing everywhere. The ground will now grow over fertilization when it is cropped so persistently; and when one does not keep a pig to eat up the refuse from vegetables, dishwater, etc., it is a good plan to have a compost heap where such articles may be turned to account. All the weeds which should never be allowed to ripen seed from the garden, fine chips, if wood is used, roots and fine brush, leaves and clippings from the lawn should go into the compost heap. These, with an occasional sprinkling of dry earth to prevent unpleasant odors, will absorb the slops from the house, and prove a valuable fertilizer at slight expense. The compost heap should be turned over once or twice during the season to insure decomposition, and it should not be placed too near the house.

Bones, old boots and shoes, broken utensils and the like should be burned, and their ashes spread around the peach trees. Should there be a clay spot in the garden, that is the place for the fire. Coal ashes seem to be of no use except for garden walks and carriage drives; but wood ashes benefit almost any kind of vegetation.

The Latest.

UNIQUE BRIDAL ROBES.—Some charming conceits are illustrated in wedding dresses, which are far more attractive than the regulation marriage garments, with their everlasting orange blossoms.

Most exquisite is a dress for a lovely blonde bride in silver white satin, with the plain front perpendicularly trimmed with graduated bands of net, embroidered in wild roses, with crystal beads, the golden hearts being formed of amber beads. The drapery is in folds over the hips and forms train; above the hem in front and about border of train at irregular intervals are placed sprays of golden-hearted wild white roses, with buds and leaves, and the loopings of the over-drapery are secured beneath larger sprays of the same flowers.

The pointed corsage, which is laced in the back, has about its lower edge a band of the crystal and amber bead embroidery, in smaller wild roses than those decorating the front width of the skirt. Frills of handsome Brussels lace finish the neck and sleeves, with wreaths of small artificial wild roses below the lace at the throat and above on the sleeves. A garland of roses, buds, and leaves, is secured on the left shoulder and is passed diagonally across the corsage front and allowed to fall in a cluster of sprays over the edge of the waist, below the right hand. The Brussels net veil reaches the edge of train and is secured on the head beneath the wreath of wild roses. The gloves are of white kid, stockings silk and shoes of the dress material.

A perfectly superb toilet had the trained skirt of embossed velvet in doral effects, the heart of each flower being embroidered in clear diamond-cut beads. The edge of skirt was finished with fine side platings of satin headed by a flounce of Brussels lace. The bodice consisted of a white satin waist, over which was worn a jersey jacket or corsage knitted in diamond figures, the point of each figure being tipped with one of the clear-cut beads. The effect of this robe was most brilliant, for the prismatic beads radiated with every movement of the wearer in gas or electric light. The rich lace veil was secured by diamond pins and diamond necklace and earrings perfected the magnificent toilet.—The combination costumes in brocades, velvets and plushes with rich plain silks and satins are now very fashionable for bridal purposes. These fabrics are not always in white, pale tints being in favor.

PRETTY EVENING DRESSES.—A most becoming dress for a brunette can be made after a foreign model, of pink bengaline, with its short skirt covered with alternating flounces of white lace and white gauze, embroidered with white silk. The paniers are of pink bengaline, with a pink satin sash bow on the puff at the back. The high bodice is laced in the back; pink roses are worn—also pink silk stockings and pink satin shoes.

An entirely novel evening toilette has the short skirt of lilac satin, pleated at the lower edge and trimmed up the entire front with puffs of a plain sheer lilac fabric. The back is formed of embroidered gauze, in large polka dots, arranged in a deep puff, with the fullness forming a deep overskirt, reaching to the skirt pleating. The waist is of purple velvet, trimmed across the front in festoons with tasseled ends. Square-cut neck, short sleeves, both finished with lace frills and red roses.

Flowers are much used as evening dresses. Garlands of flowers reach from the left shoulder to the point of bodice, and often are carried round the figure, over one hip and down to the bottom of the skirt at the side. On short dresses for dancing, garlands are placed over the hips. Favored flowers are wild roses, daisies, heart's-ease, lilies and vine leaves, such as grapes and small-leaved vines.

At a recent meeting of the Leeds and West Riding Medical-Chirurgical Society, Mr. Margeton, of Dewsbury, exhibited an incandescent electric lamp, designed by himself and used by himself since October last in examining the mouth and throat. The globe was about half the size of a walnut. It can be held in the mouth for two minutes without discomfort from the heat.

"Mr. Isaacs, can you tell me where the first diamond?" No, Mr. Yawcobs; where was it?" "Vy, Noah's son on der ark; he vas a Shem of der first water."

Economy of the Household.

BREAD STREAKS.—Add a little milk, pepper, salt and spice to an egg and beat well together. Cut some slices of bread of even size and shape and fry a light brown in butter or oil. Drain on paper, pile on a dish, and serve with tomato sauce.

RICE CHICKEN PIE.—Cover the bottom of a pudding-dish with slices of broiled ham; cut up a boiled chicken, and nearly fill the dish; add chopped onions, if you like, or a little curry powder, which is better. Then add boiled rice to fill all interstices and to cover the top thick. Bake it for one-half or three-quarters of an hour.

MOCK CREAM TOAST.—Melt in one quart of morning's milk about two ounces of butter, a large teaspoonful of flour freed from lumps and the yolks of three eggs beaten light. Beat these in gradients together for several minutes strain the cream through a fine hair sieve, and when wanted beat in constantly with a brisk movement.

RIZ A LA TOMATE.—Boil half a pound of rice with one very small onion chopped fine; when done and nearly dry stir in two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, three of nice tomato sauce, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, a little cayenne pepper and salt and a large tablespoonful of the best fresh butter. Form into a mound and serve very hot.

FRENCH BEANS A LA POULETTE.—Choose some young and tender French beans and remove all fibres by breaking off the ends; wash, and boil in boiling water; when done toss them in melted butter seasoned with chopped chives and parsley; stir in a little flour, a pinch of salt and some cream; reduce the sauce, thicken with yolks of eggs, flavor with a few drops of lemon, and serve.

SARDINE TOAST.—Divide some sardines lengthwise, removing skin, bones, and tails; add a little of the oil from the tin and put into the oven between two plates, letting them get quite hot. Take some thin strips of bread, the exact length of the sardines, fry them in butter, put half a sardine on each slice, sprinkle on cayenne pepper and salt and a squeeze of lemon juice, and serve very hot.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Put a piece of butter into a stevedon with a small sprig of chopped parsley; stir over the fire until very hot; then pour over a cupful of white sauce—the yolks of three or four eggs well beaten. Stir constantly until it thick as cream, but do not let it boil. Dip each cutlet into it covering it thickly with the sauce and again set away to cool. Then fry egg and bread-crumbs them. Fry lightly.

SWISS MEAT OMELETS.—A good way to use cold meat is to chop it fine with raisins, nutmeg, salt, lemon and juice; add one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar, cloves. The above mixture is the middle of the omelets. Three eggs, one-pint of milk, two-teaspoons of flour, make the batter thin. Fry it in a little lard, put a spoonful of chopped meat in the centre, and fold the fried batter around it once.

