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NO. 36.

THE WALMER HOUSE,

Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

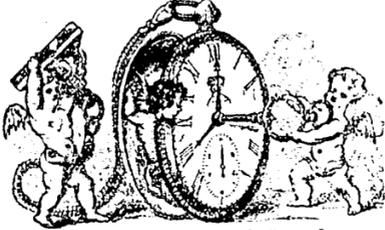
Open at all seasons, for permanent and transient boarders. Large airy rooms. First-class table. Verandas and balconies to every room. Plenty of Shade. Pure Water. Stabling for horses. **Special Rates for Families for the Season.** For terms, address—**WALMER HOUSE,** (Lock-Box 75) Hammonton, Atlantic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

A New Jewelry Store in Cochran's Building,

CARL M. COOK,

Of Philadelphia, having rented a part of Mr. Cochran's Drug Store, offers to the people of Hammonton, and vicinity a fine line of

Watches
Spectacles
Etc.



Clocks,
Jewelry,
Etc.

He is a Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, and will make Repairing a Specialty. **Everything Guaranteed.** Give him a call. Corner Bellevue Ave. & Second St.

Wagons AND Buggies.

On and after Jan. 1, 1886, I will sell
One-horse wagons, with fine body and Columbia springs complete, 1 1/2 inch tire, 1 1/2 axle, for CASH, \$50 00
One-horse wagon, complete, 1 1/2 tire 1 1/2 axle, for..... 62 50
The same, with 2-inch tire..... 65 00
One-horse Light Express..... 55 00
Platform Light Express..... 60 00
Side-spring Buggies with fine finish 70 00
Two-horse Farm Wagons..... \$65 to 70 00
No-top Buggies..... 50 00

These wagons are all made of the best White Oak and Hickory, and are thoroughly seasoned, and ironed in a workmanlike manner. Please call and be convinced. Factory at the C. & A. Depot, Hammonton.
ALEX. AITKEN, Proprietor.

A.H. Simons & Co HAMMONTON BAKERY.

Bread, Delivered
Cakes, at your door
Pies, every morning,
Etc. (Sundays excepted.)

Canned and Green Fruits,
Fine Confectionery, etc.
AN ELEGANT
ICE CREAM PARLOR

In Chancery of New Jersey.

To Mary C. Potter, Alice G. Potter, and Arthur G. Potter:

By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in a cause wherein Arthur W. Potter is complainant and you are defendants, you are required to appear and plead, answer, or demur, to the bill of said complaint, on or before the thirty-first day of August next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed for partition of certain lands in the Town of Hammonton, in the County of Atlantic, and in the Town of Berlin, in the County of Camden, of which Valorous Potter died seized; and you Mary C. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest, as widow, in said lands; and you Alice G. Potter are made defendant because you have a dower interest as widow of Irving S. Potter in said lands; and you Arthur G. Potter are made defendant because you are one of the tenants in common in said lands. Dated June 30th, 1886.

A. J. KING,
Solicitor of Complainant.
Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.
Pr. 5111, 2111, 54.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Erection of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt, removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. B. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
Sold every where, 25c. Office, 41 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE, sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1.
Office, 41 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

GERRY VALENTINE

Is the only RESIDENT FURNISHING Undertaker.

Having recently purchased a New and Modern Hearse,

And all necessary paraphernalia, I am prepared to satisfy ALL who may call.

Dr. Wm. J. Hood
Will attend, personally, to all calls, whether day or night. A competent woman ready to assist, also, when desired.

Mr. Hood's residence, on Second St., opposite A. J. Smith's.
Orders may be left at Chas. Simons' Livery.

JOS. S. CHAMPION

Calls attention to the following facts:
1st. He is the only FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND Furnishing Undertaker

In Atlantic County, being the only undertaker who makes this his special business.

2. He is the only undertaker who keeps a fine new hearse in Hammonton.

3. He is the only undertaker in Atlantic Co. who is a professional embalmer of the dead.

4. He has all the conveniences and appointments for carrying on a large business, and is prepared to respond to all calls at the shortest notice, whether day or night.

5. He reads all and follows none, as he makes this his only study.
6. D. B. Berry, of Hammonton will attend to all orders left with him.
Office, No. 3 Fay's Block, Hammonton, N. J.

