

South-Jersey

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Love of God.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro—
Like a mother's sweet looks drooping
On the little face below—
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Hold the closest, loves the best.
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death sleep be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

Our Washington Letter.

Washington, D. C., June 21, 1880.

The fact of Mr. Tilden's declining to be a candidate deprives the Democrats of their heaviest gun in a campaign against "fraud." In fact they have no candidate now with whom they can "do good fraud." Seymour will not serve even if nominated. Thus two of their strongest men are out of the race in advance. It is a matter of query upon what issue can they go before the country and ask for power, that during the session just closed they have shown themselves so unworthy to wield. What man have they who can combine the hard and soft money men, the free-traders and protectionists, that man who can happily represent all? I think their outlook is bad in every way. Hancock is a man of no political record, and has no well known views upon any of the great financial questions of the day. Bayard's war record would make him unpopular as a candidate in the doubtful States of the North. Judge Field has no strength in the West, and Mr. Payne, Ohio, would be beaten in his own State. From the present outlook Garfield and Arthur's election is assured.

Following the Congressional exodus, is one of the high government officials. The President has gone to Ohio, Secretary Sherman has gone South, and before long all the Secretaries will be away from the City. But still the wheels of government move on regularly. General Garfield is at his home in Ohio on this. He left here last Saturday.

As we in Washington have the best climate in America, a permanent and glowing population of refined people, and are generally prosperous, we do not suffer as in old times when Congress leaves us. The coming and going of a few hundred legislators, and the other hundreds of hangers-on upon legislation, do not affect a rich community of 175,000 people as the same entrance and exit affected one-fourth the number only a few years ago. So, when adjournment came on the 16th of this month we mourned over what Congress had done which was evil, and the good it had left undone, but not over adjournment itself. The session was an uneventful one. Nothing flagrantly wrong found its way to the statute books, and no great frauds have so far been discovered. But few notable speeches were made. The shadow of the coming Presidential election prevented attempts to do much which members wished to do. Whatever may be the result of that election, a lively session of this Congress will commence next winter. The Post Office at the Capital shows that there are still fifty members of Congress in the City; most of them, however, will be away by next Tuesday.

By the time this letter is read, the Cincinnati selection will have been made, and the campaign will have assumed tangible form. The arrangements here, on the part of the Democratic Committee, are very active.

MAXWELL.

Communicated.

The men who do business in the small country villages and towns are not treated, always, with the justice and courtesy they deserve. Their business is a necessity, and yet they do not receive the patronage which will encourage them to continue, and properly compensate them. They invested and thus employed. So many run away from home and buy of city tradesmen, what they ought to purchase at their own town, and thus discourage home enterprise and development. Various reasons are given for this unkind and selfish course.

Some say they can buy cheaper in the city and that is why they go. Now this, in the first place, is not a good principle. No doubt country merchants sell as cheap as possible and are not in any sense extortioners. They must have a living profit, and we ought to be willing to give it, first, in order to aid them in securing a living, and second, to promote trade in our own place. We should remember that we want the patronage of our neighbors, and we should do as we would have them do for us. But we are in the habit of saying to country store keepers, "You must sell as cheap as they do in the great

city, fifty or a hundred miles away, and if you don't we will go there." This bulldozing measure is not any more commendable than some other we have read of. But it is true that merchandise is higher in the country than in the city? A gentleman of my town—dealer in clothing, hats, boots and shoes—declares that he is selling below city prices, and yet people don't believe it. He says they will go to the city and pay more for the same goods, showing that country people are deceived, and thus take away their support from those to whom they owe it, and buy of dealers who have no interest in them or their community. A merchant of the same town says he is selling no dry goods above city prices, and some kinds tea and twenty per cent. less; and the people leave the goods on his shelves and buy in Philadelphia. In a small town of this State a man of good business talent and considerable capital, doing a fair business, wants to sell out and go to the city. When asked why he replied, "In order to get better prices; the country people are unwilling to pay me the worth of my goods. I can make more money there." If we want to keep live business men among us and promote the prosperity of our country villages, we must get our eyes open to these facts, and stop this system of bull dozing. And suppose the articles we buy are a few cents cheaper, are we any better off after paying car fares, and luncheon? When a man brings what we want to our door we ought to be willing to pay him as much more as it would cost us to go after it.