MARMALADE FRITTERS.—Spread two lines thick of peach marmalade on two-inch round cuts of white bread, lay other cuts of the same size over, press gently with the hand and smooth the edges; dip in a flour batter (first adding to the batter some whites of eggs, beaten to a froth), fry slightly brown in hot lard, drain on a cloth, besprinkle with powdered sugar, dish up on a folded napkin and serve.

BEEF STEW.—To make an appetizing beef stew take out the bone and bind the pieces of beef tightly, putting a lemon, pared and cut in two, and some herbs in before binding. Place it in as small a stevedon or kettle as will allow of its being covered with water. Let it cook slowly and gently; do not add any water unless absolutely necessary. Slice a large onion and fry it brown, and add to the water also any sliced vegetables you choose, or cook the vegetables in a kettle by themselves and serve on the platter with the beef. If you do not add any water you will have a very rich gravy, and a portion of it may be reserved for soup stock.

Mechanics who desire to produce a deep brilliant black upon iron or steel may try the following recipe: Apply with a fine hair brush a mixture of turpentine and sulphur which had been boiled together.

In Blue and Gold.

Well, since you mention it yourself, Hal, I will confess that I was surprised to find you engaged to Miss Brookfield," said Ned Chester, to his life-long chum, Hal Elmendorf (the two young men were leisurely strolling through Maple avenue), "for when I went abroad, you were most emphatically denouncing the heartlessness and selfishness and extravagance and a few other amiable characteristics—according to your way of thinking at the time—of society girls, and apparently sincere in your determination to remain a bachelor rather than marry one of them. And your letters have given no hint of a change in your sentiments. Quite the contrary. Your last, by-the-by, was most perplexing. No woman's letter could have been more so. In it you suddenly jumped from the Clauson Mine to a sweet, wild rose, of whom you had previously told me nothing. If I remember aright, the sentences introducing her ran thus: 'And the dividends this year are much larger than this sweet, wild rose that I have found in this lonely place, and am almost persuaded to court and marry, after the manner of Tennyson's landscape painter.'"

Elmendorf threw away his cigarette, looked thoughtfully into space a moment, dropped into a still slower walk, and asked, "Should you like to hear all about it, old fellow?"

"Of course I should," replied Chester.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead, who ever to himself has said, 'I take no interest in sweet, wild roses?' And beside that, haven't I been the confidant of all your love affairs since you were twelve, and awfully smitten with the pretty girl in Wild's confectionery? Drive ahead! I'm all attention."

"As you remarked a few moments ago," began Elmendorf, "just before you crossed the bridge, I became disgusted with fashionable young ladies in general, and as you did not remark for fear of hurting my feelings, with Eudora Brookfield, in particular. It was rather hard on a romantic sort of fellow, who was awfully smitten on a girl to be told by that girl that his fortune considerably enhanced his attractions in her eyes and that for her own part, she thought love in a cottage, far, far more pleasant a year must be the dreariest of existences. We quarrelled, as you know, and parted. She went shortly after to Newport, and I filled with scorn of managing mammas and fortune hunting daughters, donned a blue flannel suit and coarse, bonnet-brimmed hat, and—carrying with me only a small valise, started for anywhere—anywhere out of the world."

"At noon of my second day's travel, the train stopped at a quiet, tree-embowered station, and following the impulse of the moment, I jumped off, and struck into a lonely, shady road, resolving to keep on, on foot, until Fate should say, 'Thus far, and no farther.' Ned, that road was certainly the loneliest road I ever saw. Not a person did I meet, not a house did I see, in an hour's brisk tramp. But I tramped on, and the more Eudora's beauty and grace filled before me, the more her sweet voice rang out in the song of the winds, the more my heart yearned for her smile, the more I was determined to put miles between us. I would not be married by my fortune. I would be loved for myself, or not at all. And growing stronger in resolution, at every step, I suddenly found myself in front of a small, gray cottage. I remembered instantly that Eudora had a silk dress of the same shade of gray—half covered with woodlilies and rose vines, that stood just at the entrance of a dense wood, were green oaks, maples, willows, elder bushes, blackberry bushes, and heaven only knows how many other things planted there by the winds and the birds. A cow with a young calf beside her, was looking in a field opposite, and a brook was sparkling in the sunshine a short distance away."

"On the porch of this cottage sat a middle-aged woman, sewing. 'Go in, but in haste—advanced, and humbly preferred a request for a drink of water. And she, rising with hospitable quickness, bade me take the seat she left, while she went to the well. I sank into the chair, for I was weary, and soon she returned with a glass of water and a glass of milk. I drank them both—not at once, of course, but during the conversation about the weather that ensued—and had risen to depart when the prettiest girl in blue and gold that I ever beheld came tripping up the garden path, a pail of water in each hand. 'A sweet, wild rose,' I said to myself, and sat down again, convinced by a single glance at that lovely face and form that this cottage was 'Fate's no farther.'"

"Accordingly, I told mine hostess that I was a postscript-writer (you will admit that that was no lie, for all the editors to whom I have submitted my manuscripts have said the same thing), with a book to finish, and that of all places in the world to finish it, her beautiful, quiet home seemed the best, and I begged her to let me stay a few weeks, promising to make her as little trouble as possible. 'Well, I don't see nothin' agin it, if father and daughter don't,' said she, and away she went again, and from the murmur of voices in the hall, I knew the matter was being discussed."

"I could, and he seized my valise and carried it into the cottage, I following. Ned, old chap, it was a lovely spot, and no mistake. Every morning the birds awakened me with their songs, and they were so fearless, never having learned how cruel men can be, that they flew in at my window and perched upon the frame of the old looking-glass—such a run old glass (crooked my nose and crossed my eyes)—and watch me dress; and fragrance enough from the rose vines floated into that attic room in one day to have perfumed Eudora's handkerchiefs for a whole year."

"As for Alice—the sweet wild rose—no poet ever dreamed of maid more beautiful. Large, innocent dark-blue eyes, with lashes so long that they cast a faint shadow on her rounded cheeks; mouth, nose, chin, ears, hands, feet, simply perfection; and a voice, not as musical as Eudora's it is true, but with a childish ring and sweetness; and when she spoke, which was seldom, it was with pretty modest hesitancy that made you long to catch her in your arms and kiss the words from her full red lips."