Acting Secretary Fairchild has a very acute case of bond calls. He proposes on Sept. 15th to pay off ten million of the uncalled bonds, in addition to the large levies for redemption already advertised under the regular calls.

Deputy State Comptroller Thomas G. Benedict, of New York, has been appointed Public Printer at Washington by President Cleveland. Mr. Benedict is a native of the town of Warwick, Ulster county, N. Y., and is about forty-seven years of age. For twelve years, up to 1883, he was senior editor and publisher of a paper at Ellenville. He represented the Third Assembly District of Ulster Co. for two terms in the State Legislature in 1880 and 1881. He was appointed Deputy State Comptroller in 1883.

Miss Clara Barton, head of the Order of the Red Cross, is broken down in health from overwork. When her earthly work is over she can truly comfort herself with the reflection that she will leave the world better than she found it.

The next M. E. Conference will be held at Hackensack.

General Fisk estimates that sixty per cent. of the Prohibition vote will be drawn from the Republican ranks.

The extensive hennery at the corner of Seventh street and Grant avenue, Plainfield, containing about a thousand chickens of the Plymouth Rock variety, was fired by an incendiary Monday night and totally destroyed. The loss is about \$2,500, and is partially covered by insurance.

The ancient Romans admired the oyster and gave it a high place at their banquets. Its proud history appeals to us to-day with the sweet odor of ten thousand restaurants. Welcome, then, the oyster and the months that "r" upon us.

Many people dislike to take bitter medicines, no matter how efficacious they may be; in Quineptus these people have a vehicle in which any dose, however nauseating, may be taken. Quineptus has a most delicious taste, and while the medicine is rendered acceptable to the palate, it does not lose its own curative properties.

The Guion steamship Alaska went ashore Wednesday on the south side of Gedney's Channel and was unable to get off.

It is estimated that from 60 to 100 people were killed at Charleston, S. C., by the earthquake of Tuesday night. Thousands of the inhabitants are left homeless; the largest and most valuable portion of the city was destroyed, and the loss of property is estimated at \$5,000,000.

The public debt was reduced \$1,810,699 during August.

Miss Scidmore, now at Bergen, Norway, says in a letter to a friend: "I've seen the midnight sun and a' that; but after three weeks in high latitude I'd give a dollar for a dark night and an honest sleep."

For our own part we are still in favor of breaking up the solid South, but we must flatly condemn the earthquake as a means of doing so. Put away the quake.—Bourbonism—can be crushed without it.

Twenty-fifth Annual

Fair

OF THE Egg Harbor City Agricultural Soc'y.

Sept. 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, '86

At the Fair Grounds, St. Louis Ave. and Agassiz Street, Egg Harbor City.

For space, premium lists, etc., apply to V. P. HOFMANN, Sec'y.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO! Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

POSITIVE PROOFS.

In other advertisements we have said that the **Wheeler's Rheumatism Cure** was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. These are simply Plain Facts. We now present some Positive Proofs:
Could one ask anything more to the point than this from Mr. H. B. WATSON, a prominent merchant of Brownfield, Me., who writes Feb. 25, 1885: "When in Exeter, two years ago, I tried hard to buy the receipt of this very remedy. I was told Col. Wheeler had set it for most about fifty years, but neither of us could find it. I was then advised with determination for years and sent hundreds of dollars, but never got any permanent relief until I tried this. Since then, over the years, not only have I not had the rheumatism, but I have not had a headache since. I know it is a good thing. It will take like wildfire. Now I want the recipe for five States."
Read to another from nearer home. Mr. J. D. WHITE is a leading business man of Hingham, Pa. His grandfather, over 80 years old, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. Nov. 23, 1885, Mr. WHITE writes us:
"I have read your circular. The country is full of people suffering from Rheumatism. I would like to believe any remedy that would do it. My grandfather is such a sufferer that he would gladly give for a single bottle of your medicine, ten times your price. He will try it any way, because he don't think your house would keep anything without merit."
Dec. 2, he says: "My grandfather pronounced the Russian Rheumatism Cure a three-fold success. He is not relieved one day only, but altogether."
If you doubt either of the statements, write the parties; they'll gladly answer any inquiry. Our space does not permit further testimony. We have plenty of it, however. It makes our little book. We send it free to all who use it. As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the price, and addressing the American Dispensary, PHAELZER BROS. & CO., 519-521 Market Street, Philadelphia. Price \$2.50. If mailed, be additional. ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

COAL. COAL

All wanting the best quality of Lehigh Coal can find it at Scullin's coal yard on Egg Harbor road, near Bernshouse's steam mill. Coal will all be dumped from the cars into the yard, and will be sold in five ton lots at the same rate as car load lots from other yards. Having a good plank floor to shovel from, instead of the inconvenience of shoveling from the cars, is really worth ten cents a ton to every purchaser.
All coal will be sold strictly for cash on delivery.
Office at Anderson's feed store.
JOHN SCULLIN,
Hammonton, N. J.

