F R Bradley

The Hammonton Item.

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DEATH OF FISK

He is Shot by Edw'd Stokes

At the Grand Central Hotel, New York.

At four o'clock p. m., on Saturday, James Fisk, jr., left Jay Gould and others with whom he had been in consultation at the Grand Opera House, and, entering his clarence, a vehicle known throughout the city for its gaudy finish, was driven to the Grand Central Hotel. He passed in by the ladies' entrance, and meeting John T. Redmond, the porter on duty, asked him if Mrs. Morse, a widow, who with her family and mother, have been stopping at the Grand Central for some weeks past was at home. Receiving an affirmative reply, Fisk proceeded upstairs. Seven steps up there is a small landing. On reaching this Fisk looked upward, and saw Stokes standing at the head of the stairs, leaning on the balusters. There was something in Stokes' right hand, but before Fisk could divine what it was, the hand was raised, and Fisk saw the muzzle of a pistol directed toward him. Before Fisk could utter a word or turn to fly, the weapon was discharged. The ball struck Fisk in the abdomen and passed inward and downward. The wounded man uttered the exclamation, "Oh!" and fell on the landing. He arose, and as he did so Stokes fired again, the second shot passing through the fleshy part of the left arm, a short distance above the elbow. Fisk staggered and turned partly around, as though with the intention of seeking safety in flight, and as he did so a third shot was fired. This missed him. Fisk managed to reach the foot of the short flight of stairs, where he fell.

ARREST OF STOKES.

Stokes did not pursue him, but turning, walked to the door of the ladies' reception room and flung the pistol upon a sofa. He then walked excitedly to the main staircase, leading to the hallway and offices on the lower floor. Meanwhile the shots had been heard by Mr. H. L. Powers, the lessee of the hotel, and he started in the direction from whence the sounds came. At the same moment Redmond gave the alarm that a man had been shot. Stokes had just made his appearance in the main hall of the first floor, and on hearing the outcry of the porter ran toward the rear of the house, evidently with the intention of escaping by the Mercer st entrance. He was seen by Powers, who gave chase, and several of the employees of the hotel joined in. Stokes ran through the barber-shop, came out again into the main hall, and when but a short distance from the rear entrance tripped and fell. He was at once seized, taken to the porter's bench, and guarded until Officer McCadden of the Fifteenth Precinct came in and removed him to the Mercer-st Police Station.

THE WOUNDED MAN.

Fisk was conveyed upstairs into Room No. 213, and placed on a bed. Drs. Fisher and Trifler, both of whom are boarders at the hotel, were almost immediately in attendance, and proceeded to examine the character and extent of the wounds. They were proceeding to remove his coat, but Fisk complained so much of the pain it occasioned him that the garment was cut away. The wound in the arm was comparatively a slight one, although it was bleeding freely. That in the abdomen was a much more serious one. The ball a large one, had entered five inches above the umbilicus and two inches to the right of the median line, passing inward and downward. The probe, at a depth of four inches, failed to indicate its whereabouts. Both surgeons were inclined to think the wound a mortal one. Prof. James R. Wood and Dr. White were sent for, and on their arrival made a critical examination of the wound. They coincided in the opinion of the other doctors that it was exceedingly dangerous, and that the life of the patient hung upon a thread. There was a bare possibility that he might recover, but this chance was deemed so slight that it was considered advisable that his ante-mortem statement be taken. Messengers were at once dispatched for the Coroners.

STOKES IDENTIFIED BY FISK.

While waiting for the Coroners to arrive, Capt. Byrnes of the Fifteenth Precinct brought Stokes into the room to which Fisk had been taken, and the two men were placed face to face. At this trying moment Stokes's demeanor was that of a cool, determined man. He looked at his rival and victim firmly and unhisitatingly, his internal excitement being betrayed only by the nervous manner in which he struck his right leg with the small cane which he habitually carries. On placing Stokes at the wounded man's bedside Capt Byrnes said:

"Col. Fisk, you see this man; was it he who shot you?"

Fisk, by an effort, raised himself on his elbow and answered:

"Yes, that is the man who shot me; his name is Edward S. Stokes, and I fully identify him as the man."

Capt. Byrnes turned to Stokes, who had said nothing during the dramatic scene, and saying, "You will have to go with me now," walked away with his prisoner to the Station-house, leaving the hotel by a private entrance, and exciting little observation.

ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT OF FISK.

Coroner Young was the first officer to arrive, and he immediately impanneled a jury from the gentlemen present. The usual oath was administered to Fisk, after which he made the following deposition:

This afternoon, at about 4 o'clock I rode up to the Grand Central Hotel. I entered by the private entrance, and when I entered the first door I met the boy, of whom I enquired if Mrs. Morse was in. He told me that Mrs Morse and her youngest daughter had gone out, but he thought the other daughter was in her grandmother's room. I asked him to go up and tell the daughter that I was there. I came through the other door, and was going up-stairs, and had gone up about two steps, and on looking up I saw Edward S. Stokes at the head of the stairs. As soon as I saw him I noticed that he had something in his hand, and a second after I saw the flash, heard the report, and felt the ball enter my abdomen on the right side. A second after I heard another shot, and the bullet entered my left arm. When I received the first shot I staggered and ran toward the door, but noticing a crowd gathering in front, I ran back on the stairs again. I was then brought up-stairs in the hotel. I saw nothing more of Stokes until he was brought before me by an officer for identification. I fully identified Edward S. Stokes as the person who shot me.

JAMES FISK, jr.

After he had appended his signature to the deposition Fisk became faint, and stimulants were given him by the attendant surgeons.

The jury rendered the following verdict:

We find that James Fisk, jr., came to his injuries by pistol-shot wounds at the hands of Edward S. Stokes, at the Grand Central Hotel, Jan. 6, 1872."

FISK'S ROOM GUARDED BY THE RING.

In the room of the wounded man there were gathered around his bedside and in the adjoining room a number of men prominent in political and financial life. Among them were William M. Tweed and Jay Gould, fellow-Directors of Fisk, and David Dudley Field, counsel of the Erie Ring, R. M. Simons, Managing Director of the Narragansett Steamship Company, Mr. White, Treasurer of the Erie Railway Company, W. H. Morgan, Homer H. Lane, Mr. Barr, Mr. Sisson and, others, prominent for their connection, in one capacity or another, with the Erie Ring. There was a gloom resting on the faces of all, and an evident anxiety as to the result of the shooting. From the first moment of the arrival of Jay Gould, who was brought from the Opera House by Fisk's driver soon after he was shot, strict orders were given that none but those attached to the Erie Railway in some capacity should be admitted. Policemen were stationed at the various staircases, and no person was allowed to ascend without a pass from the clerk or proprietor of the hotel, and at the door of the wounded man's room another sentinel refused admission to those whom Jay Gould did not care to see. Tweed himself, once all-powerful, had to make his way to the bedside by the permission of the magnate of Erie. The room was guarded by the Erie Ring as strictly as that of the dying and delirious James Watson was by the Tammany Ring leaders a year ago, and, probably from the same fear that the dying man might, in moments of delirium, betray some of the Erie secrets which he shared.

SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED.

At midnight it was stated that a physician had said that Fisk's strength of will might materially assist his recovery, and the loungers accepted this as reason to expect his ultimate recovery, and commented on the capital which he might be expected to make of his misfortune. But the watchers, among them Wm. M. Tweed and Jay Gould, saw the fast failing strength of the wounded man, and, despite the hopes of the physicians, they saw unconsciousness and death approaching, and when Tweed left the room he seemed dejected. Jay Gould is reported to have watched silently but eagerly, and he too seemed to fear that death was nearer than he cared to own. Two physicians, Drs. Fisher and Tripler, remained with Fisk. At 3 o'clock, Dr. Fisher roused his companion who was sleeping on the sofa, and together they used medical appliances to revive the patient's strength. At four o'clock, Mr. Fisk was quite unconscious and evidently dying. At 4½ o'clock both pulse and respiration indicated approaching death, and the watchers, advised by the physicians, knew that nothing could save Fisk's life. He continued to sink steadily, and it was feared that his wife would not arrive in time to see him alive. But as soon as the dispatch announcing her husband's wounding was received, Mrs. Fisk had left Boston in a special train and arrived at the Grand Central at 7½ o'clock Sunday morning; but although he was still alive, Fisk had not regained consciousness. He lay on the side of the bed, his wounded arm resting on a chair, and his wife took a seat close by and waited with great anxiety for a return of consciousness. At 8 o'clock a consultation was held by Drs. Wood, White, Sayres, Fisher, and Tripler, and it was then decided that nothing further could be done.

Besides the two physicians who had attended Mr. Fisk during the night, his wife, his sister, Mrs. Hooker, Col. Hooker, Jay Gould and Col. Fisk's mother, soon assembled in the room, and the intelligence was given them that death was inevitable. From this time, nine o'clock, until half-past ten Fisk failed steadily, and then the last dose of morphine was given him. At precisely fifteen minutes to eleven he raised his head, gasped twice, and was dead.

A messenger announced this to the crowd which had assembled, and the news circulated with remarkable rapidity. At noon the throng of people attracted to the hotel filled the lobbies, and would have made their way to the room where the body lay but for the guard of police placed at the foot of the main stairway. Some persons managed to obtain admission to the room, and saw the face of the murdered man as he lay in the rough coffin in which he had been placed. At 2 o'clock a private carriage was driven to the rear entrance of the hotel. The shell containing the body of Mr. Fisk was placed in it and taken to his residence at No. 313 West Twenty-third st.

WHO IS STOKES?

and what was the cause of his murderous act? will be asked by every reader. Like the MacFarland—Richardson tragedy there is "a woman at the bottom of it." Stokes is a native of Philadelphia, of Quaker descent, his family moving in the best society in the city. He is said to have amassed a fortune of $250,000 in the oil business. He became connected with Fisk in some of his operations, and about a year ago Fisk had him arrested for fraud.

Various suits have been pending between these two men for two years past, and by complication with the affairs of the former mistress of Fisk, jr., had become vexed and expensive, and it was supposed that Stokes had become financially ruined. He had grown very bitter towards his rival, and had resorted to many means to ruin him, while Fisk himself had lost no opportunity to crush his enemy. As a last resort, Fisk lately attempted to get Stokes indicted as a felon, and the Grand Jury who listened to the complaints of himself and witnesses stood nine to two for indictment. Subsequently Fisk secured a rehearing and introduced other witnesses, and it is said, secured an indictment, the knowledge of which, received in some manner by Stokes, is supposed, though not known to be, the immediate incitement to the shooting.

HAMMONTON!

A Few Facts Concerning It.

Mr. Editor: When I came to this country, being in the winter season, the general aspect o the land had to me such a sandy and barren appearance, it was a long time before I could convince myself that the soil was good for anything; soils of the same general appearance being really good for nothing in the north British Provinces from which I came. After a few months had run their course, however, after the genial spring (which sets in here early in the month of March) had dispersed the chilling frosts of winter which are never very severe in this country, I found that the soil with all its sandy appearance was good for something; that in fact it very readily responded to a moderate share of cultivation and manuring; that everything had a very rapid growth, far beyond what I had witnessed in countries farther north with a heavier soil, and apparently much more fertile.

As already stated the soil here very readily responds to a fair amount of cultivation and fertilizing. It requires a little manure often, but not more in the aggregate than would be required in a clayey, heavy soil, to produce a good crop. And let it be always borne in mind that less than one half the labor necessary in working a heavy soil is sufficient here to make it yield successfull. One horse will till as much land in this place, as could possibly be accomplished in a different kind of soil with a pair of horses.

The land in South Jersey is principally adapted for fruit growing purposes, and in average good years more can be made from the soil in growing fruit than in any other way; yet it is highly adapted for farming purposes. With a considerable degree of culture and fertilizing it can grow very good wheat, a first quality rye, good corn at all seasons, potatoes of all varieties. As for sweet potatoes both in quantity and quality, I should think they were unsurpassed the world over; the nature of the soil being such as to produce them dry and nutritious even as flour itself. In rare instances 300 bushels have been produced to the acre; and from 150 to 200 bushels can generally be obtained.

Clover readily takes root in this soil. New land in its first years' tillage, by putting upon it from 20 to 30 bushels of lime per acre, will grow good clover with rye or any other grain. And this is the way in which large portions of farms in this place ought to be disposed of; because in the absence of sufficiency of other manures, the land by this method would soon fertilize itself. In this more genial climate vegetable matters ploughed down decompose in far less time than in countries farther north. In our North British Provinces green sod must be ploughed down the year before, in order that the first crop may get the benefit of it, but here decomposition is so quick that it is sufficient to plough sod land, at the time of sowing the crop, and the full benefit derived therefrom is quite available for that crop.

Hitherto settlers in this region have given their chief attention to the cultivation of fruit, but although some years the profits realized in this way are greater than could otherwise be obtained, yet as a permanent thing, taking one year with another, it is thought that by laying out a larger portion of small farms in grass and clover, which would enable the farmer to keep more stock, would in the long run remunerate even better than the method first spoken of. The healthfulness of our climate in South Jersey is scarcely to be excelled anywhere. Having abundance of clear, pure water to drink, and a pure bracing air to breathe, and extremes of temperature being far less than in many other places, the mercury in winter very rarely going down to zero, and not being hotter here in summer than it is in the month of August in more northern countries, all these circumstances conduce largely to make this place healthy. Chills and fever in this central or inland part of South Jersey are scarcely known; and if brought here exist but a short time. Many cases of pulmonary complaint have been cured here. Very aggravated and long standing cases of asthma have been thoroughly cured. Sufferings from rheumatism have been greatly alleviated. Chronic dispepsia has been cured times almost without number. For years before I came to this country I suffered considerable from dispepsia, I had also weak lungs, which caused me to cough almost incessantly during the winter months; but now I can safely and candidly state that I have been cured of both. The improvement brought about in my health has by no means been accomplished by medicine alone, but by a pure and bracing air; by using freely the different fruits in their season; by vegetable diet, and other Hygienic measures, I conceive my health has been restored. Feeling grateful then to the land of my adoption for the many benefits it has conferred upon me; and desiring that many others whom it might suit to emigrate to this part of the world might be equally benefited. I have adopted this plan of giving publicity to these candid and honest sentiments. Candid and honest I wish to be, for I would be sorry to mislead any person by publishing and holding forth inducements to individuals which they were not likely to realize after coming here. I will therefore briefly state the classes of persons whom I consider would be chiefly benefited by coming to this place.

The class of persons whom I consider would be chiefly benefited by coming here, are: 1st. Those of some means who could bring some money with them, from $2,000 to $4,000 in hand, or a yearly income equal to the interest of that. This would be sufficient to purchase a comfortable home for them, and a little industry, knowledge and tact in farming on a small scale would ensure for them comfort and competency. 2d. Persons not enjoying very good health where they live and would wish to improve it. 3d. Persons who would regard their health rather than their wealth. 4th. Persons who would rather live quiet, easy lives with a competency, rather than toilsome, hazardous lives with the chance of breaking one's health or making a fortune. 5th. Those who wish to engage in a manufacturing business; rents and labor being cheap.

Fruit growing and farming on a small scale although requiring constant attention, have nothing in them of the same toil and labor that is required in newly opened up countries to clear land and farm on a large scale. But I must not forget that it may so happen in this place when fruits turn out favorably, not too plenty nor too scarce, which medium I consider is most likely to realize a good market price, that many persons have made and still may make little fortunes. There are many things to be had in the inland parts of South Jersey which cannot fail to make this place very congenial to the ways and habits of a large number of persons. The climate may be said to be almost temperate all the year round. Not only that the winters are never very severe but there are other circumstances in connection with this region which ensures dryness of atmosphere, more genial weather and sunshine all the year round, than is to be found in many other countries. The land being of a sandy nature is very absorbent, so that let it rain all night or all day, or even for days and nights together, wet and moisture soon disappear. Mud and muddy roads are unknown in this region, although they often prevail on the outskirts of the State and along the Delaware, which causes chills and fever to prevail at certain seasons of the year in those localities. What a rich boon is this of itself to be free from muddy roads spring and autumn which are so prevalent in other parts of the world.

Snow storms are never very severe or of long duration in these parts, and the weather generally is not so cold in winter, but almost every kind of labor can be carried on; not excepting even tilling and ploughing the soil. As a general thing whatever snow falls at night is melted away by the warmth of the sun before mid-day. Of sunshine we have a great deal here even in the winter season, and the rays of the sun falling on the soil which is sandy, soon causes a very genial warmth to arise. How agreeable must all this be to persons who appreciate mild weather in winter. Persons, for instance, fond of gardening. Early as the very beginning of March, they may make their hot beds, not with a view, as in many other places, of the seed lying dormant for a month or more, but with a hope of its almost immediately taking root and growing rapidly; and gardening of every description soon follows. And then persons have a long summer of open weather before them (which although pretty hot at times is not more so than is to be found in more northern latitudes in the month of August.) This enables a gardener not only to produce one crop, but two if desirable.

And then of all places in the world this is the quietest and most peaceable. Although persons here, differ considerably both in religion and politics, yet there is this one thing peculiar, that one man so far recognizes the civil rights of another, that each may quietly sit under his own vine and fig tree, none having the power to make him afraid. Although few persons in this region now fence their farms or even their gardens, it is a rare occurrence that fruit or anything else is carried away. I could identify in many instances pears and peaches on trees along the very pathway, and allowed to come to maturity, then to be safely gathered by their owner.

Hammonton, which is 29 miles south of Philadelphia contains from 3,000 to 4,000 inhabitants in a compact township. This place abounds with neat cottages and well laid out streets, in many places beautifully ornamented with trees along the sidewalks. There are quite a number of eligible residences with small farms of from 10 to 20 acres for sale throughout the Hammonton tract. There could be bought on reasonable terms to suit almost every variety of purchasers. Hammonton, from its healthfulness and nearness to one of the principal cities in the States is destined ere long to become thickly settled. Persons can find good society and churches, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist, are represented.

I am very truly, W. STEWART,

Late Minister of the Episcopal Church at Hammonton and Waterford.

