

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

VOL. 28.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SEPTEMBER 20, 1890.

NO. 38

CARL. M. COOK,
Jeweler and Optician.

A FULL LINE OF
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,
And Optical Goods.

Prompt and Careful Attention Given
to all kinds of Repairing.

It is at C. E. HALL'S

That you will find what you want to go to housekeeping with,
for he keeps

COOK and PARLOR STOVES.

**HARDWARE and TINWARE,
FURNITURE, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.**

Stove-pipe in all shapes and sizes. Stove repairs got to order at
short notice. Job-work of all kinds promptly attended to.
Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

C. E. HALL, cor. Bellevue and Central Aves.

GEORGE ELVINS
DEALER IN
Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes
**Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,
Agricultural Implements, etc., etc**
N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

Edwin Jones.

DEALER IN

**ALL KINDS OF
Fresh & Salt Meats**

Butter, Eggs, Lard, etc.

Wagons run through the Town
and vicinity.

The Philadelphia weekly Press
and the Republican, both one year
for \$1.25, cash.

From Breckenridge, Col.

Sept. 11th, 1890.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN,

The first thing that attracted my attention this morning on looking out of the window, was the whiteness of all the mountains above timber line. The "beautiful" had come and clothed them in dazzling white above the green. It had rained here in the valley, but there under slightly different conditions, the water in the cloud had crystallized and formed a substance how wonderfully different! Nay, rather, how different the same substance under different conditions! Science tells us that light, heat, and electricity, are but different conditions of the same energy and they can be changed from one to the other. Perhaps they are no more diverse than snow and water. The sight of that

form of water made cold chills creep up my back, and I thought of the warm genial clime of Hammonton, with pleasure.

It is not unusual to have snow in the valley at this season. I once saw ten inches of snow here on the 8th of August. We always expect fine weather for several weeks after the first fall of snow, before any more comes to trouble.

I was intending to go to the top of Spruce mountain to day, but I postponed it till to-morrow, when the snow will be off, and the ground dry, probably. So I avail myself of the time to write you, which I should not have done if it had not snowed on the mountains last night. I went to a mountain a few days ago to see some mines, by invitation of the owners, and that I was anxious to see. They told me I could ride my pony clear up to the mines. Well, I rode him up steeps and along the side of precipices that would make a Hammonian's hair stand on end, till I arrived at the base of the mountain up whose perpendicular side the mines were. Here I dismounted, and took off my saddle, and let Billy graze, while I sat upon a rock and ate my lunch, and I gazed up the dizzy heights to see if I could discover signs of life there. At last, seemingly near the very top, I discovered something having the appearance of a small building nestling among the rocks. I thought it is possible that a house can be built there? How can man reach that spot? I soon saw puffs of smoke near by, and then between the blaze and my eye I could see a man in a red shirt making motions with his arms. I finally concluded he was turning a windlass. I made up my mind I could never climb that mountain, nor would my head stand it to look off from such a precipice. It was fearful to contemplate. They told me it was a good trail, and I could ride my pony clear to the mine! What nonsense! I felt indignant.

Well, my lunch was over and what was I to do? I had come 11 miles and now could not see what I came for. I could not go up the mountain, and the mountain I did not think would come down to me. I remembered that Mahomet had once commanded the mountain to come to him, but it would not budge, notwithstanding his faith, and he was compelled to go to the mountain. But that was nearly 1300 years ago. It was an age of faith and miracle, now it is an age of law and science. Can not we do more than Mahomet? Then I thought of my binocular field glass, and adjusting the focus to my eyes, I directed it to the man on the mountain top, and lo! I brought him and the mountain down to me, so close that I saw he was blacksmithing, sharpening his drills and blowing his bellows. The little house I could see in its full proportions, and count every board in it. The trail appeared zigzagging back and forth on the side of the mountain, and the wild, rugged, weird mountain seemed to give up all its secrets under the wonderful magic of my glass. But its powers were circumscribed. It could not show me the mineral in the veins, but it magnified the mighty effort necessary to climb to its summit. I was discouraged, and after consideration concluded to visit another mine I knew of in the

vicinity, and abandon the attempt to see those I had intended to.