Tomlin & Smith

Have received this week a supply of

FALL GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery (cotton and wool)
CORSETS—Coraline, Duplex, Doctor Warner's—Health, and other makes.
GLOVES—new Fall shades. Velling, Collars.
Handkerchiefs—the latest styles.
SOAP—Colgate's, Cachemere-Boquet, Glycerine, Honey, and Oatmeal.
DRESS GOODS,—Black and Colored Cashmere.
Dress Trimmings,—Silesia, Drilling, and Cambrie.
White Goods, Nainsook, Lawn, and Cross barred Muslin.
Full assortment of NOTIONS.
New Goods Every Week

AYER & SON ADVERTISING AGENTS

This paper is kept on file at the office of
TIMES BUILDING Chestnut PHILADELPHIA.
ESTIMATES FOR NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING FREE
Sent 10c. in Advance. Cash Rates FREE
Apply to
AYER & SON'S MANUAL

AGENTS WANTED
To canvass for one of the largest, oldest, established, best known Newspapers in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequalled facilities. Price \$100.00 per year. Established 1847. W. & T. SMITH, Genovese, N. Y.



We call the attention of our customers to our new goods, just received.

Satteens,
Crinkled
Seersuckers,
Batistes:

Also, a large variety of
Trimming
Lace & Velvet
Of different colors.

Buttons to
Match Goods.

Boys' Percalé
Shirt Waists
Now on hand.

Call and See.

E. STOCKWELL.

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.

The REPUBLICAN contains more than twenty-five columns of entertaining reading each week. Thus, in a year we furnish you 1300 columns of fresh news items, stories, etc., all for \$1.25.

90 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES, POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOTS, in the CENTRE of the Town of Hammonton.

Prices Reasonable, Terms Easy.
Call on, or address,
A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J.,
P. O. Box 299.

In the Shadows.

Day by day the shadows lengthen
In the way—
Glory no more serves to strengthen

POLES APART.

Dick Felloes flung himself back
against the railing of the summer
house till the airy building rocked
to its foundation.

Stella Howard, sitting sweet and
calm in her white gown and pearls,
half glanced toward him, her eyes
then dropped her blue eyes again with
a suspicion of a dainty shudder.

clumsy Dick grew to be a very kind and
gentle one.
Not that her lot was as hard as that
of many; indeed, the Bouchers were
very kind to her. Her pupils were
good and affectionate, with the careless
protection of children; she had plenty
of food and drink and nothing to complain
of, except that her life had passed her
by. She tried to do her duty, to teach
her children well and wisely, to help
Mr. Boucher with her numerous guests
and society cares.

The house was to be full for regatta
week as usual, and Stella had promised
to give up her holiday till they were all
gone again. She was writing notes for
a great grand party, when the little
girl burst in upon her in wild excitement.

"Oh, Miss Howard! only think Sir
Richie is coming—our own dear Sir
Richie, isn't it lovely?" they cried.
"Only think how lovely Sir Richie is!"
inquired Miss Howard, very composurely
directing another envelope.

"Not know our own Sir Richie?
Why, everybody knows him. He plays
tennis with us, and rows us on the lake,
and buys us dolls! Fancy, mamma!
Miss Howard does not know our own
dear Sir Richie!"

you know you can't refuse," they
said.
And Stella was forced to laugh and
yield to their entreaty.
So that the picture that met the eyes
of the gentleman who sauntered
down the shrubbery path among the
flowers and the garden, was a picture
of the terrace steps—girls' figures
in a creamy gown, vivid in the hot sun
against the trees and shrubbery; shade
of the dark blue sky. He stopped short
as an arrow-bow.

