

# South-Jersey Republican

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HAMMONTON, N. J., DECEMBER 10, 1887.

NO. 50

## THE WALMER HOUSE,

Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

Open at all seasons, for permanent and transient boarders. Large airy rooms. First-class table. Verandas and balconies to every room. Plenty of Shade. Pure Water. Stabling for horses. **Special Rates for Families for the Season.** For terms, address—**WALMER HOUSE,** Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey. (Lock-Box 75)

Presents for All.

## COOK, THE JEWELER,

Has goods enough, and is willing to supply you all with presents for your friends. He is determined to sell you goods at least as low as they can be bought in the city.

COME EARLY—don't wait until the last day.

## Ornamental CLOCKS and BRONZES.

Many very Beautiful Pieces of Silverware.

A LARGE LINE OF

## JEWELLERY

Of the Latest and Prettiest Designs.

GOLD PENS and PENCILS, etc., etc.

It is a Fact

That nine-tenths of the buildings painted in Hammonton, the last four years, (and they number two hundred, were painted with

## Hammonton Paint,

Manufactured by

**JOHN T. FRENCH,**

Hammonton Paint Works, Hammonton, N. J.

**M. L. Jackson Sells**



All Vegetables in their Season.

His Wagons run through the town and vicinity

## BOOKS, THREE CENTS EACH!

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, printed from good readable type on good paper, and many of them handsomely illustrated. They are without exception the cheapest books ever published in any kind of language, and furnish to the masses of the people an opportunity to secure the best literature of the day at the most trifling expense. In any other series these great works would cost many times the price at which they are here offered. Each one is complete in itself.

**Wonders of the World, Natural and Moral.** Contains descriptions and illustrations of the most wonderful works of nature and of man. Very interesting and instructive. **Wonders of the Sea.** A description of the many wonderful and beautiful things found at the bottom of the ocean, with precise illustrations.

**"A Pleasant Excursion," and Other Sketches.** By "JOHN ALLEN'S WIFE." A collection of interestingly funny sketches by the most popular humorist of the day.

**The Aunt Keats Papers.** By "JOHN ALLEN'S WIFE." A most amusing and funny book in every way worthy of "Widow Reddy."

**Christmas Stories.** By "JOHN ALLEN'S WIFE." Contains a number of the most charming Christmas stories ever written by the greatest writer who ever lived. Each one is beautifully illustrated.

**Round the Evening Lamp.** A book of stories, pictures, and songs, for the little folks at home.

**Popular Fables and Fables.** A book of stories, pictures, and songs, for the little folks at home.

**The Self-made Men of Modern Times.** Contains the life and adventures of the most successful men of the age, from the time of Franklin to the present.

**Familiar Questions.** Contains the best and most interesting answers to the most common questions asked by the people.

**Low Life in New York.** A series of colored pictures showing the dark side of the great city.

**The Road to Wealth.** Not an advertisement, but a thoroughly practical work, pointing out a way by which all may make money, easily, rapidly, and honestly.

**One Hundred Popular Songs.** Sentimental, patriotic and comic, including most of the favorites, new and old.

**Old Ned's Hints.** A Novel, by Mrs. Mary Anne Plummer.

**A Married Life.** A Novel, by Marion Harland.

**An Old Man's Sacrifice.** A Novel, by Mrs. Ann S. Brown.

We will send any four of the above books by mail post-paid upon receipt of only 15 cents; any ten for 35 cents; any twenty for 50 cents; the entire list (40 books) for 75 cents; the entire list bound in boards with cloth back, for \$1.25. This is the greatest bargain in books ever offered. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Postage stamps taken for fractions of a dollar. As to our reliability, we refer to any newspaper published in New York, likewise to the Commercial Advertiser. All orders filled by return mail. Address all letters: **E. M. LUTTON, Publisher, No. 63 Murray Street, New York.**

## Official Report on Baking Powders.

By PROF. HENRY LEFFMANN, M. D. of Philadelphia. (Especially made for the Annals of Hygiene.)

We have considered that a fair, impartial, and reliable report on "Baking Powders" was much needed, because we have recently noticed the claim set forth by two prominent manufacturers, each that theirs was the "only baking powder free from adulteration;" and in each instance, among the list of names given as authority for the claim, was to be found the name of a prominent New York Chemist. Since it is obviously impossible that this chemist should have testified that each of these powders was the only one free from adulteration, we felt that the claims set forth were unreliable, and that it was clearly our duty to furnish the public with reliable information on this important question. We accordingly bought from one of our largest and most reliable grocery stores one package, or box, of each of the following powders, which, we were informed, were in most demand:

1. Rumford Yeast Powder.
2. Royal Baking Powder.
3. Fearless Baking Powder.
4. Sea Foam Baking Powder.

These powders were removed from the boxes or bottles in which they were bought, placed in packages, with no marks save the numbers from 1 to 4, (in the order above given), and sent to Prof. Henry Leffmann, who was requested to analyze them and make his report by numbers. It will be observed that he did not know, and had no means of knowing, what powders he was examining.

We will first publish Prof. Leffmann's report, and then make our comments thereon.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Board of Agriculture—Department of Hygiene, and Food Inspector. H. Leffmann, M. D., Inspector. Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 2, 1887.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I transmit herewith the results of the examination of the four samples of baking powder. To avoid repetition, I may observe that baking powders are mixtures of baking soda, (bicarbonate of soda, sodium acid carbonate), with some vegetable acid or acid salt. In practice, tartaric acid, cream of tartar, acid phosphate and alum are used. The most approved baking powders are those made with either cream of tartar or acid phosphate. Some fine insoluble powder (starch) is added to make the mixture keep well. Although there is no positive evidence to show that alum powders are unwholesome, yet the use of such powders is to be discouraged. They are to say the least, put on the market as cheap substitutes for the higher class articles:

- No. 1. Phosphate Powder.—No Ammonia. No Alum. Corn Starch.
- No. 2. Tartrate Powder.—No Alum. Contains Ammonia. Corn Starch.
- No. 3. Alum Powder.—Corn and Potato Starch. Contains Ammonia.
- No. 4. Tartrate Powder.—No Alum. Corn Starch. No Ammonia.