A few days after, meeting one of the owners of a mine on this mountain, and telling him of my attempt to visit him, he laughed at me, and still insisted that I could have gone up had I attempted it. I tried again and this time this gentleman met me at the foot, and we ascended together, stopping to rest every little ways, and going slow. I found I could do nearly as well as he, and in course of an hour and a half we had ascended to the house, about 1500 feet in perpendicular height from the bottom, and where was awaiting us a nice warm dinner. After resting awhile I was shown several mines where very rich ore was being taken out. I had accomplished at last by perseverance what I desired. I afterwards visited this place alone.

How often in life, what seem impossibilities, are easily overcome when attacked with courage and resolution. In fact, man seems to be overcoming all things. Time and space are being annihilated. Young man, you can build to heaven if you try long and hard enough.

Yours, &c.,
A. J. KING.

SALE FOR TAXES.

For the Tax of 1888.

TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued by P. H. Jacobs, Esq., to make the taxes laid on unimproved and unoccupied lands, and on lands tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay their tax, in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, the Collector of said town will, on TUESDAY, the

23rd day of September, next, at the hour of 2 o'clock P.M., at the office of the Town Clerk, sell the timber, wood, herbage, and other vendible property found on the premises, taxed to the under-named persons, to make the taxes and costs annexed to their respective names, with interest at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum from Dec. 20, 1888, to the day of sale:

The Costs in each case will be 86 cents.

Block.	Lot No.	Acres.	Tax.
Ballenger, Dudley.....	17	41	\$2.25
Burton, J. M.	1	59	1.70
Brown, J. W.	19	13, 16	3.21
Clement, Samuel.....	17	21	4.50
Cochran, Benjamin.....	9	39	10
Colwell, Stephen, Esq.	8	46.70
Craigforth Estate.....	9	5	8.59
Davis, P. H.	3	27, 28, 4	5
Farmer, Mrs. Ready.....	17	6	2.82
Fidell, Eli & Chas.	17	25	1.14
Gifford, Jonathan.....	18	2	1.14
.....	17	17	4.20
Hompson, Robert.....	48	17	8.45
Honey, Carolina.....	1	14, 17	3.77
Horne, Chas. F.	16	17	5.67
Holloway, Henry.....	8	Colwell 16	1.14
Lewis, Frank.....	6	Wharton 5	1.14
Lippincott, B. S.	17	5	57
Matthews, G. W.	10	43	5
Manges, Isaac H.	8	16 to 21	4.50
Miller, Geo. F. Est.	1	23	1.69
Miller, Louisa.....	6	19	2.25
Packer, Jonathan.....	9	49, 14	10
Pfeifer, Peter.....	10	6	4.50
Roxby, Eliza.....	12	23	2.15
Julian, & Sellers.....	3	63, 67	40
Reynot, George.....	Colwell add.	20	8.00
Shatto, Warner.....	3	27, 24	2.25
Van Dine, F.	11	10	3.28
Vineyard Cranberry Co.	10	23	4.28
Wardell, Mrs. S.	1	49	2.00
Whitman, James.....	16	2	1.22
Wickliffe, Orlando.....	1	...	1.70

* Stephen Colwell, — Block 1, lots 50, 51, 54, 43, 47, 56, 57, Block 2, lots 76, 80, 82, Block 3, lots 57, 58, Block 4, lots 25, 27, 31, Block 5, lots 18, 25, 26, Block 11, lots 25, 26, 418 acres. Tax, \$46.70.

ORVILLE E. HOYT,
Collector.
Dated August 20th, 1890.

H. FIEDLER,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS.

Dealer in
Tobacco, Cigars, Confectionery,
HAMMONTON, N.J.

Call and see our stock.

We have just received a
fine line of

Choice Confectionery

Call and see our stock.

We have just received a
fine line of

Call and see our stock.