I had only seen her three times, when I was madly in love with her, and thought the plain, calico gowns she wore the prettiest of gowns in the world. Her father and mother watched us close, but that blessed day I thought then, I would have set in a week or so before my arrival, and in two or three weeks more our rain-water cask—we hadn't attained to the dignity of a cistern—was empty, and our well ran low, and much water had to be brought from the brook, and of course I helped the sweet wild rose to carry the pails, and (again, as I thought then)—the brook was a blessed quarter of a mile from the house; and one day, after traversing this quarter of a mile with the pails and Bonnie Alice, I wrote you a very long letter, in which among many other things, I reviewed my Eudora experience, and told you of the treasure I had found in the cottage by the wood. And a few days after posting this letter, I asked the sweet wild rose to be my wife. She raised those glorious, innocent blue eyes to my face for an instant, and then hid them upon my breast, and then she whispered—'the shy darling—'

"Don't ask father and mother just yet, until I get used to the thought myself. It seems very strange."

"And are you sure you love me? And will you be willing to wear calico gowns, and live in a cottage all your life?" said I.

"Try me," she replied with glowing cheeks and an arch smile.

"Now am I really loved," said I to the birds, next morning—not having you, Ned, I made confidants of them, and, like you, they never betrayed me. 'It is Hal Elmendorf wins the heart of Alice, not his fortune—no sighing for gems and gold, no longing for silks and velvets and satins, knows this simple country maid. She is even unaware of her own marvelous grace and beauty, and she is also unaware, it cannot be denied, of many of the rules of grammar and pronunciation. But these I can soon teach her, Heaven bless her! And then I thought what delight it would be to see those guileless blue eyes open wide in pleasure and astonishment when after paining her parents' consent to our marriage, I placed a diamond ring upon the little hand. And I made up my mind to start for the nearest city immediately and obtain the ring."

"So, pleading urgent business to my darling, as soon as breakfast was over, I bade her good-by for a day or two."

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The Republican.

(Entered as second class matter.)

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

The Assessor is making their annual tour of the town.

But Wednesday delivered his heavy dispatches Wednesday, in three-quarters of an hour, sending eleven miles, and delivering about fifty copies. So much for the bicycle.

The choir of the Hammonston Episcopal Church, among whom is Miss Emma Pressley, a soprano of considerable renown, sang in the church at 11 o'clock on Sunday evening last—W. J. Pressley, Mrs. D. D. S. whose artistic skill is being more and more appreciated, recently finished a crayon portrait for Miss Russell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for which she received by return mail a check for fifty dollars.

A Masou & Hamlin organ, five octaves, six stops—in first-rate order—sold here on Monday and sold looking—forty-four dollars cash. Music stool included. Inquire at the Republican office.

When a man takes work out of town, when it could be done just as well at home, he should go to the same place to get it done. Patronize home industry, if you wish to succeed.

Two neighbors have a lawsuit. One claims damages for the removal of a line fence; the other brings a charge of selling liquor on Sunday. Hearing before Justice Stewart, next Friday.

The Workmen's Loan and Building Association of Hammonston, have received during the six months ending June 30, \$10,417.91, as dues on stock plans. The entire receipts were \$15,779.44.

There is a little money in Hammonston, notwithstanding some of the croaking. Whoever told the *Mirror* that "all of the croakers and sailors, whether they belong to the G. A. R. or not," are expected to march with the Post on the Fourth, did so without authority. The picnic is for the public—for everybody in this section of country—all are invited to be there and feel that it is their own picnic; but in the ranks, only members of the Post are expected.

Samuel Taylor, Sr., and Mrs. Taylor, were shown to the managers of the Ladies' Silk Cutch Association, at Philadelphia, this week, and pronounced very superior. These were samples from all parts of the United States, and none surpassed those from Hammonston.

Z. C. Matthews has a small patch of the Early Harvest Blackberries; and they are correctly named, for he picked a few on Monday last, and made his first shipment on Thursday. One quart was picked from one plant a year old. He left a sample box with the Editor, also a basket of an excellent variety of Black Caps, the name of which we have forgotten. We have a decided weakness for berries, and they do not "keep" well at our house.

Mr. Fields is partly right in his communication. The "Atlantic" strawberry is a bright red when in best condition for shipping; when fully, or "leaved" ripe, it is darker. The comparison in regard to its lateness was an error on the part of the speaker—correctly reported by the stenographer. He should have said "ten days later than the Crescent; one week later than the Wilson." Mr. Fields' long season of Crescents is remarkable, and is probably the fact that he began to ripen unusually early. He is shipping the very first crate from Hammonston.

Our Next Governor. "Coming events cast their shadows before." So the coming gubernatorial election already casts a shadow, and hosts of men are trying to decipher its name or recognize the features of the next incumbent of the Executive Chair of the State. For ourselves, we have no difficulty in reading the well known name—Israel S. Adams. And why not he? We do not propose to allow any Democrat, however brilliant, to be elected Governor; and among Republicans, who better qualified, or more deserving than Mr. Adams? So I these many years, East Jersey has furnished the candidates. West and South Jersey the Republican nominee. It is time to call a halt, until our section of the State has at least one trial, and tries its hand at nominating and electing.

Israel S. Adams was the first Republican Collector of Atlantic County, in 1858. In 1861 he was appointed Collector of the Port and District of Great Egg Harbor, by President Lincoln, and held that position until 1865. He is orthodox in his support of what he considers worthy. As a Republican, he is always found in the front rank of work. He is popular, worthy, and well known. Why should he not be nominated? Atlantic County will give him an old-fashioned majority.

HAVE YOU ASKED YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT "LADIES' TONIC"? Well, what does he say? "That is only another of the thousand and one medical humbugs." Is he helping you? "No." "Losing ground steadily?" "You afraid not?" "Not as well this year as last?" "Very much worse." Then take a friend's advice and write to Dr. Starkey & Paken, of 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, giving them a plain statement of your case. Ask them if they have ever treated a similar case with their Compound Oxygen, and if, in their judgment, it is the best of your derangement, and permanent benefit from it. Ask them also to send you a report of some cases like yours which they have treated successfully. All this will cost you nothing, as these physicians make no charge for consultations. If the evidence they give is not satisfactory, then the matter can end, but if they should put you in possession of facts and evidence showing to show that thousands of persons suffering from chronic diseases far worse, it may be, than yours, have been restored to comparative good health during the last past thirty years by the use of Compound Oxygen, the trifling effort of writing may prove the means whereby you will find a permanent radical cure of your derangement. Let which you will never cease to be profoundly thankful. If, however, you are not ready to consult them at present, drop a post-card to them, and ask them to send you their Treatise on Compound Oxygen. The information in regard to their new Treatment which you will gain from this postcard, will enable you to judge of the chances in your favor which it offers.

Special Notices.
Eighteen acres of good land, about three-fourths of a mile from Hammonston station, for sale at a bargain. Enquire of L. Hoyt.

"Ladies' Tonic."—THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY. It is prepared by the Women's Medical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., and is their favorite prescription for ladies who are suffering from any weakness or complaints common to the sex. It is sold by druggists at 25 cents per bottle. Ladies can obtain advice free. Send stamp for names of those who have been cured.

Use Dr. May's Electric Body Battery for the prevention and cure of diseases. Read advertisement.

A Card.
To all who are suffering from nervous and indigestion of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a well-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. IMMAN, Station, New York City.