"Oh, Sir Richie, you're just in time!
Come along and have a game with Miss
Howard—do, do!" cried the children.
The racket slipped from her hand,
and she struck her left wrist a violent
blow. The pain turned her faint and
giddy, and she felt herself grow white
to the lips.

"No, no, young woman," she heard
the voice that was so like, yet so un-
like the voice of other days, say "Miss
Howard, won't you play with me—she never
would."

Then he turned to her with a sudden
change from the laughing tone:
"Have you hurt your arm? I am
afraid I have done you, and he came
forward hastily.
But Stella drew away as he approached.

Rose Benton's Courtship.

"You see, Susan," said Farmer
Benton, appealing to his wife in bitterness.
"I order be in the madder to-morrow
mornin' by a clock and cut that grass
while the dew's on it. And then there's
the pump and the garden to be mended;
they won't be no better by waitin' any
longer, and the prices are fallin' every
day. I dunno what ter do. Everything
allus come in a heap, and I can't do
nothin' but wait."

"An' you can't spare Joel—her
self 'em and get back by 10 o'clock.
'No—no—no in talkin' of Joel's goin'."
He must go into the madder with me.
At this moment pretty little Rose
Benton—the blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked
teacher of the Elverton school, who was
spending her vacation, as usual, at her
uncle's home in the country—came in.

"Let me go, Uncle James," she said,
coaxingly. "I'll sell them ever so nicely
for you."
"Yer child," said Aunt Susan exclaimed,
in astonishment. "Why, land sakes!
What do you think you could do around
them markets, bargainin' with the men?"

"I don't intend to go to the markets; I
could find some quiet street and sell
them at the houses. Mrs. Burnham
frequently does it."
"Yer objection was urged,
but Rose had her own ready to meet
them all, and she finally bribed and
kissed them into consenting.

FASHION NOTES.

—Little cape dolmans are made of
cord-de-la-reine, and are exceedingly
useful on a cool day.
—Bodices with surplice fronts have
plentifully of velvet, or folds of white
muslin, silk or crepe.
—Dark blue is to be much braided
with white for sea-wear, the outer
jacket having straight, loose, open
fronts, but close-fitting collars. A white
sailor shirt, with large collar, will be
worn with the dark skirt, and beneath
the jacket when a bodice is too hot and
tight. The cheap printed Madras mus-
lins are useful for quiet home-dinner
wear, and look well with the addition
of a little lace at throat and wrists.

They are in good designs and colors,
such as navy blue, pale blue and buff
stripes, brown or deep cream, and re-
sistible in texture as a safe material.
They are to be had at less than four-
pence a yard at most of the large shops,
so that, if they can be made up at
home, they are a cheaper or cooler can be
adopted for the summer evenings.
They require to be made tolerably full,
as they are somewhat limp, and, in
some cases, filmy. A length of thin
material, such as a muslin, or a light
price, could form a dhoti, or a laced-
ed kerchief of white muslin could
do duty for one.

—Bonnets seem to be growing steadily
in height, and some of those lately
seen, are quite as tall as the old ones.
In appearance that few will dare to
wear them. For young girls' bonnets,
made on light foundations with
net strings, a wreath of beaded but-
terflies, or a smart ribbon or feather
arrangement, are suitable and also becoming.
They are made principally in black,
but also in all colors to match coat-
ings, except any of the gaudy colors of
the defunct bands of the wearers. Black
ones that are called magpie bonnets—
that is, black and white ribbon loops
arranged together, and strings of the
two ribbons, are much worn for light
mourning. Lace hats are much worn,
and very soft-looking and pretty they are.
The shapes are many and varied, chosen to
suit the face of the wearers, but the
newest are those taken in idea from
Bartholomew's engravings. Thin woven
chips, lined with colored satins and
covered or trimmed with muslin, are
worn as garden hats. White ruffling
caps, with peaks, are worn by children
and young girls for boating, and also
fishermen's caps, made of two colors,
with a white band over the top, and
fixed by a fancy brooch. The cap is
made in two pieces joined, so that
one side of it and the under part of
the forehead are made of one shade
and the rest of the other.