Yours, HENRY LEFFMANN. To JOSEPH F. EDWARDS, M. D.

It will be seen from the above report that the "Rumford Yeast Powder" holds a position absolutely its own, in so far as it is the only phosphate powder on the market. Of course, physicians all know that there are many persons to whom the use of the phosphates would prove very beneficial, and therefore this powder may be recommended.

For the benefit of those who did not see our July issue, we wish again to state that in all instances our examinations are made without any knowledge on the part of the manufacturers that such examinations are contemplated. The goods will always be bought in an open market, and the reports will be as accurate as science can make them. From *Annals of Hygiene*, Sept. 1887.

Plans are being developed by the union of American and English capital for the organization of a vast scheme of international transportation, having its terminal points at Staten Island and Barrow, Eng.

Seventeen Massachusetts municipalities voted on the prohibition question and nearly all favored license.

The Fiftyth Congress came in as gently as a lamb, but that is no guarantee that it will not go out as obstreperously as a burning menagerie. At present it is on its dignity; six months hence it will be on the rampage.

Hint for Christmas shoppers: Don't wait until by-and-bye, but buy now.

The Mormon Church, and all its books and papers, were seized by a receiver, Wednesday.

## BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WILL CURE

HEADACHE  
INDIGESTION  
BILIOUSNESS  
DYSPEPSIA  
NERVOUS PROSTRATION  
MALARIA  
CHILLS AND FEVERS  
TIRED FEELING  
GENERAL DEBILITY  
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES  
IMPURE BLOOD  
CONSTIPATION  
FEMALE INFIRMITIES  
RHEUMATISM  
NEURALGIA  
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.  
TAKE NO OTHER.

Dr. J. A. Waas,

RESIDENT

DENTIST,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Office Days, — Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

GAS ADMINISTERED.

No charge for extracting with gas, when teeth are ordered.

Miss HATTIE L. BOWDOIN

TEACHER OF

Piano and Organ,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Apply at the residence of C. E. HALL.

## Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, will be sold at public vendue, on WEDNESDAY, the

14th day of December, 1887,

At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of Veal & Norcross, in May's Landing, Atlantic County, New Jersey, all that certain tract or parcel of land and premises hereinafter particularly described, situate, lying, and being in the Township of Buena Vista, in the County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning in the centre of the intersection of Ninth Street & Seventh Road; thence [1] extending westwardly along the centre of said Ninth Street twenty [20] rods to a stake; thence [2] southwardly, at right angles with said Ninth Street, eighty [80] rods to a stake; thence [3] eastwardly, at right angles, twenty [20] rods to the centre of Seventh Road; thence [4] northwardly along the centre of Seventh Road, eighty [80] rods to the centre of the intersection of Ninth Street and Seventh Road to place of beginning. Being the easterly half part of lot number six hundred and twenty-two [622] as plotted on map of Weymouth Farm and Agricultural Company's lands; containing ten [10] acres of land, be the same more or less.

Seized as the property of Mary DeKluon, and taken in execution at the suit of Chas. B. Wolf, and to be sold by CHARLES K. LACY, Sheriff. Date November 10th, 1887. PLTF PROSE, Atty.

John H. Marshall,

Agent for the

Metropolitan Life Ins. Co.,

Takes risks on all sound lives, on the weekly or Industrial plan, or Endowment or Ordinary. All notices left with A. H. Simons, at the "Young People's Block," Hammonton, will be promptly attended to.

THOS. HARTSHORN.

Hammonton, N. J.

Paper Hanger, House Painter.

Orders left with S. E. Brown & Co., or in Post-office box 208 will receive prompt attention

Allen Brown Endicott,

Counselor-at-Law,

1030 Atlantic Avenue,

ATLANTIC CITY. N. J.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE S. J. R.

Flam Stockwell, dealer in  
Dry Goods, Trimmings, Notions,  
Groceries, Flour, Feed, etc.

## FRIENDS' GRADED SCHOOLS

10th & Race Sts., Philada.  
Kindergarten, Primary, Intermediate, or Grammar, Central, or High School.  
15th and Race Streets.  
17th and Girard Avenue.  
35th and Lancaster Ave.  
4th and Green Streets.  
Will Re-open Ninth Month 12th, 1887.

## American Watches

Of all Grades, a Specialty!  
As cheap as they can be had at any other place.

I have the exclusive sale of the  
**Rockford & Aurora Watches**  
In Hammonton, and they take the lead for fineness of finish and in time-keeping qualities.

**E. J. WOOLLEY,**

At the old stand, on the east side of Bellevue Avenue, where he has been for the past twenty-one years.

All Work Guaranteed.

**N. B. PAGE,**

Photographic Artist.

Hammonton, N. J.

Fine Portraits

By the Latest Processes. Particular attention paid to lighting and posing.

Views of Residences,

Copying, etc.,

Promptly done in the most satisfactory manner. Also,

Life-size Crayons

And large pictures. Frames of all styles at extremely low prices.



## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11, 1910.

### The Parable of the Tares.

#### LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 13:24-30. Memory verses, 27-30.)

#### LESSON PLAN.

##### TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the King in Zion.

**GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER:** *Jesus, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.*—1 Chron. 29: 11.

