The Hammonton Item.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF HAMMONTON AND MAKING MONEY.

VOL. I.--NO. 20. HAMMONTON, N. J., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872. $2.00 PER YEAR

[BY AUTHORITY.]

LAWS OF NEW JERSEY.

CHAPTER CCCXXXVII.

A further supplement to an act entitled "An act for the punishment of crimes."

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That if any person or persons maliciously, or without lawful justification with intent to cause and procure the miscarriage of a woman then pregnant with child, shall administer to her, prescribe for her, or advise or direct her to take or swallow any poison, drug, medicine, or noxious thing, and if any person or persons maliciously, and without lawful justification shall use any instrument or means whatever with the like intent, shall on conviction thereof be adjudged guilty of a high misdemeanor; and if the woman or child die in consequence thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and imprisonment at hard labor for a term not less than ten years; and in case the woman or child do not die in consequence thereof, such offender on conviction thereof shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and be punished by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars and imprisonment at hard labor for not less than two years.

2. And be it enacted, That any person offending against either of the provisions of this act shall be competent witness against any other person so offending, and may be compelled to appear and give evidence before any magistrate, grand jury, or in any court, in the same manner as other persons; but the testimony so given shall not be used in prosecution or proceeding, civil and criminal, against the person so testifying.

3. And be it enacted, That section one hundred and three of the supplement of the act to which this is a further supplement, be and the same is hereby repealed.

4. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 26, 1872

CHAPTER CCCXXXIX.

An act to facilitate the opening of public roads.

Whereas, in many places, especially in the vicinity of our towns and villages, public roads become necessary, and are opened by the owners of land, without the same being regularly laid by the surveyors of the highways, and therefore cannot be put upon record.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That whenever the owner or owners of any land shall open a road of lawful width, and dedicate the same to public use as a public highway, and shall deliver a declaration of such dedication, together with a map of survey of the said road, to the township committee of the township in which the said lands may lie, upon the acceptance thereof by the township committee, endorsed thereon, the same may be put upon record as a public highway, and shall thenceforth be a public highway to all intents and purposes.

2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 26, 1872.

CHAPTER CCCXXXVIII.

A supplement to an act entitled, "An act relative to bribery," approved March thirty first, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the provisions of the act to which this is a supplement, together with its fines and penalties be extended to elections for electors for president and vice president of the United States.

2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 26, 1872.

CHAPTER CCXII.

A further supplement to an act entitled "A further supplement to An act for the preservation of deer and other game," approved March seventeenth, one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the first section of the act to which this is a further supplement, which prohibits the killing of water fowl, during certain seasons, within the limits of the township of Brick, in the county of Ocean, be so amended as to read, between the first day of September and the first day of April, yearly and every year, instead of "between the first day of October and the first day of April yearly and every year," as the said act now reads.

2. And be it enacted, That so much of the said act as is consistent with the provisions of this act be, and the same is hereby repealed.

3. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 13, 1872.

CHAPTER CCXVII.

An act to improve the State Library.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the additional sum of ten thousand dollars be appropriated annually for five years for the improvement of the State Library; the same to be drawn from the treasury of the state from time to time by the commissioners of the State Library, and expended under their direction in the purchase of books.

2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 13, 1872.

CHAPTER CCXV.

A supplement to an act entitled "An act respecting the Orphans' Court and the powers and authority of Surrogates," approved April sixteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the probate of the will of any person resident in this State at the time of his or her decease, which has been or may hereafter be duly admitted to probate in this State, as to any real estate devised by said will, shall be conclusive evidence of the formal execution of said will, so far as the same appears by said probate, in any suit, action or proceeding not commenced within seven years from the time of such probate; provided, always, that the time during which any person claiming as or under the heir of said testator, shall be under the age of twenty-one years, shall not be taken or computed as part of said period of seven years; and provided further, that nothing herein contained shall affect any suit, action or proceeding heretofore commenced and now pending.

2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take efect immediately.

Approved March 13, 1872.

CHAPTER CCXXIV.

A further supplement to an act entitled "An act for the organization of the National Guard of the State of New Jersey.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the governor and commander-in-chief be, and is hereby authorized to confer a lineal or brevet rank for gallant services in the field, upon any officers of the National Guard, equal to the lineal or brevet rank they may have held in the service of the United States; provided, that the governor shall nominate the said officers to the senate, and the rank shall be conferred by and with the advice and consent of the senate.

