

## Special Notice.

THE TERMS of subscription to the *Republican* will hereafter be as follows:

- \$2.00 per year in advance.
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The paper will be sent to you at the end of the time paid for, when so ordered. Otherwise it will be sent till an order to discontinue it is received, and all arrears paid, according to law.

D. H. SNOW, Editor and Publisher.

## The Husband Outwitted. OR, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time each day spent in the company of Mr. Maxwell, the gentleman Miss Elsworth's old friend, Ned Whittaker, had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him, had strolled with him, or ridden with him along the shores on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing rooms.

Miss Elsworth was not a flirt, who distributed her likings among many gentlemen; and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Maxwell. Only, the evening before, their talk had withdrawn itself from general topics, which to each other had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness, she had encouraged an approach to that personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now to find Mr. Maxwell this morning, with his cattaf and Miss' s apron engaged in mending a lock! He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza, where the fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was toward her as she approached, leaning on the arm of her friend, Annie West. She recognized him, looking intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Maxwell?"

"I do, Miss Elsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blushed a little. "Your trade?" she said faintly.

"My trade, Miss Elsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him."

The party of girls came along just then. After wondering at Mr. Maxwell while laughing at him, they proposed a ride. There were three carriages among them all; these would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

"What the deuce are you about here?" he exclaimed to Mr. Maxwell. "Ah, he added, as the latter turned and glanced at him; but while you are here you might as well enjoy yourself."

Mr. Maxwell excused himself from joining the party, and they all went away leaving him to complete his work.

Miss Elsworth left him without a word at parting.

"It is well," he muttered to himself. "If she cannot take me as I am she is not worthy of me. The woman that marries me must take me for myself."

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back. He gave his shoulder a sharp, compressed hiss, uttered a cynical "humph!" and turned to finish his work.

"Let it be so," he muttered, when he was through, and was putting on his coat.

"I thought perhaps I had found a woman after my own heart. But let it be so. Amidst the world of wealth and fashion, she, too, has lost her soul. Let her go."

He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition. When she entered the drawing room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whittaker. Ned in passing to and fro between Miss Elsworth and him, served still a sort of link between them.

"You are a cynical fellow," said Ned one day. "Why don't you take people as they are? You will find good enough in them."

"But they don't take me as I am; that is the trouble."

"Pooh! You see yourself that she allows no other culture to accompany her. Don't you see that she is alone, or with the girls now of the time?"

"Her heart is full of vanity."

"Pshaw! She is trained to luxurious notions; that's all."

Maxwell's trunk was awaiting him and the stage, outside on the piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials "G. W." Miss Elsworth passing that way, saw the initials—not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutinizing the trunks that lay togther in a pile—and who she saw the initials she started and turned pale. She roared herself, and withdrew with her companion a little way, and then stood still and watched. Soon Maxwell came out with Ned, upon the piazza. He turned to turn his eyes toward her, and their eyes met—not for the first time since she had set him while he was at work upon the oak. She did not turn away her eyes. She bowed. He approached her and bid her good-bye.

What the conversation was, that ensued between the two when they were left alone by means of Ned's ingenuity in splitting away the rest of the company, is unknown, save the following:

"But I am a locksmith," said Maxwell.

"No matter."

"Are you willing to live—the wife of one who, with his hands, earns his daily bread?"

"I am willing to undergo anything to be with you. I have suffered enough. I long the last few days I have learned what it is to despair of being mated to the one I love."

"But your mother—your father?"

"Unless I am willing to leave them for

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your sake I am not worthy of you."

"But the loss of wealth, position, of the surroundings of refinement?"

"Do not say anything more. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might put obstacles in your way!"

"I am willing this hour—this minute."

"They still think you are wealthy—as I did."

"Come, then, we will go our way with Ned, and become before the world what we now are in spirit—husband and wife; and then, at once, we will take the cars for the home I have for you—home which, though lowly, will make happy."

"Whither you go, I will go."

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering-place chapel, with the wicked Ned committing them to the mischief. The next train sped them to the city.

"I will show you to the shop where I work," said Maxwell, when the carriage which they took at the depot had drawn up before one of a long line of brown stone houses, in a splendid part of the city.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps at the door.

"Mean?" he replied, that this is the home, and this the workshop."

And he led her in, and among other rooms to which he conducted his wife, was one fitted up as a workshop, where, as he said, he was accustomed to indulge his love for mechanical work after having, he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Maxwell stood and looked at him intently.

"This is your house!" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"And you are not poor but rich?"

"You speak the truth, Mrs. Maxwell."

"And why did you play the jest upon me?"

"To see whether you really loved me for my own sake."

"Ah, pretty, indeed! And suppose you don't love me?"

"But I do."

"Humph!"

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

"Now invite your father and mother to come and see us," said Maxwell, after the clouds had somewhat cleared away.