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We have just received a
fine line

The Republican.
(Entered as second-class matter.)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1890.

The Republican Ticket.

For Congressman,
Hon. James Buchanan.

The Second District Congressional Convention met at 12 o'clock, Thursday, in the Opera House, Atlantic City. The four county delegations met one hour previously, and appointed their officers and committeemen, thus facilitating the convention's business.

Mr. A. C. Martin, of Ocean County, was chosen temporary chairman; J. D. Southwick, of Atlantic, and J. H. Clothier, of Burlington, Secretaries, and were later made permanent officers of the convention.

Committees were appointed on Rules, Credentials, Permanent Organization, and Resolutions. The first three reported, and on motion proceeded to nominate a candidate for Representative in Congress.

Atlantic County being called first, its Chairman, J. E. P. Abbott, in a short eulogistic speech, nominated Hon. Jas. Buchanan. This was received with a round of applause. Burlington had no nomination. Ocean seconded the nomination of Mr. B., with strong commendation. Mercer did likewise. Before the applause ceased, Burlington's chairman moved, in behalf of delegation, that the rule be suspended and the nomination of Mr. Buchanan be made by acclamation. This was carried with a shout, and was ratified by cheer after cheer, amid tossing of hats, swinging of canes, and universal rejoicing.

The nominee was then introduced, enthusiastically greeted. He thanked the convention for this uncommon compliment, a nomination for the fourth term; reviewed briefly the work of the present Congress, and declared himself proud of the record it had made.

The Committee submitted their report, endorsing President Harrison's administration, congratulating the House of Representatives upon the work done, asking the Senate to complete the same, and commending the course of the Secretary of State, James G. Blaine. This report was adopted, after adding a condemnation of the New Jersey Senators for voting against the tariff bill.

For Sale.—A sixty-acre farm, 1½ miles from Elmwood station. About thirty acres have been cleared and farmed. Inquire of W. M. BERNSHOUSE, Hammonton, N. J.

One of the shortest courtships on record occurred at Somers Point last Sunday afternoon. Miss Annie Riley, of Atlantic City, a rosy-cheeked vivacious blonde, aged 27 years, was invited to dinner by Mrs. George Anderson, to company with her hostess she called upon Mr. Amos Lewis, a wealthy widower, aged 63. The young lady and Lewis, apparently mutually pleased, entered into conversation, he stating that he greatly desired the services of a housekeeper. She laughingly inquired "Wouldn't I do?" He replied: "Well, rather, but not without accepting the more exalted position my wife," and immediately pressing his suit and urging an answer. A few moments were sufficient, and the lady accepted,—all within ten minutes of their meeting. At Lewis' urgent request, they were married by Rev. A. Chambers, three hours thereafter.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Sept. 20th, 1890:

Mr. Joe. Kellow.	\$92.67 42
Mr. John White.	55
Mr. W. Watt.	55
Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that it has been advertised.	
GEORGE ELVINE, P. M.	
Mr. Eckhardt has sold nearly all of the John Meade estate. The house, stand, on Union Road, was bought by A. Werner, the twenty acres on Oak Road, now belong to John F. Johnson. The balance, fifteen acres on Oak Road, all in barrels, will be sold low, to close up the estate.	
If you have properties for sale or to rent, place them in Wm. Rutherford's hands. No charges unless sold or rented. He is about to issue 2000 pamphlets descriptive of Hammonton and vicinity. Be sure and get your advertisement in it as above—i. e., no charge unless a sale.	
St. Mark's Church, Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, Sept. 21st. Holy Communion at 7:30 A. M. Evening Prayer and Sermon at 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 3:00 o'clock.	
A hole in the pocket will outlast all the rest of a suit of clothes.	

Our specialty, this Spring, will be full frame orders.

Your patronage solicited.

HARNESS.
A full assortment of hard and machine made, for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips,
Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. GOOLEY,
Hammonton, N. J.

D. F. LAWSON,
CONTRACTOR AND

BUILDER,
Hammonton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished

JOBBING promptly attended to.