2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 15, 1872.

JOINT RESOLUTION NO. IV.

Joint Resolution in relation to the construction of an Artificial Harbor on Crow Shoal, Cape May, for the protection of small class vessels.

Whereas, the construction of a breakwater or artificial harbor on Crow Shoal, Cape May, for the purpose of affording sufficient protection, especially in stress of weather, to that portion of commerce known as the coasting trade, and to all small class vessels, has long been in contemplation; and whereas, the great increase of this branch of domestic commerce has so increased the demand for this improvement, that what has always been deemed as important has become an absolute necessity, without which all small class vessels must continue to be exposed to dangers of the ocean, which might be avoided; and whereas, many of the States are equally interested with ourselves, but not having their attention properly called to the subject, and not being altogether aware of the benefits to be derived from the proposed harbor, have not had the feelings of their citizens fully enlisted in the subject; and whereas, it is the interest of New Jersey to adopt immediately some practical measure by which States interested in the subject may become enlisted, and aid from the federal government be obtained; therefore,

1. Be it resolved by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the Governor be instructed to request the Hon. A. G. Cattell and D. Edmunds to place this matter before the United States Congress and urge its passage, and that no monies shall be appropriated for the payment of such services.

Approved March 15, 1872.

CHAPTER CCXCVIII.

A further supplement to the "Act for the organization of the National Guard of the State of New Jersey."

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the first section of the act to which this is a supplement, shall be and the same is hereby amended as follows, that is to say, by striking out the words "provided, that each county of the state shall be entitled to one of said companies," and inserting, "provided, that in addition to the force now authorized, there be allowed ten additional companies of colored infantry.

2. And be it enacted, That all acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

3. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 21, 1872.

CHAPTER CCCXCI.

An Act for the Support of the State Reform School for Boys.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That for the support of the State Reform School for Boys, the maintenance and instruction of its pupils, and some needful improvements to the farm, the sum of twenty thousand dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated, which sum the treasurer of the state is hereby directed to pay to the trustees of the school upon the warrant of the comptroller.

2. And be it enacted, That in case any boy under the age of sixteen years, shall have been sentenced, after conviction in any county court, to imprisonment in the jail thereof, or in the state prison, it shall be lawful for any justice of the supreme court on complaint of any citizen, to constitute a summary examination, and if he shall be satisfied that he is a suitable subject for the reform school, to commit him thereto by warrant, as in other cases provided.

3. And be it enacted, That this act shall go into effect immediately.

Approved March 27, 1872.

CHAPTER CCCXCII.

An Act entitled "An Act to repeal an act entitled 'A supplement to the act entitled An act relative to the probate of wills from other or foreign states,'" approved March twenty-eighth, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That the act entitled "A supplement to the act entitled 'An act relative to the probate of wills from other or foreign states,'" approved March twenty-eighth, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six, be and the same is hereby repealed.

2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately.

Approved March 27, 1872.

CHAPTER CCCXC

A Further Supplement to the act entitled "An Act to regulate elections," approved April sixteenth, anno domini one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

1. Be it enacted by the Senate and General Assembly of the State of New Jersey, That for the purpose of electing members of the house of representatives of the United States, this state shall be divided into seven districts, as follows, to wit;

I The counties of Camden, Cape May, Cumberland, Gloucester, and Salem shall constitute and be called the "first district,"

II. The counties of Atlantic, Burlington, Mercer and Ocean shall constitute and be called the "second district;"

III. The counties of Monmouth, Middlesex and Union shall constitute and be called the "third district;"

IV. The counties of Hunterdon, Somerset, Sussex and Warren shall constitute and be called the "fourth district;"

V. The counties of Bergen, Morris and Passaic shall constitute and be called the "fifth district;"

VI. The county of Essex shall constitute and be called the "sixth district;"

VII. The county of Hudson shall constitute and be called the "seventh district."

2. And be it enacted, That each of said districts shall elect one person to represent this state in the house of representatives of the United States, which election shall be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November next, and on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November in each second year thereafter, until congress shall otherwise provide.