The Poor of Amsterdam.

Until you get acquainted with Amsterdam you believe that paupers are not reckoned among its inhabitants. There are many of them, albeit they are not allowed to offend the public eye. I have heard it estimated that twenty thousand poor are fed and lodged at the expense of the city; and if this include the afflicted as well as the unfortunate, the number cannot be far from correct. The benevolent institutions of the city—as many as sixty—embrace asylums for the aged and infirm, the insane, widows, foundlings, and almost all persons suffering from ailments of mind, body, or circumstance.

There used to be, I have been informed, a hospital for fools; but there was so much contention as to who should occupy it—so many ought to have been, and so few who were willing to go there—that the charitable enterprise was finally abandoned. Some waggish citizens urged the building up of the old walls of the town, and covering them with a great roof, as the most convenient and least discriminating asylum which could be erected. And this jest had much to do with the extinction of an institution which is so much needed that it can never be established anywhere.

A considerable portion of the poorer citizens live in the basements or cellars of the houses whose upper apartments are occupied by persons in comfortable circumstances. Such residences are damp and unwholesome, and yet their occupants seem generally to be active and robust. The Dutch, as a people, inherit excellent constitutions, which their very moist and trying climate—the thermometer varies from twenty degrees below zero to one hundred and five above—their impure air, and noisome exhalations from ditches and canals, are not sufficient to injure to any permanent degree.

A large part of the people, from motives of economy, have, like the Chinese, their homes upon the water. They build, buy, or hire a boat slender enough to pass through all the canals, stock it with poultry, hogs, and cows, construct a cabin for their families, and so become independent of the outer world. It seems a little odd to have children and cattle, wives and pigs, infants and ducks, with barnyards and household furniture, all under one roof; but the Dutch don't mind such things, and, on the whole, manage their domestic affairs very adroitly. They keep their live stock in one part of the boat, and their family stock in another. Those get fat, and these are content, and both contribute to the profit and comfort of the heads of the family. Among the peasantry and working people in Holland the women labor quite as much as, if not more, than the men. In addition to rearing children, they perform such menial service as working in the field, driving in carts, digging peat, and unloading vessels.

In this boat life the women do all the domestic offices, and garnish their cabins with tulips, hyacinths, and dahlias—for which the Dutch in all grades of society have an unconquerable passion—giving an appearance of refinement and comfort to what would otherwise seem a narrow, sordid, and dreary existence. All the members of the family, without regard to age or sex, take part in the management of their floating dwelling. When they are too poor to buy a horse, as frequently happens, not only the men but the women and children drag the boat along from one village or town to another, or to different quarters of the city, as suit their convenience or their interest. These amphibious families generally support themselves by trading or exchanging of some sort. They carry vegetables, poultry, butter, eggs and cheese to the cities, and, after selling them, make excursions to the country to purchase more.

A Dutchman with his variegated goods and chattels is an odd sight. I have noticed him and his wife, with four, six, eight, and even ten children, hardly more than a year between their ages, driving their poultry, pigs, and cattle on board the boat, and, after distributing themselves as pilots, draggers, feeders, cooks, cleaners, and general directors, glide off on the canals as if they were sailing on purple seas to the Islands of the Blessed.—*Junius Henri Browne.*

Annetje Jans.

From a small book privately printed by that able and industrious antiquarian the late Wm. Jackson Davis, we copy for our readers the following interesting account of a lady whose property has been the cause of a great deal of trouble and discontent to her descendants even to the present day:

"Annetje Jans was the widow of Dominie Bogardus, the first clergyman of New Amsterdam, who arrived here in 1633. He married this lady some years after his arrival, she being then called Annetje Roelofs. She was the widow of Roelof Jansen, one of the earliest settlers. At the time of her marriage to Dominie Bogardus, Annetje Jans, or Roelofs, had four children, the issue of her former marriage, and by the Dominie she subsequently had also four children. The farm about which this controversy has been so long sustained embraced about sixty-two acres, which were granted to Roelof Jansen in the year 1636. Upon his death it passed to his widow, and after the marriage with the Dominie it commonly went by the name of the Dominie's Bowery. It extended from a line a little south of the present Warren street, northwesterly about a mile and a half, to what is now Christopher street, forming an irregular triangle, having its base on the river, running, however, on Broadway only from Warren to Duane street. Dominie Bogardus embarked on the ship Princess, on a visit to the fatherland in the year 1647, and the vessel being cast away, the dominie, with about eighty others, perished. The widow continued her residence in this city, and in 1654 the grant of the farm was confirmed to her and her heirs by Governor Stuyvesant, and subsequently in 1667, after her death, it was confirmed by the English government (which had then recently come into possession of the province), to her heirs. It appears that in 1670 the vendue master of this city sold by order, and for account of the heirs of Anna Bogardus, deceased, a part of this property, consisting of land and meadow lying on the north of Mespath's Kill (above Canal street) commonly called Dominie's Hook; John Sharpe became the purchaser at 7,950 florins. Sharpe afterwards refused to ratify on account of some alleged flaw in the title, and the sale was never carried through. In the following year, Wm. Bogardus, for himself and brothers, Jan and Jonas, and two of Annetje Jans' sons-in-law, (acting in right of their wives), conveyed this farm to Colonel Francis Lovelace, then Governor of New-York. One of the sons (Cornelius) did not join in the conveyance, and it is alleged that his heirs are entitled to a share of the property. In 1705, the farm (then called the King's Farm) was leased by the colonial authorities to Trinity Church, which has since remained in possession, and enjoyed the income of the property, which is immense, being in the best parts of the city. The ground upon which the present heirs rest their right to this property, is not simply as the representatives of the son Cornelius, but upon the ground that whatever title the Colonial government took from the heirs became vested, after the Revolution, in the people of this State.

"To return to the personal affairs of the subject of this sketch, it appears that she was a lively person, and as scandal concerning the great ones of those days was much in vogue, this lady was not without being assailed by its shafts; though they fell harmlessly before her. She continued her residence in this city until her death."—*N. Y. Mail.*

A Picture of M. Thiers.

The old gentleman, seventy-two, but gray and wrinkled to a wondrous degree, occupies a small, obscure apartment, furnished with a camp-bed, as his sleeping-room. He has slept on one of these hard and narrow couches for the last forty years. In habits, he is probably one of the most methodical men alive. Although he rarely retires before midnight, he invariably rises at five A. M., and his valet brings him a cup of coffee. He then throws himself pell-mell into his work, and rarely stops before nine. All his private business is considered and prepared before most people are up. From nine to noon he usually sees company, and at noon he takes a very light breakfast. He always dines at eight o'clock, wherever he may be, and uses wine only once a day. It is no exaggeration to say that for forty years he has not varied from this routine. He is so active and energetic, even to-day, that his secretaries find but little to do. He prefers writing his own letters to dictating them. He gives most of his important messages verbally, and keeps five or six confidential personages constantly engaged in delivering them. There does not exist a more admirably preserved old gentleman. He is quaint and odd to a degree, however, and seems to be most intensely annoyed by any attention from the herd. The look of impatience and distress that comes over his face when he is compelled to march between two lines of gazers is indecribable.

Useful Proverbs.

Waste nothing—neither time, money nor talent.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

He who gives a trifle meanly, is far meaner than the trifle.

A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of notions.

Men looking at the faults of woman should shut their eyes.

If we seize too hastily we may have to drop as hastily.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

Let everything have its place and every business its place.

Better be upright with poverty than be wicked with plenty.

The tenderest heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

He who laughs at cruelty sets his heel on the neck of religion.

Time never sets heavily upon us but when it is badly employed.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Resolve to perform what you ought and perform what you resolve.

The stupid great man, like a clown, gets up only to tumble down.

Somebody says that civilization is newspapers, Sundy-school, and soap and water. What about pantaloons and things?

Galveston has received a quantity of arms provided with the angular bayonet, and the *News* remarks that "if we are to be a free people, perhaps it would be well for our physicians to study the character of its puncture, and the best means of stopping the three-cornered hole that it makes."

The Empire of Japan

With its forty millions of inhabitants, has recently been the scene of a bloodless but radical revolution. For centuries past the provinces of the empire have been ruled by feudal princes, know as Daimios, descendants of petty kings, who once maintained independent sovereignty. These Daimios, like the feudal nobility of mediæval France, always seized opportunities to weaken the power of the reigning sovereign, and raise themselves to the dignity of independence. In 1549, when Xavier visited Japan, he found the princes of Bungo, Avima, and Pxuma maintaining regal state and authority. The record of the struggles during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries between the sovereign and his nobles, must remind the historical reader of the continual conflicts between the monarchs of France and the princes of Burgundy, Champagne, and Anjou. The work of territorial unity was commenced in France, in the fifteenth century, by the cunning Louis XI., and was begun in Japan, in the sixteenth century, by Taiko Same, the Napoleon Bonaparte of Eastern Asia. Having raised himself, amid the turbulence of civil war, to imperial power, Taiko determined to weaken the authority of the Daimios, many of whom had thrown off their allegiance. With this end, he increased their number from sixty to several hundred. This policy, carried out by his successors, ended in establishing 604 independent principalities and lordships.

To the Daimios the present Mikado owes the enjoyment of imperial power, which he only possessed in name before the overthrow of the late Tycoon. Within the past few years, civilization has made more rapid strides in Japan than in any country of the East, and the Mikado, in centralizing the national authority, doubtless aims to place his country on an equal footing with the great centralized empires of the West. The decree ordering the princes to surrender their sovereignties was no doubt hailed with satisfaction by the great multitude of the Mikado's subjects, for petty governments are usually oppressive. Japan, as an enlightened and well-governed empire, now takes the front rank among the independent powers of Asia. As in the Sandwich Islands, foreign enterprise and immigration, instead of threatening, will secure her independence. With its gold mines, its silk groves, and its tea, the island empire is conveniently situated for intercourse with the United States, and unless the whole empire be devoured by the Russian bear, which has already commenced on it piecemeal, an important commercial interest may be built up between the two nations.

What Knowledges are of Most Worth.

There are a large number of our readers who have a little time every day for self-improvement, but do not know how to employ that time to secure the most desirable results. They may read a good deal in the course of a year, but have very little to show for it in positive knowledge. Now, in the present multiplication of books and newspapers, and magazines, no one person can read everything. In the present state of science, no one can know everything or be even a smatterer in all departments of knowledge. We must choose some one line of research or conquest in the world of books if we would attain to any high standard of excellence. A little positive knowledge is far more valuable than a great deal that is inaccurate and general. Not many years ago it was thought by almost all the learned that a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages must form the basis of a thorough education; but the multiplied translations of all the writings most valuable in the Latin and Greek tongues, and the wide and rapid advance in modern science, has changed these conditions entirely. One can learn to speak and to write the English language with fluency, precision, and correctness, without knowing a word of Greek or Latin. Shakespeare and Addison alone, with a steady side light from Webster's Dictionary, will make a clear, elegant, and picturesque style. That is the reason why we advised "Constant Student" to drop Latin and give his zeal wholly to English and American history, and to science. Without naming books, we can say begin with the writings of Yeomans, Faraday, and Nichol; they will open great avenues of knowledge on every side of you and toward the heavens above. It is far better to know all about the spectroscope, how it unlocks its thousand mysteries, and the delicate but incontrovertible logic by which it establishes truth of the grandest import—better to have even a partial knowledge of this wondrous key to things that have been hid from the foundation of the world—than to be able to give a correct catalogue of the ships that went to fight Troy, or a list of the pirates that were hid in the belly of the wooden horse.—*New York Tribune.*

Calico against Velvet.

The majority of American women every day wear calico, and are content with it. But velvet, soft, lustrous, luxurious, excites admiration in every female heart; and she who cannot afford to buy it is noble if she does not envy her sister who can. There is no natural antagonism between velvet and calico. In a modest apartment, plainly curtained and carpeted, with rush-bottom chairs, and pleasing though not costly pictures, how out of place would a velvet robe appear. But make the room spacious, spread the floor with tapestry, shade the windows with damask, illuminate the walls with the paintings of Corregio and Titian, of Rembrandt and Landseer, and would not calico feel itself out of place in so much splendor? Yet beneath shilling prints what warm, womanly hearts are beating, what lovely traits of character are developed, what sterling virtues are illustrated, what exquisite sensibilities respond to the touch of nature! There are thousands who hold this paper with hands that are not very soft, and fancy that if they could don a hundred-dollar velvet cloak, and the empress cloth or gros-grain below it were the every day dress; and the hat and plume, the furs and gems were all of a piece; if the carpet on which they tread were as soft as the lamps are bright, and the couch as luxurious as the rooms are spacious—such a life would be all music. "I was ever a lover of happy human faces," says gentle Oliver Goldsmith. If that child of genius and of poverty were to walk Broadway would he see under the ostrich plumes and the point-lace veils the faces that had power to make him glad? There are instances in the world, thank God, there are lives in this great metropolis where the finest natural ability, the highest culture, and evidences of the free indulgence of exquisite taste blend in a unison as rare as it is delightful. There are Maintenons who love satins and laces, yet the heart below the gloss is warm with love of virtue and pity for orphans. There are Sevignes who scan the gay world from the loop-holes of literary leisure, and well-worn copies of Browning and of Tennyson lie beside the casket and the glove-box on their dressing-tables. But these are the rare and bright exceptions. A thousand hearts are stung with envy because their Thibet is not a satin, because the muff of Siberian fox that protects their hands is not an ermine or a seal. In short, those who spend $500 a year in dress look up with admiration to those who spend $1,000, and down with disdain on those who are tastefully clad on less than $100. Now the young woman who earns the $100 on which she dresses well for a year is a more valuable member of society than she who spends $500 in silks, grenadines, lawns, laces and furs, when that $500 comes from the fat bank account of an indulgent father. The enterprise that an industrious girl discovers, the self reliance, the patience of labor, the submission to fortune are jewels that outsparkle garnets, or sapphires, or the onyx stone. As a rule, the velvet cloaks do nothing for the advancement of the race; they may feebly push out one or two little white pawns on the chess-board of life, but the dark knight who plays against them pounces down, and oblivion closes over mother and child. The girls who are to be the mothers of the able men of 1900, are to-day earning their calicoes and poplins by wading through snow-drifts to cold school-houses, and explaining fractions to wooden-headed boys; they dip their pens into ink that is icy; they churn when the butter is long a-coming; they sweep when their fingers are numb and red around the broom-handle. They have the inspiring consciousness of being strong and competent; in the labors of life they can carry one end of the log; in society they would bless and cheer rather than shine, for

"'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Mormon Community in Indiana—A Row.

It is not generally known that a community of Latter-Day Saints exists in Clark County, Indiana. A few miles from New Providence snugly hid away among the hills, a little Mormon Church has flourished for something more than a year, and, so far as known, its members have strictly kept the faith in all respects, save in the matter of polygamy. The planting of this "Stake of Zion," as the Mormons term their settlements, took place about June, 1870. It was effected chiefly through the preaching of two peripatetic "Saints," who appeared suddenly in the community about that time, and began what, in the country, is called a "big meeting." It was not generally known at the outset who these preachers were, or what the nature of the doctrines they were to proclaim; but as they were announced by a minister of the Christian Church, the use of the chapel belonging to the denomination was tendered them, and the good brethren turned out quite willingly to hear. The public was not long, however, in discovering the peculiarity of the religious views held by the "apostles;" it soon became apparent too, that the object of their visit was the establishment of a Mormon church.

The success of this effort to introduce Mormonism caused universal surprise, which, however, was not greater than the indignation that soon broke out. Especially did the Christian Church, which has been long established there, and some of whose members had gone over to the Mormons, wax indignant and spring into action. It was suddenly discovered that the devil was at his old tricks again, and all good people were urged to be on their guard. The little chapel at Pleasant Ridge was abruptly closed against the Mormon brotherhood, and the community was soon divided into two contending factions, the "Mormons," and the "anti-Mormons."

People generally supposed that the Mormons, in view of the opposition brought against them, would disband; but such was not the result. They have shown themselves a plucky lot of saints, and have not allowed opposition to stop their progress. Mormon books, tracts, &c., have constantly been received from headquarters, and distributed wherever it was thought they would be effective. By various means they have labored to bring "sinners" into the fold, and they have not altogether failed.

Fidelity of a Dog.

Our citizens are aware that the Mount Auburn inclined plane railway is nearly completed, and that from the corner of Main and Mulberry streets it makes an ascent of two hundred and eighty feet to the summit of Mount Auburn. The stringers are already laid, partly on sills whose foundation is on a level with the sloping surface of the hill, and partly on trestles full thirty feet high. It is at the upper part of the inclined plane that the stringers rest upon trestles. This explanation is necessary to make plain what we are about to relate.

Not long since, Henry Wager, an ex-policeman, who lived at the corner of Walnut and Jane streets, was making the ascent of Mount Auburn by the way of this inclined plane, walking on the steep stone of a stringer. His dog accompanied him, walking before him. The ascent was made safely to within a few feet of the summit, where the stringers are laid on the highest trestles. Here the dog walked cautiously and slowly, too slowly to suit his master, who followed impatiently at his heels.

Mr. Wager urged the dumb brute forward with words, but without success in making him go faster. At last, out of patience, he made a kick at the dog, missed his aim, lost his balance, fell more than thirty feet to the ground, and lay there insensible and dying, with his skull broken.

The dog, seeing the condition of his master, and forgetful of the blow that, had it not missed its aim, would have sent him below among the rocks, leaped down that perilous height, landed safely, took a position by his master's side, and sat guard over him, whining piteously, as though instinctively conscious of the situation. With a loving fidelity the poor brute sat at his post, fiercely driving away every one who approached the body of his dying master. The policemen who came to carry the body away had to fight the dog off with clubs—a work which, out of regard for his touching, forgiving faithfulness, they performed with reluctance, and as gently as circumstances would permit.

He died the next evening. He was a cooper by trade, and plied his vocation until the time of his death.—*Exchange.*

Kerosene.