Some put in the plea of a greater variety to select from. That is true. If the country merchant does not keep what we want we must go where we can find it. But possibly he is not to blame. He may not lay in a large and various assortment because he knows it will be in vain. It would be only money thrown away as in his hands the goods would find no buyer. I once said to a country store keeper, "Why don't you keep a better stock of clothing and cloth goods?" His reply was, "It is no use. The better class of people prefer to go to the city. I have to keep only common goods for the common people." Hence that village had common business places, and money went away instead of coming to the place, and instead of becoming richer it was growing poorer. Under lighter rents, etc., notwithstanding freights, country dealers can and do compete with city houses in the matter of price, and would do so as to quality and assortment if properly sustained. Some words by "Observer" in the REPUBLICAN, on "Home Patronage," have been timely written, and I am moved to say this much more.

Communicated.

The following should have appeared last week, but was overlooked:—

Mr. Editor: Please correct an error in the report of the schools of Atlantic county for 1880. Newton Holdridge, who passed in the advanced course, was educated at Pine Grove school, North Hammonton, and not at Park Dale, wherever that may be. He passed in Atlantic county because there was no sufficiently advanced course in Camden county. These examinations, however are merely held by a few superintendents in some neighboring counties, and are no great test either of teachers or schools. In my opinion, examinations by superintendents should be held in a different manner.

A SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

Ancora, N. J., June 15th, 1880.

Butter, Eggs, and Cheese.

At the recent annual session of the National Butter, Egg, and Cheese Association at Indianapolis, Mayor Lord, of Elgin, Ill., read a paper on the milk industry. The magnitude of the industry was shown by reference to the fact that there are 15,000,000 milk cows in the country, requiring the annual product of 52,000,000 acres of land to feed them, and giving employment to 650,000 men. Estimating the cows at \$30 each, the horses \$80, and land at \$30 per acre, together with \$200,000,000 for agricultural and dairy implements, and the total amount invested in the industry is \$2,219,280,000. This is considerably more than the amount invested in banking and the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country, which is \$1,800,000,586.—*Scientific American.*

Black Ants a Cure for Currant Worms.

A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* finds the common black ant an efficient protection against the plague of currant worms. He has several colonies of ants close to his currant bushes, and enjoys an abundance of currants, while his neighbors' bushes are overrun with worms. Formerly he took pains to destroy the ant colonies, but on witnessing their attacks upon the worms he has taken pains to protect and encourage them.

The Summer number of *Emmens' Fashion Quarterly* presents its readers with a magnificent chromo lithograph picture, illustrative of the fashions of the season, and executed in the best style. The special merit claimed for this picture, by the publishers, is that it is an exact reproduction of actual costumes, and not a fancy picture whose original existed only in the brain of a Parisian artist or designer. A full description of the costumes is given in the pages of the magazine.

Sympathy.

A Knight and a lady once met in a grave,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love.
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O never was Knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the Maid and the Knight,
How fair was her form and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth,
"ere we die!"

So kissing and crying kept company.
"O, had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O, had but my swain been a quartermaster true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company!

At length spoke the lass 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier:
When Summer returns we may easily die,
'Till then let us sorrow in company!"

The *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health*, in its July number, well illustrates its principles. It manifestly grows better, stronger, and more influential with increasing age. The July number seems to us especially available for practical uses, yet we have found in the numbers which have come to hand heretofore always something of special importance. We are of the opinion that no one can read it without receiving valuable counsel.