Approved March 27, 1872

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* notes a remark of the great "Liberalist," Scovel, which had escaped our attention, and proceeds to comment thereon very pertinently, as follows:

The New Jersey Liberals do not sail under false colors. Hon. James M. Scovel, at a meeting in Camden, in the course of his remarks said "I care little whether it is Gratz Brown or Horace Greeley—Charles Sumner or Lyman Trumbull. We will go up to possess the land." Mr. Scovel has "hit the nail on the head." The Liberal movement is organized by bold, bad men who have forfeited the confidence of the Republican party. Their corrupt practices have been discovered, and they have been driven from place and power because they proved unworthy of trust. Rendered political outcasts by their crimes against their party and the people, they rush into a coalition with a Democratic organization whose leaders are now under indictment for crimes so stupendous as nearly to have bankrupted the chief city of the nation. Of course they care not whether it is Brown, Trumbull, Greeley or Sumner. They want to "go up to possess the land"—to plunge their hands deep into the Treasury and withdraw them only when the coffers are empty. The Liberal conspiracy is similar to that of Tammany, and has no higher purpose.

The Albany *Evening Journal* suggests that the projected coalition party be christened thus: Liberal Re-union Protection Democratic Reform Free Trade Republican.

The Press on Greeley.

That soundest of the New York weeklies, the *Nation*, is still opposed to Grant, and betrays an evident animus of soreheadedness resulting from its editor's undoubtedly bad treatment at the hands of the New York *Times*. He was one of the free-trade delegates at Cincinnati, and fought hard for Adams. He says in his leading article,

The Cincinnati Convention must, as far as the general aims and objects of those who called it are concerned, be pronounced a failure. They all acknowledge this privately; some of them admit it openly. Those of them who are supporting Mr. Greeley's nomination are doing so simply by way of making the best of a bad job. Not one of them considers him a desirable candidate, or looks forward to his election without grave apprehensions. There are but few of them, if any, who do not feel that, although he may prove an improvement, and a great one, on General Grant, he will not be by any means the kind of President which the Cincinnati Convention promised to present to the country; that his election, however desirable it may be as a remedy for some of the evils which now afflict us will not work that revolution in politics which we were led to hope from the Cincinnati nominations; that the Convention, so far from taking the Presidency out of the hands of professional politicians, has simply committed it to the hands of a new set of professional politicians; that the nominations were, indeed, whatever their value, effected by a trick of a more than usually barefaced kind, perpetrated by managers of the old type, or of a worse one. . . . The Convention has offered us a candidate of undoubted personal honesty, who is and has long been associated intimately with the worst set of politicians the State contains—except the Tammany Ring—whose supporters at the Convention included some of the worst political trash to be found anywhere, who would in all probability be followed by them to Washington, and who, if left in their hands there would set up the most corrupt administration ever seen, and that from which least might be expected in the way of administrative reform; who is not more remarkable for his generosity and kind-heartedness than for the facility with which he is duped, and not more remarkable for his hatred of knavery than for the difficulty he has in telling whether a man is a knave or not. . . . But few men filling positions so conspicuous as his have made more lamentable mistakes when brought face to face with sudden, sharp and inexorable demands for prompt decision. At noon he is pretty sure to appear, and a year to great advantage, but if he is called upon at three A. M., the darkness, the cold, the booming of the guns, and the yells of the advancing foe, make him one of the least reliable of leaders. And we ought to add, in spite of his wide sympathies and his close relations with "the masses," and his interest in their condition and devotion to their interests deeply rooted prejudices have made his social experience singularly narrow, one-sided and misleading.

GREELEY NOT POPULAR AT THE SOUTH.—A correspondent of the Phila. *Press* says:

In a sketch of the life of Horace Greeley in your issue of the 4th inst., I see the following sentence: "He (H. G.) is popular with the colored people, the ex-rebels, and the protectionists." Let me assure you that so far as the colored people of Virginia are concerned, the statement is not true (and I have taken pains to ascertain their views on the subject). 'Tis true, however, that they utterly repudiate him, and have had no confidence in him since he aided the rebel Democracy in 1869 to foist G. C. Walker as Governor on the people of this State. The writer can assure Mr. Greeley that the colored people of Virginia have had enough of Liberal moves, and that under no circumstances will they support him for anything. They do, however, recognize in him an able newspaper man, and far more competent to edit the *Tribune* than to absurdly aspire to the Presidency.