**LESSON TOPIC:** The King's Declarations Concerning His Enemy.

**Lesson 1:** (1) The enemy's antagonism, (2) The enemy's detection, (3) The enemy's defeat, (4) The enemy's destruction.

**GOLDEN TEXT:** "The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13: 39.

#### DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 13: 24-30. Declarations concerning his enemy.  
T.—Matt. 13: 36-43. The parable explained.

W.—Matt. 4: 1-11. His enemy's great effort.  
T.—John 13: 1-30. His enemy continues work.

F.—John 14: 1-15-30. His enemy's final assault.  
S.—1 Pet. 5: 1-11. His enemy a roaring lion.

S.—Rev. 20: 1-15. His enemy's final overthrow.

#### LESSON ANALYSIS.

##### I. THE ENEMY'S ANTAGONISM.

His enemy came (25).  
The tempter came and said (Matt. 4: 3).  
Then cometh the evil one, and snatcheth away (Matt. 13: 19).  
Straightway cometh Satan, and taketh away the word (Mark 4: 15).  
The devil as a rearing lion, walketh about (1 Pet. 5: 8).

##### II. Malignant.

And sowed tares also among the wheat (25).  
Satan sowed against Israel, and moved the world (1 Chron. 21: 1).  
Satan... said, "Doth Job fear God for naught?" (Job 1: 9).  
Satan standing at his right hand to be his adversary (Zech. 3: 1).  
Seeking whom he may devour (1 Pet. 5: 8).

##### III. Scathingly.

While men slept, his enemy came, and went away (25).  
The serpent was more subtil than any beast (Gen. 3: 1).  
We are ignorant of his devices (2 Cor. 2: 11).  
Satan fashioned himself into an angel of light (2 Cor. 11: 14).  
The working of Satan... with all deceit (2 Thess. 2: 9, 10).

##### IV. The enemy's destruction.

1. A man that sowed good seed in his field (2).  
2. The tares (3).  
3. The sower (4).  
4. The enemy's destruction.

##### V. The enemy's destruction.

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##### VI. The enemy's destruction.

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## THE ENEMY'S DEFEAT.

So... shall suddenly be broken, and that without remedy (Prov. 29: 1).

He hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world (Acts 17: 31).

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## A BLIND MAN ON MEMPHIS.

The Sightless Pupil Possesses One Vital Advantage Over His Competitors.

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## Are you Prepared?

As the cold, chilling blasts of winter will soon be upon us, we desire to inform you that we have in stock

## Underwear FOR Men, Women, and Boys.

Also, Heavy Coats,  
Heavy Boots, Gum Coats,  
Gum Boots, Heavy Shoes,  
Gum Shoes.  
Fall and Winter Hats, Caps,  
Flannels, Comfortables,  
Blankets for your horses,  
Dry Goods, Groceries,  
Provisions.

## FLOUR and FEED.

Pratt's Horse Food,  
To keep your stock in good condition.

And, in fact, a complete line of  
General Merchandise at  
reasonable prices.

We still offer bargains  
in Youths' & Children's Shoes.

## P. S. Tilton & Son.

**J. S. Thayer,**  
contractor & Builder  
Hammonton, N.J.

## LUMBER

For sale, in small or large quantities.

## HEATERS

Furnished and Repaired.

## Plans, Specifications, And Estimates Furnished

## JOBGING

Of all kinds promptly attended to.

Shop on Bellevue Avenue, next door to  
Elam Stockwell's store.

Orders left at the shop, or at Stockwell's  
store, will receive prompt attention.  
Charges reasonable. P. O. box 53.

## E. H. CARPENTER,

## FIRE

Life and Accident Insurance

AGENT

Office, Residence, Central Av. & Third St.  
Hammonton, N. J.

## Wagons

AND

## Buggies.

On and after Jan. 1, 1886, I will sell

One-horse wagons, with one body

and Columbia springs, complete

1 1/2 inch tire, 1 1/2 axle, for \$45.00

One-horse wagon, complete, 1 1/2 tire

1 1/2 axle, for \$45.00

The same, with 2 inch tire, for \$50.00

One-horse Light Express, for \$50.00

Platform Light Express, for \$60.00

Side-spring Buggy with one seat, for \$70.00

Two-horse Farm Wagon, for \$75.00

No-top Buggy, for \$50.00

These wagons are all made of the best

White Oak and Hickory, and are thor-

oughly seasoned, and ironed in a work-

manlike manner. Please call and be

convinced. Factory at the C. & A.

Deno, Hammonton.

ALEX. AITKEN, Proprietor.

## The Republican.

[Entered as second class matter.]

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC CO., N. J.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887.

A dancing school for small chil-

dren will be commenced this (Saturday)

afternoon, from four to six o'clock,

under the management of Mr. A. H.

Whitmore, assisted by Mrs. Carrie G.

Whitmore, Union Hall.

In pursuance of the usual custom,

the Pennsylvania Railroad Company

will sell Christmas and New Year ex-

cursion tickets between all ticket sta-

tions on its main line and branches at

reduced rates. The tickets will be sold

on Dec. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th and

28th, 1887, and Jan. 1st and 2nd, 1888,

good for return trip until Jan. 3rd, 1888,

inclusive. These tickets will enable the

public to visit friends and enjoy the

social pleasures of the glad season at a

trifling expense for railway fare.

We have made arrangements by

which we may be able to benefit our

subscribers occasionally. That is, we

will receive subscriptions for almost any

paper or magazine published at club

rates. For example, we can furnish

Harper's Weekly, or Monthly, Frank

Leslie's, Puck, or Judge (each of them

\$4 per year) at \$3.50 each. There are

thousands of papers on our list; come

and see. On most of the \$1 weeklies

we cannot make any reduction, but we

can save you postage and the expense

of forwarding money.

