

South Jersey Republican.

VOL. 7--NO. 6.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

2.00 PER YEAR.

Special Notice.

THE TERMS of subscription to the *South Jersey Republican* are as follows:—
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Editor and Publisher:
G. SOMMER & COMPANY.
Associate and Manager.

NODDY'S SITUATION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

Six weeks had come and gone at Brailfield Villa. The advertisement had been inserted five times, but still no answer. A situation as governess is not the easiest thing to obtain. It is something like that of prime minister—there are always plenty of candidates for the office, and most of the candidates (poor things) are about as well fitted for it.

Mr. Frank had more than fulfilled Mrs. Muellier's most sanguine anticipations. He had proved a most attentive cavalier to Julia. He paid respectful deference to her piano performances and to her singing; indeed, he seemed particularly impressed with her rendering of "Twilight Titterings"—a livery, by some noddle or other, that sounded very like fairies hammering in tin tacks. As for music! I am only surprised at Mr. Frank's taste; but I suppose it came new to him on his return from India. He would lounge about smoking, whilst Julia painted flowers or embroidered him a smoking cap. He accompanied her in walks and rambles; he was her attendant at croquet parties and picnics, and morning calls. Julia received these courtesies with gratefulness, and her mother remarked them with inward satisfaction. Nothing afforded Mrs. Muellier more sincere delight than when people began to couple Julia's name with Mr. Geogagan's. They were not actually engaged however; indeed, beyond the courtesies referred to, Mr. Frank had made not the slightest attempt at anything more decisive. But still people will talk, and Mrs. Muellier liked to hear them. People began vaguely to suppose that Julia had made a fortunate hit, and that in all probability and accomplished fact; but they hesitated to do more than hint their belief, without something like foundation. Mrs. Muellier, fully aware of the importance of gossip in the history of daily life, determined to turn it to account. She reasoned thus: Mr. Geogagan is evidently impressed with Julia, but he is a little shy, or dilatory, in coming to the point. In either case, a favorable rumor may do much in bringing about a desirable result. It may encourage him, it may stimulate him.

With this idea, in the course of her next private conversation with Mrs. Sharring, when that lady inquired, with certain friendly nods and elevations of the eyebrows, if she might venture to offer congratulations on a certain fortunate event, Mrs. Muellier gave her unmistakably to understand that she might, although perhaps expressed in that coy language of partial reserve with which women like to enhance the value of private communications.

Now, thought Mrs. Muellier, I know Mrs. Sharring to be the greatest gossip in the neighborhood. She will be certain to spread the news of Julia's rumored engagement far and wide. It will undoubtedly get round to Frank (Geogagan), and will lead him at once to make that proposal for which he seems so ready. So the rumor shall make the fact, and the fact keep the rumor in countenance.

Mentally the subject of Mrs. Muellier's design appeared to be in most genial ignorance. He continued to pay the same respectful attentions to his charming cousin Julia. He took little notice of Noddy, as a consideration for the lady of the house dictated, for he had more than once observed that any slight attention to Miss Gray was visited on her with a glance of disfavor from Mrs. Muellier—when she thought he was not looking. But Frank Geogagan had very quick resources, and could so far round a corner.

As for Noddy, if she owned to herself one feeling at all about the matter, it was just one of sadness that a school girl should render a *maiden* so artificial and constrained, and unlike his real self, as she thought Mr. Geogagan was becoming. But there was another feeling at the bottom of her heart, that Noddy would not own to herself. The wind bloweth where it listeth; you cannot tell whence it comes or where. There were Phœnician ships with sails ever set that carried their owners without care or effort whither they listed.

And in these six weeks Noddy had come to love Mr. Frank. She would not have confessed it to herself; she would have despised herself had she believed it. How was it? Dear Noddy! Is there any better reason to be given for loving anybody than the child's reason—because I do? Must we not all come back to that? Noddy had seen few people; few people had ever taken notice of her, or seemed to think of her as worth talking to or caring about. Mr. Frank always had a word of some sort for her. Many a morning his would catch pleasantly to her as she doctored the room; many a time he would refrain from speaking to her, or of her, before Mrs. Muellier, for her sake. Well, you may say this, or you may put it how you will, but you will have to come back to the little child's reason [at last, for all the wise people in the world who have tried to give any better explanation have talked nonsense, and, what is more, owned it.