The Morristown *Jerseyman* says:

The New Brunswick *Fredonian* suggests, and the Newark *Courier* endorses the names of Hon. Alexander G. Cattell and Cortlandt Parker, Esq., as two of the Delegates at large from this State to the Republican National Convention. We should be glad to see them chosen by a unanimous vote. New Jersey has no truer Republicans, no more able and upright citizens, than these gentlemen, and none that could more fully represent the feelings of our people in that Convention. And nothing could more forcibly show the position of our State on the Presidential question, and the influence here of the clamor against the Administration, than the presence of Messrs. Cattell and Parker at Philadelphia as the accredited representatives of the Republicans of New Jersey, in contrast with Jim Scovel and his tribe of self-elected "Delegates" at Cincinnati.

Personals.

BEESLEY.—Hon. Thomas Beesley, of Cape May, has been elected President of the Sea Island Railroad and Improvement Company, and A. Thacher, Esq., of Philadelphia, Secretary and Treasurer. It is thought that the proposed road will connect with the Cape May Railroad at or near South Seaville station.

SCOTT.—Thomas A. Scott's salaries from different railroads aggregate $200,000. Talk of his coming down to the Presidency!

TILTON.—Tilton would have Mr. Greeley for a Presidential candidate because his nomination would impart an element of fun and frolic to the canvass. Tilton is long but not deep.

EXIT HEMBOLD.—"Buchu," "I Have It," and "We Have It," are at a discount, and Hembold, the notorious druggist, has gone out of business. His magnificent store on Broadway was sold out at auction, realizing $15,000. Hembold owed his advertisers in the neighborhood of $300,000.

SALTER.—Mr. Edwin Salter, of New Jersey, now chief clerk in the Auditor's office, Washington, is doing the Republican party good service with the pen in the newspapers of the National Capital. Mr. Salter was formerly member of the Legislature from Ocean county.

IMPORTANT ITEM TO THOSE ABOUT TO VISIT PHILADELPHIA with the intention of purchasing their Spring and Summer Clothing. If they want to save the expense of their journey, get well pleased with their purchases, and be fully satisfied with the wear they get out of the goods let them visit the Great Clothing Store of BENNETT & Co., TOWER HALL, No. 518 MARKET STREET, half-way between Fifth and Sixth streets, where they will find a magnificent Stock to select from at the very lowest prices in the city.

The New York *Times* is, and by good rights ought to be, the acknowledged leading Republican organ of the country. In contradistinction to which the *Tribune* asserts that it is *not* a party organ, for the reason, probably, that it is "played out."

HAMMONTON HOUSE.

The subscriber having leased the Hammonton House, at Hammonton, N. J., and furnished it in the best order, is prepared to give excellent accommodations to

TRAVELERS AND BOARDERS,

at reasonable rates.

Good Stabling for horses.

Mar. 7, '72. J. R. CAROTHERS.

C. J. FAY,

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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 other popular 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.

5m-26tf.

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. 38-50

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(Opposite R. R. Depot.) Hammonton, N. J.

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HAMMONTON,

Atlantic County, New Jersey.

Danger from Lightning.

The notion that lightning does not penetrate the earth to any considerable depth, was in ancient times a widespread one. It is still prevalent in China and Japan. The Emperors of Japan, according to Kæmpfer, retire during thunder-storms into a grotto, over which a cistern of water has been placed. The water may be designed to extinguish fire produced by the lightning; but more probably it is intended as an additional protection from electrical effects. Water is so excellent a conductor of electricity, that, under certain circumstances, a sheet of water affords almost complete protection to whatever may be below; but this does not prevent fish from being killed by lightning, as Arago has pointed out. In the year 1670, lightning fell on the Lake of Kirknitz, and killed all the fish in it, so that the inhabitants of the neighborhood were enabled to fill twenty-eight carts with the dead fish found floating on the surface of the lake. That mere depth is no protection, is well shown by the fact of those singular vitreous tubes called fulgurites, which are known to be caused by the action of lightning, often penetrate the ground to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and instances have been known in which lightning has ascended from the ground to the storm-cloud, instead of following the reverse course. From what depth the ascending lightning springs, it is impossible to say. When the Church of Chateauneuf-les-Moutiers was struck by lightning during divine service, two of the officiating priests were severely injured, while a third escaped—who alone wore vestments ornamented with silk. In the same explosion, nine persons were killed and upward of eighty injured. But it is noteworthy that several dogs were present in the church, all of whom were killed. It has also been observed that dark-colored animals are more liable to be struck (other circumstances being the same) than light-colored. Nay, more; dappled and piebald animals have been struck; and it has been noticed, that after the stroke, the hair on the lighter parts has come off at the slightest touch, while the hair on the darker parts has not been affected at all. It seems probable, therefore, that silk and felt clothing, and thick black cloth, afford a sort of protection, though not a very trustworthy one, to those who wear them.