A list of jurymen chosen for the

December term of Court, which meets on

Tuesday next, the 13th:

Atlantic City—Adolph Kessler, R. H.

Smith, Wm. Westcott, Robert White,

John Clements, Simon L. Westcott, Wm.

Truax, Ezra Conover, Geo. Clinton, Jno.

Steinlein, John C. Stueber, Elwood Back-

ley, John Botwick, Somers Woolbert,

Joseph Somers.

Absecon—Japhet Adams, Elmer Cham-

plin.

Buena Vista—George B. Calk, Alfred

Pennock, Philip Kramer, Paul Gratzman.

Egg Harbor City—Constant Smith,

Uz. Bowen, Wirtfield Adams, Isaac Stee-

lman, Wm. Ireland, Seal English, Lem.

Conway.

Egg Harbor City—Geo. Brader, John

Vosa.

Gallop—Wm. Krebs, Mark Somers,

Wilbur Hickman, A. B. Smith, Jacob

Kienzie, Jr.

Hammonton—Charles E. Small, John

Trifford, John Walters, Wm. Velt.

Hamilton—Clark W. Abbott, James

Coleman, Job Smallwood, And. Dazarth,

Mole Harbet.

South Atlantic—Lorenz B. By.

Somers Point—Wm. B. Steelman.

Weymouth—A. Campbell, Samuel Pe-

tersen.

Farms for Sale.

Two adjoining farms at Pilestown,

Camden County, known as the Garwood

property, one mile from Annsa and two

miles from Waterford, on the Camden &

Atlantic Railroad, and about the same

distance from station on the New Jersey

Southern Railroad, equally handy to

Philadelphia, Atlantic City, and New

York and Boston markets. The property

comprises about 116 acres, all cleared,

and being two sets of buildings, with

and together or divided in two portions

to suit purchasers.

Apply to JOSEPH ALBERTSON, Aconora,

N. J., or to GEORGE W. GILBERT,

35 North Second St., Camden, N. J.

For Sale—Store building lots, on the

T. B. Tilton place, Bellevue Avenue,

Hammonton, N. J. Apply to

WM. RUTHERFORD.

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## DON'T GO HUNGRY

But go to

## Packer's Bakery,

Where you can get

## The Best

Wheat, Bran, and Rye

## BREAD

At the old price of ten years'

standing.

## FIVE CENTS per LOAF

Breakfast and Tea Rolls,

Cinnamon Buns,

Pies, Crullers

A great variety of Cakes.

Baker's Yeast

constantly on hand.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Nuts and

Confections, as usual

Meals and Lunches furnished to

order, and a limited number of

lodgers accommodated.

Wm. Bernhouse,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

[Of 22 years' Experience.]

## Steam Saw and Planing Mill

## Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Moldings,

and Scroll-work.

Window-Glass.

Old sizes cut to order.

Lime, Cement, and

Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of

## FRUIT PACKAGES

## Berry Chests

Cranberry and Peach

## CRATES.

Odd sizes of Fruit Crates

made to order.

## CEDAR SHINGLES

A Specialty, odd sizes cut to order.

Oak and Pine Wood for Sale.

Cut and Split if desired.

A large quantity of Pine and Cedar

Cuttings, for Summer and kindling,

\$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS

5 and 6 half feet long, for chicken

yard fence.

## Jones & Lawson

CONTRACTORS AND

## BUILDERS

Hammonton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Esti-

mates furnished

JOBBING promptly attended to.

## COAL.

Best Lehigh Coal for sale

yard, at lowest prices, in

any quantity.

Orders for coal may be left at John

A. Saxton's store. Coal should be

ordered one day before it is needed.

GEO. F. SAXTON.

## J. MURDOCH,

MANUFACTURER OF

## SHOES.

Ladies' Men's and Children's

Shoes



# Ten Little Toes.

Baby is clad in his night gown white,  
Pussy-out pines a soft good night,  
And somebody tells, for somebody in was,  
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

## THE FIRST.

This big toe took a small boy Sam  
From the cupboard near the jam;  
This little toe said, "Oh, no, no, no,"  
This little toe was anxious to go;  
This little toe said, "This is quite right,"  
This little toe too curled out of sight.

## THE SECOND.

This big toe got suddenly snubbed;  
This little toe got suddenly rubbed;  
This little toe took a loud cry out,  
This little toe took a loud cry out,  
Down came a jar with a loud slam, slam;  
This little toe got all the jam.

# AT HIGH NOON.

There was not a more daring and ac-  
tive scout in Bazaine's army than  
Pierre Danton.  
When Pierre volunteered to slip into  
Quinquambo, to see what the Mexicans  
were doing, it never occurred to him  
that there was the slightest danger.

Quinquambo was a little mountain  
village, with a small garrison, and  
Pierre determined to appear in the role  
of a deserter. The son of a Spanish  
mother, he did not look much like a  
Frenchman, and spoke the language of  
the country like a native.

But there was one thing that the  
scout had not thought of. Col. Campos,  
then commanding the post of  
Quinquambo, had served on the eastern  
coast in the early part of the war. If  
Pierre had known this fact he would  
have blown out his brains rather than  
play the spy in the vicinity of the terri-  
ble Campos.

At sunrise the Frenchman walked  
boldly into the village and gave himself  
up to the first sentinel he met.

His story was plausible enough. He  
had lost faith in Maximilian and his  
cause, and had grown weary of hard  
fighting and scanty rations. Moreover,  
he had fallen in love with a black-eyed  
senorita, and could no longer bear arms  
against Mexico.