TILTON & SON'S.

New Style
Fall Hats
for
Men and Boys
Just Arrived!

Prints, Ginghams,
Domet Flannels,
Muslins,
Cotton Flannels,
And a good variety of

**General
Merchandise**
Coming in every week.

P. S. TILTON & SON.

GO TO
Wm. Bernshouse's
Lumb'r Yard.

For all kinds of
Lumber, Mill-work,
Window-glass,
Brick, Lime, Cement,
Plaster, Hair, Lath, etc.

Light Fire Woods
For summer use.
We manufacture

Berry Crates & Chests
Of all kinds. Also,
Cedar Shingles.

We have just received our Spring stock of goods.

Can furnish very nice
Pennsylvania Hemlock

At bottom prices. Manufacture our own Flooring. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Our specialty, this Spring, will be full frame orders.

Your patronage solicited.

HARNESS.

A full assortment of hard and machine made, for work or driving.

Trunks, Valises, Whips,

Riding Saddles, Nets, etc.

L. W. GOOLEY,

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A hole in the pocket will outlast all the rest of a suit of clothes.

Tenders her services to the people of Hammonton and vicinity. Terms reasonable.

JOBBING promptly attended to.

The Brazilian elections resulted in a complete endorsement of the Republican government.

The widow and children of Gen. John C. Fremont are reported to be in abjectly destitute circumstances, in Los Angeles, Cal.

The U. S. Steamer "Baltimore" conveyed the remains of Mr. Ericsson to Sweden, where they were received with high honors. The City of Stockholm gave a dinner to the officers of the steamship.

An extensive ship-building company in England have sent their manager to this country to select a site for a ship-yard.

President Harrison and his family are having a delightful time at Crescent Spring, and will stay another week.

A New York man is making shoe lacers of paper.

The Inter-State Fair will be held at Trenton, opening on Monday, Sept. 20th, and continuing five days. Many attractions are announced.

Within three days, this week, in Wisconsin, the temperature fell sixty-five degrees. Frosts fall on two nights. Last week the heat was unbearable in that same locality.

There is on record the name of but one man who never got off a joke about his mother-in-law. "Twas Adam.

On Wednesday Congress allowed to allow to the Brooklyn, Staten Island & New Jersey Junction Railroad to construct a tunnel under the Bay of New York.

"It's awfully hard," said the Five Dollar Bill, as he was borrowed for the hundredth time, "to go through life like this."

That handsome residence on the Lake, known as the Frank Records property, is for sale at a very low price, and on the easiest terms one can ask. For particulars, inquire at the REPUBLICAN office.

Building lots for sale,—some of the best located for the least amount of money. WM. COLWELL.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve, the best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetters, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, etc. One ounce, \$1.00. Two ounce sizes, or greater, \$1.50. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by George Elvines.

For Sale.—A sixty-acre farm, 1½ miles from Elmwood station. About thirty acres have been cleared and farmed. Inquire of W. M. BERNSHOUSE, Hammonton, N. J.

One of the shortest courtships on record occurred at Somers Point last Sunday afternoon. Miss Annie Riley, of Atlantic City, a rosy-cheeked vivacious blonde, aged 27 years, was invited to dinner by Mrs. George Anderson, to company with her hostess she called upon Mr. Amos Lewis, a wealthy widower, aged 63. The young lady and Lewis, apparently mutually pleased, entered into conversation, he stating that he greatly desired the services of a housekeeper. She laughingly inquired "Wouldn't I do?" He replied: "Well, rather, but not without accepting the more exalted position my wife," and immediately pressing his suit and urging an answer. A few moments were sufficient, and the lady accepted,—all within ten minutes of their meeting. At Lewis' urgent request, they were married by Rev. A. Chambers, three hours thereafter.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Sept. 20th, 1890:

Mr. Joe. Kellow.