The articles entitled Dr. Arnold of Rugby; How to Teach Temperance Truths; Infinite Adjustments; The First Offer of Salvation; The New Education; But's Cross, an excellent story; Hints for Summer Use; and the interesting editorials which we have now scarcely space to enumerate, are worthy of more than such passing mention. We always find the department of Correspondence and the Notes in Science and Agriculture and Literature entertaining and instructive. The *Journal* is now published at the low price of \$2.00 a year, and a valuable premium to each subscriber. Single number, 20 cents. Address S. R. Well & Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for July contains two illustrated articles of a light and entertaining character—"The Palace of the Leatherstocking paughs," which is a humorous sketch of artist life in Rome, and "Paradise Plantation," which is a description in a similar vein of amateur farming in Florida. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell concludes the interesting account of his tour "Through the Yellowstone Park," and some peculiar phases of Western life are described by Louise Coffin Jones in a paper entitled "On the Skunk River." A forgotten American Worthly," by Charles Burr Todd, recounts the remarkable career of Joel Barlow, whose name is known to most readers as that of the author of epic poems long since buried in oblivion, but whose philanthropic character and patriotic services entitle him to a higher place in the recollection of his countrymen. "On Spelling Reform" presents some strong arguments against the proposed changes in English orthography. "An Open Look at the Political Situation" criticizes the course of the "Independents," and discusses the chances of Civil Service Reform. "Pipistrello," by "Ouida," is a picturesque and powerful written story of Italian life. "Adam and Eve," and "Studies in the Slums" are continued. The poetry is by Emma Lazarus, J. B. Tubb, and H. L. Leonard, and the "Monthly Gossip" and "Literature of the Day" are as good and varied as usual. This number begins the twenty-sixth volume.

General News.

President Hayes will start July first on an extended tour of the Pacific coast.

The new census is expected to give New York a million and a half of people.

The total appropriations made by Congress amount to \$186,805,000.

Gen. John Sutter, on whose ranch gold was first discovered in California, is dead, aged 77 years.

The Democrats of Utah have adopted a resolution calling on the Government to suppress polygamy.

Recent heavy rains and consequent floods have greatly damaged the growing crops in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Forty of the survivors of the "Narragansett" disaster have united to secure damages from the Stonington Company.

The pension business is lively. During the last session Congressmen made over 300,000 inquiries relating to claims of pensioners.

Baron Rothschild's Maxims.

Attend carefully to details of your business.

Be prompt in all things.

Consider well, then decide positively.

Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.

Endure trials patiently.

Fight life's battles bravely, manfully.

Go not in society of the vicious.

Hold integrity sacred.

Injure not another's reputation of business.

Join hands only with the virtuous.

Keep your mind from evil thoughts.

Lie not for any consideration.

Make few acquaintances.

Never try to appear what you are not. Observe good manners.

Pay your debts promptly.

Question not the veracity of a friend.

Respect the counsel of your parents.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Venture not on the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions.

Extend to every one a kindly salutation.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for the right, and success is certain.

Theodore Parker on Prayer.

Robert Collyer has made public through the *Christian Register*, of Boston, a letter which Theodore Parker wrote in February 1853, just before he left this country to return no more, and one which is believed to be the last one he wrote in his native land. It is addressed to a friend who had expressed a faith in the restoration of his health, and contains the following references to prayer: "I thank you heartily for saying 'you think I shall get well.' I mean to get well, and shall do all in my power to accomplish it. But I don't pray for it any more than you—in the sense you use the word. My prayer is an act of gratitude, of penitence (if I have done wrong), of aspiration and of joy. But it is not an act of petition. I don't ask God to do my work—to saw my wood, to write my books, or to make me a good man. Now, with this notion of prayer, I should no more ask God to restore my health than I should to buy me a cargo of tea. I am amazed that men should think their feeble words can alter the mind of the Almighty God! and still more that they should dare do it, if they could. If I thought it was God's desire that I should die to-day, but that my asking for life would lead him to let me live thirty years more, I should not dare to put my little mind against his Infinite Wisdom and ask for life! The real prayer you and I engage in, and detest the sham.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance Camp-Meetings.

Arrangements have been completed for holding National Temperance Camp-Meetings at Asbury Park and Island Heights, New Jersey, under the direction of the National Temperance society and Publication House.

The meeting at Asbury Park is to open Wednesday evening, July 6th, and close Friday evening, July 9th. The meeting at Island Heights is to open on Wednesday morning, July 14th, and close Sabbath evening, the 18th. The afternoon of the 14th is to be occupied with a large children's temperance meeting. These meetings are to be under the personal direction of Rev. D. C. Babcock, of Philadelphia, one of the secretaries of the National Temperance Society. These meetings will be addressed by able speakers from England and America, gentlemen and ladies, a dozen or more of them. If there are to be any hot shot thrown on these occasions, let them be so at where they will do the most good.

Drunkenness no Excuse.