—Among the little adjuncts to fash-
ionable dress, the Queen, the lace
bonnet may be mentioned as being popu-
lar for morning-wear, and also for
smarter afternoon wraps. Over pretty
sweaters, of a fine material, such as
velvet, they looked equally well.
With the high bonnets (many of them
without strings), the large, picturesque
hats now coming into vogue, and the
age and her own mistress, she may have
to fall in love with a contemptible,
good-for-nothing rascal, whom I have
forbidden her to speak to again, and she
is determined to marry him. She tried
to humbug me, she said, and promised
to give him up; but I have positive in-
formation that she has resolved to mar-
ry him. All preparations are made,
and the trunk packed for a departure
to Europe. I forgot to say that she is
visiting a friend at — street, New
York.

A WOMAN'S WIT.

I used to laugh at the idea that a wo-
man could outwit a man. I used to say
that, smart as she might be, a man with
his senses about him was smarter still.
That she could be detected in an in-
stant, and that whatever her purpose
she showed it in the twinkling of an eye,
so that no one could be deceived for a mo-
ment. And that as she could go no-
where without attracting attention, and
needing a male protector, whenever she
did anything out of the common, such
as taking a journey or going out after
dark, as she never knew how to dispatch
parcels or messages quietly, and had no
idea of the hours of the day, and that
in appearance that few will dare to
wear them. For young girls' bonnets,

I have altered my mind now. I have
been the guardian of Miss Matilda Mid-
dlebury for twenty-four hours, and I re-
voked all that I have said. A woman
cannot be up to a paragon, get to an
unknown part of the world, out anything
with a knife, or give a direction prop-
erly; but when she makes up her mind
to marry some one who is willing, old
cloven hoof and all, to follow her, she
cannot but be a woman of wit.

Miss Matilda Middlebury is a young
lady of twenty-two years. I, as her
father's legal adviser, know her exact
age. Before last week I had never seen
her face to face. Last week I made her
acquaintance. It was in this wise:
There came to me, per post, a letter
dated Clemons Hill, and written as I
saw at once, by some person in a violent
rage. Lines all crooked. Letters any
shape. This is what it said to me:
CLEMONS HILL, Saturday.
Mr. MIDDLEBURY,
I have no apology for troubling you about a
matter which you will perhaps consider
a little out of your sphere. I should
not make any apology to the king of
sheep for asking you to do so, but I
of the water if I were drowning. This
is a life and death matter to me; you
must help me. Besides, you are my
legal adviser, and I trust you will
take law into your own hands. That is
all.

I have a daughter—Matilda Middle-
bury. You have made my will in her
favor. It is possible that she may have
to alter it yet; but that is neither here
nor there. That daughter is now twen-
ty-two years old; consequently, of age
and her own mistress, she may have
to fall in love with a contemptible,
good-for-nothing rascal, whom I have
forbidden her to speak to again, and she
is determined to marry him. She tried
to humbug me, she said, and promised
to give him up; but I have positive in-
formation that she has resolved to mar-
ry him. All preparations are made,
and the trunk packed for a departure
to Europe. I forgot to say that she is
visiting a friend at — street, New
York.

THE POLICEMAN.

"Very much pleased to see you, Mr.
Martin," said she. "I've often heard
pious speak of you."
"My dearest friend—one of them, at
least," said I. "Your father is a man
for a daughter to be proud of, Miss
Middlebury."

"Yes," she said, "I suppose so. And
what did papa tell you to say to me?"
"Dear young lady," said I, "do
you know that you are seriously offend-
ing?"
"By no means," she said, "I'm in a
'normal condition' as she said, "so it don't
matter much."

"You are aware that I made a will in
your favor some time ago?" said I.
"Your papa threatens to alter it if I
show any desire to please myself in any-
thing," said Miss Middlebury. "I'm pre-
sently going to London, and I intend to do
as I please. There's your answer."

"Madam," said I, "my message
from your father is this: You are to re-
turn home, under my escort, at once."
"Perhaps I shall refuse to go," said
she.
"Madam," said I, "I am prepared
for that."
And then I brought in the legal ho-
mosexual with which I turned my eyes.
It is necessary for you to show just cause
before you can refuse to return to a pa-
rent's roof. Nine days are necessary
for a writ of habeas corpus, and you are
legally a minor. Pending your proof
before a magistrate, I have authority to
arrest you and take you home. I do so
in the name of the law; I trust you will
not force me to put handcuffs upon a
lady's wrists or to call in four police
officers and lodge you in jail all night;
but, being under bonds to your father,
I will not do so. If you resist, you will
otherwise, I can offer you my arm, and
escort you, as any gentleman might, to
the railway station."