At the Close of Business on Friday, Sept. 19th, 1890:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....\$92.67 42

Overdrafts.....55

Due from other Banks.....21,024.85

Furniture and Fixtures.....1,000.00

Current Expenses paid.....50.00

Cash.....7,882.02

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in.....\$20,000.00

Kyphosis.....5,500.00

Undivided Profits.....5,000.00

Individual Deposits.....4,850.25

Bankers' Deposits.....1,481.00

Demand Certif. of Debs. for Inst.25.15

Certif. to Other Banks.....8,892.22

Dividends Unpaid.....116.32

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, etc.

J. C. BYRNES, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge.

WILBER H. TILTON.

Subscribed and sworn before me.

W. M. BERNSHOUSE,
Notary Public.

Correct.—ALLEN B. ENDICOTT,
Solicitor for Pomer.

P. O. Box 53.

Dated September 18th, 1890.

S. E. BROWN & Co.

OUR
5 & 10 Ct.
Counters

will be
of interest
to purchasers,
as we have

placed a good many
higher-priced goods
on these counters

to
close out the stock.
Look at them!

S. E. BROWN & Co.

**J. S. THAYER,
Contractor & Builder**

Hammonton, N. J.

Plans, Specifications, and Estimates furnished.

JOHN T. FRENCH,
Hammonton Paint Works,
Hammonton, N. J.

Send for sample card of
Colors.

**A. J. SMITH,
NOTARY PUBLIC**

AND
Conveyancer.

Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.

Hammonton, N. J.

Charges Reasonable.

P. O. Box 53.

FOR THE

"Seeing is Believing."

"Old Reliable!"

Please don't forget that a general
assortment of

Bread, — Cakes, — Pies,
Fruits
AND
Confectionery

May still be found in great variety
and abundant in quantity at

Packer's Bakery.

Twenty-ninth

ANNUAL FAIR

of the

Atlantic County

Agricultural & Horticultural

Association

will be held

At Egg Harbor City, N. J.

on

Sept. 20, 21, 22, 1890.

Liber'l Premiums

In all Departments

Competition open to all.

Press the Button,
It Opens
and Lights

the Largest Wholesale Lamp Store in the World.

68 Park Street, New Haven.

JOHN C. ANDERSON, Directors.

V. P. HOPMANN, Secy.

JOHN C. ANDERSON.

JOHN C. ANDERSON.

A SUFFERING INFANT.

I'm faced a suffering infant.
Look! how I detect these trials
And these curls and pretty parties
Copied from the showman's bills.
Don't I wish that I were bigger,
Wouldn't I rise up and swear
At that silly-looking make-up.
With the long and fluffy hair.
My! I'd like to go swimming,
Play at leap-frog or hand-ball;
But my clothes are far too pretty—
No, it wouldn't do at all.

Life grows dark and dull and dreary;
Not an hour can I enjoy.
How I'd like to kick the stuffing
Out of little Fauntroy!

—Washington Capital.

To Her Advantage.

BY SARAH PITK.

If any relatives of the late James Handford, sometime curate of Weston, be still living, they may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Messrs. Dod & Son, solicitors, King street.

Barbara Reed set down the paper with a little jerk.

"I wonder if that means me," she said thoughtfully. "My grandfather's name was James Handford, certainly, and I know that he was a curate, but I did not know that there was ever any money in the family."

"If you think it worth while, go to Messrs. Dod & Son and find out," suggested a sharp-featured, elderly lady who sat stitching at the table between them.

"There may be five thousand pounds waiting for me."
"Or five pounds, more likely," suggested the stitcher.

Barbara laughed.

"I'd rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart; they would be more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more to your advantage than all the money you are likely to get from advertisements if you had the sense to see it," returned that lady, significantly.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music-mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the best promising pupils in it before that; she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and after school days ended, it being necessary that she should do something towards keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers. Still, notwithstanding her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against the lady's authority, for it was pretty much as it had been in the days when she was a child....

"She never seems to remember that I am grown up and fit to manage my own business. It does not follow that because I was her pupil once, she has a right to interfere with me now."