There seems to be a mawkish sympathy for murderers, ravishers, and other villains who commit their crimes while intoxicated. "He would not have done it had he been sober," people say; "he is only a bad man when under the influence of liquor." And so many a scoundrel is excused, and often escapes the penalty due to his crimes by the plea of drunkenness. But the fact is that drunkenness, instead of being an excuse for evil deeds, is itself a crime. The sooner the absurd idea that it is a disease is abandoned, and intoxication, like theft or other crimes, is recognized as what it is—a terrible sin—the sooner it will be eradicated from our land. Intoxication, instead of excusing criminal acts, should be looked upon as an aggravation of their heinousness, and the punishment increased accordingly in severity.

That it is a disease is a most absurd and pernicious idea. A man does not go voluntarily and swallow the poison of small pox or yellow fever; he does not go into a swamp, and inhale malaria till he gets fever and ague. But he does go deliberately and swallow a deadlier poison, that produces worse effects than these, when he drinks rum, and why? Because he is a sinner, and has depraved his appetites by sinful indulgence. We should seek to reform as we would other sinners in a brotherly kindness, but his beastly appetite should never be made an excuse for more beastly crime.

True to the Life.

Mr. Gough tells the following story: I know a man who was startled with a face peering out at him from the wall; he went up to it and wiped it out and stood back again, and still it was there he went up to it again and wiped it out and stood back—it was there yet. His very hair seemed to stand with horror as he went up to it, and with a terrible blow of his fist struck the wall and left it marked with blood. He stood back again—it was there; and went and beat and beat 'till he had broken the bones in his hand, with beating out that which was palpable to him; and yet he was conscious, and the consciousness thrilled through his frame with horror, that it was but a phantom of his imagination. Let a man suffer that six days and six nights; let a physician sit by his side and tell him, "Now, sir, if you drink again, you will suffer for it again." "But, doctor, I will never drink again, doctor, the thought is too terrible; I shall never suffer it, I will never take drink again." And once more healthy blood comes in that man's veins, and in the emphatic language of Scripture, he "seeks it yet again," and again he is brought down, again he endures it all, and again the physician sits by his side. "You remember that which I told you?" "Yes." "If you drink you will have it again; and do not send for me, for you will die." "Doctor I will never touch it again." And yet he rises from his couch in agony, seeks it again, and again he is brought down, and his shrieking spirit flies in disgust into eternity from the body so fearfully and wonderfully made by God. He knew all the way along it must be so. Such is the terrible slavery of intemperance.

Jos. H. Shinn,
Insurance Agent,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,
References: Policy holders
in the Atlantic City
fires.

HAMMONTON SHOE STORE
D. C. Herbert,
Dealer in all kinds of
Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, etc., and every-
thing pertaining to the business.

Custom work and Repairing
done with neatness and dispatch.
No. 1 Clark's Block.
Mr. H. A. Tremper
has now on hand a select assortment of
Spring Millinery Goods,
and will be adding every week the
LATEST and MOST APPROVED STYLES.
Also the usual assortment of
Notions & Ladies' Goods
Hammonton, N. J.

C. M. Englehart & Son.
Watches, Jewelry,
Silver & Plated Ware.
Agents for the Howard Watch Co.

Masonic Marks & Badges
Rogers & Bro. Celebrated
Plated Ware.
No. 25a North Second Street.
PHILADELPHIA.

CHICKENS!!!
I am now prepared to receive and pay the Highest
Rates, CASH ON DELIVERY, for all chickens and
poultry that may be brought in.
I am always on hand to receive poultry at the Har-
row Gauge Railway Station, from 7 until 9 o'clock, on
SATURDAY MORNINGS, and at my home every
EVENING in the week, from 6 to 7:30 o'clock.
I am actually
PAYING HIGHER PRICES
than you can possibly net in the Philadelphia market,
as I can satisfactorily show.
Try me and be convinced.
O. E. MOORE
Hammonton, May 22nd, '80.
Subscribe for the S. J. REPUBLICAN

Curious Inquiries.

What is the way they explain it? ... Up and down, on the shore of the river. ... What did the hunter? ... Only saw a dog in the forest. ... How tall me, my friends, what might this mean?

A Charming Pickpocket.

Miss Lilione Howell sits on the top step of the bank porch of the Pebble house. ... Everything looks bright and beautiful this week. ... "What was it?" asks Ada. ... "What?" asks Linda. ... "Oh, thank!" continues Ada. ... "Not wreck who steals a loaf of bread or smothering of a friend. ... "Why, Mr. Moore?" ... "Well, upon my word," exclaims Ada. ... "Not wreck who steals a loaf of bread or smothering of a friend. ... "Why, Mr. Moore?" ... "Well, upon my word," exclaims Ada.