"I will—I will," she replied. "But first you must go with me to see them, and pacify them in view of what we have done."

"Very well."

In a few days they started out in the carriage on their errand. Mrs. Maxwell gave the directions to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing equality of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up before a miserable-looking tenement-house, and stopped.

"Where the deuce are you taking me?" asked Maxwell, looking sharply at his wife.

"Come and see," she replied, as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

"Here, wait," he exclaimed, after his first hesitancy, "let me get out first and help you out. What does this mean?"

"Follow me," was the reply.

She led him up stairs—up up, through thongs and dirt, and snails, to the fourth story. Here she opened the door without knocking, and the two entered. The woman was dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place. The man was clad more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which, certainly, was full half a dozen years old.

"My husband, Mr. Maxwell: my father and Mother, brothers and sisters," said Mrs. Maxwell, introducing all parties.

Maxwell stood and stared without speaking.

"Ask their pardon, George, for running away with me," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"Who are they?"

"Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you?"

"Who were those at the watering place?"

"Some wealthy people who had seen me at the milliner's where I sewed for a livelihood—served my trade, George—and fancied my appearance, dressed me up, and took me there with them."

"You just!"

"Do I? Do I, Indeed? These people seemed to recognize me as a daughter and a sister. Just, Indeed!—You will find that out!"

"You are too cultivated, too tasteful, too fine-featured!" "All this," said Mrs. Maxwell, "a milliner may be, or a sewing girl. Look for yourself among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need is dress."

Maxwell bit his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and turning away, left the room, slaming the door violently behind him.

His wife took off her hat and cloak, and threw herself down at a table, and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened again, and Maxwell put in his head.

"You have deceived me," he said, "but come, you are my wife, I will try and bear it."

She sprang up to her feet and confronted him.

"Your wife, am I?" she exclaimed, and doomed to live with man who does not love her, but was in love with her circumstances. "No, sir, you may get—I will not live a wife for myself—your must take me this, or I will stay. Still I can work."

He closed the door and retired down stairs to the street, clutching his hands and his teeth as he went.

"The horrible disgrace of it," he muttered. "The decision that will be my lot. And then to marry such a girl!"

But at the street door he tarried. He had to struggle with himself all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up the stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

"My wife," he whispered in her ear, "such you are and ever shall be before God and before the world."

"Now I begin to think that you love me," she said, smilingly at his face. "You do love me? You really think you do George?"

He clasped her more tightly to him.

"Come then," said she, "though of such parents as these, poor as they are, I should not feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them. Shake hands with them, George, they are worthy people."

And he shook hands with them, and what is more he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening in Mr. Maxwell's house; a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth, and young lady acquaintances of the watering place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor, let it be stated, were Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

"I say, George," said Ned, whispering in Maxwell's ear, "two can play at that game, can't they?"

Maxwell took Ned's jocundity very soberly. "Yes," said he, after a few moments of thoughtfulness, "and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools, the pride of wealth makes of us all. I thought she ought to have taken me regardless of my circumstances, for myself alone, and without hesitation, even. And, yes, when she tested me, I myself was found wanting."

Ned shrugged his shoulders dubiously. "I think I have learned the lesson," Maxwell added.

(For the South Jersey Republican.)

An Invitation.

By L. M. Jr.

Come, love, with me beneath the tree  
Where leaps the brooklet by!

The blossoms bloom, when there, they beam;

To mirror the violet sky,

We'll sit to its musical voice and clear,

By its pearly banks, and rocks that rear

From sandy beds, their mossy heads,

To cover the sylvan stream.

Proud Iris shows her purple flowers

Down its dancing wave;

And golden trout there dart about;

From each watery-grot and cave;

W'd silently steal to the bunting bird's nest,

And w'd watch the bird's hasty breast;

Till with a spring, her dazzling wing

Would burst up its dewy feathers.

We'll lift a leaf—and see beneath—

Ach! dainty right to see!

Two pearl-like spheres, like marble tears

Drop from the eye of Hyperion play;

W'd rise with the sun, the bark and the flower,

And w'd waste through perfume of joy clover;

Each flower would smile on thee the while;

And dry up its dewy tears.

Mid forest shade we'll seek the glade,

Where the wild thimble-berry blazes blue;

There'll come a burst of parsnips past,

The flower, and her third kiss.

The dower will rub on to the brink of day

Where the wavy beams of Hyperion play;

He'd shine more bright in borrowed light

From the glow which thy warm cheek cast.

We'll learn to trace a lady race;

That lurk in the trees, and with each brose

Keep sighing their sylvan lays.

Therelike will chirp the glow-worm's light;

A star! the fire fly flashes through the night;

Astria



## Bachelor Crane's Leap-year.

Never surely was there a wainer man ever born into this vale of tears than Jonas Crane, M. D., surnamed Bachelor Crane by the young ladies of the village of Wilson, in which he condescended to dwell.