S. D. HOFFMAN, Attorney-at-Law, Master in Chancery, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds, Supreme Court Commissioner. City Hall, Atlantic City, N. J.

\$150 CAN BE MADE EVERY MONTH. SEND US YOUR NAME. MAPS AND CHARTS. Instructions free. Address H. A. Lubrecht, Empire Map & Chart Establishment, 104 N. 4th St., NEW YORK.

MISS VAN BUREN'S LADIES' TONIC. The Great Female Remedy. The Favorite Prescription of the Women's Medical Institute, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

For 1. Weakness, or White; 2. Indigestion and 3. Nervousness of the Women; 4. Premature or Prolonged Menstruation; 5. Headache; 6. Nervousness, Irritability, Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 7. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 8. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 9. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 10. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 11. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 12. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 13. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 14. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 15. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 16. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 17. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 18. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 19. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 20. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 21. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 22. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 23. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 24. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 25. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 26. Nervousness, Painful Menstruation; 27. 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Famous French Preachers.

The Abbe Perraud discourses at the Trinity. He has scholarship and a classic style, reasons well, does not cause nervous perturbations, and parades the sort of liberalism which was current during the Second Empire in the salons of Mme. d'Audouville and M. Duvergier de Lauranne. His congregation is less fashionable in the *tout Paris* sense than that of La Per Metignon. It is curiously "mixed," and a notable alloy of open sinners is not wanting. La Trinite is in a quarter where finance, fine art, literature, and professional vice rub shoulders with each other. Victor Hugo lived before he went to Passy in this neighborhood. Baron Duvalles resided not a hundred yards from the church. A little higher up Tourgueneff inhabits a lodging in Mme. Viardot's hotel. M. Leon Say's town residence is quite near, and there are many celebrated studios close by. La Trinite is remarkable for its parquet floor, its carpets, system of hot air fires and a total absence of austerity, both in its architectural character and general internal arrangements. This church sprang up in Baron Haussmann's reign, and is more like a Renaissance than a Roman-Catholic place of worship. Because of its elegant snugness it is dear to the *petite matrone*.

The spirit that reigns at St. Thomas is arrogant and small. Humble towards the Church, the congregation, which is opulent and noble, regards itself as the salt of the earth and the heir of that inheritance which is laid up for the saints. There is earnestness in its narrow devotion. St. Thomas d'Aquin is in the heart of the Faubourg St. Germain. In the mortuary vault beneath lie the remains of the erring and unfortunate Duchesse de Chaulnes. A certain Abbe Plauet occupies the pulpit. He takes for his model John the Baptist, and tells hard truths to his penitents, whom he exhorts to perform good works and to mortify the flesh. One often hears a "Mea culpa" uttered as he preaches. The clergy of St. Thomas d'Aquin are Chambordists, and are in relation with Frohsdorf through the Duc de Blacas. Ste. Clotilde is funniest and Orleansait. The Duc de Broglie and la Marcella MacMahon attend the Lent sermons there. This church is modern and pseudo-Gothic. It is celebrated for its weddings. Provincial Royalists who take their children to Paris to be married like the *misere* scene of Ste. Clotilde.

Le Pere Monsabre, of the Dominican Order, is charged with the sermons at Notre Dame. He succeeded there to le Pere Hyacinthe, who succeeded to le Pere Felix, of the Order of Jesus. This preacher was condemned to silence by his superior because the celebrity he obtained as a pulpit orator was turning his brain. To keep him humble, the head of his convent used after he returned from Notre Dame to send him to do the scullion's work. Pere Monsabre is a Babelist, and thought to look like Babelais.

The reverend father does not recoil from studying *les oeuvres de Paris* in the novels of Zola, looks out for translations of Darwin and other English and German scientists of his school, and is familiar with the Positivists. As he has made up his mind to avoid hot water and to end his life with the Dominicans, he will never be an avowed free thinker. He is very tolerant of all modes of thought, and was so daring as to preach in a recent sermon that no sacrament was absolutely necessary to salvation. What God-church required of man was the ardent desire to know the truth. Of course, if he saw that truth lay in the ordinances of the Church, he was guilty in not obeying them. If, through love of truth, he wandered from it, God's mercy was called into play.

The style of Pere Monsabre is O'Connellite. It is that of a very acute, ready, full and humorous speaker, who will risk anything sooner than let his hearers yawn or go away without wishing to return. There is sufficient strength of will for high flights of eloquence; while copious, the phraseology is not often redundant. When the orator descends to earth he is familiar and picturesque. With less tact he would be vulgar. I do not think he would mind vulgarity if he had to talk to bumpkins. His discourses this season have been on the seven sacraments. Pere Monsabre has not O'Connell's towering stature; nor does he, like that Irish orator, impress one as a great and intelligent natural force. He is short, square-shouldered and rubicund. La-

dies do not show any enthusiasm for the present occupant of the pulpit of Notre Dame. But I am sure that Madame would have enjoyed his theological lectures. His religion, as he said of a preacher of her time, *est bien effroyable*. It could not be otherwise. In the brain of the reverend father The Aquinas is permeated by Darwin, Tyndal and Victor Hugo.

Opening Oysters With Prayer.

There is a certain class of people who take a very gloomy view of religion and declare that we ought to do everything as though we were to die the next minute. What a long-faced community we should be if that rule were carried out. A man couldn't laugh at a joke; indeed, no one would dare to make a joke for people to laugh at, and life would become a slow march to the grave. It to-day were to be our last would not lay in a stock of provisions for to-morrow, we should not want to go over the Brooklyn Bridge, and we should not pay the note that becomes due to-day because our creditor won't need it. The best way, in spite of some gloomy souls, is to live gladly, honestly and happily as long as you can, to cry at the things that ought to be cried over and to laugh at things that ought to be laughed at. There is no good reason why a man should have a crown of thorns before his time simply because he is religious and wants to do the right thing. We are reminded of a story in this connection. "You ought to engage in nothing," said a solemn saint, whose soul was like a squeezed lemon, "that you can't open with prayer." The wof to whom he addressed himself replied irreverently, "Well, suppose I want a dozen of oysters, can I consistently open them with prayer?"

Flirtation Among Andaman Islanders.

Owing to a singular practice of adoption, it is rare to see a child above six or seven years residing with its parents. It is considered a compliment for a married man after a visit, to ask his host for one of his children. Indeed, the *soi disant* father may, on a similar occasion, pass the child on further without referring to the real parents. To prevent improper flirtations among the lads and lasses, they paint the suspected parties, one red, the other white, of course they cannot mutually embrace without partially exchanging color. Marriage is forbidden among near relatives. Relationship are traced in both lines, and the system with reference to either sex is identical; but the record falls after three generations. Children are named before they are born after some friend of the parent; there being no distinction of sex in these titles.