Timely Topics.

There are several flourishing schools in China conducted by American teachers. ... The thoroughly agricultural character of the people of India is apparent from the figures showing the occupations of the adult male population of the country. ... A Removable Document. The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world. ... A Medical Writer Says: It is a habit with me to go to bed at an early hour. ... The Animal World. Bulger, in Lexington, Ky., known as the "Fenral dog," succumbed to old age. ... The Berlin Railroad Society has been discussing the question of a system of checking baggage. ... Alcohol and Insanity. Dr. Lumier, a distinguished physician of France, has called for a careful collation of statistics, that insanity in that country keeps almost exact pace with the population. ... A subject of real importance in New York, says the World of that city, also has just been sharply brought before the public mind in England by the suicide of a young man.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Jan's! Rather singular that women never learn how to drive a horse properly. ... "But women can drive," cries a champion of the sex. ... "Can women drive?" And do you let them handle your best horses? ... "Drive!" he answered. ... The Animal World. Bulger, in Lexington, Ky., known as the "Fenral dog," succumbed to old age. ... The Berlin Railroad Society has been discussing the question of a system of checking baggage. ... Alcohol and Insanity. Dr. Lumier, a distinguished physician of France, has called for a careful collation of statistics, that insanity in that country keeps almost exact pace with the population. ... A subject of real importance in New York, says the World of that city, also has just been sharply brought before the public mind in England by the suicide of a young man.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Melons delight in a warm, light soil with plenty of well decomposed manure or good compost. ... PLAIN BREADS.—One cup of water, one egg, a little salt, a large spoonful of sugar, mix together. ... TEA CAKES.—Melt one ounce and a half of butter in a little new milk. ... GRASS IN ORCHARDS. Seeding down orchards and leaving the land in meadow may answer in moist climates or where the soil is naturally wet. ... A good start is of great importance in melon culture. ... The Berlin Railroad Society has been discussing the question of a system of checking baggage. ... Alcohol and Insanity. Dr. Lumier, a distinguished physician of France, has called for a careful collation of statistics, that insanity in that country keeps almost exact pace with the population. ... A subject of real importance in New York, says the World of that city, also has just been sharply brought before the public mind in England by the suicide of a young man.

THE ROMANCE OF A BIRD'S NEST.

The best of a little robin red breast was yesterday picked up among the beautiful shrubbery which adorns Winthrop place. ... The extraordinary length of handsome black and colored mitts and many buttoned kid and leather gloves proved that American tastes are not altogether regulated by foreign fashions. ... Parties are earnestly requested not to send post cards with money orders inclosed, as large sums are frequently lost in that way. ... When eggs are sent through the mails and chickens are hatched on the journey, the chickens become the property of the sender. ... Ducks cannot be sent through the mails when alive. ... Young ladies who desire to send their Saratoga trunks by mail to wintering places during the coming season should notify the postmaster general at New York of such intention before the first of March. ... The Berlin Railroad Society has been discussing the question of a system of checking baggage. ... Alcohol and Insanity. Dr. Lumier, a distinguished physician of France, has called for a careful collation of statistics, that insanity in that country keeps almost exact pace with the population. ... A subject of real importance in New York, says the World of that city, also has just been sharply brought before the public mind in England by the suicide of a young man.