The notion has long been prevalent that metallic articles should not be worn during a thunder storm. There can be no doubt that large metallic masses, on or near the person, attract danger. Arago cites a very noteworthy instance of this. On the 21st of July, 1819, while a thunder-storm was in progress, there were assembled twenty prisoners in the great hall of Biberach Jail. Among them stood their chief, who had been condemned to death, and was chained by the waist. A heavy stroke of lightning fell on the prison, and the chief was killed, while his companions escaped.

It is not quite so clear that small metallic articles are sources of danger. The fact, that when persons have been struck, the metallic portions of their attire have been in every case affected by the lightning, affords only a presumption on this point, since it does not follow that these metallic articles have actually attracted the lightning-stroke. Instances in which a metallic object has been struck while the wearer has escaped, are more to the point, though some will be apt to recognize here a protecting agency rather than the reverse. "There is," says Arago, "a source of danger where large assemblages of men or animals are present in the ascending currents of vapor caused by their perspiration." Like water, most air is a good conductor of electricity, and lightning is attracted in the same way, though not, of course, to the same extent, by an ascending column of vapor, as by a regular lightning-conductor. It is on this account, probably, that flocks of sheep are so frequently struck, and so many of them killed by a single stroke. Barns containing grain which has been housed before it is quite dry are more commonly struck by lightning than other buildings, the ascending column of moist air being probably the attracting cause in this case, as in the former. When we are overtaken by a thunder-storm in the open air, precaution is more necessary than within a house. It is well to know, especially when no shelter is near, what is the most prudent course to adopt.

It has been stated that there is danger in running against the wind during a thunder-storm, and that it is better to walk with than against the wind. One should even, it is said, if the wind is very high, run with the wind. The rationale of these rules seems to be this: a current of air is produced when we run against the wind, the air on the side turned from the wind being rarer than the surrounding air. A man so running "leaves a space behind him in which the air is, comparatively speaking, rarefied!" Lightning would be more likely to seek such a space for its track than a region in which the air is more dense. An instance is recorded in which, during a gale, lightning actually left a conductor which passed from the mast of a ship to her windward side, in order to traverse the space of rarefied air on the ship's larboard side! It is quite certain that trees are very likely to be struck by lightning, and therefore, that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to stand under trees in a storm. No consideration of shelter should induce any one to adopt so dangerous a course. The danger in fact is very much greater when heavy rain is falling, since the tree, loaded with moisture, becomes an efficient lightning conductor. For similar reasons, it is dangerous to seek the shelter of a lofty building (not protected by a lightning-conductor) in a thunder-storm. One of the most terrible catastrophes known in the history of thunder-storms occurred to a crowd of persons who stood in the porch of a village church waiting till a thunder-shower should have passed away.

In the open air, when a heavy thunder-storm is progressing and no shelter near, the best course is to place one's self at a moderate distance from some tall trees. Franklin considered a distance of about fifteen or twenty feet the best. Henley also considered five or six yards a suitable distance in the case of a single tree. But when the tree is lofty, a somewhat greater distance is preferable.