Whole heartombs of fair ones had been sacrificed to his attraction, if you might take his word for it, and further heartombs would be sacrificed in the future, if he but chose to give them the opportunity. He had but to look at any woman once or twice to "eye her over," as "Simon Tapperton" used to say of the locksmith's pretty daughter, in "Barnaby Rudge," and straightway she was harassed as a victim at his triumphant chariot wheels. No railing, no disputing his evidence, could shake his faith on this point. It was "Fear, Vidi, Vici," wherever Jonas appeared, and the ladies must look to themselves in consequence!

Now, in face and figure, Jonas was not at all unlike the bird that was his namesake. His body was long, lean, and withered, mounted on two ridiculous spindle shanks, and surmounted by a small, narrow head, thatched with a scanty tuft or two of rusty brown hair. His eyes were small, green, and peering in their glances; his nose, large, hooked, and of a deep crimson hue for Jonas was no friend to the absurd new liquor law; his nearly toothless mouth was like a wide gash or gap in the centre of his face, and his skin sloped hockily backward, as if heartily ashamed of all that was about it. His neck was long and scraggy, his shoulders sloped and his shoulder-blades stuck out; he had prominent knuckles, and great red bony hands—knuckles, knaps, splat, ect., and an incurable stutter—and yet Jonas looked at himself fondly in the glass each day, and did not wonder that the ladies were dying on every side, for love of attractions like these.

"Wait till leap-year, and you will see!" Jonas would say, when any of his juvenile friends seemed to doubt the power of his fascination. "I'll give the woman a hint when that time comes, that they may speak! And you'll see!"

The gentleman told the ladies of this boast as a mere matter of course, and equally as a mere matter of course, the ladies were ready to tear Jonas into ten thousand pieces for his impertinence. They met in solemn conclave that very evening at the house of Willow Gray, a bright-eyed lady of thirty, whom Jonas believed to be more sorely smitten with him than all the rest. And when they separated, late at night, the widow's hearty laugh rang again in the air, "Good night all!" encrined. "Wait till leap-year, and Mr. Jones shall see!"

Then came, in just two weeks, and the day passed on so quickly that Jonas was perfectly thunderstruck. "No letters!" no messages, no Willow Gray rushing headlong over to throw herself into his arms! What the mischief could it mean?

But at seven P. M. his troubles began. His house-keeper, coming in to clear away his supper tray, plumped suddenly down on her knees, held out her hands and sniffed, "Oh, master, dear!" with an unutterable look at him.

"Get up, old fool!" said Jonas.

The woman rose.

"It's all that minx of a Widow Gray," quoth she. "There she is ringing now. I've a great mind not to let her in. You'd better take me, Jonas. She won't mend your stockings half so well as I do."

"Leave the room!" shouted Jonas.

She obeyed. He snatched up a book, put himself into an attitude, and waited for the widow.

"She's a pretty woman, and she's rich. I'll have her if she pleads very hard. And then I won't practice any more, I'm sickas a dog of it already," he thought, as he tied his cravat, and ran his fingers through his hair.

The door opened. In came the widow, her grey eyes all alight with fun. And she too, went down on her knees before him, just as he had prophesied to those who were living men.

"Jonas," she said softly, "there are a great many of us who love you. We have talked it all over together, and we are ready to do just as you say. It won't do to take one; you must take all. What do you say?"

She pushed open the door as she spoke, and disclosed to his horrified gaze a kinsmen rank of women and girls, four abreast, receding from the parlor door to the foot of the stairs, and then on again into the office, which was positively crammed with suitors for his hand! His house-keepers in the secret also—knelt in the front rank and stretched out her arms to him with an imploring look, and a winning smile.

"Why—what—the—th—that mischief do you all mean?" yelled Jonas, appalled at the unexpected sight. "Are you all crazy or what?"

"Oh, Jonas, dear," sighed the pretty widow. "I wouldn't po here, you know, but we are going to leave everything to you. We can go to Utah, you know—and Brigham Young!"

"Brigham Young! Utah! Be a Mormon! And I'm to take all you women! Oh! good gracious! Let me get out of this!" screamed the affrighted Jonas.

And as the widow advanced to embrace him, he flung the window open, and leaped wildly out. A cheer greeted him from a crowd of men outside, and Jonas ran like deer for the station, where the train was just departing. He sold his practice the next week, and has never been seen in Wilson since.

"Why don't you trade with me?" said a close-fisted tradesman the other day. The reply was characteristic. "You have never asked me, sir. I have looked all through the papers for an invitation in the shape of an advertisement, and found none. I never go where I am not invited."

"The New York Mail says: 'Low-necked shirts are pronounced the style for nice young men.' Let our readers imagine a sweet-looking youth, with his half-pinted-in-the-centre, with a bottle of grape-jam to keep the hats in position, a breast-heated case—and a low-necked shirt. Oh, you dear little creature!"

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