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

NOT COLD WATER SOAP BUT USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND IN WARM WATER. USE WINTER AND SUMMER BUT NEVER SCALD OR BOIL ANY OF YOUR CLOTHING. Makes Clothes Clean, Sweet and White, without Scalding or Boiling, if rubbed on lightly and the directions strictly followed, it will prove to be the Cheapest Soap that even a poor family can buy. Splendid for Coarse or Fine Goods, Woolens, Blankets, Flannels, Calico, Fine Fabrics, and Delicate Colors. Cleans Paint, Tins and Marble Fronts. Removes Grease Spots and Printers' Ink. A Wash that takes a whole forenoon, can be done in a couple of Hours, if you will use Frank Siddalls Soap and follow the directions. The Clothes will smell Sweeter and look nicer on the line, than when washed in any other way and (as they are positively not to be Scalded or Boiled,) there is no heavy Washboiler to lift about, no disagreeable Smell in the house, no steam to spoil the wall-paper or furniture, and the Saving in Fuel alone Pays for the Soap. Follow Miss LESLIE'S Receipt. When you use FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. In the first place, do not get the Washboiler about on Washday; the Clothes will be Sweet and White without Scalding or Boiling and as enough hot water can be got from a tea-kettle to make the wash-water warm enough to suit the hands, (which is all that is necessary) a wash-boiler is not needed and only makes work for nothing. Rub the soap over the wet clothes, lightly, so as not to waste it, but dont miss the soiled places, and LET SOAK 20 MINUTES; then wash carefully out of that one suds only, not using any soap, but changing the water if it gets dirty; next wash through in warm water, turning each piece and rubbing lightly on the Wash-board, but not using any soap, then rinse through Blue Water AND HANG UP TO DRY WITHOUT EITHER SCALDING OR BOILING. Do not keep the Soap on the washboard while washing - it is not necessary and makes it waste. None genuine without my written Signature - J. H. Siddalls - 718 Gallowhill St., Philadelphia (U. S.). IMPORTANT NOTICE: Do not believe statements that FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP cannot be obtained. Orders are promptly filled and a reasonable profit allowed dealers. Sold by Grocers throughout the United States and Canada.

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In Yonder Vale,
In yonder vale there is a little moon,
Where sleep forever all I ever found,
To this strange world of phantom and disguise,
I give myself a glimpse of paradise.

She came to me ere long, she was known to death,
When joy expanded on the southward breeze;
An angel of sweetness, strayed from heaven's
To light my soul with love's divinest fire.

I live in love's grass now, she is dead,
The air is heavy on me as of old,
Ere you my days have reached their sunny
I tetter on the crutch of crumbling time.

When beauty roves along you silent vale,
And reads in flowers man's love's tale,
This low-pulsed music that will cease around,
Our saddest sorrow to dead love is bound.

—Hugh F. McDermott.

BLEUET'S FIRST LOVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
HENRY MUGGER.

A blouse of blue stuff of an elegant
cut and stylishly fastened about the
waist by a narrow belt, a cap of blue
velvet ornamented with a silk tassel
and pantaloons of blue cloth were
invariably on her costume, and to
it he owed his sobriquet.

At this time the history begins,
Bleuet was a pretty schoolboy of two
years, whose nature and character gave
him the life of a fabled being. His man-
ners were naturally of such a nature
that he could be used, his delicacy, his
features and the choice turn of his lan-
guage were not those of a child of the
people, and one would have readily
taken him for the heir of some rich and
noble house, so much of the superb was
there in his little person. This defect,
which, however, was merely super-
ficial, was due to blind maternal ten-
derness. But, after all, it is a defect,
and at any rate, Bleuet's pride pre-
served him from those street-corner com-
panionships which are formed between
the children of the same neighborhood,
and the result was that he knew noth-
ing of the picturesque but vulgar vocabu-
lary of the Paris gamin.

In the same house with Bleuet, and on
the first that lived Mlle. B., whose
father was then traveling. This char-
ming lady had not the least of a dis-
taste because of a great infirmity which
forced her to keep her room. She had
broken a leg through a fall, and the
physicians had prescribed to disuse
it motionless. Confided by her father
to the care of a governess, she re-
mained in her room, and it was to dis-
cuss the matter with her mother, and
a few intimate friends of her family.
The young invalid, who was terrible
weary of her isolation, thought one day
that she would make the acquaintance
of her youthful neighbor, whom she had
surprised many times standing at her
window while she came to her mother
to ask her governess to invite the school-
boy to visit her. But Bleuet judged it
to be good taste to extort a more pres-
suring invitation, and desired to know
the lady's motive for wishing to see him.

"She has a service to ask of you,"
answered the governess, in a hazy
manner. "But," said Bleuet, "why don't she
come here and ask it of me herself?"
Mlle. B. cannot walk, or she cer-
tainly would have come, so he re-
solved to step down to her for an in-
stant. Very well, tell her from me that I
shall do myself the honor to call upon
her presently."