She was marching down the road, her head well up, while she argued the matter out, when some one quietly fell into step beside her. The shadow vanished from her brow like morning mist at noon.

"What are you in such a dreadful hurry for?" inquired the new-comer.
"I could scarcely keep you in sight."

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admonitions; her drawing-master.

"Your body may have been there, but my mind certainly was not. Now, my dear, you must really endeavor to put this unfortunate legacy out of your head for the present; you have been fit for very little since it was first mentioned. So far it has proved decidedly the reverse of any advantage to you."

Ten days later came the much-looked-for communication from Messrs. Dod and Son. "They were in receipt of Miss Reed's paper, and could assure her the matter should have their best attention, and were their most obediently," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed face. It was tedious to be obliged to wait in suspense like this. She would hardly know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in the upshot. John Cran's indifference, not to say skepticism, on the subject, threw up his rival's superiority in full relief; and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled at Mr. Lawrence's behavior.

"I am going home to deposit my music, and after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street."

"That is an expedition!"

"Isn't it? but I have some expectation of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that the girl speedily told him all she knew, perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration, by way of justifying her previous announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?"

"Oh, yes."

"I shall be most anxious to hear, and no one deserves such a fortune better than yourself," said he earnestly, with a lingering clasp of the hand left her.

The dingy, jolting omnibus that conveyed Barbara to the city that afternoon might have been a royal chariot for *ad hoc* fits. She was absorbed in bright visions of her coming greatness. No more long practice at Mrs. Stewart's for her part, no need to tell Jivu next May there might be a new member in the head, a new picture to attract all eyes?

No man tied down to strict teaching could have a fair chance. The girl's glow was still there, when she left her teacher genius.

The glow was still there, when she turned into King street and ran against a plain, rather commonplace young man, coming out of one of the ware-

"Why, Barbara, it's not often you come to this quarter," he said, as he held out his hand.

It was a brown, ungloved hand, and bore evident traces of hard service. Barbara gave the tips of her fingers rather coldly, contrasting it with the well-shaped, yellow-gloved one that had pressed her a little before.

"I came on some business, Mr. Grant," she said. "I believe there is a legacy waiting for me; it was advertised in the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors about it now."

John Grant laughed.

"Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Barbara; for myself, I never had much faith in legacies since I wasted twenty-five shillings in advertising about one."

"That may have been a very different matter from this. I had better not tell you longer, Mr. Grant."

"Good afternoon, Miss Barbara."

The girl bowed stiffly.

"And that is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks worth half a dozen of Alfred Lawrence," said she to herself as she walked into the solicitors' office. "It seems to be a decided virtue in some people's eyes to have coarse hands and a shabby general appearance."

Her face was several shades longer when she came out again. The lawyers had not received her with the respectful enthusiasm she expected. She was not prepared to answer questions about genealogies; indeed, she fancied they took her for an impostor, they had been so unwilling to give her any information. She should hear from them in a few days, and in the meantime she must kindly fill in the answers to certain questions on a paper they had given her.

"And I thought I should almost be over it in my pocket by this time," she said ruefully. "Ah, well, I must have patience for another week or so, it is sure to be settled them; only—I'd like to have something to tell Mr. Lawrence."

"I shall.... There may be five thousand pounds waiting for me.... Or five pounds, more likely," suggested the stitcher.

Barbara laughed.

"I'd rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart; they would be more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more to your advantage than all the money you are likely to get from advertisements if you had the sense to see it," returned that lady, significantly.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music-mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the best promising pupils in it before that; she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and after school days ended, it being necessary that she should do something towards keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers. Still, notwithstanding her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against the lady's authority, for it was pretty much as it had been in the days when she was a child....

"She never seems to remember that I am grown up and fit to manage my own business. It does not follow that because I was her pupil once, she has a right to interfere with me now."

She was marching down the road, her head well up, while she argued the matter out, when some one quietly fell into step beside her. The shadow vanished from her brow like morning mist at noon.