Frank Geogagan had made many friends in the neighborhood, and it was not long before one of them congratulated him on his engagement to Julia Muellier. It staggered him at the first; but, bless you! Mr. Frank had his eyes about him. He took it as apocryphal; never said a word to contradict it. He said nothing, do, as this would be a palpable reflection on Mrs. Muellier, by whose tacit endorsement at least he was vouchsafed a report, had obtained currency at all. He just smiled, and thanked his friends, and so gave rounded credence to the report, which

now had received the final stamp of veracity. Mind, I do not defend Mr. Frank's conduct; I only state what he did; and now I am going to tell you what came of it.

Dear reader, you who have followed me thus far—do you think I am telling you fiction? If so, I ought not to make Frank Geogagan a party after the fact to a deceit. There was once an audience that thought the squeak of Archippus more lifelike than that of a real pig. Remember this!

The latter end of August a picnic had been arranged to Chelchell Lake—a most delightful jaunt, and Mrs. Muellier, Julia, and her Indian lover were to go, of course. It so happened, however, at the very last minute, that important business required Mr. Geogagan's attention in London. I need not further relate the nature of the business than to say it was understood to be something in connection with the Indian Reclamation of Land Company, and that it was urgent. It was not a letter that summoned Mr. Geogagan, but a printed notice, stating that in consequence of the sudden depreciation of shares (which had previously gone up many hundred percent above their paid-up value), a heavy call was to be made on the shareholders.

Mind,—once more. It is not for me to defend Mr. Geogagan. I take the facts as they come. I cannot apologize for facts, and won't. I was settled that Mrs. Muellier and her daughter were to go to the picnic, while Mr. Geogagan went to London to transact business. Mr. Frank never went near the metropolis at all; he just marched over to Mr. Sharring's to smoke a cigar. And when the house was clear Noddy sat down at her books to study teaching.

It has been said Mrs. Muellier knew Mrs. Sharring for a gossip. Mr. Frank at once knew Mr. Sharring for one. With this knowledge, how it was he went and confided to such a man the state of his affairs, I must leave you to guess.

Over their cigars he stated something like this to Mr. Sharring: "The fact is, this. Every penny I could get together I put into the Indian Land Reclamation scheme. The shares went up fabulously, till a hundred pounds became worth thousands. The scheme was feasible, and likely to succeed and to pay at any premium the shares could go to, it was so good. I had every confidence in it. Suddenly, a panic comes, the shares drop nearly to par before we in England can get the intelligence, and we are called on to pay up our amounts. Now, I know you are accustomed to advance money on security, will you lend me three thousand pounds on a deposit of shares to twice the amount?"

"Ah, my young friend," said Mr. Sharring, "you see that your way and the way of your ancestors—here you go and invest yourself in the rashest of speculations without a chance of success, as independent as you can be all the time, your self alike. Then you get into a hole as we say—and you come to me to help you out. Look you, your shares are not worth that, and he snipped his fingers. "Three thousand pounds? Three thousand fiddles, sir."

"But," said Mr. Frank, "it is only a temporary depression, owing to a panic; the scheme is a good one, the shares will go up again."

"Yes, like a gunpowder mill. The whole affair will explode, that will be the next rise, and the only one. I'm sorry for you, sorry for you, sir," Mr. Sharring gently emphasized his sorrow by tapping it out with his finger-points on the table, "I thought you had better judgement. You are just like a moth. You have been dazzled with a glittering prospect, and rushed straight into the flame. Now you complain that your wings are singed."

"Pardon—I have not complained. I do not believe my case so bad as you represent, and I do not yet despair of making you see it in a different light. Rumor may have informed you that I have been so fortunate as to secure the affections of Miss Muellier. I have not made minute inquiries as to the amount of that young lady's fortune, not wishing to appear mercenary, but I have every reason to suppose, from the style in which her mother and herself are living, and from the fact of her being an only daughter, that she will receive a handsome portion on her marriage. If you take this into consideration, you may be disposed to look upon my security as at least sufficient to cover the loan I seek."