Much ceremony is practised in the burial of the dead; infants being deposited under the hearth of the hut where they died, and adults upon a "machan," or platform, in the jungle or in a grave. Temporary migrations in either case follow death, in order to allow the spirit of the deceased full range around the old haunts.

A Magnificent Brigade.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade, of London, controls 124 fire-engine stations, four floating stations, three large land steam fire engines, thirty-eight small land steam fire engines, seventy-eight six-horse manual fire engines, thirty-seven under six-horse manual fire engines, 144 fire-escapes and long scaling ladders, three floating steam fire engines, two steam tugs, four barges, fifty-two hose carts, fourteen vans, thirteen wagons for street stations, two trolleys, two ladder trucks, forty-nine telegraph lines, seventeen telephone lines, eleven fire-alarm circuits, with seventy-seven call points; 576 firemen, including chief officer, second officer, superintendents, and all ranks. The number of fire alarms during 1892 in London was 2341, but of these 254 were false alarms, and 161 were mere "chimney alarms." One hundred and thirty-nine fire engines resulted in serious damage and 1702 in slight damage. The number of persons seriously endangered by fire during 1892 was 175; of these 139 were saved and thirty-six were lost, twenty-two of whom were taken out alive, but died afterward, and fourteen were suffocated or burned to death. During the year there were 121 injuries to firemen, of which many were serious and three were fatal.

Some one has said: "It may be that the diamond is the stone for an engagement; but give us the old cobblestone in a free fight."

The Precious Metals.

Mint Director Burchard's Report on Gold and Silver Production.

The following is an abstract of the special report of Mr. Burchard, Director of the Mint, upon the production of the precious metals in the United States, which was ordered to be printed by the last Congress, and is now in the hands of the printer. The yield of the mines of the United States for the year 1892 was \$32,500,000 in gold, \$46,800,000 in silver, a total of \$79,300,000. Compared with the previous year this shows a decline of \$2,200,000 of gold, and an increase of \$3,800,000 of silver.

The comparative decline in the production of gold was greater in California than in any other State or Territory—the yield being \$1,400,000 less than in 1891.

This resulted from the interruption of hydraulic mining in some of the northern and middle counties of the State, owing to litigation and also from a falling off in production of the quartz mines at Bodie.

In Oregon, where the mining is chiefly placer, there was a diminution, and also in Nevada, Idaho and Dakota.

In silver the principal increase was Idaho—Montana and New Mexico; Idaho showing an increase of \$700,000, Montana \$1,740,000 and New Mexico of \$1,600,000.

Colorado furnished about \$200,000 less silver than in 1891.

Of the bullion production of the country \$30,964,958 of gold and \$31,400,792 of silver were deposited at the mints and assay offices for coinage, or return in bars to depositors.

Of the deposits of gold \$5,500,000 were paid in bars for manufacturing purposes and the remainder went into coinage. \$1,400,000 were furnished by private refiners for manufacturers' use, and there was an export of \$175,000 contained in silver bars.

Of the total silver production \$15,750,000 were exported, \$5,994,000 furnished by the mints and assay offices to manufacturers; \$550,000 by private refiners for the same purpose and \$24,700,000 were used in coinage. The production of the country was from the States and Territories as follows:

| States and Territories | Gold | Silver |
|------------------------|--------------|--------------|
| Alaska | \$150,000 | \$150,000 |
| Arizona | 1,065,000 | \$7,500,000 |
| California | 16,800,000 | 845,000 |
| Colorado | 3,300,000 | 16,500,000 |
| Dakota | 3,300,000 | 175,000 |
| Georgia | 294,000 | 25,000 |
| Idaho | 1,500,000 | 2,000,000 |
| Montana | 2,550,000 | 4,370,000 |
| Nevada | 2,000,000 | 6,750,000 |
| New Mexico | 150,000 | 1,800,000 |
| North Carolina | 184,000 | 25,000 |
| Oregon | 690,000 | 35,000 |
| South Carolina | 20,000 | — |
| Utah | 190,000 | 6,500,000 |
| Virginia | 15,000 | — |
| Washington | 120,000 | — |
| Wyoming | 5,000 | — |
| Total | \$32,500,000 | \$46,800,000 |

The excess of production over consumption of the year added to the net imports of gold resulted in a net gain to the circulation of less than \$200,000 in gold, but by coinage and net import of coin the metallic circulation gained nearly \$30,700,000 in gold and about \$27,600,000 in silver coin.

California still maintains the second place on the list of gold and silver producing States and Territories, and is likely to do so for some time to come. Its gold fields show no evidence of exhaustion. On the contrary the magnitude of the deposits in the ancient river beds, the number and permanence of quartz lodes, as well as the virgin ground yet undeveloped, insure a golden harvest for many years to come.

Nevada shows a decrease in gold and silver of about \$1,500,000, which is chiefly due to the rapid decline in the yield of the great Comstock lode.

In Idaho the production of gold was slightly less than in the preceding year, but there was a notable increase in silver, due to the development of the mines of the portion of Acturas county known as the Wood River country.

In Montana, as in Idaho, the mining industry has increased in importance, the increased yield having been in silver, which from \$2,630,000 in 1891, is in 1892 \$4,370,000.

In Colorado it has been claimed that there was a large excess of production in 1892 over that of 1891, but an examination of the reports of shipments of ore and bullion and of the smelting works shows that the increase has been in heavy use of the base metals.

Recent Legal Decisions.

RAILROADS—CARRYING FREIGHT.

CONTRACTS FOR THROUGH FREIGHT.—Melons were shipped at Galveston to Chicago in refrigerating cars under an agreement that they should be carried to Chicago in the same cars, but at the end of the first line the cars were broken open, shippers having retained the keys, and the melons were put in the cars of the connecting line which were adapted to their safe transportation. For the loss of the goods, which rotted, the owner sued the first line, and recovered a judgment. The company carried the case in error—Galveston, Houston and Henderson Railroad Company vs. Allison—to the Supreme Court of Texas, where the judgment was affirmed. The Chief Justice, Willier in the opinion, said: "There is a conflict in the testimony as to whether or not the plaintiff agreed with the company that it should be held liable for any damage and the Court charged the jury that if they believe that the company was not to be liable beyond its own route it would not be responsible for any damage beyond its terminus unless it agreed that the melons should be carried in the same car. It has been generally held that where there is no express statute forbidding it a carrier may contract not to be liable for damages which do not occur from the negligence of himself or his servants or agents. But when he undertakes to carry goods not only over his own route but over connecting lines as well he cannot contract that his responsibility may terminate at the end of his own line. He will be responsible for the negligence not only of himself and his servants but for the connecting lines, they being considered his agents for carrying out the particular contract."

An exemption from liability, except for negligence, is, however, available when the carrier forwards the goods consigned to him in the manner and by the route with reference to which the contract is made. If he deviates from his route or forwards the goods by different conveyances from those contemplated by his agreement, he becomes an insurer of the goods, and cannot avail himself of any exceptions made in his behalf in the contract. The contract to forward the melons in this case through Galveston and Chicago on the cars in which they were loaded was an entire contract. By changing the cars after they left the appellant's road the risk of the safe transportation of the melons was assumed by its agents, the connecting line where the change occurred, for the company, and it becomes liable notwithstanding the stipulation against beyond its own terminus."