Dr. James R. Nichols, the well-known chemist, in his new work, "Fireside Science," says in substance of the fire-fiend, kerosene:

Kerosene is *not* explosive; a lighted taper may be thrust into it, or flame applied to it, with perfect safety. Accidents from kerosene occur from two causes: *imperfect manufacture* and *adulteration.* Naptha is volatile, inflammable and dangerous, and with imperfect distillation of kerosene some naptha remains, and further, unprincipled dealers add naptha to kerosene. But even naptha is not explosive; to render it or the vapor that rises from it explosive it must be *mixed with air*, and this is the great secret of the terrible accidents now so frequent. A lamp full, or nearly full, is comparatively safe. In using impure oil, above the line of oil is inexplosive vapor (not gas), and as long as it is warm and quiet no air can reach the oil; but when the lamp cools the vapor condenses, and a vacuum is formed which is instantly filled with air, and the mixture is more or less explosive. Let the lamp be suddenly shaken, and an explosion is probable; or let an unreplenished lamp be lighted, and there is similar danger. Cold air striking a partially filled lamp will condense the vapor, air will rush in, and there will be an explosion. So much for impure kerosene. Moral, buy of responsible parties, and always keep your lamps well filled. "The whole hazard comes from air-mixed vapor."

Woman Suffrage in Wyoming.

Gov. Campbell of Wyoming, in his message vetoing the act to repeal the Woman Suffrage law of the Territory, says: "In this Territory women have manifested for its highest interests a devotion strong, ardent, and intelligent. They have brought to public affairs a clearness of understanding and a soundness of judgment which, considering their exclusion hitherto from practical participation in political agitation and movements, are worthy of the highest admiration, and above all praise. The conscience of women in all things is more discriminating and sensitive than that of men; their sense of justice not compromising or time-serving, but pure and exacting; their love of order not spasmodic or sentimental merely, but springing from the heart. All these, the better conscience, the exalted sense of justice, and the abiding love of order, have been made by the enfranchisement of women to contribute to the good government and well-being of our Territory.

CONCERNING NEW YORKERS.—A free-and-easy correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, himself a New Yorker, "expands" in this fashion: "New York is a noble State, that can not claim to be the mother of Presidents and tobacco like Virginia, but she has produced a good deal else that is worthy of notice, including Orange County butter. New Yorkers are an eminently respectable set, no matter where you find them. They are famous for good character. In Tennessee, for instance, there is not a single New Yorker in the Penitentiary or in the Legislature either. I call that a pretty good record."

Duluth is the most hopeful place in the country. It has now a population of 4,600, but expects an increase of 40,000 next year by immigration.

A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

The city, he saith, is fairer far
Than one which stood of old;
It gleams in the light, all crimson bright
With shifting glimmers of gold.
Where be the homes my fathers built,
The houses where they prayed?
I see in no sod the paths they trod,
Nor the stones my fathers laid.
On the domes they spread, the roofs they reared,
Has passed the levelling tide,
My fathers lie low, and their sons outgrow
The bounds of their skill and pride,
Shifting, sweeping, change,
It plays with man's endeavor,
They carved these names grown strange,
And they said, "Abide for ever."

The city, I say, lieth far away,
Whereto no change may come;
It has rays manifold of crimson and gold,
But I cannot count their sum.
They sigh no more by its happier shore
Who wander, foreboding not,
Or waning away of a changeful day,
Or changing of life and lot.
They dream not there on earth's changing face,
Or mutable wind and sea—
Thou art changeless, grant me a place
In that far city with Thee!
There record my name,
Father! forget thee never,
For thy thought is still the same,
Yesterday, to-day and, forever.

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

A bitter December midnight, and the up-express panting through its ten minutes rest at Rugby. What with passengers just arriving, and passengers just departing; what with the friends who came to see the last of the departing passengers, or to meet the arriving ones, the platform was full enough, I can assure you; and I had some difficulty in making my way from carriage to carriage, even though I generally find that people (almost unconsciously perhaps,) move aside for the guard when they see him walking up or down close to the carriage doors. This difficulty was increased, too, by the manœuvres of my companion, a London detective, who had joined me to give himself a better opportunity of examining the passengers. Keenly he did it, too, in that seemingly careless way of his; and, while he appeared only an idle, lounging acquaintance of my own, I knew that under his unsuspected scrutiny it was next to impossible for the thieves he was seeking to escape—even in hampers. I didn't trouble myself to help him, for I knew it wasn't necessary; yet I was as anxious as hundreds of others were that those practiced thieves, whom the police had been hunting for the last two days, hould be caught as they deserved.

Sometimes we came upon a group which my companion could not take in at a glance, and then he always found himself unusually cold, and stopped to stamp a little life into his petrified feet. Of course for me this enforced standing was the signal for an attack of that persistent questioning with which railway guards are familiar; and, in attending to polite questioners who deserved answering, and unpolite ones who insisted on it, I had not much time for looking about me; but presently I did catch myself watching a girl who stood alone at some distance. A girl very pretty and pleasant to look upon, I thought, though her face, and her dress, and her attitude were all sad. She stood just at the door of the booking-office; a tall, slight girl, in deep mourning, with a quantity of bright, fair hair, plaited high upon her head, as well as hanging loosely on her shoulders, with a childishly innocent face, and pretty, bewildered eyes. I wished I could have gone straight to her, and put her into one—the most comfortable—of the line of carriages at which she gazed so timidly. Just as I hesitated, a very remarkable figure elbowed its way to me; a stout, grandly-dressed old lady, panting painfully, and almost piercing me with a pair of restless, half-opened eyes, that looked out through the gold-rimmed spectacles perched on her sharp nose. Two porters followed her, laden with bags, cloaks, umbrellas and flowers—the only flowers in the station, I expect that winter night—and one of the men winked at me over her head, while the other guarded her treasures with a face of concentrated anxiety, and thoughts engrossed by possible fees.

"This is the London train, is it, ga'ad?" she asked, peering sharply into my face with her half-closed eyes, as if she found it difficult to distinguish me even through her spectacles.

From her whole attitude I guessed her to be deaf, but I never guessed *how* deaf until, after yelling my answer so loud that the engine-driver must have heard it eighteen carriages off, she still remained stonily waiting for it.

"Deaf as a dozen posts," said the detective, aloud, giving the old lady an expressive little nod in the direction of the train.

"Slow train?" she asked, in that plaintive tone which the very deaf often use.

"Mail!" I shouted, putting my mouth as close to her cheek as I fancied she would like.

"*Ale!*" she shrieked back at me, the spectacles shaking a little on her thin nose. "Why should you want ale for listening to civil questions that you are paid to answer? Ale, indeed! I believe railway men think of nothing else."

Then she shook her head angrily and waddled off, looking as acid an old party as I should ever try to avoid. In at every door she peered through her glittering glasses, the two porters following her, until she made a stop before an empty second-class carriage near my van, and with much labor and assistance got herself and her packages into it.

When I passed, a few minutes afterward, she was standing in the doorway, effectually barring the door to any other passenger by her own unattractive appearance there, and prolonging with an evident relish the anxiety of the obsequious porters. I fancy that—though the purse she fumbled in was large, the coin she wanted was but small, for I passed on and left her still searching and still asking questions of the men, but hearing nothing either of their replies or of the loud asides in which they indulged to each other. I had reached the other end of the train, and was just about making my way back to my own van, when the young lady I had before noticed went slowly in front of me toward the empty first-class compartment near which I stood.

"Am I right for Euston?" she asked me gently, as she hesitated at the door.

"All right, Miss," I said, taking the door from her, and standing while she got in. "Any luggage?" For from that very moment I took her in a sort of way into my charge because she was so thoroughly alone, you see, not having any friends there even to see her off.

"No luggage, thank you," she answered, putting her little leather satchel down beside her on the seat, and settling herself in the corner furthest from the open door. "Do we stop anywhere between here and London?"

"Don't stop again, Miss, except for a few minutes to take tickets." Then I looked at her as much as to say, "You're all right, because I'm the guard," and shut the door.

I suppose that, without exactly being aware of it, I kept a sort of watch over this carriage, for I saw plainly enough a lazy young gentleman, who persistently kept hovering about it and looking in. His inquisitive eyes had of course caught sight of the pretty face in there alone, and I could see that he was making up his mind to join her; but he seemed doing it in a most careless and languid manner. He was no gentleman for that reason, I said to myself, yet his dress was handsome, and the hand that played with his long, dark beard was small and fashionably gloved. Glancing still into the far corner of that one first-class apartment, he lingered until the last moment was come; then, quite leisurely, he walked up to the door, opened it, entered the carriage, and in an instant the door was banged to behind him. Without the least hesitation I went up to the window, and stood near it while the lamp was fitted in the compartment. The gentleman was standing up within, drawing on a dark overcoat; that young lady in the distant corner was looking from the window as if even the half darkness was better to look at than this companion. Mortified a good deal at the failure of my scheme for her comfort, I went on to my van, beside which the detective waited for me.

"No go, you see," he muttered crossly; "and yet it seemed to me so likely that they'd take this train."

"I don't see how it should seem likely," I answered, for I hadn't gone with him in the idea. "It doesn't seem to me very likely that three such skillful thieves as you are dodging, who did their work in this neighborhood—so cleverly two nights ago, should leave the station any night by the very train which the Police watch with double suspicion."

"Doesn't it?" he echoed, with a most satirical knowingness. "Perhaps you haven't yet got it quite clear in your mind how they will leave the town; for it's sure enough that they haven't left it up to now. That they'll be in a hurry to leave it is sure enough, too, for this isn't the sort of place they'll care to hide in longer than necessary. Well, what's the hardest place for us to track them in?—London. And what's the easiest place for them to get on sea from?—London. Then naturally enough to London they'll want to go. Isn't this a fast train, and shouldn't you choose a fast train if you were running away from the Police?"

I didn't tell him what sort of a train I should choose, because I hadn't quite made up my mind; and he was looking cross enough for anything in that last glimpse I caught of him.

Having nothing better to do, I wondered a good deal how these thieves could arrange their getting away while the walls were covered with the description of them, and every official on the line was up in it. There was no doubt about their being three very dexterous knaves, but then our detective force was very dexterous, too, though they weren't knaves, (and I do believe the greater dexterity is generally on the knavish side,) and so it was odd that the description still was ineffective and the offered reward unclaimed. I read over again the bill in my pocket which described the robbers. "Edward Capron, alias Captain Winter, alias John Pearson, alias Dr. Crow; a thickset, active man, of middle height, and about fifty years of age; with thick iron-gray hair and whiskers, dark gray eyes and an aquiline nose. Mary Capron, his wife, a tall woman of forty; with a handsome, fair face, a quantity of very red hair, and a cut across her under lip. Edward Capron, their son, a slightly built youth of not more than fifteen or sixteen," (though, for the matter of that, I thought he might have had cunning enough for twice his age,) "with closely cut black hair, light gray eyes, and delicate features."

We all knew this description well enough, and for two days had kept our eyes open, hoping to identify them among the passengers. But our scrutiny had been all in vain; and as the train rushed on, I felt how disappointed the Police at Euston would be when we arrived again without even tidings of them.

I was soon tired of this subject, and went back to worrying myself about the sad-looking, yellow-haired girl, who had so evidently wished to travel alone, and had been so successfully foiled in the attempt by that intrusive fop with the handsome beard. Foolishly I kept on thinking of her, until as we were dashing almost like lightning through the wind and darkness, only fifteen or twenty minutes from Chalk Farm, the bell in my van rang out with a sharp and sudden summons. I never wondered for a moment who had pulled the cord. Instinctively I knew, and—it was the carriage furthest from my van! I left my place almost breathlessly as the engine slackened speed, and hastening along the footboard, hesitated at no window until I reached the one from which I felt quite sure that a frightened young face would be looking out. My heart literally beat in dread as I stopped, and looked into the carriage. What did I see? Only the two passengers buried in their separate corners. The young lady raised her head from the book she held, and looked up at me astonished—childishly and wonderingly astonished.

"Has anything happened to the train?" she asked timidly.

The gentleman roused himself leisurely from a seemingly snug nap. "What on earth has stopped us in this hole?" he said, rising, and pushing his handsome face and his long beard past me at the window.

It was only too evident that the alarm had not been given from this carriage; yet the feeling had been such a certainty to me that it was long before I felt quite convinced to the contrary; and I went on along the foot-board, to other carriages very much more slowly than I had gone first to that one. Utter darkness surrounded us outside, but from the lamplit compartments eager heads were thrust, searching for the reason of this unexpected stoppage. No one owned to having summoned me until I reached that second-class carriage near my own van, (which I had hastened past before), where the fidgety, deaf old lady who had amused me at Rugby sat alone. I had no need to look in and question her. Her head was quite out of the window, and, though she had her back to the light and I couldn't see her face, her voice was cool enough to show that she was not overpowered by fear.

"What a time you've been coming," she said. "Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

But though I yelled the question with all my might and main, I believe I might just as hopefully have questioned the telegraph post which stood beside us, and have expected an answer along the wires.

"Where's the small luncheon basket?" she inquired, pulling out her long purse with great fussiness. "A small luncheon basket, my good man, and make haste!"

Shall I ever forget the sharp expectancy of the old lady's eyes, as they looked into mine, first over, then under, then through her glittering, gold-rimmed spectacles? What surprised me most particularly was the fact of her decidedly not being, as any one might suppose, a raving lunatic.

"Be quick with the small luncheon basket, please," she said, resignedly sitting down, and pouring the contents of her purse out into her lap: "I'm as hungry as I can be."

I suppose that when she looked up at me from the silver she was counting, she saw my utter bewilderment. I didn't try now to make her hear, for I knew it to be hopeless—for she raised her voice suddenly to a shrill pitch of peevishness, and pointed with one shaking hand to the wall of the carriage.

"Look there! Doesn't it say 'Small luncheon baskets. Pull down the cord.' I want a small luncheon basket, so I pulled down the cord. Make haste and get it me, or I'll report you to the manager."

Seeing now that she was almost as blind as she was deaf, I began to understand what she meant. On the spot to which she pointed above the seat opposite her two papers were posted in a line; one the advertisement of 'Small luncheon baskets' supplied at Rugby,' the other, the company's directions for summoning the guard and stopping the train in cases of danger. As they happened to be placed, the large letters did read as she had said:

"SMALL LUNCHEON BASKETS. PULL DOWN THE CORD."

While I was gazing from her to the bills, getting over a bit of my astonishment, and she was giving me every now and then a sharp touch on the shoulder to recall me to my duty and hasten me with her refreshment, we were joined by one of the directors, who happened to be going up to town by the express. But his just and natural wrath—loud as it was—never moved the hungry old lady, no, not in the slightest degree. She never heard one word of it, and only mildly insisted, in the midst of it, that she was almost tired of waiting for her small luncheon basket.

With a fierce parting shot, the director tried to make her understand that she had incurred a penalty of five pounds, but he couldn't, though he bawled it at her until the poor old thing—perhaps mortified at having taken so much trouble for nothing; perhaps overcome by her hunger; perhaps frightened at the commotion she saw though didn't hear—sank back in her seat in a strong fit of hysterics, and let the shillings and sixpences roll out of her lap and settle under the seats.

It seemed to me a long time before we started on again, but I suppose it was only a six or seven minutes' delay after all. I expect I should have waited to explain the stoppage to the pretty young girl of whom I considered myself a sort of protector; but, as I said, she was at the very opposite end of the train, and I was in haste now. There must have been a good laugh in several of the carriages where the cause of our stoppage got whispered about. As for me, when I got back into my van, solitary as it was, I chuckled over it until we stopped at Chalk Farm to take tickets.

It seemed to me that the train was taken into custody as soon as it stopped here.

"Of course you have the carriage doors all locked, and I'll go down with you while you open them one by one. My men are in possession of the platform."

This was said to me by Davis, a detective officer whom I knew pretty well now, having had a good bit to do with him about this Warwickshire robbery.

"It is no use," I said, before we started, "the train was searched, as you may say, at Rugby. Every passenger has undergone a close scrutiny, I can tell you. What causes such scientific preparation for us here."

"A telegram received ten minutes ago," he answered. "It seems that two of the thieves we are dodging are in this train in clever disguises. We have had pretty full particulars, though the discovery wasn't made until after you left the junction. Have you noticed"—he dropped his voice a little here—"a young lady and gentleman together in either carriage?"

I felt a bit of an odd catching in my breath as he spoke. "No," I said, quite in a hurry. "No young lady and gentleman belonging together; but there may be plenty in the train. What if there are, though? There was no young lady or gentleman among the robbers?"

"Among the robbers," rejoined Davis, with suppressed enjoyment, "was a woman who'd make herself into anything; and you must own that a gentleman with a dark, long beard isn't bad for a lady known to us pretty well by her thick red hair and a cut on her upper lip."

"But the young lady?" I asked, cogitating this.

"Ah! the young lady. True enough; well, what should you say now, if I told you she grew out of that boy with the closely-cut, dark hair that we are after?"

I remembered the pretty plaits and the loose, falling hair. I remembered the bewilderment in the eyes which entirely hid their natural expression, and I didn't answer this at all.

"I wish I had as good a chance of catching the old fellow as I have of catching the woman and the boy," continued Davis, as we moved slowly past the locked luggage van. "I know they're here, and that I shall recognize them under any disguise; but we've no clue yet to the older rascal. It's most aggravating that, by some means, we've lost sight of the biggest rogue of all. Come along."

I did come along, feeling very stupidly glad that there was all the train to search before we could reach that carriage at the other end where sat the girl whom I had, in a way, taken under my protection.

"When are we to be allowed to leave this train, pray? Call me a cab," cried the deaf old lady, plaintively, as we reached her carriage, and found her gazing out in most evident and utter ignorance of all that was going on around her. "I am locked in, ga'ad. Do you hear?"

I heard; aye, sharp enough. I only wished she could hear me as readily. Davis stood aside watching while I unlocked her door and helped her down. Then, seeing her helplessness, and her countless packages, he beckoned a porter to her, winking expressively to call his attention to a probable shilling.