Mr. Sharring was silent for a minute. "That is how the wind blows, is it?" he thought. "So you fancied you had got hold of a fortune, my fine fellow; and Mrs. Muellier, on her part, was of very much the same opinion respecting you. Why, the girl won't have a penny! As if the style in which a woman lives, who has a daughter to marry, could be the least criterion of her means! You know very little of the world, Mr. Frank." But he remarked aloud: "I have certainly heard of your happiness in that respect, but you will hear in mind you are not yet married to Miss Muellier. There's many a slip you know. And in addition to this, I have every reason to believe that whatever may be the extent of Miss Muellier's fortune, it would be placed beyond her husband's control."—"That is about the nearest way I can put it without injuring the young lady," he thought. "For that matter, her fortune is beyond anybody's control!" And he smiled and tapped the table again.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Frank.
"Well, sir?"
"Then I am to understand that you refuse to entertain the question?"

"Entirely. I don't discount possibilities, but only extreme probabilities. It is not in my line."

"I need not remind you, at any rate,

that the subject of our conversation is private," said Frank.

"And confidential. Certainly. May I offer you another cigar?—No?—Well, if you must be going, good morning, sir."

"Private and confidential—stuff and nonsense!" Mr. Sharring observed to himself, as soon as he was alone. "That's all very fine, young gentleman, but is it right Mrs. Muellier should get just a hint that her great catch is a very little fish that had better be thrown into the river again. I will tell Mrs. Sharring, and trust her to make use of the information."

Mr. Frank went back to Brailfield, and found Noddy sitting in the window, trying hard to perfect herself in the mysteries of the accordance of French participles passés. She was huddled up with her book in her lap, her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands.

"Noddy!"

"What, not gone to London? Have you missed the train, Mr. Geogagan?"

"No, neither: I was not going. Put on your bonnet and come out for a walk."

"She hesitated."

"Come, put away your books. The walk will do you good, and Julia will not be jealous."

Still she hesitated; she thought of Mrs. Muellier.

"Come, Noddy, I'm in difficulty and some trouble, and I think you can help me. So put away those books."

Noddy hesitated no longer. In two minutes, she was ready, and came down with a calm wise expression on her little face, ready to help.

They set out and walked for nearly half an hour without a word. Noddy remembered that she was waiting for help or advice of some kind, and so was quiet, waiting to hear. Through pleasant cornfields, glistening like seas of restless gold, while the warm summer breath passed over the ripe ears, and bowed them in long fleeting waves, where on the cloud shadows floated, wide, swelling waves that calmly rolled the sunshine along to cool ready music, as the breeze played on the heavy grain, and burning poppies were upheaved or borne under by the chasing waves. By hedges, bright with summer flowers, and cool with ferns and creeping green. Along paths patterned over with the moving shadows of oak, and elm and willow.

"Noddy, what would you say if I told you I was ruined?"

"I should say I didn't believe you."

"All the property I have in India is in the 'Anglo-Waddy Company' for the reclamation of land from the sea. I doubt if I shall ever see a sixpence of it again."

Mr. Sharring told me to-day the share certificates are not worth the paper they were printed on."

"Well," said Noddy, "I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

"All that?—No, I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

"All that?—No, I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

"All that?—No, I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

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"All that?—No, I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

"All that?—No, I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

And Noddy was quiet too. She had something on her mind she wished to say, but hardly liked to mention it. However, she began: "If you mean what you say, you will not remain much longer here."

"I shall not remain much longer here," he echoed abstractedly.

"You will begin at once to strike out a new path, as a brave man should; and you will walk as straight, and feel as proud as a man ought who feels he is neither ruined nor disgraced, when he has only lost his money."

"Gently, Noddy. People don't like to see too much of this sort of thing in any but the right way."

"Then people are wrong, and must be shown so. But what I want to say is this: If you have lost all your money, you may have expenses to meet, and one thing and another that may harass you, and prevent you from starting clear."

Mr. Frank nodded. "Quite so," he said, and shook his head gravely.