The sentinel called a corporal, and  
the story was repeated. To these sim-  
ple soldiers it seemed that the deserter  
was telling the truth, and nothing but  
the truth.

"Ah, that French devil, Bazaine!"  
said the corporal, "he is frightened, is  
he not?"

"Comrade," replied Pierre, "you  
have spoken truly. Bazaine is in des-  
pair. His men are deserting by hun-  
dreds. They have nothing to eat, and  
the usurper is without money to pay  
them."

"In a few weeks they will be driven  
into the sea," said the enthusiastic cor-  
poral.

"You speak like a prophet," answer-  
ed the spy.

In the presence of Col. Campos the  
Frenchman measured his words. The  
colonel listened without showing any  
interest or surprise. His brown, leath-  
ery face never changed its expression,  
and his eagle eyes were apparently fixed  
upon the ground.

"And you would serve the republic?"  
he asked, coldly.

"Try me," was the enthusiastic re-  
sponse.

"How am I to know that your story  
is true?"

"Let me swear," began Pierre.

"No!" shouted the colonel in a voice  
of thunder.

The officers and soldiers gave a start  
of surprise, and for the first time Pierre  
felt uneasy.

"Bind him hand and foot!" was the  
unexpected order.

Despite his protestations two men  
carried out the colonel's instructions,  
and then braced the prisoner in a sitting  
posture against a convenient wall.

"A year ago," said Campos, "I cap-  
tured that fellow near Vera Cruz. I  
shot off the little finger on his right  
hand, and he marked me here on the  
forehead with his saber. The villain  
escaped that night, but another prisoner  
told me all about him. He is not a  
soldier. He is a spy. He has caused  
more trouble than any other man in  
Bazaine's army. Now, Pierre Danton,  
what have you to say?"

"The colonel is mistaken," said  
Pierre. "I never saw him before, and  
I am no spy. My name is Jean Ron-  
ville."

"Look!" exclaimed a soldier.  
A glance showed that the prisoner's  
right little finger was missing.

"Only a coincidence," muttered  
Pierre.

"Guard him well," said the colonel.  
"No court martial is wanted here,"  
and the grim soldier walked off.

Securely plaited as he was, Pierre  
saw that he could not escape. His eyes  
roved restlessly about, but there was  
nothing to encourage him.

"This tortoise," he growled, "I doubt  
whether it will be kind enough to  
hang me. That Campos looks like a

band, and the chances are, that he is  
even now inventing some diabolical  
torture. Well, it is the fortune of  
war."

Quinquambo did not look very inter-  
esting to the spy as he sat there prop-  
ed up against the colonel's headquar-  
ters. There was a plaza and a few  
scattered houses around it, except on  
one side, where they had been destroyed  
by fire. There were no citizens.  
The inhabitants had abandoned the  
town, leaving it to the garrison.

"There are not more than 300 of the  
yellow rascals," mused the spy. "Lord!  
Wouldn't it like to see some of our cav-  
alry come along. They would take the  
place in the twinkling of an eye."

Just then two soldiers came along,  
and lifting Pierre in their arms, carried  
him to the center of the plaza. The  
captain at first thought his hour had  
come, but the men proceeded in sullen  
silence to the mouth of the solitary  
cannon, an old-fashioned twelve  
pounder, pointed at the vacant side of  
the square. They lashed him with his  
breast to the muzzle of the gun so se-  
curely that it was impossible for him to  
move.

Pierre thought of the brutal British  
fashion of blowing Indian rebels from  
the mouths of cannon and wondered  
whether he was to be served in the same  
way.

"It will be talked about all over  
Mexico," said Col. Campos, coming up.  
The French will get it into their  
heads that they are all to be treated in  
this way, and very few will be willing  
to face such a death."

"Comrade," said Pierre, to one of  
the soldiers after the colonel had gone,  
"does he mean it?"

"When the noonday sun strikes  
that," replied the soldier, "it will all  
be over."

Pierre looked and noted an iron  
framework over the breach of the gun.  
On the top of this was a round object  
so bright and dazzling that it made his  
eyes blink.

"I do not understand," he said.

"The burning glass there," explained  
the soldier, "is so placed that it fires  
the powder exactly at noon. It never  
fails."

The victim shuddered. There was  
something horrible in the idea of being  
killed by the bright luminary whose  
rays had all his life given him light and  
warmth.

He knew that even in the large cities  
of Mexico what was called the midday  
gun was fired in this ingenious fashion  
during the dry season. For six months  
in the year there was never a cloud in  
the sky, and the action of the lens was  
as sure as fate itself.

The guard paced up and down his  
beat, and Pierre was left to his medita-  
tions.

He struggled until his strength was  
gone, trying to loosen his bonds, but it  
was useless.

His head fell upon his breast, and he  
closed his eyes. But he could not calm  
himself, and he again looked around  
the square. All of the soldiers were  
marching off with the exception of one  
company. It was evident that the  
French were not supposed to be in the  
neighborhood.

"Stranger things have happened,"  
thought Pierre; "I may yet be res-  
cued."

His eyes turned upward and he saw  
that the sun was almost directly over  
head.

He glanced down the gun to the  
priming, and it seemed to him that he  
could hear the sizzling noise of the pow-  
der.

The sun was intensely hot, and this  
inspired terror.

"Saints above!" groaned the poor  
wretch. "On such a day as this the  
gun will go off ahead of time!"

What did it matter? A few minutes  
would not save him. The glass shone  
with an infernal brilliancy, and not a  
speck of cloud was to be seen.

"If I ever do get out of this,"  
grunted Pierre.

He did not think he would do.  
There was no use in making any prom-  
ises.