MALICIOUS PROSECUTION.—PROBABLE CAUSE.—A railroad officer and his company were sued in an action for malicious prosecution in causing the arrest and trial of a dealer in railroad tickets, whom they charged with uttering, altering and forging one limited excursion ticket. The prosecution had failed. In this case the plaintiff recovered a judgment and the defendants carried the case in error—Thein vs. Dorsey—to the Court of Appeals of Maryland, where the judgment was reversed. Judge Irving, in the opinion, said: "The defendant knew the business of the plaintiff, and it was natural for him to suppose that he could not have sold the ticket without seeing what was in the respect to the limitation. And, besides, the ticket bore discernible marks of the error of the limitation. He therefore had reasonable ground for suspicion and belief, upon which he could act in prosecuting the plaintiff. He cannot be held accountable for his prosecution, though the plaintiff was innocent of the charge. The test of want of probable cause is that the defendant must act in bad faith. The evidence that the plaintiff had been engaged in dealing in fraudulent tickets before, to the knowledge of the defendant, was competent, because the defendant might have been influenced by such knowledge to suspect guilt in the prosecution."

A small hydrogen gas balloon, with a capacity of about two gallons, was liberated at Derby and made its way to Gbadno, in Poland, having traveled more than 2000 miles. This is the longest air journey on record for so small an object.

Parliamentary Manners.

There was a time when manners were very bad in the English Parliament, but this was when Parliament had not yet established its supremacy, and it is worth remarking that manners improved from the time when Parliament grew supreme, and when it came to be recognized that this supremacy could only be maintained if on many great questions both parties acted in concert.

Pepps, writing on the 10th of December, 1666, describes a queer scene which he witnessed in the House of Lords: "My Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. The Duke asked whether he was uneasy, Dorchester replied yes, and that the Duke durst not do this if he were any where else. Buckingham replied yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself. Dorchester said that he was lying. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, took him by his periwig, and pulled it aside and held him."

There is nothing so bad as this in the Parliamentary annals of the Georgian era. Chatham issued to have been more feared than any orator of his time, but his invective was carefully measured. Speaking of Newcastle, then Prime Minister, he once asked whether Parliament sat only to register the edicts of one too powerful subject? Hereupon Newcastle is reported to have been frightened almost out of his wits. But this was fair fighting. There was no imputation on Chatham's part of ignoble motives; he simply accused his adversary of the splendid sin of ambition.

Our Parliamentary history abounds with encounters of this sort, in which the thrusts delivered, whether in earnest or in jest, were often hard, but always bestowed according to fair rules, and with an absence of that imitable animus which leaves combatants enemies when the fight is over. Everybody knows the story of Sir Robert Walpole having a dispute with Pulteney about a quotation from Horace. The Minister bet a guinea that his own version was right; "Horace" was sent for, and Sir Robert, proving to be in the wrong, threw down a guinea, which Pulteney pocketed with the remark that it was the only money ever paid by the Minister which a member could accept without shame. The words were not in the best taste, perhaps; but how English the whole scene was and how suggestive of good-humored sparring with the gloves on!

Mingling with the chronicles of Parliamentary jousts, however, are many stories of downright kindness and chivalry in debate, upon which students of Parliamentary history must always dwell with a sincere pleasure. Coming to recent times, nothing could have been better than Mr. Disraeli's pangs in the Chamber after the latter's death, or than Mr. Gladstone's references in Parliament to the death of Lady Beaconsfield. On this occasion the Liberal leader quoted the words, "sunt lacrimæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt," which Fox had also quoted in 1806 during Pitt's last illness, remarking at the same time (though unwise that his great rival was actually dying) to support an amendment to the Address which was going to be moved by Lord Henry Petty. Mr. Disraeli was not long in replying that Mr. Gladstone's generous tribute of respect, for he alluded to him as "the most eminent member of this House," and the same compliment was paid on another occasion to the present Premier by the present Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, who said that, "on whatever points they might differ, everyone would acknowledge the right honorable gentleman of the greatest orators England had produced."—London Times.

Great Mortality among Foundlings.

Unhappy is the lot of the infant deserted by its natural protector and cast upon the mercies of Chicago charity institutions. Of 125 foundlings admitted into the home for the friendless during the year 1892, no less than 97 died in the institution, and several died after being given away to private individuals. For this reason the directors of the home have decided to accept no more babies, and as the foundling's home is already over crowded, the walls of the doorsteps will have nowhere to go. It is evident that some immediate action must be taken for the care of these unfortunate infants, and a magnificent chance for the exertion of public benevolence is opened to the charitable public.

OVER THE ALBUM.

This one is John—that's Cousin Joe; I think she's pretty—do not you? The baby all so plump and rosy Is sister's youngest—little Sue.

Old bald-head! Why, you wratch, that's father. And here is Uncle Jonathan; His ears are long? You needn't bother, Your ears are too long—for a man.

The girl with lovely hair? That's Rena; I like her—what hair is red? As pretty as a sweet verbena?

Oh, pshaw! Now, don't be foolish, Fred. Who is that dried-up-looking creature? Fred Smith, I think you are a brute! You know 'tis I by every feature—You know me by that summer suit.

Well, then, if you're repentant, please, I'll pardon you; now, please, please quit. Miss Jones will notice us at dinner And say, "They've had a kismet!"

Mr. Singleton's Model.

When Cissy Denzil came of age (she was an orphan), she determined that she would indulge her own caprices to the fullest extent. She sent for her aunt, an inoffensive old lady of sixty, to chaperone her, and rented a house in Bryanton Square, not for the sake of the commanding situation; but because it was a dull neighborhood, respectfully fashionable and calculated to exercise a soporific effect on her lively imagination. The agent declared the house to be thoroughly well-drained and upholstered, and, as it happened to be less than a week she had lived in town all her life.

Cissy Denzil undoubtedly possessed a dangerous originality. Without indulging it, she was a constant thorn in her aunt's side. No sooner had Miss Webster recovered from one moral shower-bath than she received another. Now, Miss Webster did not like shower-baths; they gave her cold and interrupted her in the pursuit of the whole duty of woman, which was, in her case, to eat, drink and dress well, to go to church regularly, and to awaken Cissy to a sense of her many shortcomings.

But Cissy merrily refused to be roused. She was not at all overwhipped by her inequities. "I do not see things for myself," she would say. "What is the use of living if I am to be always wrapped up in cotton wool, taken out for an airing, and then brought back again like those impossible dolls which children buy in the Little Italy Arcade? How can I live like this if I do not know what existence really is like? Owing to my ignorance of the world, I shall make some dreadful mistakes, and all that will be all your fault, aunt. Will it not, Mr. Singleton?"