Carriage after carriage we examined; and though Davis detected no thief, he turned away only more and more hopefully from each. He was so sure they were there, and that escape was impossible. We reached the last carriage in the line, and now my heart beat in the oddest manner possible.

"Is this compartment empty, then?" asked Davis, while my fingers were actually shaking as I put my key in the door of the centre one. "Empty, and dark?"

"Even if it had been empty it wouldn't have been left dark," I muttered, looking in. "Hallo! what's come to the lamp?"

I might well ask what was come to the lamp, for the compartment was as dark as if it had never been lighted; yet had not I myself stood and watched the lighted lamp put in it at Rugby? And—the carriage was empty, too!

"Why was this?" asked the detective, turning sharply upon me. "Why was not the lamp lighted?"

But the lamp *was* lighted, and burning now as sensibly as the others—if we could but have seen it. As we soon discovered, the glass was covered by a kind of tarpaulin, intensely black and strongly adhesive, and the carriage was as completely dark as if no lamp had been there at all. The perplexity in Davis' face was as great as my own, when I told him who had travelled here. "They couldn't have left the train *here*, at any rate," he said; and I know that as well as he did.

But you have guessed the end. During those few minutes that we stopped on the line, the two thieves—darkening the lamp even after I had left them, and using their own key—had left the carriage under cover of the darkness; managing their escape in their black dresses out into the blackness of the night as cleverly as they had managed their theft and subsequent concealment. But how could they have depended on this unusual delay—this exquisite opportunity given them in the utter darkness, close to the city, yet at no station? When I officially made my deposition, and explained the cause of our stoppage, something of the truth seemed to break upon us all; but it wasn't for a good while that it settled into a certainty. Then it got clear to everybody that the older scoundrel had duped us more ingeniously than the younger ones. As the incapable old lady (deaf as a stone, and so blind that she had to peer through her glittering glasses, with eyes always half-closed, and so hungry that she had to stop the train for a luncheon-basket) he had played upon us the neatest trick of all. Where on earth were the thick iron-gray hair and whiskers by which we were to have identified him? But by the time the police saw the whole thing clearly it was too late to follow up any clue to him.

The cab which had taken the eccentric old lady and her parcels and flowers from Euston was lost in the city, and could not be tracked. A high reward was offered for information, but no one ever won it. My firm belief is that it was no legitimately licensed cab at all, but one belonging to the gang, and part of the finished fraud. I verily believe, too, that sometimes now—though perhaps on the other side of the channel—those three practiced knaves enjoy a hearty laugh over that December journey by night-express.

Davis still assures me, with the most cheerful confidence, that he shall yet have the pleasure some day of trapping three of the most expert and skilful thieves in Britain. I wish I felt as sure of it.—*The Argosy.*

A Fatal Hunt.

Another instance of the pitcher going once too often to the well has occurred in India. Captain Doig, an infantry officer, had become renowned as a tiger-hunter, and the fame of his exploits had even reached Europe. He was supposed to be invincible, had performed almost fabulous feats, and was held by the natives to bear a charmed life. The poor gentleman was, notwithstanding, killed by a tiger early in September. He went out one day and had a brilliant success, slaying a fine tiger single-handed. Four or five days after, news came that another tiger was lurking in the same place, about six miles from the cantonment. The new arrival at once began to to distinguish himself by slaughtering bullocks, and Captain Doig resolved to bring his exploits to an end. Unaccompanied save by his own "Shikaries," the hunter repaired to the spot. The savage beast was soon found, and Captain Doig got rather a long shot at him, and felt sure that he had hit him in the head. His impression, however, was that the tiger had got off into the jungle not much hurt, and that he must beat again for him in a fresh quarter. While preparing to do this, Captain Doig being at this moment alone, the enraged animal suddenly leaped from cover, and in an instant seized his foe and bore him to the earth. Captain Doig afterward said that the onset was so swift that he never saw the beast until he himself was on the ground, and being, as he expressed it, "calmly eaten." A horrible struggle ensued, the "Shikaries" sprang to the rescue, and the intrepid hunter actually fought himself out of the tiger's clutches, and not only that, but managed to destroy him. The encounter was nevertheless fatal. Captain Doig had the pluck to ride back to the cantonment, being lifted to his saddle for the purpose. But he never recovered from the shock and the frightful laceration he received, and five days after breathed his last. For men who get celebrated for this kind of achievement its pursuit seems to have irresistible fascination, and the sad case of Captain Doig has many precedents.

Senator Sprague's Encounter with a Buffalo.

Senator Sprague visited Kansas a few weeks ago, and, like all other Eastern visitors, wanted to see the buffalo on his native heath. Accordingly, Benj. Akers, Esq., of this city, got up a party, and with the Senator, went out to the buffalo country. A few miles from Fort Wallace they found the bisons in thousands, and the hunters "went in." Mr. Akers singled out an old patriarch of the herd, chased him a few miles, and after a few successful shots, brought him down. After his own game was secure, he commenced looking around for the rest of the party. The Senator had also singled out an old bull, had driven him apart from the rest of the herd, and was in a little ravine about two miles distant from Akers, but in plain view. The buffalo had been wounded, and showed fight. The Senator would pursue him for a short distance, but would then be compelled to turn his horse's head in the other direction, and get out of the way of the maddened animal; once, in wheeling suddenly, his horse fell, and the bull was right upon him in an instant. Akers says this was one of the closest calls he ever saw—so close, indeed, as to leave no doubt in his mind that there would very soon be a necessity for a special Senatorial election in Rhode Island, "to fill vacancy;" but just in the nick of time the valliant Senator regained his seat in the saddle and was off like the wind, his horse being stimulated by a sharp "punch" from the bull's horn. It seems that Mr. Sprague had pursued the animal closely, fired several shots upon him, wounding him severely, but not fatally, and that his ammunition had then given out; Mr. Akers, comprehending the situation, came to his assistance and reinforced him with a few rounds, when the bull was promptly brought down. The Senator brought in with him the head of the animal, and is having it "cured" to take home, as a trophy of his skill and prowess as a buffalo-hunter.—*Leavenworth (Kansas) Times, Dec. 20.*

The sale of political caricatures has been forbidden in France.

THE ITEM.

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

The Governor's Message.

We present the Governor's Message in full, to our readers this week in the accompanying Supplement. The Message as a whole is very good, being comparatively free from that partizanship which has characterized many of our messages from Democratic Governors.

The New Year's gift of the Administration to the country is a princely reduction of the national debt of $4,412,956.71. The balance against the people at the outset of 1872 is, principal and interest combined, $2,371,132,731.82, with a cash credit, however, in the money-drawer of the nation, of $127,294,320.68. The debt, less this sum, is $2,243,838,411.14. During the month of December $642,150 of bonds were redeemed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The addle pated correspondent of the *Journal*, "Fair play," turns up again this week. He seems wonderfully exercised in mind because the REPUBLICAN don't ask his opinion when changes are made in its publication. Cheer up, "Fair Play," we know its cold weather, but you'd doubtless find yourself in a warmer climate sometime, where it is hoped your temper may be improved.

Hic jacet "Fair Play,"
For many years he followed Reform (?)
When he died,
The Devil cried,
Shove him below and keep him warm.

George Alfred Townsend, in a late letter, says of the Democracy: The Democratic party is showing how perfectly dead it is by the difficulty of making anything out of its ruins. I have seen about a dozen Democratic members of Congress here, and they all look upon any new party affiliation with that sort of apprehension that an old poor-house vagrant does when you begin to suggest any new proposition of pauper reform. Many of these Democrats fear to break up their grog caucuses at home, of which they now pull the strings by a sort of automatic genius, while any change might result in their replacement by better men under the new coalition. This makes them all stand off.

Seven cities claimed Homer, they say, and now we have about as many claiming the honor of being the abiding place of the next Republican National Convention. St Louis declares that she alone has hotel room enough for the thousands who will attend: Cincinnati protests that she is the centre of the political universe, and the meeting should be held in her biggest hall. Philadelphia is in the field, and Col. Forney's honeyed tongue pleads for her. Chicago is unprepared, owing to her great calamity; Cleveland is too much ashamed of the Sorehead Convention that met there to defeat Lincoln in 1864; New York stands back in consequence of her recent Ring disgrace, and also because, great as she is, she has not in all her bounds a hall large enough for a respectable convention, unless she calls that barn of a Rink a hall.

TAKE IT TO YOUR HOME.—It is so much the fashion nowadays to convey information, and moral truths and sentiments in the form of stories that even some popular lecturers have adopted this style of address. The mass of people, especially the young, demand stories to such a degree that papers filled with sensational novels and exciting, trashy stuff have a wide circulation. To forestall this taste, and supply something better to the masses the publishers of *Hearth and Home*, in addition to the usual variety of that paper, have engaged a corps of first-class writers, among whom are Jean Ingelow, Edward Eggleston, Mary E. Dodge, Louisa M. Alcott, Edward Everett Hale, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Rose Terry, Maria R. Oakey, Lucia G. Runkle, and many others, who furnish to this Journal the best *Original Stories*, of the *purest character* and *highest grade*—thus conveying much instruction in a pleasing form. Besides these, the weekly *Hearth and Home* contains a large amount of first-class reading, editorials, literature, art, science, amusements, instruction for the housekeeper, the gardener, the farmer, a capital department for Children and Youth the news of the day, financial and market, etc. Its engravings, costing over $25 000 a year, are of a high order of merit, unsurpassed by any illustrated paper in the world. Altogether, *Hearth and Home* is such a journal as may be safely, and very profitably taken into any family. It is supplied at the low rate of $3 a year; four copies for $11; and ten or more copies for $2.50 each. Orange Judd & Co., Publishers, 245 Broadway, New York City.

From the Capital.

ORGANIZATION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

TRENTON, *Jan. 11th*, 1872.

Mr. Editor: All day Monday the members of the Legislature, and their friends poured in upon us in crowds upon the arrival of every train. Monday evening and Tuesday morning the jam at the hotel was complete, with the office-seekers buttonholing every member they could sight. However, that is all passed and both Houses have been organized and are now in readiness for business.

The Senate organized by re-electing the officers of last year:

President—Edward Bettle, of Camden.
Secretary—John F. Babcock, of Middlesex.
Assistant Secretary—John W. Newlin, of Cumberland.
Engrossing Clerk—James Moore, of Gloucester.
Sergeant-at-Arms, E. M. Beesley, of Cape May.
Door-Keepers—S. Gordon, J. Wood and Walter Shields.

In the House the following officers were chosen:

Speaker—Nathaniel Niles, of Morris.
Clerk—Sinnickson Chew.
Assistant Clerk—L. C. Reeves.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Geo. Smith.
Engrossing Clerk—J. H. Lupton.
Keeper of Ladies' Gallery—Charles H. Ferris (colored.)
Keeper of Gentlemen's Gallery—R. Fielding of Passaic.

The printing of the bills was given to J. R. Freese, of the *Sentinel*, and the rest to the *State Gazette*.

The seat of Mr. Reardon, from the Second District of Hudson county, is to be contested by Mr. Sheron, whose memorial was presented by Mr. Reardon. It was referred to the Committee on Elections when appointed.

The bill to increase the Governor's salary to $5,000 has passed both Houses and been signed by the Governor.

A fight took place in the House on the awarding of postage stamps to the amount of twenty-five dollars to each member. Mr. Niles strongly protested against the resolution, but it was adopted.

In the Senate a current resolution was introduced calling on Congress to spend seventy-five thousand dollars in Delaware river.

The only bill yet introduced pertaining to your section, is for a Supplement to the charter of the Camden & Atlantic Land Company—renewing the charter and allowing the Board of Directors to meet in Philadelphia.

Both Houses adjourned to meet on Monday evening next.

QUI VIVE.

News Summary.

MEXICO.

MATAMOROS, Mexico, Jan. 5, 1872.—A courier from the city of Mexico, with dates up to December 24, reports that General Porfirio Diaz, the head of the insurrection, has abandoned the city of Oaxaca, having only four hundred men of all arms under his command. General Rocha, with a large body of government troops, has been sent against him. Diaz is hastily retreating, while Rocha is in hot pursuit of him.

ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 9.—Owing to a misplaced switch, the 4 o'clock train from New York this afternoon ran off the track just south of Hastings. Six passenger cars, two palace cars, and a baggage car were dislodged and plowed their way over the frozen ground at a fearful rate. Not one of them upset, and when they came to a stand they formed a zigzag line. The passengers were panic-stricken, but no one was injured. Some of the trucks of the train plowed into the earth so deep that the platforms touched the ground. All the up trains to-night are from two to three hours behind time. A single track is used at the scene of the accident.

DEATH OF GENERAL HALLECK.

Henry Wager Halleck, Major General in the United States Army, died in Louisville, Ky., at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening. He was carried off by congestion of the brain, superinduced by disease of the liver, with which he had been afflicted for some time. He was fifty-six years of age.

"PET" HALSTEAD'S MURDERER.

Trenton, Jan. 9.—The Court of Pardons, composed of the Governor, the Chancellor, and six Judges of the Court of Errors, convened this afternoon to take action in the case of botts, who is awaiting execution at Newark for the murder of "Pet" Halstead. The voluminous evidence was presented to the Court by Chas. S. Spencer and Wm. B. Guild, jr., counsel for Botts, as well as petitions for a commutation of sentence.

The Court finally decided not to interfere in the case, and a warrant was issued by the Governor, directed to the Sheriff of Essex County, for the execution of Botts. The day named in the warrant is Friday, Jan. 26. The final decision of the Court was withheld from the prisoner by his keeper last evening, owing to his state of mind, which indicates great nervous excitement. His spiritual advisers are pained to find that he cannot be induced to consider his condition, and that their efforts to interest him in religious matters have proved unavailing.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD BLOCKADE.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 9.—The agent at Medicine Bow reports this morning three eastward passenger trains detained at Washakee, and three westward at Separation, by the snow-drifts near Creston. They will run as near each other as possible, transfer their passengers, and return. Laborers seem to be scarce, hardly enough being available to clear the snow from the track. A gang of 13 white and 9 Chinamen were obtained with difficulty at Bitter Creek this morning to shovel snow, and are now on their way to Creston.

MAYOR HALL RETIRES.

Shortly after the election by which the Reform candidates were returned and Tammany crushed, Mayor Hall announced that the natural consequences would be to place the Executive Department of the City Government in the hands of a Republican Mayor, and so closely had he studied the situation that he even named the Hon. John Cochrane as the person who would succeed to his place. This radical change in the *personnel* of the office was to be brought about by the election of Mr. Cochrane as President of the Board of Alderman (an event which occurred on Monday) and Hall's subsequent removal by the Legislature, an act already threatened. The Mayor, however, forestalled the Legislature Tuesday by giving up his office to Mr. Cochrane, retiring ostensibly for a week, but in fact abandoning his position which he will formally resign or from which he will be removed within a very few days.

The following is the official order making this temporary change, which Mayor Hall directed to be placed on file in the Mayor's office:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, CITY HALL,
NEW YORK, Jan. 9, 1872.

Urgent, and much neglected, private affairs prevent the Mayor from attending to the duties of the office of Mayor during a period of at least a week from this date, and the President of the Board of Aldermen will act as Mayor until this record be revoked. A. OAKEY HALL, Mayor.

CRANBERRY LANDS!

Of Hammonton.

MR. EDITOR:—I have seen a statement in the Vineland *Weekly*, headed "THE CRANBERRY LANDS OF VINELAND," in which the writer gives the total length of the streams of Vineland and argues therefrom that "there is no necessity for going elsewhere to purchase Cranberry lands while such large quantities can be had in their own immediate neighborhood."

The writer of the above is evidently aware that the successful cultivation of the Cranberry requires large quantities of water, but is *not* aware, perhaps, that it is also essential to have **a particular soil**, in which only the plants can thrive and be profitable. That the swamps of Vineland are not fitted for cultivation of the Cranberry is evident from the fact that those of her citizens, who have gone into the cultivation of the berry, go elsewhere to select their Bogs, where all the requirements of the business can be had, viz: muck underlaid with pure white sand, and an abundance of water for flowing at all seasons of the year.

We have in the TOWN OF HAMMONTON **over 3000 acres** of natural Cranberry Swamp IN ONE BODY, with THREE large, unfailing streams coursing through it, on which the PARK, HAMMONTON and *VINELAND* Cranberry Companies are located, and are engaged in preparing and planting their Bogs, consisting in aggregate of over **500 acres**, of which **200 acres** came into bearing in 1871. In addition to these there are some **330 acres** in the same bog being improved by individual effort, in lots from 10 to 20 acres each, and mostly by *citizens of Vineland*.

It is estimated that there is, independent of the above, over **300** acres of Cranberry bogs, finished, coming into bearing, and in full bearing, in different parts of the town, so that in a few years Hammonton will boast her Cranberry Acres by *thousands* and rival the region around Toms River. The lands alluded to are within 1½ miles of Atsion Station, on the New Jersey Southern Railroad, with the Vineland Railroad crossing the head of the meadow, thereby affording unsurpassed facilities for shipping the fruit to either of the great markets of the country. The soil consists of a deposit of muck, averaging 8 inches in depth, underlaid with pure white sand, and the surface of the meadow is so level that the expense of clearing and preparing the Bogs is light in comparison to most Cranberry bogs, rarely exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars per acre; the streams throughout this region contain large quantities of muck in solution and while at rest on the Bog (that is, during the winter season, while the Bog is overflowed) deposit muck over the surface in sufficient quantities to fertilize the vines and add to the value of the crop. Having thus briefly stated the advantages our town possesses for the growing of Cranberries, will our friend of the Vineland *Weekly* please inform us how many acres of improved Cranberry lands they have in their town, and why their people prefer our Cranberry lands to their own?

SHOO FLY.

Persons desiring information concerning Cranberry Lands can address GEO. F. MILLER, Hammonton P. O., who will answer all inquiries.

Camden & Atlantic R. R.

ON AND AFTER

Monday, Oct. 2, 1871.

DOWN TRAINS.