Higher and higher in the heavens  
moved the flaming orb. Surely it was  
nowhere.

The half fainting prisoner held his  
breath. The muscles of his face  
twitched nervously, and his eyes were  
fixed with an intense stare upon his  
eyes.

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breath. The muscles of his face  
twitched nervously, and his eyes were  
fixed with an intense stare upon his  
eyes.

Like the echo of an echo came a fam-  
iliar sound wafted upon the mountain  
breezes.

"God!" gasped the miserable man  
through his palpit lips.

Was it a bugle? Even if it was it  
was too late. If relief came it would  
have to be at once.

Louder, clearer, sounded the trium-  
phant note, giving forth the sweetest  
ring that the world had ever heard.  
He threw his head back, and the light  
hope and courage flashed in his eyes.  
"The devil!" he shouted, "whether I  
am saved or not, these yellow dogs will  
soon bite the dust!"

The Mexicans heard the French  
bugles, and in another moment quin-  
quambo was in a tumult of disorder.  
But the defenders of the town, weak-  
ened by the departure of their comrades  
in the morning, were unable to cope  
with anything like a strong force, and  
no sooner did the French dash through  
the outskirts than the Mexicans fled to  
the woods, fully half of them being shot  
down before they reached shelter.

Pierre looked out by a dog-hole,  
who with three whacks of his sabre cut  
the prisoner free.

To Pierre's immeasurable gratifica-  
tion, Col. Campos and his command  
had been captured on the way and  
brought to town by the raiders.

"I must see him," said the spy. "I  
have a little settlement to make with  
him."

"Sacre!" yelled Pierre, "I had for-  
gotten all about the run!"

The smoke slowly lifted, and on the  
open side of the plaza was seen a group  
of dead and dying Mexicans. The dis-  
charge had occurred just as the prison-  
ers were marching by.

One of the unfortunate was lying on  
his face, but his uniform showed him  
to be an officer of high rank.

Pierre turned this man over, gave one  
look at his face and then fell upon his  
knees in a prayer of thanksgiving.

In the dead man he had recognized  
Col. Campos.

# American Shoppers in Paris.

There are, of course, shops without  
number, and more modest and millin-  
ers than can be counted, but the two  
great places are the *magasin du Louvre*  
and the "Bon Marche." It is in these  
that the American woman is taken in  
and done for. I do not know a more  
humiliated creature than the American  
who sits quietly for an hour or two in  
the *salon* (this kind of humiliation I  
prefer), or follows his wife from room  
to room or from counter to counter  
through these vast labyrinths of female  
apparel, feeling his way carefully to  
avoid stepping on trains, and not to  
disarrange the preposterous hummocks  
with which women disguise themselves.

He knows that the partner of his joys  
and sorrows is being cheated right and  
left, she is buying a lot of things she  
does not want, and paying more for  
them in many instances than she would  
pay in New York, or even at her little  
country store, and he is, moreover, ex-  
ercised with thoughts of the ordeal he  
must pass at the custom house when he  
shall be called upon to "declare." Can  
he say conscientiously that these things  
are all for his own use when he has no  
use for them, and when no small part  
of the purchases are made for presents,  
or on orders from friends who never  
hesitate to ask a lady to "buy and bring  
home a few articles which will take up  
but very little room in her trunk?" It  
is a positive relief to such a man when  
his money is all gone, and he can reflect  
with pleasure on having provided him-  
self with return tickets. The Ameri-  
can woman is not only systematically  
robbed in Paris, but she is in daily dan-  
ger of being murdered. The cochers  
seem to have a fendish enjoyment in  
driving right at a lady when she is  
crossing the street.

# Fish That Climb Trees.

The anabas scandens, or climbing  
perch of India, is, perhaps, the most  
celebrated of any fish that voluntarily  
comes on shore, as he certainly is the  
most accomplished in terrestrial feats.  
He is a little fellow, very like a perch  
in general form, with large scales and  
spiny dorsal fin and is to be found in  
most parts of the East Indies. When  
the waters which he inhabits seem in  
danger of being dried up he leaves them  
and travels off in search of others.  
Though he prefers to make these jour-  
neys at night, or in the early morning  
while the dew still lies upon the grass,  
he often travels by day, and has even  
been met toiling along a hot, dusty,  
gravel road under the full glare of the  
midday sun. It is, however, for his  
climbing powers that he is famous, for  
his climbing powers, though he is called  
frequent the land. By the aid of his  
spiny gill-covers and tail fin, which he  
pushes into the crevices in their bark,  
he manages to climb trees and even  
fall palm trees. That he does it  
awkwardly is true, moving somewhat  
after the manner of a measuring or  
looping caterpillar; but the fact that he  
can accomplish it at all is as marvelous  
as his object in attempting the feat is  
inexplicable. Boatman upon the Gan-  
ges and other rivers where these climb-  
ing perch abound catch them and put  
them in earthen pots; keep them alive  
without any water often for as many as  
six days, waiting thus as they wish to  
use them, and find them the most de-  
sirable as lively as when newly caught.

Experience is a good school, and it  
keeps us too long, and the tuition bill  
is too costly for a fellow who is in a  
hurry for a diploma.

Importers Sell them at Five Hundred  
Per Cent. of the Cost Price.