Mr. Singleton was an artist who readily commanded a high price for his pictures. He was an old man, and had known Cissy Denzil from her childhood. To him she was wont to appeal when Miss Webster became plaintiff. Cissy amused him; he amused her; and, provided that he saw they were harmless.

"I did not know that you had such a taste for realism," he replied. "Evidently Miss Webster will have a bad time of it, unless we can cure you."

"Poor aunt!" said the girl, crossing the room and kneeling carelessly at the old lady's feet. "I am sure that I shall some day give you a fit."

"If you want to get a little insight into what human nature really is," said Singleton, jokingly, "come to my study—any morning and study the models. Put on a plain dress and bonnet, and get there early. Ten o'clock will be soon enough. You can easily reach Holland Park Road from here. If you will come, I'll have some of the litter carried away, and you can watch me paint, sit, or do what you like. I often see twenty or thirty models in a day. Patient Griselda, Cardinal Wolsey, Fair Rosamond, Lucretia Borgia and other well-known characters come to me by the dozen. If I don't want them, they try the next studio. Artists are clustered as thickly together up there as lawyers are in Bedford Row. That bareheaded, disguised, very much disguised, sometimes a man with a history—French nobleman who sold papers in the Strand was a frequent sitter of mine; he's dead now, poor fellow."

"I am to sit on the usual terms?" asked Cissy. "What are the usual terms, Mr. Singleton?"

"A shilling an hour, and luncheon found," said Singleton. "In your case, Cissy, the luncheon shall be unexceptionable."

"Agreed," gaily cried Cissy. "Do

not groan, aunt." (Miss Webster always made sepulchral noises when she did not approve of anything.) "There is nothing wrong in going to a studio, especially if it be swept and garnished."

Singleton went away, and speedily forgot all about the matter. Cissy remembered.

The next morning Cissy started for Holland Park Road, intent upon viewing a new phase of existence. She took Rollo with her—an enormous tawny mass, whose head was serenely unconscious of the mischief wrought by his tail among Cissy's dainty bric-a-brac. Rollo was of opinion that all bric-a-brac should be made of tin, cast iron or other solid metals, and testified his joy at being freed from the dangerous vicinity of eggshell china with many a bark and gambol.

Without misadventure this modern Uma and her lion reached Singleton's studio, Cissy's fair face glowing with health and beauty, and Rollo much excited by many a fruitless chase after a which would slip between railings when he had nearly reached them.

Cissy and Rollo entered the studio. There was no one there. Singleton's studio he shared it, in common with Hugh Darrell, a young fellow-artist, though Cissy knew not the fact; was a lofty room, some thirty feet square. It was hung round with the usual artistic properties; bits of old tapestries, the corners, a suit of armor peeped from underneath the glowing hues of a Smyrna carpet, and at the further end of the room was a dais of empty egg-boxes, evidently intended for the models. There was one small picture on an easel, with the face slightly sketched in representing a forlorn-looking damsel—going through a wool.

"Make yourself at home, Rollo," said Cissy; "some one is sure to come presently."

Rollo did so—on the unarmored part of the Smyrna carpet.

"What the deuce is that dog? I beg your pardon," said Darrell, entering the studio suddenly.

"He is my dog," demurely said Cissy. "Is not Mr. Singleton coming today?"

"No; he has been called away to the country. If it is not a rude question, may I ask who you are?"

"Certainly; I am Mr. Singleton's model."

"Then allow me to point out to you, in the politest possible manner in the world, that it is not usual for the dogs—when they have dogs—of young persons who act as models to repose upon a valuable carpet like this."

"Take him off, then," said Cissy, irritated at being called "a young person," and making a sign to Rollo not to move.

Darrell approached Rollo, and measured his length on the floor.

"You see, I am afraid that he will not stir," said Cissy.

Darrell dusted himself in silence. There was a perplexed look on his face. No ordinary model would behave so. "I ought to order you out of the studio," he said, "only the fact is, my model has disappointed me, and I was looking for another when you came in."

"Shall I do?" asked Cissy, very much amused; and picturing to herself Miss Webster's face when she should hear of this adventure.

"What are your terms?" in her most business-like manner.

"Ninepence an hour."

"I think that is rather mean. Mr. Singleton always pays a shilling an hour and luncheon. He told me so."

"Oh! Singleton is rich and famous; I am not."

"I will agree to it if you will give Rollo some lunch."

"Done," he said, laughing at her coolness. He had hitherto regarded her with anything but professional eyes. If he could only transfer that lovely face to canvas he felt certain of success. She was admirably adapted for Ghone, if she would but look sorrowful enough.

"And now, having arranged the preliminaries, what am I to do?" she asked.

"Will you kindly mount the dais?" said Darrell.

"What? Those egg-boxes?"

"Yes."

"Are they not rather uncomfortable?"

"Ghone ought to look uncomfortable. You will be of no use unless you do."

"I never heard that Ghone sat upon egg-boxes. Wasn't she the wife of Paris?"

"Yes; he abandoned her. She comes weeping through the wood. Now imagine that she has been deserted by him; that he has returned to her, wounded by the poisoned arrow of Philoctetes; and that he has refused to heal the wound. Realize this situation."

"I am afraid that I cannot realize all that at once," said Cissy, settling herself as comfortably as she could; "I never did think Paris worth crying about."

Darrell got rid of the former face, and sketched in the new one. He was a young artist of great genius, and really anxious of proving so to the world. It was an exceptional face which he endeavored to copy.

At the end of two hours Rollo leisurely got off the Smyrna carpet and yawned.

"He wants his lunch," said Cissy.

"Oh, very good," said Darrell, helplessly. "That's in the compact, is it not?"

"Yes."

"What does he generally have?"

"Biscuits," sententiously.

"But I haven't any."

"Then you must buy some."

"Cool; for a model," thought Darrell, but he hastened to get his hat.

As he was going out she stopped him.

"My eightpence," she said, holding out a small white hand.

"Are you afraid that I shall not pay you?" he eagerly asked.

"You might not come back," she answered.

He gave her eightpence and went round the corner to the baker's for biscuits. When he returned, she had disappeared, dog and all. No token of her presence remained, but one expensive little glove on the egg-boxes, and a lovely, mournful face peeping out from the canvas.

He took up the little glove curiously, and put it into his pocket.

"Aunt dear," said Cissy, gravely, that evening. "My imagination is quieted at last. I have had an adventure which might have proved a very serious one, only the man was a gentleman. My visit to the artistic world has earned me eightpence."

Darrell took the sketch home and painted with feverish ardor. For some reason, unaccountable to himself even, he never mentioned the matter to Singleton. Ghone was worked at from morning until night. He sent it to the Academy, where it was accepted, and hung in a very good place. The young artist received a dozen offers for it in many days. He declined to part with the picture; it was not for sale, he said, but he would gladly execute commissions.