LEAVE	Frght A. M.	Mail A. M.	Accom P. M.	Accom P. M.
Vine St. Wharf	7 00	8 00	3 45	6 00
Cooper's Point	7 15	8 15	4 00	6 15
Kaighn's Siding				
Haddonfield	8 04	8 34	4 19	6 43
Ashland	8 21	8 42	4 27	6 53
White Horse	8 48	8 48	4 32	7 01
Berlin	9 23	9 02	4 46	7 17
Atco	9 41	9 09	4 53	7 26
Waterford	10 04	9 20	5 03	7 36
Ancora	10 24	9 25	5 08	7 41
Winslow	10 42	9 32	5 15	7 48
Hammonton	11 02	9 42	5 25	7 56
DaCosta	11 15	9 48	5 30	
Elwood	11 45	10 00	5 42	
Egg Harbor	12 11	10 11	5 53	
Pomona	12 42	10 26	6 08	
Absecon	1 13	10 41	6 21	
Atlantic arrive	1 48	11 00	6 40	

UP TRAINS.

LEAVE.	Accom A. M.	Accom A. M.	Frght NOON	Mail P. M.
Atlantic		6 15	11 40	3 20
Absecon		6 35	12 15	3 38
Pomona		6 47	12 42	3 51
Egg Harbor		7 02	1 15	4 06
Elwood		7 13	1 40	4 17
DaCosta		7 23	2 06	4 30
Hammonton	6 00	7 29	2 21	4 38
Winslow	6 10	7 37	2 41	4 46
Ancora	6 17	7 44	2 54	4 53
Waterford	6 22	7 49	3 04	5 03
Atco	6 32	7 58	3 29	5 13
Berlin	6 40	8 05	3 45	5 20
White Horse	6 58	8 16	4 12	5 33
Ashland	7 04	8 21	4 27	5 38
Haddonfield	7 15	8 34	4 48	5 47
Kaighn's Siding				
Cooper's Point	7 42	8 52	5 25	6 05
Vine St.	7 57	9 07	5 40	6 20

Haddonfield Accommodation—Leaves Vine St. Wharf 9 00 a m, 2 00, 4 40 and 11 15 p m, and Haddonfield 6 00 and 11 00 a m, and 3 00 10 00 p m.

Vineland Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The Vineland Railway is now open for Passengers and Freight business between Atsion and Greenwich. Freight will be received and delivered at Atsion, Winslow Junction, Landisville, Main Avenue, Vineland, Bridgeton, Greenwich.

On and after MONDAY, Nov. 13, 1871, trains will run as follows:

For NEW YORK, and Intermediate Points

Leave Greenwich 9.20 a m, Bridgeton 9.20 a m, Vineland 10.25 a m, Main avenue 10.35 a m, Landisville 10.45 a m, Cedar Lake 11 a m, Winslow Junction 11.20, **North Hammonton 11.27.**

For PHILAD'A, and Intermediate points.

Leave Greenwich 5.40 a m, 12 noon; Bridgeton 6.00 a m, 12.00 p m; Vineland 6.45 a m, 1.30 p m; Main avenue 6.50 a m, 1.45 p m; Landisville 7.00 a m, 2.00 p m; Cedar Lake 7.15 a m, 2.20 p m.

Leave NEW YORK, pier 28 N. R., foot of Murray street.

9.00 a m, arriving at Atsion 2.20 p m, **North Hammonton 2.40** p m, Winslow Junction 2.50 p m, Cedar Lake 3.15 p m, Landisville 3.35 p m, Main avenue 3.45 p m, Vineland 4.00 p m, Bridgeton 5.00 p m, Greenwich 5.30.

At 4.00 p m, arriving at Atsion 8.40 p m, **North Hammonton 8.35** p m, Winslow Junction 9.00 p m, Landisville 9.27 p m, Vineland 9.45 p m, Bridgeton 10.15 p m, Greenwich 10.30.

Leave PHILA'DA, Vine St. Ferry.

8.00 a m, arriving at Cedar Lake 9.55 p m, Landisville 10.10 a m, Main Avenue 10.20 p m, Vineland 10.40 p m, Bridgeton 11.25 a m, Greenwich 11.40 a m.

6.00 p m, arriving at Cedar Lake 9.10 p m, Landisville 9.27 p m, Main Avenue 9.35 p m, Vineland 9.40 p m, Bridgeton 10.15 p m, Greenwich 10.30 p m.

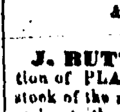
FREIGHT for NEW YORK leaves Greenwich 12 noon, Bridgeton 12.30 p m, Vineland 1.35 p m, Main avenue 1.45 p m, Landisville 2.00 p m, Cedar Lake 2.20 p m, Winslow Junction 3.00, **North Hammonton 3.10** p m.

Freight received all day in New York and Philadelphia, and delivered next day at all points on the road.

Passengers for Hammonton can reach the south part of the town by changing cars at Winslow Junction, then on C. & A. R. R. 3 miles.

J. W. MILLS Supt.

J. EMILE RALPH, Gen. Freight and Ticket Agt.



Fruit Trees

of all kinds--

Ornamental and Plain

SHADE TREES,

Evergreens and Shrubs,

BEDDING PLANTS, BULBS,

&c., &c., &c.

J. BUTTERTON, in calling the attention of PLANTERS to his large and varied stock of the above, begs leave to intimate that, owing to the past favorable season for plant growth, he confidently believes the stock will be found fully equal to anything heretofore offered by him.

Standard Pear Trees.

Advices from London inform him these also will be of extra fine quality.

HEDGING.

All the Plants, evergreen and deciduous, suitable for this purpose, are kept of various sizes and have been repeatedly transplanted.

Hothouse and Window Plants.

An extensive assortment of rare and choice kinds adapted to window culture.

LONDON NURSERY,

Hammonton, N J

Oct 19, 1871. 9-tf

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT APplication will be made to the Legislature at its next session, for an "Act to Incorporate the town of Absecon.

FRAMBES & WRIGHT

Have just received a lot of the Finest Quality of **Buckwheat Flour**, from Greene County, New York. For Sale by the thousand pounds or the single bag.

DON'T

allow the important fact to escape your minds, that the place to buy HARDWARE, such as PARLOR & COOK STOVES of all styles and NAILS, BOLTS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE, MECHANICS' TOOLS, and a thousand and one things which you

READ

about in the HARDWARE LINE, is at the HARDWARE STORE of **M. D. & J. W. DEPUY**, cor. EGG HARBOR ROAD & BELLEVUE AVE. (second door from station) We are offering

A

large stock of *CARRIAGE TRIMMINGS, SPOKES, FELLOES, HUBS, &c. PUTTY & GLASS, PAINTS & OILS, CORDAGE*, all kinds, and *TINWARE*. Don't believe a

WORD

about hard times and high prices. There is no evidence of it at our Store. We keep a full variety of SHOE TOOLS, BRUSHES

OF

all kinds, &c., &c. We have also in addition to all

THIS!

a fine assortment of FURNITURE—Bureaus, Mirrors, Lounges, Tables, Bedsteads, Mattresses, &c., &c. We cannot be beaten in this market, and if our friends consult their best interests they will bear in mind the CASH STORE of M. D. & J. W. DEPUY, Hammonton, N. J. 40-t

CHRISTMAS

TOYS! TOYS!! TOYS!!!

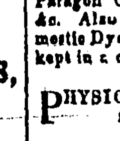
AT

E. J. WOOLLEY'S

Hammonton, N. J.

The largest assortment in town or Atlantic Co.

Everything to please children large and small. Tea Sets from 25 cents to $2; Boys' Tool Chests, Wheelbarrows, Horns, Wagons, Horses with Riders, Trains of Cars, Tin Toys in abundance, and those beautiful Vases in Parian Marble, and China Vases, China Cups for Gents who Shave, Tea Cups, Saucers, and anything; China Toys for all, and plenty of Napkin Rings, Forks and Spoons. Come all and buy for Santa Claus is coming soon. The little tapers are here ready for the Trees.



C. J. FAY,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,

N. E. Corner Bellevue and Railroad Ave's

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Paints of all colors ground in oil. Zinc and White Lead, Varnishes, Brushes, Window-Glass, Raw and Boiled Linseed Oil, Coal Oil, Neatfoot Oil, Sewing Machine Oil, Lard Oil, Paragon Oil, Spirits Turpentine, Benzine, &c., &c. Also Ayers' and Jaynes' Medicines, Domestic Dyes, and all such articles as are usually kept in a country Drug-Store.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS filled and put up with *SPECIAL CARE.*

The subscriber is the only authorized agent in this town for the sale of Brandreth's U. V. Pills Allcock's Porous Plasters, and Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. N. E. cor. Bellevue and R. R. Avenues. **C. J. FAY.**

5a-26tf.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

All in want of coal can be supplied at once by calling upon the subscriber. Every load is *WEIGHED AT THE SCALES,* so that each purchaser is sure of getting what he pays for.

A. G. CLARK.

Hammonton July 29, 1871. 51tf.

SAMUEL W. GILBERT,

DEALER IN

Meat & Provisions,

CLARK'S BUILDING.

I will supply all who are in want of good and tender meats, choice cuts roasts, steaks and joints, on the most reasonable terms.

Fresh Vegetables

of every description, in season, will be kept. Our wagon will continue twice a week to every part of the town.

Give us a trial. 5a16-1

THE ITEM.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

MR. E. J. WOOLLEY has the ITEM for sale at his news stand. Persons wishing extra copies can obtain them of him at the same price as at our office—single copies 5 cts. or 6 copies for 25 cts.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

A Co-operative shoe-factory is being talked of.

Bellevue Avenue needs the attention of the road master for a day or two.

Mr. Carothers is to take charge of the Hammonton House at an early day.

Mr. Saunders drewout money from the Building Association last week and put him up a house at once.

Several car loads of iron for the May's Landing railroad went down on Saturday.

A cross has been placed upon the peak of the Episcopal Church. Now for a minister.

The well-known "Commodore," boss of the mail car, has succumbed to the cold weather and got married.

Osgood moves out of DePuys building next week. We want another factory in there. Who will have it?

Only a few more tickets left in Clark's gift distribution. The drawing will probably take place in a week.

The frequenters of the Post-Office will miss the genial face of "Bowman" hereafter, having gone into the shoe business with Messrs. Osgood and Black.

Mr. Sanderson, who has acted as Station Agent on the Vineland Railway at Vineland since August, has been transferred to the Station at Winslow Junction.

Mr. Woolley and Mr. Ellis have returned from their California trip in good condition. Whether they return with trunks full of "shiners" we have not learned.

Messrs. C. F. Osgood, Wm. Black and T. Bowman Tilton have leased the new factory building, and will commence operations next week. They commence under very favorable auspices, and we have no doubts of their success.

It seems that the terminus of our railroad is not to be changed at present. We hear that the company is desirous of purchasing the ferry, and if the terminus is not to be changed, we hope the report is true. Something ought to be done, and that speedily.

Dr. (?) Treat, formerly of this town, is treating the Vinelanders to Lectures on Light, Heat, Ether, Matter, Perpetual Motion, Gravity, Astronomy, Woman's Rights, The Descent of Monkeys, Total Depravity and Unmitigated Nuisances, of which last he is a bright and shining illustration.

Our boss blacksmith, Mr. Aitken, came near losing an eye on Wednesday. A piece of red hot iron flew from the anvil and struck him sidewise across the nose and eye. Fortunately the end of the iron struck above the eye and was warded off.

List of Dead Letters remaining in the Hammonton Post Office for the week ending Jan. 6th:

M. C. Kilgower, C. V. Rice,
Joel B. Baker, James Foster,
E. Terry, Mrs. Mary A. Smith
Chas. D. Foy.

It is expected that Mr. E. V. Wilson will deliver a course of four evening Lectures on Spiritualism to the people of Hammonton, commencing on Tuesday evening, 16th inst. Those who heard Mr. Wilson when he was here before need not to be reminded of his superior powers both in elucidation and clear seeing. His delineations of character, and tests are remarkable. It is hoped the citizens of Hammonton, will not be so favorable opportunity pass unregarded. B.

Mr. Murphy has made a settlement with the committee, and is now free to go or stay, as pleases him. He desires to stay, however, provided he can make business pay him. To do this, he needs fifty more hands at once. He has laid in a large stock of leather, (more than we ever saw at one time before) of several thousand dollars in value, and will use every effort to make his business successful. Enough leather is now on hand to keep 150 hands employed for three or four months. It has cost the people of our town several thousand dollars to start the shoe business in this place, and if one goes down a part of that money is lost. There is labor enough in the town to keep all the factories running to their full capacity. Whether it shall be utilized lies with the people themselves.

Rev. A. G. Thomas will give another Lecture at the Baptist church next Monday evening, on "Egypt, or Forty Days among the Arabs." This entertainment promises to be of greater interest than the former one. The lecture will be illustrated by fine views of Egypt and the Nile. We were much pleased with Mr. Thomas' style of delivery, which was exceedingly clear and to the point—no superfluous meandering or flourishes. He evidently has a large store of interesting matter to draw upon and cannot grow wearisome.

CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE.—Our citizens will have the rare opportunity of attending one of the most interesting Scientific entertainments ever given in the United States, at Union Hall on Saturday evening Jan. 27. Turner's Chemistry and Philosophy are the leading text books of England and we gladly welcome the renowned author and lecturer to our town. His low price of admission (only 25 cents) will be appreciated by a full turnout and enable him in the end to realize more than if he had charged the usual price 50 cents.

Hon. Wm. Moore has our thanks for copies of the Governor's Message and other documents.

We learn from a reliable source that a Rev. gentleman, recently settled in Prattsburg, New York, has exhausted his stock of adjectives in running down Hammonton, to persons who contemplate coming here, and at last accounts was looking through Webster's Unabridged for more. He has succeeded in placing our town in a very unfavorable light, telling everything untavorable his imagination can conjure up, leaving the good untold. Pioneer settlers in all parts of the land meet with difficulties, and many who are seeking a change of residence, prefer such a place as Hammonton, where the difficulties, if any, are very light, the testimony of the Rev. gentleman to the contrary notwithstanding. If persons in N. Y. State wish to know about Hammonton, there are plenty of New Yorkers here who will gladly answer their inquiries; among them Mr. M. D. DePuy, one of our most prominent citizens and a large property owner. All letters addressed to the editor of the ITEM will receive polite attention. If we are unable to answer all inquiries we will hand them to some one who can.

Hammonton Cranberry & Improvement Association.

The Annual Stockholder's meeting of the above Association was held at the office on Jan. 4th.

Wm. Passmore, Esq. Pres. in the chair.

The Secretary reported the receipts of the year at	$3085 25
Expenditures,	3485 09
Leaving a deficiency of	$399 84
Treasurer reported bal last report	$160 +9
Rec'd from Sec'y for sale of stock	2090 50
" " " " berries	834 06
	3085 25
Orders paid to date,	3085 25

The above reports were certified as correct by J. L. Scott, E. Houpt and E. T. McKean Committee on accounts, and on motion adopted.

The meeting then went into an Election for Officers with the following result.

President, J. L. Scott.
Vice President, S. W. Tilton.
Secretary, Geo. F. Miller.
Treasurer, Peter S. Tilton.
Directors, E. Houpt, Geo. Elvins, Wm. Black, E. T. McKean, James Green, Marshall Henezey, B. B. Earle.

On motion the Secretary was authorized to sell $1500 of additional Stock.

The lands of this Company are located in the north of Hammonton, about 1½ miles from Atsion Station, on what is known as the "Ireland Meadows," and contains 160 acres, of which, 108 acres have been improved and set to vines, at a total cost of $22,090.34; a large portion of the bog will come into bearing this year, and from the appearance of the vines a large crop may be anticipated.

Last year was a trying one for Cranberry growers throughout the State; owing to the earliness of the season the crop came forward early, and ripening during the hot weather of August, at a time when there was no sale for the fruit, was badly "scalded." To obviate this, it is proposed to keep the water on the bog, until say May 1st, which will retard the bloom, so as to have the crop ripen during the cooler weather of September.

Although the Hammonton Company had very few acres in bearing last year, their net sales of Berries amounted to $834, or 13 per cent on the cost of the land on which the crop was grown, while if the season had been a favorable one, the crop would have covered the cost of the land and improvement of that portion that was in bearing.

About Pears and their Culture.

BY J. O. RANSOM.

As everybody in South Jersey is supposed to be anxious about what kinds of pear trees to plant for profit, and as few have decided the matter by experiment, I propose to give some information as the result of my own observation in regard to the best or the most profitable sorts to grow for market.

Many very valuable pears, both early and late have, proved failures in this latitude, and many others are still uncertain and unreliable for various causes, mostly unknown to growers and scientific men. Some shed their foliage prematurely and hence fail to perfect their fruit, others crack badly, &c.

Of all the untried varieties it is hazardous to plant largely, but it is always commendable to give new sorts, highly recommended, a fair trial by planting a few specimens that we may increase our limited stock of hardy, productive and really good, profitable pears for market.

For early, the Doyenne De Ete is a good grower, uniform bearer a little earlier than the Bartlett, and is worth cultivating and about ½ the number may be set with advantage; but the Bartlett is the main kind for thrift, productiveness, quality, earliness, profuse bearing and profit of all the summer pears, and its season of ripening may be extended through September by keeping in cool houses for retarding the ripening process.

Next in order is the Duchess De Angouleme, and although dwarf pears are not much in favor here, this pear on the quince stock with high culture is a great success, coming into bearing much earlier than standard trees which require considerable age before they can be relied upon for full regular crops.

In setting dwarfs, about 4 to 6 inches of the pear stock should be placed below the surface which will take root and make a standard tree in a few years and all the sooner if the bark is creased or scratched with a knife below the surface. In planting this variety, I would set one-half dwarfs, and of the Vicar of Winkfield the same. This is one of our most profitable late fall or early winter pears, but certainly not the best quality. It ripens very unevenly, being sometimes very good, at others, very inferior—but bears enormous crops of large, showy fruit regularly and will endure more neglect than any variety with which I am acquainted.