The reader need hardly be reminded perhaps, that the necessity for taking these precautions only exists when the storm is really raging close at hand. When the interval which elapses between the lightning-flash and the thunder-peal is such as to show that the storm is in reality many miles away, it is altogether unnecessary to take precautions of any sort, however brilliant the flash may be, or however loud the peal. It must be noticed, however, that a storm travels very rapidly. If the interval of time between the lightning and the thunder is observed to diminish markedly, so that the storm is found to be rapidly approaching the observer's station, the same precautions should at once be taken as though the storm were raging immediately around him. So soon as the interval begins to grow longer, it may be inferred that the storm has passed its points of nearest approach, and is receding. But the law according to which thunder-storms travel are as yet very little understood; and it is unsafe to assume that because the interval between flash and peal has begun to increase after having diminished, the storm is therefore certainly passing away.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Cruise of the School-Ship Mercury.

Many of the unmanageable boys of our large cities, such as have been found guilty of petty crimes or are complained of by their parents as incorrigible, are sent to the school-ship Mercury, at Hart's Island, there to be trained for practical seamanship, as well as kept under wholesome control, and prepared for obtaining a livelihood by an honest and useful occupation. In 1870 the Mercury was sent off on a long practice cruise, in order that the boys might have training in the actual duties of sailors; and at the same time a quasi scientific character was given to the expedition, calculated to stimulate a taste for useful studies and accurate observation. The results of the cruise have just been published in the form of a report from the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

The Mercury left Hart's Island in December, 1870, and proceeded to the coast of Africa, where the scientific survey was to begin. Leaving Sierra Leone, the vessel sailed westward across the Atlantic, keeping on a line a little north of the Equator. Soundings were taken at short intervals, and observations were made and recorded on the temperature of the water, the direction, depth, and velocity of the various currents, and samples of the water at different depths, and of the soil and deposits of the bottom, were obtained and brought home. Many of these observations were of decided scientific value. A profile of the basin of the Atlantic from Sierra Leone to Barbadoes, on a line about twelve degrees north of the Equator, had been drawn, and shows a depth of 3,100 fathoms, which was ascertained by one of the deepest accurate soundings ever made. Tables have also been made from these observations by Professor Henry Draper, showing the height of the barometer at different points on the line traversed, the direction and velocity of the currents, both in expanse of the ocean and among the West India Islands, the temperature and specific gravity of the water at various depths, and the temperature of the air under varying circumstances.

These results are of value to science, but the principal benefit of the cruise was in the experience and training which it gave to the juvenile crew. They returned fitted to become efficient seamen, either in the navy or the merchant-marine, and with a special training for service on scientific expeditions and surveys. It is proposed by the Commissioners to apply to Congress during the present session to have authority vested in the Secretary of the Navy to discriminate in enlistments in the navy in favor of boys who have been trained on the school-ships. These long cruises with a definite purpose form the very best means of giving them the discipline which they need. So far as the reformatory effect of the school ships is concerned, the Commissioners say: "There is reason to believe that it is the most effective mode to reclaim erring boys whose errors, caused by the love of adventure, by evil associations, or ungovernable tempers, are fast impelling them to ruin. Brought under the inflexible discipline of a ship in actual service, they are taught in a few months the duties of a profession which directs and gratifies their love of adventure, and provides for them the means of an honest and useful livelihood."

Dalton, Ga., has a female preacher, accompanied by a beautiful "sixteen," who does the praying.

How to Commence Busines

There are many young men who are in the habit of excusing their idleness and inefficiency with the plea that they can do nothing without capital. The lack of means is the ready reply they make to every appeal to action. They imagine that they possess in themselves all the prerequisites to success except capital. If they only had capital, in addition to their other *imagined virtues*, they would do great things in the world; they would astonish the natives with the boldness and brilliancy of their enterprise. They would become immensely rich, and lay the world under perpetual obligations to them by the magnificence of their benefactions. This is the way they think and talk, and they roll the vain-glorious idea over in their minds until they come to imagine that the world is an immense loser by their poverty.

These persons forget one important fact—that all capital is the product of labor. That nearly all rich men in this country were once poor. That nearly every personal fortune they can enumerate is either the product of its owner's toil and skill, or the representative of his father's toil and skill.