"Well, would you mind,—that is, if I lent you twenty pounds of my property,—would you be certain to pay it back to me again somewhere?—I can't spare more very well, as I want ten pounds of it to get myself ready for the situation I am looking for. But I thought it might come in handy."

"Just so," said Mr. Frank, and shook his head again gravely; "there's no doubt about it."

"You see I should not have proposed it, but I should charge you interest, and that would do away with all obligation."

"Entirely," Mr. Frank coincided; "that would be a regular commercial transaction. And the interest would be?"

"Three per cent,—the same as the bank gives."

"And you would require my note of hand for the amount?"

"No," said Noddy, laughing at the idea as absurd; "I can trust you for that."

"What? for nearly all your property?"

"Yes, because it would not ruin me if I lost it."

"Well, I will take your money Noddy, it will be very acceptable, but I won't cheat you."

"No," Noddy said, "I hope you won't, for I look upon it as safe as the bank."

Mr. Frank laughed.

So it was settled that Noddy should draw her money from the bank the following day.

"You are a good little friend, Noddy," Mr. Frank said, as she walked home.

"No," Noddy said, "I hope I should have done as much for any one."

Noddy meant to tell the truth. Mr. Frank, she hoped, she would, but I am not at all certain she would. However, she had never before felt so rich as at the prospect of helping Mr. Frank. Her twenty pounds seemed to her quite a large property, and she almost jumped to the conclusion that it would go a good way toward making a prosperous man of Mr. Geogagan again.

Mrs. Muellier and Julia returned from the picnic party rather bored. It was awfully slow, Julia decided, and "so many stuck-up girls that it was quite horrid."

Mr. Geogagan spent the evening listening to Julia's narrative with much apparent appreciation and interest as though he had not been unsuccessful in his attempts to raise the loan he wished from Mrs. Sharring.

CHAPTER IV.

One day passed—two days—three days, with little word of remark. Then Mrs. Muellier, becoming impatient at receiving no replies to the advertisement respecting Noddy, Frank, made a call on Mrs. Sharring to consult her about some immediate steps for getting Noddy out. At the close of her visit, Mrs. Sharring imparted the bit of news she had been burning to tell, but yet treasured up—for her last communication,—namely, that on the most reliable authority her Indian nephew was not worth a dozen rupees, and that he had actually attempted to raise a loan on his prospective marriage with Miss Muellier.

"Quite absurd, you know," said Mrs. Sharring; "but it just shows what he is worth."

"But I know he has money," Mrs. Muellier protested indignantly. "I'm certain of it. That Reclamation Company is a wonderfully good thing, and I know his money is in that. I have made every inquiry."

"Exactly. But that is the very reason. The Anglo-Waddy Company has gone to entire ruin. My husband says the shares are not worth sixpence."

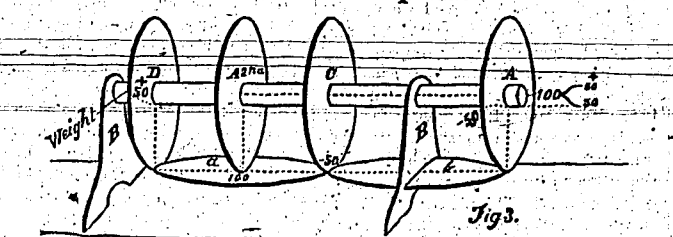
This was a great blow for Mrs. Muellier, especially remembering that she had only herself to blame for promulgating the report of Julia's engagement, to this adventurer. The one little bit of comfort she had remaining was, that Mr. Geogagan had been as much deceived in thinking Julia had expectations as she had been with him. But that did not mend the matter, which presented itself to her mind in the light of a most atrocious take-in, and she said so.

"Well, but," said Mrs. Sharring, "the Company was prospering when he left India, and there is no reason to suppose he has been guilty of intentional deception."

"What has that to do with it? How does that make any reparation for the injury it has caused to my daughter's prospects? Everybody knows of the engagement, and people will talk! It is about the worst thing that could happen to Julia to break it off now; but it must be done at any cost. And a most fortunate escape it will be!"

Mrs. Muellier returned to tea at Brailfield Villa, outwardly calm and cool, but

Verticle Multiplier.