The Beurre De Anjou is a late fall pear highly spoken of and with justice—it has maintained its reputation thus far wherever tried, but has not been extensively planted in this region. It is of good quality, large and productive, both as dwarf and standard; the standard being tardy in coming into regular bearing; ripens a little earlier than the Vicar.

The Lawrence is one of our hardiest late fall or winter pears, holding its foliage remarkably which is very important in ripening any fruit perfectly and should always be taken into account in selecting trees. Its quality is best; very productive with age; but when young is a very slow grower becoming thrifty as our best growing sorts. It is always best as a standard in this locality.

Beurre Langlier is another very valuable late variety, holds its foliage well, is a great bearer and of good quality; ripens from Oct. to Dec.

These varieties are deemed sufficient for the present to name as profitable to grow in this part of the country for market, although no doubt others equally good may be found but none we have yet tried equal the foregoing. Many now under trial promise well for general culture, others very fine under a system of high culture would not warrant inexperienced persons in handling them.

[Concluded next week.]

A gentleman from Kansas addressed the Farmers' Club at Vineland last week. His opinion of Kansas is not exalted. Among other things, he says: "Kansas is very windy. It would require five (not the Biblical four) angels to deal out the winds out there. The fact is, Kansas has about ten thousand inconveniences. People make more money here than there, especially in fruit. There is scarcely an apple there. In summer, when the thermometer shows 108° above zero, people get so tanned and tawny that all young ladies and himself included—belong for the time to the Potawattomie nation. The air is then *hot*, as from a hot surface, and this is often death to vegetation, as it was, in a marked way, in 1856."

Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

Professors TURNER & DUNSTER, *of Philadelphia.*

will give a series of the choicest experiments in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, with their costly apparatus, valued at $5000, at UNION HALL, Hammonton, on

Saturday Evening, Jan. 27, 1872.

Admission, only 25 cts., or 5 Tickets for $1.00.

2-3

1000 Acres

CHOICE

Cranberry Lands

Situate near

ATSION STATION,

In the

TOWN OF HAMMONTON,

and adjoining the land of the

Hammonton Cranberry and Improvement Association.

These lands are among the

Best in the State.

having all facilities for

Flooding and Draining,

are easily and cheaply cleared and

ADMIRABLY LOCATED,

for COMPANY or INDIVIDUAL PURPOSES

Lands shown free of expense and all information given by

G. F. MILLER.

BELLEVUE AVE., HAMMONTON, N. J.

Richards' "Cranberry and its Culture," sent free on receipt of stamp.

DR. D. O. STOCKING,

DENTIST,

10a19-1y HAMMONTON, N. J.

Sale for Taxes,

Town of Hammonton, N. J.

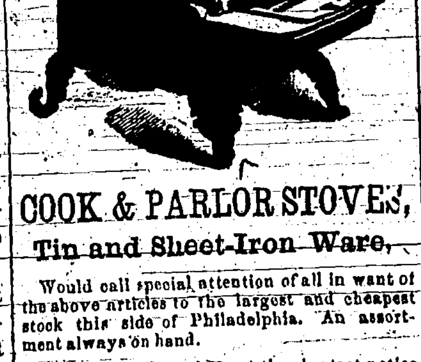
The Sale of Real Estate for Taxes, advertised to take place on Jan. 6th, 1872, stands adjourned until

SATURDAY, FEB. 3d, 1871,

at the same time and place.

1-3 G. F. MILLER, Town Clerk.

A. G. CLARK,



COOK & PARLOR STOVES,

Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware,

Would call special attention of all in want of the above articles to the largest and cheapest stock this side of Philadelphia. An assortment always on hand.

Tin Roofing done at the shortest notice and in the best manner.

REPAIRING promptly attended.

MAGNIFICENT STOCK

OF FINE

FALL and WINTER

Dry Goods.

TRIMMINGS & NOTIONS,

in large variety,

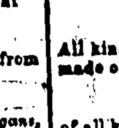
HATS and CAPS in various styles.
Men's and Boys' BOOTS and SHOES, Ladies' and Misses' BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS—a large stock constantly on hand.

GROCERIES.

A large and carefully selected stock of TEAS—Black, Green and Japan. COFFEES—Rio, La Guera and Java. Sugars of various grades Spices, warranted pure. Besides Soaps, Starch, Candles, Molasses, Honey, &c., &c.

A. G. CLARK.

Hammonton, Oct. 10, '71.

Watches,  Clocks,

And **Jewelry**, for Sale and Repaired at

ELOISE O. RANDALL'S

Northwest side of Bellevue Ave., 4th door from the railroad,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Also, a choice assortment of *Mouth-Organs, Spy-Glasses, Steel-Bowed Spectacles, Silver Thimbles, &c., &c.*, for sale cheap for *CASH*. tf

MEAT MARKET!

We would inform the inhabitants of Hammonton and vicinity that we intend to furnish them with the best in our line. *"The best is the cheapest."* We keep constantly on hand

FRESH BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL,

PORK, CORNED BEEF, HAM,

Dried and Corned Fish.

At the lowest market price.

VEGETABLES AND PRODUCE, in season.

CASH paid for Chickens and Eggs.

BENJ. BOWLES.
M. L. JACKSON.

Hammonton, May 18, 1870.

BOARDING!

By the WEEK. Apply to B. OLIVER,
tf Central Avenue, Hammonton, N. J.

EDWARD NORTH, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Residence on Central Avenue, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Bowles.

M. B. RANDALL, M. D.

PRESSEY'S BUILDING,

8a39-tf HAMMONTON, N. J.

IRA E. HARTWELL,

SURVEYOR,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Work done cheap for cash or in exchange for labor.

E. T. BALCH, M.D.,

Lecturer on Experimental Physiology in the Phila. University.

Office, Hammonton, N. J.

OFFICE HOURS { 7 to 9 A. M. / 1 to 3 P. M. / 5 to 8 P. M. } 8a3-tf

DRESS-MAKING

BY

MISS MARY A. JACOBS,

At the MILLINERY STORE of

Mrs. E. J. Tremper,

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

Having taken a course of instruction, from a first-class dress-maker, in the latest and most approved method of fitting the female form, I am prepared to cut and make every description of female garment worn by Ladies, Misses and Children, and warrant them to fit perfectly.

Hammonton July 29, 1871. 8a52-1y

A Holiday Gift!

A PARLOR STOVE and

WASHING MACHINE

Given Away!

AT

A. G. Clark's.

On and after DEC. 6th, I will give to each person purchasing goods at my store to the amount of not less than FIVE DOLLARS at one time, a Ticket entitling the holder to ONE SHARE in the drawing of the above articles. (1 No. 10 Gem Parlor Stove and a Surprise Washer.)

The drawing to take place when 100 tickets have been disposed of.

Persons purchasing goods to the amount of $10.00 at one time will be entitled to TWO tickets; of $15.00 to THREE tickets.

This is no Humbug

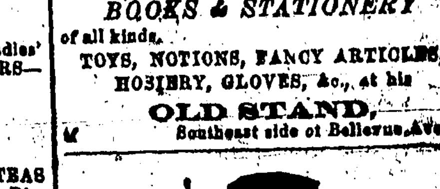
but a bona fide offer to my patrons, and will be fairly drawn as heretofore.

A. G. CLARK.

Hammonton, Dec. 1871.

E. J. WOOLEY,

DEALER IN



Watches, Clocks & Jewelry.

Repairing of all kinds, in his line, done with neatness and dispatch. Satisfaction given and prices as reasonable as at any other place.

Special attention given to repairing Fine WATCHES. Also, dealer in

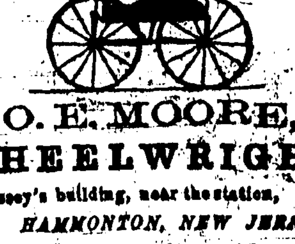
BOOKS & STATIONERY

of all kinds,

TOYS, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., at his

OLD STAND,

Southeast side of Bellevue Ave.



O. E. MOORE,

WHEELWRIGHT,

Pressey's building, near the station,

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

All kinds of Carriages, Heavy Wagons, &c., made or repaired.

JOBBING

of all kinds, promptly attended to, at lowest cash rates.

FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED

GERRY VALENTINE,

UNDERTAKER,

Has a good Hearse and will attend to calls for Funerals in Hammonton, or in the neighboring towns and villages.

Coffins of every style furnished at short notice, at reasonable prices.

ALL KINDS OF WHEELWRIGHT AND CARRIAGE WORK

Done to order and warranted to give satisfaction.

SHOP ON EGG HARBOR AVENUE, (adjoining Blacksmith Shop,)

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

WASTED PRESENTIMENTS.

Everybody likes a good ghost story, and still more popular perhaps are those quasi-supernatural histories which treat of presentiments realized, of dreams fulfilled, of words lightly spoken, but carried out in a matter that the speaker little expected. A list of such stories is at every body's fingers' end; but it has been my lot to meet with several instances of another class of stories, much less frequently commented on, but to my mind even more curious; cases, I mean, in which a peculiar warning has been—all but, and yet not quite—borne out by subsequent events, so that the intimation could not be passed over as altogether trivial, and yet missed its mark. Several such occurrences have been related to me by witnesses in whose testimony I have full confidence, and will proceed to give them without further preface.

Doctor J., a retired physician in delicate health, resided, some years ago, in one of the principal towns in the West of England. He was one night seized suddenly with violent illness, and within an hour or two was pronounced in a hopeless state. Doctor J. being a Roman Catholic, the Reverend Doctor V., a priest of that communion, was sent for to administer the last rites of religion; and, soon finding that his presence could be of no further use to the unconscious sufferer, he bethought himself how he could best procure female companionship for the poor wife, who was quite stunned by the sudden blow. With this intention, he hastened, in the early morning, to the house of an excellent elderly lady, a pious member of his congregation, and a friend of Mrs. J. The lady had not yet left her room, and he simply sent up word that he wished to speak to her. In a few moments she came hurrying into the room, with every appearance of agitation; and before he could explain his sad errand, she seized his hand, breathlessly exclaiming: "O, Doctor V., how thankful I am to see you! I have had the most frightful, vivid dream about Mr. and Mrs. J.!" Doctor V. might well start, but she hurried on, "I dreamed that I went to call at their house, and that Mrs. J. came down to meet me in a widow's cap, with her face swollen with tears, and she said to me: 'O! Mrs. M., my dear husband is just dead, and he desired me to say that you will be the next.'" "And how did you tell her?" Doctor V.'s auditors were wont to ask at this part of the narrative; to which the reverend gentleman invariably answered: "I dare say it was very cowardly, and I dare say it was very foolish; but I did not tell her at all; I bolted!"

So far the story is like many another tale of the marvellous, but the usual sequel is wanting; for, though Doctor J. died, Mrs. M. lived on for many years; and certainly was not the "next," unless in some mysterious sense confined to the world of spirits.

In the early days of our New Zealand colony, Mr. P., a younger son of an English peer, settled there with his family. Having hurt his arm, he was advised to try rest and change of air, and accordingly he set out for a trip to another island, leaving his young wife, whose numerous and constantly increasing nursery duties kept her at home. The time fixed for his return was drawing near, when Mrs. P. was one night awakened by a scream from her eldest child, a little girl four or five years old, who was sleeping in the same bed with her mother. The child had awakened suddenly in a paroxysm of terror, and for some time her soothings were of no avail; all she would do was to point persistently to one corner of the room, while she sobbed out, "O! poor papa! poor papa! all dripping with water! all dripping with water!" Of course she was first petted, and then laughed at, scolded for a silly little girl, and assured that papa could not possibly be there; but when Mrs. P. reflected that her husband was probably at that moment on the sea, it is not to be wondered at that she felt her heart grow sick with anxiety. A few days later, as she and her children were sitting down to breakfast, she saw one of their few neighbors riding to the door. That he should have come away from his home in the busy morning hours betokened something unusual, and no sooner had she looked in his face than she exclaimed: "Tell me at once, my husband is drowned!" "How did you know?" he responded, thus confirming her fears; and he handed to her a copy of a local newspaper, in which she read that the steamer by which her husband had intended to return had foundered at sea. The date tallied exactly with the date of her child's dream, and that circumstance seemed to her conclusive; so that when her friend tried to point out to her that there was no proof of her husband's death, she only answered that she had received a fearful warning, and gave herself up to sorrow. At the end of a few days Mr. P. quietly walked in, and was a good deal astonished at the agony of almost terrified joy with which his arrival was greeted. It was by the merest chance that he had not been in the lost vessel; he had taken his passage, and had actually gone on board, when he was struck with the extreme lowness of the bulwarks, and thought that should there be bad weather, he, with his still helpless arm, might be in some danger of being washed overboard. He therefore returned to the shore, and arranged to come by the next ship instead. So there the story ends, except that we hope no time was lost in administering a dose of physic to the troublesome little dreamer.

The next story, perhaps, ought hardly to be placed in the same category with the others, since it is possible that the warning may have prevented its own fulfillment.

My great-grandmother was an active Lady Bountiful to a very rustic country population, over whose affairs, temporal and spiritual, she exercised a benevolent, if slightly tyrannical, sway. Among her most frequent pensioners was Soft Billy, as he was called, a poor half-witted lad, generally quite harmless, but subject to occasional fits of temper, in which he was hard to deal with. One night she dreamed that she was walking along a lane in the neighborhood, when, from a gap in the hedge, Soft Billy suddenly jumped down into the path before her, brandishing a reaping-hook. His flaming eyes and distorted face showed that his "dark hour" was upon him, and in another second he had flown at her, his fingers were griping her throat with deadly strength, the steel flashed before her eyes, the very bitterness of death was rushing over her, and she awoke; awoke quivering all over, the cold perspiration standing on her forehead, and her heart beating to suffocation. It was long before she could force herself to meet Soft Billy, even in the presence of others, and for months she avoided the lane which she had traversed in her dream. At last some sudden case of distress in the village called for her presence, some sick child was to be physicked, or some wife-beating husband to be brought to book, and my great-grandmother set forth, never recollecting, till she had gone some distance, that she must inevitably pass through the dreaded lane. On she went, laughing at her own fears, till suddenly she saw before her the very gap which had appeared in her dream, and which she had never noticed before, and, at that moment, from that very gap, down jumped Soft Billy, and in his hand he brandished a reaping-hook. The dream, in all its horrors, seemed on the verge of fulfillment, but my great-grandmother was a strong-minded woman, and, though her heart was throbbing with terror, she neither fainted nor screamed; she walked up to the idiot, and gave him a kindly greeting. "I am glad to see you, Billy; I am walking to the end of the lane, and now you must take care of me." The lad, highly flattered, was meek and amiable in a moment, and they walked the rest of the way together, she keeping up an incessant chatter in her most cheery tones, though her heart was doubtless beating at every swing of the ungainly figure, and every flourish of the deadly weapon in the poor purposeless fingers. At the cottage door she thanked him, and wished him good-by; and it will readily be believed that she procured another escort for her walk home.

Now for my last story, which I had from the lips of a venerable Presbyterian minister, the last man to indulge his imagination.

He was in the habit of going every Sunday afternoon to conduct the worship in a little village on the coast of Scotland. One Saturday night he dreamed a vivid dream. He saw the village, and the bay, the waves tossing and beating in a storm, and he saw a pleasure-boat upset, and dashed to pieces against the rocks. Two men were buffeting with the water, fighting for their lives; one a fair, slight youth, the other a middle-aged sailor. As the dreamer looked he saw them both clutch at and cling to a floating spar; it swayed and sank under the double weight, and, while the thought passed through his mind, "it can never support them both," he saw the sailor deliberately raise his fist and strike his companion a blow which stunned him. The young man loosed his hold, and, as he sank into the sea, the sleeper awoke. A few Sundays afterward he was greeted with the news that a pleasure-boat had been upset; that the body of a young English traveller had been washed on shore, and that an elderly seaman was the only survivor. The man was a good deal injured, and was in bed at a public house, to which the corpse of the poor young traveller had also been conveyed. The minister at once begged to be taken thither, and so strongly was he impressed with the conviction that his dream had had a literal fulfilment, that he entered the room of the sick man with the fullest intention of taxing him with murder. But when he approached the bed he saw a face totally unlike the one which had haunted his sleep, and every feature of which was vividly impressed on his memory. His visit to the poor dead youth had a like result.

These stories are actual facts, for the truth of which I can vouch. I will leave all speculation on the subject to those who read them.—*All the Year Round.*

An Immense Factory.

A writer in the *Engineering and Mining Journal* gives some figures in connection with the immense steel works belonging to the Messrs. Krupp, at Essen, Germany. They cover about one square mile, one-fourth of which space is under cover. Mr. Krupp employs 10,000 workmen, 8,000 in the steel works, and the rest in mines and blast-furnaces. Nothing but steel is made at Essen. The product in 1868 was 61,500 tons of cast steel. The works contain over 50 steam-hammers, from 120 pounds weight up to 50 tons; there are several of 25 and 15 tons. The great fifty-ton hammer is the largest in the world; it cost $580,000. The foundations for it are 100 feet deep, in three parts, of masonry, large oak trunks and cylinders, bolted together. The anvil and frame rest on these, the rest of the hammer having separate foundations, to save the jar. Four cranes, each capable of bearing 200 tons, at the four corners of the hammer, serve it with the red-hot masses. Krupp intends to build a hammer of 100 tons! At these works are made the immense cannon of the Prussian army.

Miss Pettingill's First Ride in the Cars.

Miss Prudence Pettengill, at the mature age of sixty-one, made up her mind to visit New York for the first time in her life. She had never seen a railroad, as such things had been unknown in Aroostook county until this summer, and the ancient farm-house in which she lived was seven miles from the station. So she sits calmly upon a seat placed upon the great wooden platform which surrounds the country depot, and gazes with amazement upon the train which arrives, pauses a few moments to take on passengers, and then proceeds upon its journey. The station-master interrogates the old lady, who sits placidly watching the departing train.

"Why did you not get on, if you wished to go to New York?"

"Git on!" says the old lady—"git on! I thought this whole consarn went!"