"What are you in such a dreadful hurry for?" inquired the new-comer.
"I could scarcely keep you in sight."

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admonitions; her drawing-master.

"Your body may have been there, but my mind certainly was not. Now, my dear, you must really endeavor to put this unfortunate legacy out of your head for the present; you have been fit for very little since it was first mentioned. So far it has proved decidedly the reverse of any advantage to you."

Ten days later came the much-looked-for communication from Messrs. Dod and Son. "They were in receipt of Miss Reed's paper, and could assure her the matter should have their best attention, and were their most obediently," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed face. It was tedious to be obliged to wait in suspense like this. She would hardly know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in the upshot. John Cran's indifference, not to say skepticism, on the subject, threw up his rival's superiority in full relief; and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled at Mr. Lawrence's behavior.

"I am going home to deposit my music, and after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street."

"That is an expedition!"

"Isn't it? but I have some expectation of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that the girl speedily told him all she knew, perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration, by way of justifying her previous announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?"

"Oh, yes."

"I shall be most anxious to hear, and no one deserves such a fortune better than yourself," said he earnestly, with a lingering clasp of the hand left her.

The dingy, jolting omnibus that conveyed Barbara to the city that afternoon might have been a royal chariot for *ad hoc* fits. She was absorbed in bright visions of her coming greatness. No more long practice at Mrs. Stewart's for her part, no need to tell Jivu next May there might be a new member in the head, a new picture to attract all eyes?

No man tied down to strict teaching could have a fair chance. The girl's glow was still there, when she left her teacher genius.

The glow was still there, when she turned into King street and ran against a plain, rather commonplace young man, coming out of one of the ware-

houses. The missing it has brought me far more happiness than the getting it ever could."

Train Robber Smith.

How strangely the good and bad intermingled in the breast of man is strikingly shown by the train of circumstances attending the reception of Smith the train robber, who is now awaiting trial in the county jail. In March last he, in company with three others, robbed the eastern bound Atlantic and Pacific express at Canon Diablo, and a month afterwards, after one of the longest chases on record,

the party were captured by Sheriff O'Neill and posse in Utah. While on the return trip to Arizona, Smith effected his escape by jumping from a car window on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, while the train was rapidly descending the Raton Mountains in New Mexico.

He at once struck out for Texas, taking horses wherever the opportunity presented, and riding them as long as they were able to carry him. On the afternoon of the ninth day, while in the Panhandle, near Vernon, Smith discovered a woman aimlessly wandering over the prairie, and recognizing the fact that she must be lost or in trouble, he rode up and accosted her. She informed him that she had been lost two days, during which time she had gone without food. Knowing that in her emaciated condition she could not possibly survive much longer without assistance, Smith, the escaped train robber, fleeing though he was to death, are simply made an end of by the bulls instead of by the "knacker."

In point of fact, the picador does not fight at all. He simply gets into the bull's way when the creature rushes into the arena, receives his charge, and, after a little feint of combat, yields up his poor horse to the bull's horns.

Portuguese bull fighting is a master sport. No knacker's yard horses are brought into the ring to be butchered there unresistingly. The Portuguese picadors are not recruited from the slums, but are usually gentlemen by birth—a class, that is to say, with whom the management of the horse is a traditional accomplishment. Instead of being protected by armor, they wear the rich, gold-faced costume of the 16th century, and the horses are fully trained, and caparisoned magnificently in silk and gold.

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"And I thought I should almost be over it in my pocket by this time," she said to herself as she walked into the solicitors' office. "It seems to be a decided virtue in some people's eyes to have coarse hands and a shabby general appearance."

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For another week or two things continued to go much the same fashion. Mrs. Stewart wore a chronic air of disapproval. John Grant was invisible. Only Mr. Lawrence was to be seen with his sympathetic inquiries, but in some mysterious way Barbara began to find them irritating rather than flattering. She got tired of giving the same response, "Nothing yet," and of hearing the same polite remarks about his concern and admiration of her. They did not go deep enough.

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