The governess retired, greatly aston-
ished at the fashion in which the pro-
posal had been made. She told Mlle. B.
all about it. Bleuet had toiled and pined
himself for an hour, put on gloves and
gaiters with his mother because she
would not let him carry a cane.

"What can she wish with me?" he
asked himself, as he gave the bell a
violent pull. The femme de chambre
answered the summons.
"Announce me to your mistress,"
said the schoolboy, briefly.
The servant looked at him with a
mocking air, and in a voice more mock-
ing still announced:
"Monsieur Bleuet."

"You sent for me, mademoiselle,"
said the schoolboy, when he found him-
self in the presence of the pretty in-
valid.
"Yes, monsieur, and I hope you will
pardon me for the derangement I have
caused you, as I have a great service to
ask of you, and as it has been repre-
sented to me that you are a very
amiable young man, I have dared to
ask you to come to my room."

"Yes, I would like to know the
occasional song which you sing so well,
and you will be exceedingly obliging if
you will teach it to me. Besides, I will
pay you for your lessons." At the word
pay Bleuet commenced
to beat the floor with his foot, which
indicated the highest degree in the
"hermometer of his anger."
"Yes, I will pay you two cakes a
week," said the invalid.

Bleuet grew scarlet and looked around
for something to break.
"Well, Mlle. B., you do not an-
swer," said the invalid.
"But suddenly she saw that she had
gone to far with the sensitive child.
Her innocent pleasantry had deeply
wounded Bleuet's self-love. He burst
into tears and fell upon the carpet in
violent convulsions.

When he revived he found himself
half lying on a divan, his head leaning
upon the bosom of Mlle. B., who was
watching him anxiously.
On finding himself in the young lady's
arms the schoolboy felt a singular sen-
sation. How did he get there? He
could not tell, but he certainly liked the
sensation, for to prolong the charm of
his position he feigned a swoon which
no longer lasted, and for a while he
saw the glances of Mlle. B. fixed upon
him with infinite tenderness and
inquietude.

And he heard her murmur many
times:
"Poor child! Poor child!"
Her glowing voice, her beautiful
white hands, her happy breath,
which swept his face, all woke in poor
Bleuet a commotion before unknown to
him; but his excitement was increased
when the bewitching young lady,
greatly alarmed at his pallor and mo-
tionless state, restored him by lay-
ing upon him all those charming
joculeries of language which women
know how to invent to appease children.
And seeing that he did not seem to be
still kept his eyes closed, Mlle. B. be-
came more disturbed than ever, clasped
the schoolboy closer in her arms and
kissed him on the forehead, saying to him in
a low tone:
"Awake and speak to me, my little
friend."

"At this kiss—the kiss of an elder sis-
ter bestowed upon a sick young brother
Bleuet quivered, blushed furiously
and opened his eyes.
"At last!" said Mlle. B. "How
do you feel?"
"Let me go!" cried Bleuet, striving
to free himself.
"Not until you are entirely yourself,"
and the young lady still kept her arms
about him. "Say that you are no
longer angry with me," she said.

"I am not a teletale," answered
Bleuet, who was now entirely restored.
"Well then," said Mlle. B., "you
usurp a place, and you must remain
here a little longer, otherwise your
mother will see that you have been
crying for your eyes are very red."
But Bleuet insisted upon leaving.
"At least," said the young lady, "you
will come to see me again." And she
added: "Excuse me for not accom-
panying you to the door, as you see that
I cannot stir."

Bleuet thought he saw more pleas-
ure in this, and he could not resist
his sleep that night. The next day he
was absent-minded at school. He had
his lessons, and duties, and returned
home overjoyed with his success.
"What is the matter with you?"
asked his mother as he came in, the
picture of bliss.
"Nothing," he replied. And, taking
up his grammar, he went to the window
and tried to study. But, alas! no gram-
mar in the world could furnish good
Bleuet with what he wanted, which
was simply some pretext to return to
the pretty young lady who had made
such fun of him. This pretext Mlle.
B. herself furnished him with. She
was so at her window and was read-
ing a novel. She saw the schoolboy,
who hurriedly placed at her feet, and
loved her eyes the instant she lifted hers
to him. Seeing that Bleuet either
did not or would not understand her
looks of invitation, Mlle. B. tried
another method. She let her romance
fall into the schoolboy's hands, and
told her to read it to her. "Good
gracious, my book!"