Having explained to her that the platform was stationary, the man kindly advises her to wait for the express train, into which he escorts the maiden, and finds for her a seat by the side of a benevolent old gentleman. Clutching fast hold of the seat in front of her, she is at first very much alarmed at the speed at which they are going, but gradually becomes calm and much interested in the novelty of her surroundings. The old gentleman answers her many inquiries very civilly, and, among other things, tries to explain the use of the telegraph wires, and tells her that messages are sent over them at a much greater rate of speed than they are travelling. "Wa'al, wa'al," says the old lady, "you don't ketch me a-ridin' on 'em, for this is as fast as I want to go, anyhow." She had seen so many wonderful things that she makes up her mind at last not to be astonished at any thing, and when the train dashes into the one which had preceded it, owing to a misplaced switch, and the poor old lady is thrown to the end of the car among a heap of broken seats, she supposes it to be the ordinary manner of stopping, and quietly remarks, "You fetch up rather sudden, don't ye?" Being provided with a seat in the forward car, which was uninjured, she arrives without further accident at her journey's end, and is surrounded by an eager crowd of hackmen, and listens in wonder to their oft-repeated call of "Hack! hack!" Grasping her umbrella in one hand and her bandbox in the other, she looks down into the face of the loudest driver with the compassionate inquiry, "Air you in pain?" From the consequences of his wrath she is rescued and carried safely home by her nephew, who has come to the depot to look for her.—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

How To Live Happy.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is much human nature and good sense in it:

"Harmony in the married state is the first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of others of more value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life! And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has their pouch into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is filling the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why; because no one difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affections wearied out by a constant dream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife, in common conversation, a disposition in either to criticise and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate, and make him feel himself in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant; let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of rehearsing the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence."

Division of Michigan.

The people of the northern portion of Michigan are again discussing the question of separating the Northern Peninsula from the State, and organizing under a territorial form of government, with a view to their ultimate admission into the Union as the State of Superior. The Menomonee *Herald* has an article on the subject, one paragraph of which is as follows: "There is no more fitness in the Upper Peninsula belonging to the State of Michigan than there would be in its being attached to Missouri or Iowa. We have nothing in common, and as far as contiguity of territory is concerned, we can get to Montana as easily as to the Lower Peninsula. We are not considered a part of the State except when taxes are to be collected. When it comes to a question of passing laws for our benefit we are always treated as a dependent province, and not as a part of the State. It is time such a state of things was at an end."

The *Herald* recommends that the people this winter petition Congress to form a Territorial Government for them, that when the question is brought before the next Legislature, asking for a separation, it may not be said that the question has not been before their constituents.

Mrs. Lambert's Demoralized Cow.

Since Mrs. O'Leary's cow got her name in the papers, the whole envious bovine family are cutting up didoes to secure an equal notoriety. The latest exploits are by a cow belonging to a Mrs. Lambert of Bay City, Michigan. Exploring the back yard on a recent evening she put her head into a barrel, which she couldn't get off, and becoming very much frightened at her condition, she blindly forced her way into the wood-shed, thence into the kitchen, and thence into the dining-room of the house, becoming all the while more furious. From this room she made her way into the parlor, throwing down and trampling under foot everything that came in her way. Mrs. Lambert aroused her husband, who arose, but finding he could do nothing, went for help.

The cow next rushed into the bedroom where Mrs. Lambert, with a little baby and one child occupied a bed, and another little child a crib in front of it. The enraged animal mounted the bed, but help arrived, and not an instant too soon. The window was raised from the outside, and a neighbor attemped to enter, when the barrel give him a blow which knocked him back against the fence. The children were at last secured and passed through the window, and Mrs. Lambert soon followed. The door of the bedroom was then closed and the cow left to herself. She finally became soothed, and walked out after demolishing all the nice furniture in the lower part of the house.—*Springfield Republican.*

Court Anecdotes.

The tedious session of the Supreme Court at Pittsfield was relieved by an incident, one day recently, that drew a little smile. A leading member of the bar, rather noted for his strategy of confusing witnesses by working them into a passion, had under cross-examination a woman who seemed an apt subject for his favorite tactics. Having wound her up to the desired pitch, he inquired: "Madam, are you now living with your first or second husband?" "That's none your business!" sharp and short. With an air of offended dignity, the attorney turned to Chief Justice Brigham, who remarked, with a smile: "I think the witness is about right in that, is she not?"

Which reminds the older members of the bar of a similar misadventure that a still more distinguished member of the Berkshire bar once met at the hands of Chief Justice Shaw. "Where did you get the money with which you made the purchase spoken of?" asked the "learned brother" of a witness under the tortures of cross-examination. "None of your (gentle expletive) business!" thundered the victim. "Now, may it please you, are counsel to be insulted in this manner?" appealed the lawyer. "Witness," said the Chief Justice, compassionately, "do you wish to change your last answer?" "No, sir, I don't!" "Well, I wouldn't if I were in your place!" And the chuckle that shook the bench was audibly echoed.

Jefferson's Liking for Indians.

That liking for Indians which we observe in the writings of Jefferson resulted from his early acquaintance with some of the best of the uncorrupted chiefs who used to visit and stay with his father on their journeys to and from the capital of Virginia. The Indians held his father in that entire respect which they were apt to feel for men who never feared and never deceived them. One of the most vivid recollections of his boyhood was of a famous chief of the Cherokees, named Ontassete, who went to England on behalf of his people. The boy was in the camp of this chief the evening before his departure for England, and heard him deliver his farewell oration to his tribe—a scene that he used to describe with animation seventy years after its occurrence. The moon was in full splendor that evening, and it seemed as if it was to that lustrous orb the impassioned orator addressed prayers for his own safety and the protection of his people during his absence. The powerful voice of the speaker, his distinct articulation, his animated gestures, and the silence of the listening Indians sitting motionless in groups by their several fires, filled him with awe and veneration, although he did not understand a word that was spoken.—*James Parton.*

The World to Stop in 1873.

The Second Adventists are at it again. At a convention held in Rochester, they have definitely settled the time for the total destruction of the world. It is to take place in 1873.

Dr. Barbour, who has prepared several charts from which he has lectured extensively of late, from Boston to Rochester, on the coming of Christ in 1873, made a speech on the signs of the times, and cited articles in the *London Quarterly*, the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's*, and several American magazines, quarterlies and newspapers to show the enormous proportions of the Commune—its rapid growth the past year and its present threatening aspect. There were (he said) 500,000 members in this country and millions in Europe. Wendell Phillips was a member, and said in his recent lecture in Music Hall, Boston, that "Europe was resting on a volcano that threatened the destruction of all her thrones." And if the Church would not discern the signs of the times, the world did, and "men's hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking after the things that are coming on the earth."

"Let's disinfect" is the polite phrase to accompany the clinking of glasses at Chicago.

She Overdid It.

It is easy to overdo a very good thing, and the "slip" between the "cup and the lip" is so readily found. A mechanic, rejoicing in the name of Dubois, and a resident of the city of Detroit, took to drinking, and was speedily transformed from a hard workingman into a drunken sot. His good wife scolded, entreated, diminished the thickness of his beard without the use a razor, but could make no change. One night Dubois arrived home and found that his wife and his coat had changed places—the latter lay on the floor, and the former was suspended from the hook. Up rushed Dubois to the rescue, took his wife down, and after much labor brought her to her senses.

The attempt at suicide completely sobered him, and, like Obadiah Oldbuck, he turned over a new leaf. He promised never to drink again, and probably would have kept his word if his wife had been able to keep her own counsel. But she was just smart enough to inform several of her neighbors that the apparent hanging was a put-up job, the rope being tied under her arms. The knowledge of this little practical joke coming to the ears of Dubois, he first thrashed the whole family, then performed some extraordinary feats of furniture smashing, and finally left the premises, and has not been seen since.

Educated Men.

There is a great deal of cheap talk about educated men, the prevailing opinion being that none are educated unless they have been through college, or at least through some minor collegiate institution. The men who construct railroads, canals, docks, bridges, breakwaters; who build locomotives, steamboats, water-works, tunnels, telegraphs, printing-presses, sewing-machines, agricultural implements; who erect works of architecture, dredge rivers, protect harbors, improve the soils, drain swamps, and prepare the earth for the service of man; who survey the coasts, mountains and plains, determine the laws of climate, the effects of latitude, longitude, and altitude; the value and use of materials, the sources of wealth, health and prosperity; the inventors, the artists, the chemists and masters of physical and mechanical philosophy—these are all educated men, and it is their education which moves the world. Some may not be educated in the arts and sciences, but they are in the practical, and it is all phases of education that we want.

An elderly gentleman was recently "confidenced" on a train running into Keokuk by sharpers, who induced him to buy a draft (worthless) on Buffalo for $157.40, he paying them two $100 bills and they paying him $12.60 as change. The conductor on the train took the first opportunity to quietly suggest to the old gentleman that he was afraid the draft was a fraud. "Well," was the bland response of the imperturbable greeny, "if it is any bigger fraud than my two one hundred dollar notes were, then I am not forty-three dollars ahead—which I think I am. I am not in the habit of dealing in counterfeit currency, but I always keep a little of that sort of stuff about me for the benefit of that sort of customers."

Mr. Charles W. Hassler's

Success in business is an instance of what perseverance, intelligence, and integrity may accomplish. Mr. Hassler has devoted his personal attention to the specific branch of the Banking and Brokerage business relating to Railroad Bonds, and there is probably no one better posted than he is in all that appertains to them. His well known advertisement, "Railroad Bonds—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to CHAS. W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall street, New York," has attracted attention in all parts of the country, and largely increased his business. Write to him if you wish anything in his line.—*From the Christian Union, of Sept. 6th, Henry Ward Beecher, editor.*

New York Wholesale Markets.

BUTTER—State fine firkins	$ 28	a	$	31	
Orange Co. pails	33	a		38	
Western	19	a		22	
CHEESE—State factory	13	a		13½	
Ohio do	9	a		13	
Farm dairy	10½	a		12½	
COTTON—Ordinary	16⅞	a		19¼	
Low to good middling	19⅞	a		21¾	
EGGS—N. Y., N. J., & Penn'a	35	a		30	
Limed	28	a		30	
FLOUR—Superfine	5 85	a		6 15	
Extra to fancy State	6 55	a		7 50	
Ohio round hoop	6 55	a		6 85	
Extra amber	6 55	a		7 60	
Spring wheat	7 05	a		7 35	
Extra Genesee	7 40	a		8 90	
St. Louis double extra	8 70	a		10 80	
CORN MEAL—Western & Jersey	3 70	a		4 00	
Brandywine	4 20	a		4 25	
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR 100 lbs	3 00	a		3 50	
GRAIN—CORN—Western	70	a		80	
Southern	80	a		81	
BARLEY—Western	88	a		1 05	
Canada	1 10	a		1 20	
OATS	57	a		58	
RYE	90	a		98	
WHEAT—Western No. 1 Spring	1 50	a		1 57	
Do. No. 2 do	1 50	a		1 55	
Do. Amber	1 63	a		1 65	
Do. White	1 63	a		1 70	
White Genesee	1 65	a		1 75	
PROVISIONS—PORK—New mess	13 52	a		15 00	
Western prime	11 75	a			
BEEF—Plain	8 00	a		10 00	
Extra mess	11 50	a		14 00	
Beef hams	23 00	a		25 00	
BACON	7	a		7¾	
GREEN HAMS	8¼	a		9¾	
LARD	9	a		9¾	
SEED—Clover	11	a		12	
Timothy		a			
Flaxseed		a			
WOOL—XX State, O., and Ind	55	a		65	
Vermont	54	a		60	

LIVE STOCK.

BEEVES—Best	13	a	14
Good	9½	a	11
Common to fair	7	a	9
SHEEP & LAMBS—Sheep	7¼	a	8¾
Lambs	6¾	a	7¾
SWINE—Live	4¾	a	5¼
Dressed	5¾	a	6¼

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit.

Among the enterprises of the season, a very noticeable one is the Grand Gift Carnival, organized by the National Engineers' Association, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. In these times of rapid travel there is no kind of person more important to the public at large than the railroad engineer. Nay, let us go further than this, and say that the engineer of any branch whatever, who has steam boilers under his control, is a person of the greatest importance to the community. Granting this it must be admitted that the enterprise referred to, based upon the educating engineers, is one to which the public in general should accord its most earnest aid and accedence. The Musical Carnival, organized by the Association heretofore mentioned, is under the immediate control of the officers of that society, a fact which, in itself, is sufficient to establish the enterprise as one in every respect "fair and square." Other evidences there are, however, with regard to this. For example, the leading men of business of the State of Wisconsin, as well as of other States, give their names in aid of the enterprise. Among these we may mention as endorsers the Hon. S. K. Williams, State Senator, N. Y.; A. W. Gilmore, Esq., banker, Chicago; N. B. Caswell, Esq., merchant, of Milwaukee; and Messrs. Pierce and Whaling, merchants of the same city.

The interest taken in this Carnival is evidenced by the fact that engineers of the Southern and Western railroads have taken large quantities of tickets, and that clubs for the purchase of tickets have been organized all through the country. From the tone of the press, generally, in speaking of this enterprise, it can be gathered that editors are satisfied with regard to the object and organization of it, and the names of the business men who are acting as agents for the sale of tickets is a further guarantee for the soundness of the Grand Musical Carnival of the National Engineers' Association, of Milwaukee.

None of the prizes mentioned in the programme will be withdrawn, as it is the fixed purpose of the Association to carry out this scheme to the very letter. C. D. Smith, Esq., who is President, will give all particulars respecting the drawing.—*Milwaukee Gazette.*

Economy is wealth—but the best Shoe is the CABLE SCREW WIRE. They never rip, leak or come apart. Try them. All genuine goods stamped.

A protruding toe is not a sightly thing, say nothing about health and comfort. SILVER TIPPED Shoes never wear out at the toe. For Sale by all Dealers.

HOW UNNECESSARY THE ANGUISH many persons undergo from rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, toothache and earache. We say unnecessary because the application of MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT to the affected part, or a few drops of it to the ears or tooth, affords instantaneous, and what is better, permanent relief. For cuts, wounds, bruises, swellings, and all injuries or diseases which require treatment externally, this liniment is everywhere regarded as the most potent and reliable healing agent in existence. For all external injuries or ailments of horses and cattle, it is infallible.

TO THE PUBLIC.—We know of no remedy equal to JACKSON'S CATARRH SNUFF and TROCHE POWDER, for Catarrh, Asthma, Loss of Voice, &c. Is mild, pleasant, agreeable to use, and a sure cure. Ask your druggist for it, or mail 35 cents to COOPER, WILSON & CO., Philadelphia.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, rough skin, pimples, ring-worm, salt-rheum and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is more convenient and easily applied than other remedies, avoiding the trouble of the greasy compounds now in use.

There is, probably, no way in which we can benefit our readers more than by recommending to them for general use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* It is adapted to almost all the purposes of a Family Medicine; and as a specific for coughs, colds, whooping cough, soreness of the chest, lame stomach, rheumatism, spitting of blood, and all lung difficulties, it has no equal that ever we saw or heard of.

The propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep was discussed and admitted by many of the Agricultural Societies throughout the State last fall, and we believe that in every case but one they decided in favor of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders.* Good judgment.

THE LAND OF VEGETABLE WONDERS.—The soil of California teems with vegetable phenomena, giant trees, plants, roots and herbs unknown elsewhere. From that vast botanic field are culled the ingredients of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, a medicine that is astonishing the world with its cures and throwing all other tonics, alteratives and invigorants into the shade. As its benefits are extended, indigestion, biliousness, intermittent fever, rheumatism, kidney diseases, bowel complaints, and all scrofulous and scorbutic disorders, lose their terrors.

Among popular weekly story-papers, few are more widely appreciated than the WESTERN WORLD, published by James R. Elliott, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Independent of the literary attractions of this paper, its value as a family periodical is enhanced by the pictorial premiums offered to new subscribers, each of whom for the annual sum of $3, is entitled to receive the paper for one year, as well as to a gift-picture either engraved upon steel or executed in chromo-tint after Prang's best manner; a subscriber of *four* is entitled to both of these premiums. Liberal inducements are held out to agents by the publisher of the WESTERN WORLD, the circulation of which is rapidly increasing throughout the country far and near.

Our readers should see and test the Harris Hemmer and Binder, advertised in our columns. It does all claimed for it, and no lady using a machine can afford to be without it.

There's money in "How to Make the Farm Pay." Send to Geo. A. Dietz, Chambersburg, Pa.

Shrieks from the Battlefield

Are not surer signs that a work of destruction is going on, than the Coughing with which churches, theatres, private dwellings at this season resound. Arrest the lung-destroying paroxysms with *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.* The beneficial effects are immediate and certain.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure Toothache in one minute. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents.

Art Matters.

To be a photographer is one thing; to be an artist is another. It is not often that the gifts and duties characteristic of each of these professions are found blended in one individual. The vast majority of photographers, both in this country and abroad, understand merely the mechanical part of their business, and possess neither the soul nor the training of the true artist. One of the most signal exceptions to this rule is to be found illustrated at the gallery of CAMPBELL & HECKER, photographers, No. 46 East Fourteenth street, Union Square, New York. Examine what photographs you will there, you will find that none of them are "flat." They are, all pictures, not mere impressions. The eye and the hand of the artist are discernible in the disposition of the figures, in the contrast of light and shade, and in the many nameless little details that raise a picture from a work of machinery into one of art. The same remark applies to the crayon drawings and the ivory miniatures.—"*Galaxy*," *January*, 1872.

Vegetine Has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

Advertisements.

CONSUMPTION.

A Remedy Found at Last!

It will Cure Your Cough.

It will Prevent and Cure Consumption.

That Cough, which you are neglecting, may result in fatal Consumption, if some prompt remedy is not used. Why sacrifice your life when your disease can be cured so quick and at so small a cost.

What is the Value of Money when Compared to Health.