Everybody knows that at this time of  
the year the streets of Paris are full of  
Americans from the North, but what  
is less known in the fact that a great  
number of these tourists travel along  
through the provinces, and, instead of  
turning themselves with red-covered  
guide-books, they stuff their pockets  
with stab-books and think only of tak-  
ing away our best stallions and some-  
times also our best mares. The num-  
ber of Norman and Perche horses which  
are exported each summer to America  
is already considerable. They are em-  
barked by hundreds at Havre upon  
special steamboats, which take them to  
New York. There are at the present  
moment at Nogent-le-Rotrou, about  
fifty American horse-dealers who have  
just traveled over, without being able  
to speak a single word of French, all  
the great farms of Euro-et-Leir, where  
they have procured with their ready  
money the very best products of the re-  
gion. They did not much mind the  
prices. What was a few thousand  
francs, more or less, to them? They can  
sell these animals on the other side  
of the ocean at five times the price here.

The average cost of a good Percheron  
stallion is for the Americans 16,000  
francs. Once transported to the plains  
of Illinois, the headquarters of the  
equine importation from France, the  
same animal becomes worth \$15,000.  
This is to say, 75,000 francs, a little  
over—a fine profit, as can be seen. But  
it is necessary to count the risks of  
transportation. Often the horse be-  
comes sick on the way, or he may get  
hurt, and then, once in America, he is  
only good for turning a mill.

Contrary to the rumors that have  
lately been circulated the French Gov-  
ernment has no idea of hindering this  
important branch of Franco-American  
commerce, but on the contrary if the  
new law should happen to be voted pro-  
hibiting the exportation of horses an  
exception would be made in regard to  
the stallions intended for the New  
World, so that they may continue to  
enrich the American stables.

# Chicago's Quaker Millionaire.

By the common consent of his neigh-  
bors C. J. Hull, whose wealth is es-  
timated at three millions, is the queerest  
of the many queer characters in Chicago.  
There is no doubt Mr. Hull is queer,  
very queer, and what makes him seem  
especially queer to Chicago people is  
that having made a comfortable fortune  
himself he should devote his time and  
a portion of his money to making other  
people comfortable. Mr. Hull's hobby  
is that of establishing laboring men in  
houses of their own. He boasts of hav-  
ing put over 2,000 families in houses  
of their own in Chicago, nearly as many  
in Lincoln, Nebraska, about 1,000 in  
Savannah, Georgia, and several hun-  
dred in Baltimore. His method is to  
buy suburban property cheaply, sub-  
divide it into small lots and build homes  
up for workingmen. He has taken  
many a man without a dollar, put him  
into his own home and given him all  
the time he needed to pay for his com-  
fortable residence. Some of Mr. Hull's  
other queer characteristics are not so  
benevolent as the one above mentioned.  
He is a Connecticut Yankee and very  
close-listed in his dealings outside of his  
transactions with the class he desires  
to benefit. He came to Chicago forty-  
one years ago and acquired his wealth  
by prudent investments in city real es-  
tate. He married and had several chil-  
dren, but subsequently lost his entire  
family. One of his hobbies is an im-  
plicit belief in fish as a brain food. It  
is told of him that for over four years  
he fed his family on codfish, having no  
other meats on the table. Perhaps this  
may account for the early death of all  
but himself. The hired girl lived, how-  
ever, and grew so aristocratic on this  
phosphorescent diet that she refused to  
work any longer, and as Mr. Hull did  
not propose matrimony finally left him.  
He always did the chores around the  
house, blacking his own shoes and those  
of everybody else even to the servants.  
He owned and drove a buggy team, and  
when one of the horses died, instead of  
buying another or using a pair of shafts,  
he hitched up the surviving beast along-  
side the pole, making a very funny  
looking turn-out. In person Mr. Hull  
is a man of imposing physique, six feet  
in height and patriarchal in appearance.  
He still swings heavy dumb bells and  
keeps himself in the best possible phys-  
ical condition. Like many eccentric  
people, he is somewhat of a literary  
turd and has composed a book chiefly  
composed of terse epigrammatic sen-  
tences from the letters he has written  
during the last thirty-five years, a few  
of which are subjoined:

"I have never seen such much conso-  
lation as I have seen in the eyes of  
the followers of the moral law. They  
do not practice under that ancient code

and perhaps regard it as repealed or un-  
constitutional."

"If circumstances will not allow a  
boy to have a mother the next best re-  
lative for him in the order of nature is  
a grandmother."

"The man who goes earliest to din-  
ner at a hotel has the best chance for a  
good hat."

"Many men think they think for  
those who do think for them."

"Small men are always in fashion."

"These quaint sayings show that if  
Mr. Hull is queer and cranky there is  
method in his madness. His success in  
business also attests this fact, while his  
large-hearted benevolence leads to the  
conclusion that the world would be  
much the better if people possessing  
Mr. Hull's peculiar type of queerness  
were more plentiful."

# POWER IN THE FUTURE.

Possibilities of the Next Century—  
Power in Bales and Barrels.

Let any one consider what the steam  
engine was forty years ago, and then  
examine the very latest improved com-  
pound engine of to-day, with all its  
appliances for economy and efficient  
service, and then let him try to estimate  
what the electric motor of thirty years  
hence will be. The compound engine,  
with its wonderful performance, has  
come as a result of long practice, large  
experience, profound study, and the  
application of a wide acquaintance with  
principles. Why should not the electric  
motor gain as much from the same  
sources?

And, if it shall so gain, is it unrea-  
sonable to suppose that electricity may  
crowd out steam, in a good many cases  
as a source of power? If large power  
can be stored in the form of electricity,  
so that it may be transported on a street  
car, why may it not be generated at one  
point, and then be shipped to another,  
like any ordinary commodity, to be  
used as it is wanted? Why, for exam-  
ple, should not the water power of  
Niagara be employed to generate power,  
which shall then be stored, transported  
and sold to operate mills in Philadel-  
phia? There is a regular market now  
for coal. Why should there not be a  
regular market for stored power?  
Why should not a mill owner then go  
out and buy his power, for the season,  
just as he buys his cotton, his wool or  
his dye-stuffs?