The schoolboy saw and heard. He
thought this was just the pretext under
which he could present himself at Mlle.
B.'s apartments, and at the same
time preserve his dignity. He ran
down the stairway, picked up the
volume, and hastily bore it back to his
owner, who was greatly enchanted
with her preference and gladly re-
ceived the intelligence of the lad who
had so perfectly comprehended it.
This second interview was much
more necessary.
"Monsieur," resumed Mlle. B., "with
difficulty preserving a serious
countenance, I have read your book,
and you have a very handsome voice,
and I wish you to teach me how to
sing. Now to sing 'Née Me by Moonlight
Alone!'"

For an instant, despite his self-pos-
session, Bleuet was disconcerted, he had
not expected anything like this.
A flush of purple mounted to his face,
but Mlle. B., who was a brave young
woman, and who was not to be deterred
at the terrible glance the schoolboy shot
at her with all the fire of his black eyes,
she continued, calmly:
"Yes," said Bleuet. "But he didn't
tell the entire truth. And to change

the subject, he entered upon the long
ditty of his school troubles, and made
Mlle. B. laugh till the tears came by
drawing her the portrait of his
woods and sand hills who announced
himself as Mr. Snags, and who wanted
to know if it could be possible that the
proposed line was not to come any
more than three miles to the hamlet
named in his honor.

"The Snags' Corners a place of much
importance," asked the president.
"Is it? Well, I should say I was
made over a ton of maple sugar
there!"
"Does business flourish there?"
"Flourish! Why business is on the
gallop there every minute in the whole
twenty-four hours. We had three false
alarms of fire there in one week. How's
that for a town which is to be left three
miles off your railroad?"
Being asked to give the names of the
business houses he scolded his head
for awhile and then replied:
"We are looked on as low on our side."
When his frowzy pate was rasped;
And though we've wandered long here,
Our hearts have never changed.

We are growing old together,
The ivy and the tree,
A stinging emblem to be,
Of the love that you and me
To be worthy of each other
In the past as well as our aim;
And 'tis pleasant now to know, dear,
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We are growing old together,
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"Well, there's me to start on. I run
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everywhere, a doctor, and just week over
half a dozen patent-right men passed
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to our present standing, and we'll have
a lawyer here before long."
"I'm afraid we won't be able to come
any nearer the corner than the present
survey," finally remarked the president.
"You won't! It can't be possible that
you mean to skip a growing place like
Snags' Corners!"
"I think we'll have to,"
"Wouldn't you like to go to the
city?"
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"Maybe I'll subscribe \$25," continued
the delegate.
"No, we cannot change."
"Can't do it now?"
"No."
"Very well," said Mr. Snags as he put
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8,000,000 inhabitants—Berbers, negroes,
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The longest railroad in the world at
present is the Pacific railroad, over 2,900
miles in length.
The bicycle is a new invention. We
love to look upon the bicycle when some
other person rides it.—Meriden Recorder.

To clean straw hats rub the soiled
straw with a cut lemon, and wash off
with water and soap.
The greatest mass of solid iron in the
world is the Pilot Knob, of Missouri.
It is 100 feet high and two miles in
circumference.
How many men take the fatal step in
life with the idea that they are getting
an angel, and soon after marriage
find that they have bought a bad
woman.—Tongue's Gazette.

The Edelweiss, the white Alpine
flower which is such a favorite with
the alps, is becoming so very scarce,
that the Swiss government has ordered
its wholesale destruction, under
strict penalties.
A writer says when Jefferson became
President he carried his simple manners
and tastes into official life. There are
many who say that the great secret of
their success is due to the fact that
they never take too often.—Saturday Night.

A woman in New York accidentally
went to church with two bonnets on
her head, one stuck on her forehead,
and the other women in the con-
gregation thought it a new kind of
hat, and they were all laughing at
her.
At a party one evening several con-
tested the honor of having done the
most extraordinary thing; a restaur-
ateur man was appointed judge of their
pretensions. One produced
his tailor's bill with a receipt attached
to it. A buzz through the room that
this could not be true; when a
second proved to be true; but a burglar
had taken away his money.
The palm is his," was the general
cry when a third put in his claim.
"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot
boast of the acts of my predecessor, for
I have just returned to the owners three
lead pencils and two umbrellas that
were lent me by my hostess. I have
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