AN ARTLESS POCKET VENUS.

The policeman led the way with the
young man. As we walked behind, I
saw the door of the room in which the
thieves often hid. My heart really bled
for him. He was one who should have
played a better part.

"I've arrived at the station and were led
into a sort of private parlor, where we
were asked to wait awhile; the prisoner
being led away by the policeman. I
saw the door of the room in which the
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turn home, under my escort, at once."
"Perhaps I shall refuse to go," said
she.
"Madam," said I, "I am prepared
for that."
And then I brought in the legal ho-
mosexual with which I turned my eyes.
It is necessary for you to show just cause
before you can refuse to return to a pa-
rent's roof. Nine days are necessary
for a writ of habeas corpus, and you are
legally a minor. Pending your proof
before a magistrate, I have authority to
arrest you and take you home. I do so
in the name of the law; I trust you will
not force me to put handcuffs upon a
lady's wrists or to call in four police
officers and lodge you in jail all night;
but, being under bonds to your father,
I will not do so. If you resist, you will
otherwise, I can offer you my arm, and
escort you, as any gentleman might, to
the railway station."

THE POLICEMAN.

"Very much pleased to see you, Mr.
Martin," said she. "I've often heard
pious speak of you."
"My dearest friend—one of them, at
least," said I. "Your father is a man
for a daughter to be proud of, Miss
Middlebury."

"Yes," she said, "I suppose so. And
what did papa tell you to say to me?"
"Dear young lady," said I, "do
you know that you are seriously offend-
ing?"
"By no means," she said, "I'm in a
'normal condition' as she said, "so it don't
matter much."

"You are aware that I made a will in
your favor some time ago?" said I.
"Your papa threatens to alter it if I
show any desire to please myself in any-
thing," said Miss Middlebury. "I'm pre-
sently going to London, and I intend to do
as I please. There's your answer."

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She looked up into my face so be-
wilingly that my heart thumped as if
it were a door-knocker in the grasp of a
postman. He knew she was
thimble, and she was
left her. Careless brute! What a hus-
band he would make. Whereas in
me—she would find
a man who would
the giddy crowd that stood around the
liquids, "Mary Jane, may I see you
home?"
"If you are a good boy perhaps you
may hit a dace."
He took her away, but she looked
back at me with a smile. I really never
saw such an artless girl in my life.
The melancholy voice of divers cats
seemed to protest against the crime, but
my nerves were firm. I could see noth-
ing. No matter; I knew where my cus-
tomary hat lay under my umbrella. I groped for
it. I grasped it by the ferruled end.
Just then a footstep started me. I
found my eyes were closed—had in his
hateful thing into the abyss below.
There was a splash. I felt a sardonic
joy.
Everybody was now going away.
With a fendish delight I saw Johnson
walk upstairs to get his hat and coat
and his—Hal hal! I waited till he
came down. He was perfectly cool, and
said "I'm sorry, but I've lost my hat.
There was no umbrella there. It was
mine! I went down, resolved to make
an example of Johnson. He stood in
the hall, leisurely putting on his gloves.
"Mr. Johnson," I said, calmly, "but
you have got my umbrella."
"I think not," he replied, with his
evanescent grin.
"Where is it, sir? There can be no
mistake about it. Pray is your umbrel-
la handle an alligator's head in solid
silver?"
He held up the umbrella. It was not
mine!
"I am quite ready, Sam. What's the
matter? You can't find your umbrella?"
"Surely, but I'm sure it's not yours.
I've lent every umbrella she has. Are you
sure you brought it? Oh, thank you,
Mr. Johnson. Good night, Sam; Mr.
Johnson will see me home. It isn't
rain, but it's a good thing you've got
your umbrella."
I don't know whether I got wet or
not. For that matter I don't know
whether I got home. Believe me, I
thought I had been drinking too much.
Perhaps I had, or how could I have
thrown the wrong umbrella out of the
window? It was found some weeks later,
and I brought it to you. It was a
puppy condition by young Twig, who is
the smallest of wags, he suggested that
I should adopt a water-buff and um-
brella as a crest.
I have proposed to "the little
Bowles" during their walk home.
They are married now.
That umbrella business remains a
mystery, but I'm convinced of the
artlessness of Mary Jane.