We some weeks ago mentioned the invention of a machine, called the "Verticle Multiplier," by which speed was gained with less loss of power than usual. The peculiarity of the machine is that the wheels are all of the same size, yet by the action of one on another, speed is increased so that while the first is revolved once, the third revolves three times.

The above is a diagram of the machine. A and A2, are fast to the shaft; C and D turn loosely on it, B turns on a pivot in its centre, and is connected by cogs with A and C. A turns on a pin going through its centre into the circumference of A2, and as A2 revolves with the shaft C is carried over with it. Now when A is revolved, the shaft revolves with it turning A2 once, and thereby causing a to revolve twice on its pin, and the two motions united A2 once with the shaft and twice on its pin—gives three revolutions to D.

The power is economized as follows:—100 lbs. applied on A passes via shaft and A2 to the pin carrying a where it divides, 50 going via the outer side of a to D where it is balanced by a weight of 50. The other 50 going via the inner side of a to the fulcrum C and balancing there as indicated by the dotted lines.

This is disputed. It has been claimed by some that it would require 150 lbs applied on A to produce 50 lbs on D. As we see it, this cannot be so. It is probable the question will be discussed hereafter.

as may be imagined, in not the most placid serenity of mind. She made not the slightest alteration in her behavior to Mr. Geogagan, who appeared in very fair spirits, and entirely unsuspecting of the coming storm.

Mrs. Muellier was a woman of quick action; a course once resolved on with her was put into execution immediately. When tea was finished she blandly requested Noddy and Julia to leave the room. Her manner of doing this was so marked that had Mr. Frank not been deeply interested in a book he was reading on the sofa, he might have had his suspicions aroused.

When they were alone Mrs. Muellier commenced: "Mr. Geogagan, will you do me the favor to pay attention to a few words I have to say?"

"I am all attention," said Mr. Frank, dropping his book and drawing himself comfortably on to the sofa-cushion.

"When you invited yourself as my guest I had not the slightest idea that you would place me in a false position."

"Nor I," said Mr. Frank resignedly, his hands languidly crossed, with the air of a martyr.

"I had no idea that you would avail yourself of my hospitality to betray the confidence naturally reposed in a visitor."

Mrs. Muellier paused expecting an answer; but Mr. Frank was silent.

"Or," she continued, "I should not have extended towards you that hospitality, you will excuse my being plain, but it is my duty to be so."

Mr. Frank extended his hands and bent his head, as deprecating such an apology. "Your conduct towards my daughter Julia has been most heartlessly cruel."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Frank.

"Pardon me, I don't wish to be interrupted. Most heartlessly cruel. You have paid her marked attentions at home and abroad, and have given currency to a most undesirable report that you were engaged to her, without any reference whatever to my wishes or feelings. I do not, of course, pretend to know the extent to which you have influenced her mind, or the hold you may have succeeded in obtaining over her affections; but I must say you have no right to promulgate a report that, in my opinion, is injurious to my daughter's prospects."

"I have paid your daughter no more attention than ordinary courtesy to a relative would dictate. As to an engagement, I have not thought it needful to make a reference to you on the subject, Mrs. Muellier, not having had the slightest notion of such a thing, until I heard the report you allude to, which certainly did not originate from me."

"It is most singular how such a report could have obtained currency had you given no occasion for it," said Mrs. Muellier.

"There I agree with you; and significantly also," said Frank.

"And significantly also. Had your attentions to Julia been restricted to home courtesies, it might have been less so. But when you seek on the strength of such a report, previously disseminated by you, to use your rumored engagement as the security on which to borrow money, it becomes still more than significant; it becomes conclusive of something that is detestably disgraceful."

Mrs. Muellier paused, wishing for an answer to a shot that combined truth and falsehood so deftly that she knew it would land; but there was only one answer Mr. Frank could have given at the moment. If it had been a man who had stung him like this, Mr. Frank would have knocked him down; but as it was a lady, he was silent.