It chanced one day that he took Singleton to see the reason for his reticence. "Something tells me," he said, earnestly, "that I shall meet that girl again. She was as sweet and true as my own sister. It may seem folly and madness to you, Singleton, but her face haunts me. I shall never forget her."

"I cannot think of any model of that sort, but I know this face," said Singleton, as they halted before the picture. "I knew it when the girl was a little creature of four, and am not likely to forget her now. Where did you see her, Darrell? You have caught the likeness marvellously."

"Ghone seeking Paris," read out a clear sweet voice behind them. "I wonder how I shall look, Aunt? That escapee seems to have had a more lasting result than you imagined."

Singleton turned round. "How do you do, Cissy? Permit me, Miss Webster, to present my friend, Hugh Darrell."

"Time, a year later. Scene, the lake district. Dramatis personæ, young artist and wife, in whom it is easy to recognize Cissy and Hugh Darrell."

"Oh, Hugh," she says, suddenly, taking a pocket from her chain, "here is some money of yours."

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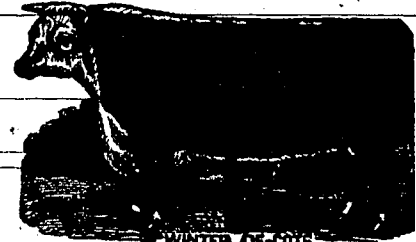
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Camden & Atlantic Railroad

Spring Arrangement—April 18, 1882.

| UP TRAINS. | | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------|------|---------|---------|--|
| STATIONS. | At. Ac. | Mail | Su. Ac. | Ha. Ac. | |
| Philadelphia | 9 20 | 5 50 | 10 20 | 7 35 | |
| Camden | 9 10 | 5 40 | 10 10 | 7 25 | |
| Penna. R. R. Junction | 9 05 | 5 37 | 10 09 | 7 22 | |
| Haddonfield | 8 55 | 5 24 | 9 55 | 7 05 | |
| Berlin | 8 32 | 5 00 | 9 30 | 6 38 | |
| Waterford | 8 20 | 4 45 | 9 18 | 6 25 | |
| Winslow | 8 17 | 4 47 | 9 11 | 6 24 | |
| Hammononton | 8 07 | 4 35 | 9 03 | 6 13 | |
| Da Costa | 8 00 | 4 28 | 8 50 | 6 05 | |
| Elwood | 7 58 | 4 23 | 8 45 | | |
| Egg Harbor City | 7 45 | 4 15 | 8 32 | | |
| Abecon | 7 37 | 4 06 | 8 23 | | |
| Atlantic City | 7 15 | 3 44 | 8 09 | | |
| | 7 00 | 3 30 | 7 55 | | |

| DOWN TRAINS. | | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------|------|---------|---------|--|
| STATIONS. | At. Ac. | Mail | Su. Ac. | Ha. Ac. | |
| Philadelphia | 4 30 | 8 00 | 4 00 | 6 00 | |
| Camden | 4 40 | 8 10 | 4 10 | 6 10 | |
| Penna. R. R. Junction | 4 45 | 8 15 | 4 15 | 6 15 | |
| Haddonfield | 4 55 | 8 25 | 4 25 | 6 25 | |
| Berlin | 5 05 | 8 35 | 4 35 | 6 35 | |
| Waterford | 5 15 | 8 45 | 4 45 | 6 45 | |
| Winslow | 5 20 | 8 50 | 4 50 | 6 50 | |
| Hammononton | 5 25 | 8 55 | 4 55 | 6 55 | |
| Da Costa | 5 27 | 8 57 | 4 57 | 6 57 | |
| Elwood | 5 28 | 8 58 | 4 58 | 6 58 | |
| Egg Harbor City | 5 30 | 8 60 | 5 00 | 7 00 | |
| Abecon | 5 32 | 8 62 | 5 02 | 7 02 | |
| Atlantic City | 5 40 | 8 70 | 5 10 | 7 10 | |

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and a

Careful Supervision of the business

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PROMPT PAYMENT

OF

HONEST LOSSES

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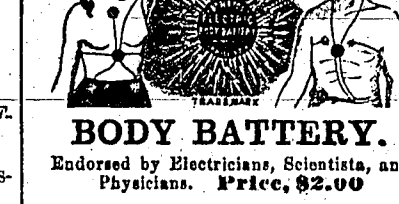
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Philadelphia & Atlantic City

April 29th, 1882.

| DOWN TRAINS. | | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------|------|---------|---------|--|
| STATIONS. | At. Ac. | Mail | Su. Ac. | Ha. Ac. | |
| Philadelphia | 4 45 | 8 00 | 4 00 | 6 00 | |
| Camden | 4 55 | 8 10 | 4 10 | 6 10 | |
| Williamstown Junction | 5 05 | 8 20 | 4 20 | 6 20 | |
| Cedar Brook | 5 15 | 8 30 | 4 30 | 6 30 | |
| Winslow | 5 25 | 8 40 | 4 40 | 6 40 | |
| Hammononton | 5 35 | 8 50 | 4 50 | 6 50 | |
| Da Costa | 5 45 | 9 00 | 5 00 | 7 00 | |
| Elwood | 5 55 | 9 10 | 5 10 | 7 10 | |
| Egg Harbor City | 6 05 | 9 20 | 5 20 | 7 20 | |
| Pleasantville | 6 15 | 9 30 | 5 30 | 7 30 | |
| Atlantic City, Ar. | 6 25 | 9 40 | 5 40 | 7 40 | |

| UP TRAINS. | | | | | |
|-----------------------|---------|-------|---------|---------|--|
| STATIONS. | At. Ac. | Mail | Su. Ac. | Ha. Ac. | |
| Atlantic City | 6 00 | 10 40 | 6 30 | 8 30 | |
| Pleasantville | 6 10 | 10 50 | 6 40 | 8 40 | |
| Egg Harbor City | 6 20 | 11 00 | 6 50 | 8 50 | |
| Elwood | 6 30 | 11 10 | 7 00 | 9 00 | |
| Da Costa | 6 40 | 11 20 | 7 10 | 9 10 | |
| Hammononton | 6 50 | 11 30 | 7 20 | 9 20 | |
| Winslow | 7 00 | 11 40 | 7 30 | 9 30 | |
| Cedar Brook | 7 10 | 11 50 | 7 40 | 9 40 | |
| Williamstown Junction | 7 20 | 12 00 | 7 50 | 9 50 | |
| Camden | 7 30 | 12 10 | 8 00 | 10 00 | |
| Philadelphia | 7 40 | 12 20 | 8 10 | 10 10 | |

The Express leaves foot of Walnut St., Philadelphia, at 4:00 P. M., reaches Hammononton at 5:45, Pleasantville at 6:47, Atlantic City at 7:49. Going up, leaves Atlantic at 7:50 A. M., Pleasantville at 7:14, Elwood 7:40, Hammononton 7:54, reaches Philadelphia at 8:00. The afternoon express stops at Hammononton 5:47.

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