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The Martyred Heroes.
And I see a phantom army come,
With never a sound of file and drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation.



The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.
—Bret Harte.

IT WAS A GREAT DAY.

The Children of the Passaic Sunday
Schools Enjoy Their Annual Walk.

Yesterday was a gala day for our little folks; in fact for many of our big folks, for everyone who participated in the children's parade was delighted beyond telling. No similar affair ever held in Passaic equalled it. Probably such a parade has never been held in New Jersey. It seems almost impossible that nearly 3,000 children could be assembled into a procession, but such was the case yesterday, and a prettier and neater collection of little tots we defy any city to produce. The column formed on Passaic avenue and with martial music at its head the great procession moved out to the D., L. & W. track and back, after which they disbanded, each school returning to its own church, where the children were addressed and served with ice cream and cake.

A GOOD SHOWING.

All Bills Paid and Money in the
Treasury.

The fourteenth annual statement of the receipts and disbursements on account of the First M. E. Church has just been published and should be very gratifying to the members of that organization. Since the withdrawal of Mr. John O. Totten as treasurer Mr. H. B. Caverly has performed the duties of that office. Everybody knows what a careful and exact financial manager Mr. Totten is and we presume that he still has an eye on the finances of the church.

According to the treasurer's report the receipts from all sources for the year ending May 31, 1890, were \$4,720.68, while the disbursements were only \$4,585.50; sixty-nine dollars of which went to the Johnstown sufferers.

The system of envelope collection has proven very successful, as also the manner of renting the pews.

ROSE'S ADVENTURES OR, The Pursuit of Happiness.

BY B. C. J.

CHAPTER IV.

She ran on and on until she dropped down from sheer exhaustion. The place looked so cool and inviting that she lay where she was and lazily looked around her. Good gracious! What was that great yellow thing lying only three feet away? She sprang to her feet and cautiously went up to it. Why, it was a great pumpkin, but how big, quite large enough to live in, and as if to verify her statement a little door and two windows instantly appeared.

So many queer things happened since she left home that she scarcely felt any surprise; she ceased to wonder and took everything as it came. The little door stood open invitingly and Rose timidly peeped in. Such a cute little room met her gaze that she uttered a scream of delight and boldly entered. There was a pretty carpet on the floor, white curtains to the windows, the daintiest little bed, everything most necessary to house-keeping. Rose felt in some indescribable way that the dwarf was at the bottom of it, and she thanked him in her heart. Now her selfish nature began to assert itself. She instantly forgot all about the poor little girl in such dire distress, forgot her resolution to help her, forgot everything but that she was in the sweetest, daintiest little house ever made, and here she meant to stay until something better turned up. So she took off her things and began to hunt around for something to eat. At last she spied a little door; she opened it and saw a shelf covered with delicious dainties. "Oh, Oh; never was anything so delightful." She at once set the little table with dishes which she found, and sat down to as dainty a repast as heart could wish. After eating all she wanted, the dishes instantly disappeared and were replaced by clean ones all ready for the next meal.

It was now quite dark, and Rose lit a lamp and began to prepare for bed, which merely consisted of taking off her hat and sack, as she had no night-dress. She was soon fast asleep and all was dark and quiet in that little house.

We will now turn our attention to the great cow in the meadow. It was moonlight; the giant had forgotten her; she was hungry, so hungry in fact that she fairly trembled. Woe to anything that happened in her path. There she stood, this great hungry cow, alone in the middle of the meadow. Suddenly her great eyes brighten. She sees something. How her tail whisks back and forth. A pause—then off she goes. Her great hoofs clatter clatter with such force that the earth shakes. What is it she sees? Why the pumpkin, great, yellow, delicious looking pumpkin. No wonder her eyes grew bright, what cow could resist so delicious a morsel? She begins to slacken her pace

until she gets up to it, and then she stops. What is the matter? She sniffs at it and walks slowly around it as if suspicious. The pumpkin appears a little different from the rest; there seems to be life in it but never mind, she was too hungry to be fastidious. How was she to get at it? At last she spies the stem, which serves as Rose's chimney, and opening her great mouth, she lifted it up as easily as we would an apple. She gave it a good shake, and with a satisfied moo, she slowly opened her mouth, and—it had disappeared from all earthly view.