Those who are afflicted with a Cough or with Consumption read the following letter from a prominent merchant of Marine City, Michigan, dated July 28, 1870:

Gentlemen:—The Allen's Lung Balsam has arrived. I would not like to be without it, for it has saved my life. I took a bad cold, and a cough, and finally consumption was seated upon me. I was in a very bad state. I tried everything that was recommended, and spent a great deal of money, and got no help. I had Allen's Lung Balsam for sale, but I knew nothing of its merits. I did not like to take it without knowing more about it. I had not sold a bottle. When your agent called on me, I told him I could not sell a medicine I knew nothing about. He urged me to try it myself. I did so, and, to my grateful surprise, the first bottle stopped my cough; and before the third bottle was taken, my lungs were healed and well; and I can now speak knowingly to my friends and customers of the good qualities of Allen's Lung Balsam. I remain yours, respectfully, L. C. COTTRELL.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

Is warranted to break up the most troublesome cough in an incredibly short time. There is no remedy that can show more evidence of real merit than this BALSAM for curing Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, &c.

It is only about eight years since the Balsam was first offered to the public, and, in this short time it has become known and appreciated in nearly every town and village throughout the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Hundreds of thousands of bottles are annually sold, and thousands of witnesses testify to its unequalled power in healing the diseases that it is recommended for.

It is Harmless to the most delicate Child.
It contains no Opium in any form.
It is sold by Medicine Dealers generally.

CALL FOR ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

J. N. Harris & Co., Prop'rs, Cincinnati, O.

For sale by Perry Davis & Son, Providence; John F. Henry, New York; French, Richards & Co., Philadelphia.

EACH NEW SUBSCRIBER TO THE **WESTERN WORLD** A large eight-page weekly story paper, receives, gratis, a magnificent $5 Steel Engraving, 23x33 inches, entitled "The Nativity of Our Lord," or one of Prang's Charming $5 Chromos, 13x17 inches, entitled "HAVE PATIENCE," (A little country girl teasing a shepherd dog), one of the most attractive artistic gems ever issued. Terms $3 a year. Your choice between two premiums. Specimen copy of WESTERN WORLD, with full description, sent for stamp. *Both premiums* and the paper one year for $4. AGENTS WANTED.—Any one who will engage to act as local agent, and send $1, shall receive a perfect copy of either premium he desires, with full instructions, and the WESTERN WORLD for three months, *free*. Local Agents can easily make $3 a day. Address James R. Elliott, Publisher, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

$13.00 IN VALUE FOR $4.00! $8.00 IN VALUE FOR $3.00!

HARRIS' Improved HEMMER & BINDER, with new Blind Stitch Guide. We challenge the world. Fits any machine. Does 9 kinds of work; hems 3 ways; binds & makes French fold, umbrella and lines seams. Is BLIND stitches cut bias, turning both edges. Pays its cost in ONE DAY. Highest award at Am. Ins. Fair, 1871. Increases capacity of $60 machine to $5. Sent on receipt of price. State the kind of machine you wish it for. Great inducements to the trade. MILO HARRIS, 781 Broadway, N. Y. PRICE $1.50.

20,000 FARMERS' HELPER sent free. It shows "How to save and how to make money on the Farm." "Where to look for the profits and how to obtain them." How to clear FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS between December and May. Copy FREE to each reader of this paper sending name and P. O. address to ZIEGLER & McCURDY, Philadelphia, Penn.

TRUSS! THE HOWE PATENT Elastic Belt Truss (*for rupture*) is durable, cheap and safe; is as easily worn as a garter; has cured patients from 5 to 25 weeks. For particulars send for circular. Address HENRY HOWE, Box 758, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

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FREE TO BOOK AGENTS We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible* containing over 500 fine Scripture Illustrations to any book agent free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

NATURE'S REMEDY. VEGETINE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

A valuable Indian compound, for restoring the health, and for the permanent cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, such as

Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples and Humors on the Face, Ulcers, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Side, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Costiveness, Piles, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Faintness at the Stomach, Pains in the Back, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness, and General Debility.

REPORT OF A PRACTICAL

Chemist and Apothecary.

BOSTON, May 1st, 1871.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold at retail, sixty-three doz. (756 bottles) of your VEGETINE since April 12th, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any Remedy, for the complaints for which it is recommended, that I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some of my customers testifying to its merits on themselves or their friends. I am personally cognizant of several cases of *Scrofulous Tumors* being cured by VEGETINE alone in this vicinity.

Very respectfully yours,
AL GILMAN, 484 Broadway.

To H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

THE GREAT

BLOOD PURIFIER,

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS,

BOSTON, MASS.

Price $1.25. Sold by all Druggists.

BRIGGS & BROTHER'S CATALOGUE OF Flower and Vegetable Seeds, AND Summer Flowering Bulbs, for 1872;

Now ready. Consisting of over 130 pages, on rose-tinted paper, with upwards of 400 separate cuts, and Six Beautiful Colored Plates! Cover, a beautiful design in colors. The richest catalogue ever published. Send 25 cents for copy, not one-half the value of the colored plates. In the *first* order, amounting to not less than $1, the price of catalogue, 25c., will be refunded in seeds. New customers placed on the same footing with old. Free to old customers. Quality of seeds, size of packets, prices and premiums offered, make it to the advantage of all to purchase seeds of us. See catalogue for extraordinary inducements.

You will miss it if you do not see our catalogue before ordering seeds.

Either of our two chromos for 1872, size 19x24—one a flower plate of bulbous plants, consisting of lilies, &c.—the other of annual, biennial and perennial plants, guaranteed the MOST ELEGANT FLORAL CHROMOS ever issued in this country. A superb parlor ornament; mailed, postpaid, on receipt of 75c.; also free, on conditions specified in catalogue. Address

BRIGGS & BROTHER,
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SIX PER CENT. INTEREST, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

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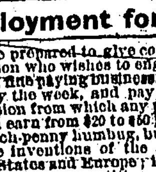

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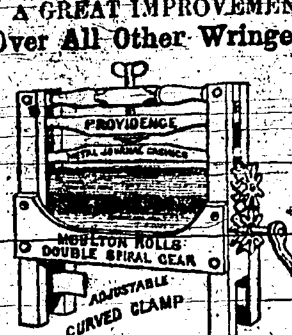

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SATURDAY, JAN. 20th, 1872,

at TWO o'clock in the afternoon of said day, on the premises at Absecon, N. J., all that certain lot or piece of ground with the hotel, ice house, stable, and other improvements thereon erected, situate in the village of Absecon, in Atlantic County and State of New Jersey:

Beginning at a point on the north side of Station avenue, at the distance of forty-six feet westward from the west side of Caroline street, thence extending westward along the north side of said Station ave., one hundred and four feet more or less to to a point a corner of Oak Court, as laid out about the width of twelve feet; thence northwardly along the east side of said Oak Court one hundred feet to a point; thence westwardly crossing said Court and by ground formerly of Leonard Larkins and now of the Camden & Atlantic Railroad Company, fifty-nine feet and six inches, more or less, to the easterly line of the Camden & Atlantic Railroad northwesterly by line of the said R. R., one hundred and ninety-eight feet ten inches, to a point in the line of McGronigle's land (now David Lee's); thence eastwardly along said McGronigle's land, and land now or lately belonging to Elmer Champion, two hundred and forty-three feet, more or less, to a point or corner of land conveyed by the said James H. Collins to Henry Vanzaun, and thence southwardly along line parallel to the said Caroline street about two hundred feet, more or less, to the place of beginning. The said lot being composed of the whole of lots number 25, 26 and 27, and the greater portion of lots number 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24, as delineated upon a map or plan of the town lots laid out by the Camden & Atlantic Land Company; the lot No. 25 being the same which Henry Boice, by deed dated the Thirtieth day of May, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-Five, duly stamped and recorded in the Clerk's office of Atlantic County, at May's Landing, in Liber Y of Deeds, Folio 563 etc., granted and conveyed to the said James H. Collins, his heirs and assigns forever; the lot No. 26 being the same which Frederick Boice and wife by deed dated the Thirtieth day of May, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-Five, duly stamped and recorded in the Clerk's office aforesaid, in Liber Y of Deeds, Folio 559, etc., granted and conveyed unto the said James H. Collins, his heirs and assigns forever, subject to the restriction mentioned in deed from the Camden & Atlantic Land Company to Frederick Boice, recorded in Liber K, page 14, etc.; the lot No. 27 being the same which Peter Boice and wife by deed dated the Thirtieth day of May, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-Five, duly stamped and recorded in the Clerk's office aforesaid, in Liber Y of Deeds, Folio 561, etc., granted and conveyed to said James H. Collins, his heirs and assigns forever, subject to the restriction and regulations mentioned in the deed from the Camden & Atlantic Land Company to Peter Boice, recorded in Liber R, Folio 916; and the remaining lots, Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24, Jonathan Sooy and wife, by deed dated the Twelfth day of June, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty, recorded in the Clerk's office aforesaid, in Book P of Deeds, page 156, granted and conveyed his equal undivided moiety of said seven lots unto said James H. Collins, his heirs and assigns forever, and Richard Higbee and wife, and others, by deed dated the Twelfth day of June, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty, recorded in the office aforesaid, in Book P of Deeds, page 150, etc., granted and conveyed all the equal undivided half part of said seven lots to the said James H. Collins, his heirs and assigns forever, subject to the conditions and restriction as are set forth and contained in the deed to Richard Higbee, recorded in Liber H of Deeds, Folio 287.

Seized as the property of James H. Collins' deft., taken in execution at the suit of Samuel C. Smith, plff., and to be sold by
E. D. REDMAN, Sheriff.
Dated Nov. 14, 1871. 31-37

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the Circuit Court of Atlantic County, N. J., will be sold at public sale, on

Monday, Jan. 15th, 1872,

at TWO o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the hotel of John B. Champion, May's Landing, all that tract or piece of land and premises situate in Hamilton Township, County of Atlantic, and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a small piece marked for a corner, standing in David Lee's line, and runs thence (1) South 20° 6' West, 4 chains to a stake for a corner; thence (2) South 69° 54 East, 4.93 chains to a stone corner; thence (3) North 23° 6' East, 6.19 chains to a stone in the centre of the road leading from the Hoopy place to Dower's wharf; thence (4) along said road North 66° 30' West, 2.44 chains to a stake; thence (5) still along said road North 70° West, 1.35 chains to a stone seventeen links to the northwesterly side of a cart-rut in said road; thence (6) South 66° 40' West, 2.57 chains to the place of beginning, containing three acres, more or less, being, part of the Hoopy tract, one part thereof conveyed to Beasly Babcock by deed of conveyance from Thomas Perna and wife, bearing date March 25, 1867, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Atlantic County, in Deed Book 29, folio 583, &c. The other part conveyed to Beasly Babcock by deed of conveyance from Reuben Trees, bearing date July 5, 1867.

Seized as the property of Beasly Babcock, deft., taken in execution of the suit of Joseph Thompson, plff., and to be sold by
E. D. REDMAN, Sheriff.
Dated Nov. 13, 1871. 29-35

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed, issued out of the court of Chancery of New Jersey, will be sold at public sale, on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1872,

at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, on the premises, in Atlantic City, N. J., All of the following described town lot or tract of land, situate in the city of Atlantic, county of Atlantic and state of New Jersey. Beginning at the southwest corner of Atlantic and Tennessee avenues and runs thence easterly by south along the west line of Tennessee avenue one hundred and fifty feet to a peg in the corner of an alley; thence, westerly along said alley fifty feet to a corner of lot No. 95; thence, along said lot No. 95 one hundred and fifty feet to the south edge of Atlantic avenue, thence along said south edge of Atlantic avenue eastwardly to the place of beginning.

Seized as the property of Otto VanEckert, et ux, et al, deft, taken in execution at the suit of Theadore Vetterlein, compl't, and to be sold by
E. D. REDMAN, Sheriff.
Dated Nov. 25, 1871. (3.75)

BURNETT'S
COCOAINE
A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c. Acknowledged the best promoter of the growth and beauty of the hair. JOS. BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass. Sold by all druggists. *Beware of imitations.*

P. S. TILTON'S
CASH STORE!

COR. BELLEVUE & EGG HARBOR AVENUES,
HAMMONTON, N. J.
A LARGE AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS,

READY MADE CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
of the latest styles, always on hand.

The Grocery Department

receives special attention, and is at all times well stocked with every article for family use.

FLOUR AND FEED.

All the different varieties and grades by the pound, hundredweight or barrel.

CROCKERY AND EARTHENWARE.

Persons can obtain everything in this line from a complete set to a single article.

Doing a STRICTLY CASH BUSIMESS I am able to sell my goods at a small profit. All who wish to buy for cash and get the bottom figures, are invited to call at the

LARGE STONE STORE, next the Railroad Station.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

North-West Cor. Eighth and Market,

PHILADELPHIA.

Are now offering for the FALL and WINTER TRADE on unusually large stock of

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING IN RART OF

Silks, Ladies' Cloakings,
Dress Goods, Black Astrachans,
Black Alpacas, Black Beavers,
Linen Goods, White [illegible],
Blankets, Plain White Beavers,
Muslins, Blue Cloths,
Flannels, White Corduroys,
Shawls, Velveteens,
Water-Proof Cloakings.

We have lately taken advantage of the low prices attendant on a tight money market, and BUYING FOR CASH, have been able to secure many

GREAT BARGAINS.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
N. W. cor. Eight and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, to me directed issued out of the Court of Chancery, Atlantic County, N. J., will be sold at public sale, on

Wednesday, Jan. 17th, 1872.

at TWO o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Hammonton House, Hammonton, N. J., all those tracts of land lying, situate and being in the town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described at follows:

Beginning in the centre of Egg Harbor road at the southeast corner of Potter' land, thence (1) extending along the same North 40° 26' East, 40 rods; thence (2) South 49° 34' East, 40 rods; thence (3) South 40° 26' West, 40 rods to the said Egg Harbor road; thence (4) along the same North 49° 34' West, 40 rods, to the place of beginning, containing ten acres of land, strict measure. Being the same land which Sarah A. Byrnes conveyed to Samuel Y. Jones by indenture dated the 6th day of January, A. D. 1865, and recorded in the Clerk's office at May's Landing, in book Z of deeds, folio 334, &c.

Again beginning on the southwesterly side of Main Road at the East corner of Hoyt's land, thence (1) extending South 44° 22' West, 82 55 100 rods; thence (2) South 45° 37' East, 38 74-100 rods; thence (3) North 44° 22' East, 82 55 100 rods, to Main Road aforesaid; thence (4) along the same North 45° 30' West, 38 76-100 rods, to the place of beginning, containing twenty acres, strict measure. Being the same tract conveyed by Samuel Y. Jones to Geo. L. F. Smith and wife, by indenture dated April 11, A. D. 1865, and recorded in book Z of deeds, folio 335, etc.

Seized as the property of Clayton Allen and John W. Pangborn, deft., taken in execution at the suit of Philander C. Laugdon and Marshall S. Bidwell, plffs., and to be sold by
E. D. REDMAN, Sheriff.
Dated Nov. 15, 1871. 49-35

THOMAS DEPUY,
CARPETS AND — OIL CLOTHS
No. 37 South Second St., above Chestnut
PHILADELPHIA,
Would call the attention of those wishing to purchase Carpetings, to his large and choice line of Foreign and Domestic, both in relation to qualities as well as styles. Also, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Rods, &c., at the lowest cash prices.
N. B.—J. STEWART DEPUY is not at 253 S. 2nd. St., but is with Thos. Depuy.
Sept 27, '71—3 m F & S.

PATENTS Solicited by Munn & Co., Publishers Scientific American, 37 Park Row, N. Y. Twenty-five years experience.

Pamplets containing Patent Laws, with full directions how to obtain Patent free.

A bound volume of 118 pages, containing the new census by counties and all large cities, 140 engravings of Mechanical Movements, Patent Laws and rules for obtaining Patents, mailed on receipt o 25 cents.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership

The partnership, heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of **CURRIE & UNDERWOOD**, has been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the firm will be collected by GEO. F. CURRIE, who will also pay any liabilities of the firm, at either of their late business places, Station ave., Absecon, or Atlantic ave., Atlantic City.
GEO. F. CURRIE,
WM. J. UNDERWOOD.

Worth $1.25. Cut it Out.

Send this advertisement to the Branch office of the South Carolina Land and Immigration Association, 704 Broadway, New York, together with $1.25, and you will receive a numbered Ticket entitling the holder to one quarter of the gift drawn by it at the GRAND CONCERT IN CHARLESTON, on the 8th day of January, next. **2405** Cash Prizes, amounting to **$5000,000**, and ranging in value from **$10** to **$100,000**, will then be distributed to subscribers, under the auspices of distinguished men, whose names alone are a guarantee of honor and good faith. The project is endorsed by August Belmont, Charles O'Conor, T. A. Hoyt, Pres. of the N. Y. Gold Board, Wade Hampton, and eminent citizens. Four chances for $5. This is not a lottery but a State plan to secure funds for Immigration purposes. Send for a circular.

Gen. M. C. Butler, President; John Chadwick and Gen. M. W. Gary, Vice-Presidents; S. C. L. and I. Association, Charleston and 704 Broadway, New York.

Application for Rule to Show Cause &c.

Hannah Robinson, admrx. of Resin Robinson, deceased, having exhibited to this Court, under oath, a just and true account of the personal estate and debts of said deceased, whereby it appears that the personal estate of said Resin Robinson is insufficient to pay his debts, and requested the aid of the Court in the premises; It is ordered that all persons interested in the lands, tenements and real estate of said decedent, appear before the Court, at the Court House, in May's Landing on the ninth day of April next, to show cause why so much of the said lands, tenements and hereditaments and real estate of the said decedent should not be sold as will be sufficient to pay his debts or the residue thereof as the case may require.
S. R. DEVINNEY, Surrogate.
Dated Dec. 13, 1872. 29-39

ALEXANDER SMYTH,

TAILOR,

Wishes to acquaint the citizens of Hammonton, that he has a room, situated over Wm. Packer's Saloon, where he is ready to receive and execute all orders of those who may favor him with their work in his line of business in all its branches, viz: cutting, making, altering, repairing and cleaning. 35 50