If power can be baled up like cotton  
or barreled up like sugar, then we shall  
have power dealers, power brokers, and  
may be, a power exchange—in fact, all  
the details of a new and important in-  
dustry. Is this a fantastic supposition?  
Not half so fantastic as the notion of  
traveling from Boston to Philadelphia,  
in a single night to be our grand-  
fathers. It is rather a clearly indicated  
possibility, the promise of which is now  
moving about under an impulse derived  
from a steam engine that stopped be-  
fore the car started.

# Asantees Traits.

There are at present in the Zoological  
Gardens at Paris twenty genuine  
Asantees—twelve males and eight fe-  
males. They are natives of Africa,  
well known for their ferocity, courage  
and valor. The habitat of the Asan-  
tees is in the western part of Central  
Africa. They are among the most  
beautiful varieties of the native  
African race; comparable to the Cas-  
sian Abyssians. Every three weeks,  
during the festivities of Adol and those  
of Jan in September, the people com-  
mit wholesale butcheries of human be-  
ings. After the death of the late queen  
mother the king had 3,000 men killed  
to satisfy the groanings of his mother's  
spirit. During these butcheries the  
Asantee warriors drink the blood of  
the victims warm as it issues from the  
wounds, believing that it will render  
them strong and brave. The royal  
residence is called "Commusie," with  
twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants.  
The whole kingdom is estimated at  
from one to three millions of inhabi-  
tants. They were little known until  
they sustained a long war with the na-  
tives living near the coasts, all of which  
were conquered by the Asantees, a few  
of the English protectors.

# Value of Self-Restraint.

A quick temper is an unfortunate in-  
heritance, but not an irremediable one.  
Let our young friends understand this  
as a fact and cease to bewail their  
weakness. Let them take matters seri-  
ously in hand and strive to modify the  
disposition by keeping a close watch  
upon themselves by avoiding occasions  
of irritation, and these old associates  
whose temper is known to be readily  
excitable, like their own—Go, my  
dear, and be a better man.

And then her smile followed him to  
the last, and he was gone, and she had  
ascended to her room again.

She had fastened on the white roses  
in her black dress. Guy had always  
liked white roses. She now took them  
off, and dropped them into the open  
grate. The flames shivered their deli-  
cious petals. It was not the visible em-  
blem of the end.

"I hope to know her—certainly,  
some time; and if I can be at the wed-  
ding I shall be. Buy you know I have  
become a wanderer. Good-night."

"Good-night. You are not looking  
so much stronger."

And then her smile followed him to  
the last, and he was gone, and she had  
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My Dog.

I love my dog—a beautiful dog.  
Brave and alert for a race.  
Ready to frolic with baby or man;  
Diligent, too, in his place.

Like his bark—a resonant bark.  
Musical, hoarse, and full of curl.  
And his swiftness and his shaggy coat  
And his sudden, powerful leap.

Oh, never a complacent pug for me,  
Nor a Sphinx with treacherous snarl  
Never a trembling, pattering hound,  
Nor a poodle to live on my lap!

No soft-lined lapdog for bed has Jack,  
Nor busy, nor turtorial plate;  
But the doerest brown, that he guards so  
well.

And the lawns are his royal state,  
No dainty leading-ribbon of silk,  
My grand, good dog shall fret;  
No golden collar needs he, to show  
He's a very expensive pet;

But just my loving voice for a chain,  
His bound at my slightest cry,  
And the faith when we look in each other's  
eyes.

Prove that my dog is mine.  
He'll never be carried to arms like a baby.  
Nor be dragged like a toy, all a-scur!  
For he proudly knows he's a dog, does Jack,  
And I'm not that sort of a girl.

# WITHERED HOSES.

Guy Carroll closed the door. Adele  
Hautville, with a smile on her face to  
the last moment, slowly turned, and  
mounted the stairs to her own room.

Then Adele Hautville walked to the  
dressing-table and looked into the  
mirror there. What she saw was a  
white draw from a strange, unlike the  
face it had reflected but a few short  
hours before. A young face, yet one  
from which the spirit of youth had fled.

Adele recognized the loss. She had  
cheated herself until a few short hours  
ago—until one hour ago. But since  
then all was changed. She could not  
imagine ever living in the fool's para-  
dise of vain hopes and dreams again.  
All was different.

"I shall never be young again," she  
said; "never!"

There were no tears in her grey eyes  
which Guy Carroll, long ago, when  
they had been boy and girl together,  
had called the handsomest pair of pearl  
solitaires he knew. The eyes were  
fringed with black lashes. The eye-  
brows were very firm, very slender,  
very dark. But above the low fore-  
head there was a crown of pale blonde  
hair. She had always been known as a  
beauty.

"Beautiful," Guy Carroll had said;  
"I do know. Adele is the dearest  
creature in the world. I could be no  
fonder of my own sister. But she has  
always seemed to me too cold for actual  
beauty."

If power can be baled up like cotton  
or barreled up like sugar, then we shall  
have power dealers, power brokers, and  
may be, a power exchange—in fact, all  
the details of a new and important in-  
dustry. Is this a fantastic supposition?  
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fathers. It is rather a clearly indicated  
possibility, the promise of which is now  
moving about under an impulse derived  
from a steam engine that stopped be-  
fore the car started.

It was only after the death of both  
Mr. Hautville and his father-in-law  
that certain disclosures of a financial  
nature were made which simply tes-  
tified to the probability that family pres-  
sure had been brought to bear upon  
Adele in furtherance of the marriage.

Guy had always admired her, her  
more since the revelations. The reply  
that had been made to him on