Half an hour afterwards you might have seen the great cow strutting contentedly along, munching the fragments of as appetizing a meal as she had had in many a day.

Where was Rose? Had the cow eaten her up? No. While asleep she was awakened by a great jar as if the house was tumbling down. Suddenly it seemed as if the house was lifted up in the air, everything turned upside down, causing the shutters to fly open, and before she could realize what had happened she was dashed out upon the ground with such force as to completely stun her. She lay there until she was aroused by a drop of water falling on her face, and looking up she saw a little fairylike creature poising on the petal of a large rose, and she was flinging down drops of dew on Rose's face quiet vigorously for a fairy. When the little creature saw that Rose had returned to consciousness, she rang a tiny bell, and immediately a troop of brilliant little beings appeared before her and stood awaiting her orders. But the fairy, apparently taking no notice of them, addressed herself to Rose: "My child, you are in a pitiable condition, and if you desire my assistance in anything, you must answer me truthfully." Rose was all attention and the fairy continued: "Is there any particular object or treasure that you wish to obtain?" Rose, who was considerably humiliated and crestfallen, at once thought of the little girl whom she had promised to help, and so many mishaps had already befallen her, that she began to think that perhaps after all she would be happy only after releasing the little girl, so she said, "Ycs."

"Is it obtainable only by going through great dangers?" Rose, thinking of the giant, again answered, "Yes." "Are you seeking this object for its own sake, or for the sake of a reward for obtaining it?" Rose blushed deeply, for she felt right away that it was for the latter reason. All she was doing it for was to obtain happiness, therefore it could be called a reward, so she hesitatingly answered, "I'm ashamed to say it is for"—then she stopped, she could not say it; what would the fairy think of her. But that little personage spoke up with a dazzling smile: "Go on, truth is a sure way to happiness." She spoke unwittingly, but Rose caught at the chance. "That's what I'm going to do it for." Having said which, she subsided into blushing silence. "Bravo," cried the fairy.

"You certainly deserve happiness for admitting as much, and you shall certainly have it if my efforts prove of any avail."

She then turned her attention to her subjects and said: "Bring me at once my invisible cap and smelling salts." Off they flew like a swarm of glittering butterflies, and before Rose had time to breathe they were back again. "Now," said the fairy to Rose, "here is a cap you must wear in order to obtain the key from the giant."

"How did you know about the giant?" exclaimed Rose in astonishment. "Do you suppose there is anything on this island that I do not know about?" replied the fairy indignantly. "The giant owns it, to be sure, but I preside over it unknown and unseen by him. I am its good angel and he its evil master, and anyone unfortunate enough to set his or her foot on this soil, is guarded by me, provided he or she is truthful. My name is TRUTH and I am instinctively drawn toward anyone possessed of truthful qualities, however few they may be. But to return to the subject in hand:

"The dwarf, who is my most faithful subject, omitted a most important item in his admonition, viz.: the cow who so unceremoniously precipitated you upon the ground, keeps vigilant guard over the meadow, and whoever steps into it never comes out alive unless they are under my protection. Now this cap has the power to make the wearer invisible, and in order to approach the giant, who rests under the tree in the further corner, you must wear this cap. By so doing you will be able to reach him in perfect safety, the cow, however strong, is powerless before this cap, simply because she cannot see the person who wears it. Now, in reference to the smelling salts, when you reach the giant, you must immediately hold this to his nose; if you fail to do this, there is danger of his awakening before you succeed in getting the little girl away. It will also serve another purpose: after releasing the little girl, she will feel very weak and faint, and in order to get her away without delay, she will need a stimulant, you therefore give her two drops of this on a rose leaf which I will give you and she will instantly revive.

"Now I have given you all the advice necessary, and if you think only of the little girl's happiness instead of your own you will succeed." Having said this, the fairy put the cap on Rose, gave her the smelling salts and then plucked off a tiny rose leaf which she did up in pink tissue paper and handed it to Rose, telling her on no account to lose it. Then kissing her hand to Rose, she and her little troop sailed off on a sunbeam, her little bell tinkling sweet music which grew fainter and fainter as they passed slowly out of sight.

To be continued.

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