"In entering my household," Mrs. Muellier proceeded, "you led me to believe that you were at least in as prosperous a position as I had reason to believe you were some years ago. It is useless to say you did not actually state this in so many words; you led me to believe it, and took no pains to dissipate such a belief. Such conduct I can only characterize as the basest duplicity. You then sought, by the cunning artifice of a hinted engagement with my daughter, to mortgage her expectations as well as to injure her prospects. Such a proceeding I can only characterize as contemptible and systematic villainy. Your future course, whilst you remain in my house—"

But Mr. Frank just walked into the hall, took his hat, and exhibiting a peculiar address on an envelope, gave it to the servant Miss Gray, and walked out, leaving his luggage and personal effects to be sent after him.

The note contained only an acknowledgment of the sum of twenty pounds borrowed from Noddy.

Many years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner, he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys playing marbles. On seeing him approach, they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles the minister had come up close to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy, who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I want you to notice.

"He might have said to him, 'What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath! Don't you deserve to be punished?' But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, 'Have you found all your marbles?'"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you." Whereupon he knelt down and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so, he remarked, "I liked to play at marbles when I was a little boy, very much, and I think I can beat you; but, he added, 'I never play marbles on Sunday.'"

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said, "I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"In such and such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man, "I am the minister myself, and if you'll come with me, I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty, I can't go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump—why not wash?"

Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped, and pumped, and the boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean pocket handkerchief and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "but it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirty."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday school.

Twenty years after, the minister was walking in the streets of a large city, when a tall man tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being so dirty to go to school, and you pumped for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained a position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you and say that it is to your kindness, and wisdom, and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively, that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and that I am at the present day."

Advertisements.

The circulation of the *South Jersey Republican* is much larger than the usual average of country village papers. It is the only paper published in Atlantic County, and is a desirable advertising medium. Advertisements are taken at the rates of—

Special rates are taken to exclude all objectionable advertisements from our columns. Advertisements in *Black Columns* (Tobacco, Rye, &c.) are taken at 100% extra. Special notices, &c., are taken at 150% extra. Rates furnished on application.

A GRAND SIGHTING.—The untold adventures who roam the deserts of Central Africa little imagine what a surprise the indefatigable M. Lesseps is preparing for them. During the progress of the works at Suez he dispatched a number of engineers to the desert of Sahara to ascertain the exact difference between the level of that tract of country and the surface of the Red Sea. The surveying party on their return reported a declivity of 27 metres, which is presumed to become still greater further inland. M. Lesseps now suggests the possibility of letting the water of the Red Sea into the interior of Africa by means of a canal, and thus converting this hitherto almost unexplored desert into a large inland lake, which would afford easy access to the fertile countries surrounding it. The good consequences of such an achievement, in a commercial sense would doubtless be vast; but to the present inhabitants of the country the project would be fraught with obvious inconvenience.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HEADS AND POINTS.—Two soldiers of the 14th Ohio regiment found a bottle of whisky while they were on picket duty; and when they came into camp were pretty well set up. When they laid themselves down to sleep they found they had made a mistake, and the following conversation took place:—

"Jim, you are lying with your feet in my face—get up and change."

"No, Joe, you are lying with your feet in my face—you get up and change."

"No, you change," &c.

At last they agreed that both should get up and change, which was accordingly done. In five minutes the same conversation began.

"Jim, your feet are still in my face—get up and change."

"Well, that's strange, your feet are in my face—you change."

"Let's both change."

And change they did, five times, while the other boys in the tent were choking with laughter, at the comical earnestness of the two men to lie right side up with care.

SEA WEED.—A French agriculturist proposes that the vessels occupied during the summer in cod fishing, should in other seasons be employed in collecting and transporting to the Azores the sea weed which is to be found in large quantities west of those islands. The sea weed, it is asserted, covers in dense masses a space seven times larger than all Germany. Analysis has discovered that these weeds possess the same fertilizing qualities as the weeds employed for manure on the coasts of France. The vessels, it is proposed, shall convey these marine plants to the Azores, where they could be pressed and dried, and the potato and other salt extracted. These floating meadows, it is estimated, will produce every year sufficient matter to manure over 1,350,000,000 acres.

THE TAYLOR JUG.—Do you know what it is? Dr. T