How did the makers of these fortunes get along without capital? Had they spent the vigor of their youth in idle and foolish lamentations over their poverty, they would have lived and died poor, and left nothing but an inheritance of honesty behind them. Capital allied to labor and skill can work wonders in the war of material enterprises. But money is not the only indispensable thing to young men. There are other kinds of capital besides accumulated money; brains, muscle, industry, honesty, diligence, truth, fidelity, skill, tact, education—*all these are capital*, and all of them have a commercial value, which the owner will be able, sooner or later, to command in the market. Provided with these, any young man in the country may make more than he needs to spend every year, and thus have something at the end of each year to invest as money capital. If he needs money let him go to work and make it, and thus give proof of his ability to use it profitably and judiciously. If we go into any great city, or into any prosperous agricultural district, we find the capitalists are those who have made their fortunes without any outside aid. They did not waste their time in repining at their poverty, and in silly dreams of what they could do if they had the money to do it with. They went boldly and resolutely to work; they toiled and thought and planned, and kept toiling and thinking and planning, patiently, until at last they grasped the fortunate moment, and succeeded.—*Exchange.*

More Music than Humanity.

All the members of a respectable family were lately arraigned in a Chicago Police Court charged with disorderly conduct, the offense consisting of piano-playing and ordinary parlor amusements on Sunday evenings. The defendants were Israelites, named Mrs. Barbara Rosenheim, her daughter Paulina, a young lady of about eighteen years, and two sons, Simon and Barney. The complainant was Mrs. Mary Carpenter, whose husband is a printer, working as a compositor in the office of the *Times*. The Rosenheims reside in the lower part of No. 136 Third avenue, and the Carpenters occupy the rooms above. The infant child of Mrs. Carpenter has been sick for two months, and is now so low that death may ensue at any moment. The physician testified that the child was suffering from tubercular meningitis and dropsy of the brain, and that it was simply a living skeleton; that it was subject to the most acute and agonizing pains in the head, and that these would be produced by unusual and even ordinary noises.

The mother of the child testified that a week ago last Sunday night her babe was lying in convulsions; that Miss Paulina Rosenheim was playing upon the piano; that she requested her to desist, begging of her to go up-stairs and witness the agony of the little sufferer; that Miss Paulina refused to comply with the request, but kept on playing; that one of the brothers told her (Mrs. C.) "to go up-stairs and tend to her own business;" that the noises continued until between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, and have been since frequently repeated; that at the time complained of, her child was thrown into violent convulsions, and remained in that condition for thirty-six hours. The husband, mother, and servant of Mrs. Carpenter testified substantially to the same facts. The physician stated that the child was already stricken with death, and could not possibly recover. The justice said the case was one of the most extraordinary he had ever been called upon to decide, and that he had never, in the whole course of his life, heard of such an exhibition of inhumanity and want of feeling. The defendants had to be discharged, however, as they had violated no legal enactment.

A Pacific paper says: A fellow in Oregon thought he would be smart, and just have a little fun with a young lady on whom he had waited two or three times. He asked her what she would do if a nice-looking young fellow asked her to marry him. She smiled, oh, so gushingly, and looked good enough to eat, but said nothing. Then he asked her what she would say if he asked her to marry him. She threw her arms around him, and rushed out of the room for her hat and shawl. The poor fellow says he was never married so sudden in his life. Probably that was the nearest she ever came to being asked, and she thought fooling around with sentiment would be dangerous.

A Female Reporter.

Miss Middie Morgan, of the *Times*, has been widely photographed. The following sketch for a Cincinnati paper gives a fair idea of this phenomenon:

It was now some two years since the office of the *Tribune* was assailed, one fine morning, by what appeared very much like a wild Irish girl. She applied to the meek-faced Horace for a position on the staff of the moral *Tribune*. She talked horses to Horace. She amazed him by the scope of her equine knowledge, but 'twas no go. Horace didn't want a horse-editress. She then entered into a discussion with the farm-editor on the subject of carrots and cabbages. Horace admitted that she had a wonderful knowledge of agricultural subjects, but preferred to be his own editor in that department. Failing to gain the position she sought on the *Tribune*, the lady's next visit was to the *Sun*; but Dana proved as obdurate as Greeley, and she had to beat a retreat there. Finally she was caught up by the *Times*, and made agricultural editor of that paper, and here she has remained ever since. Her department includes the reporting of all the races and cattle shows throughout the country, and she is always to be met at these places. It is a curious sight to see, moving about among the sporting men and reporters, the strapping from of Middie Morgan. But she is not out of place, if knowledge of subject can capacitate one for a place. She knows more about horses and their diseases than nine-tenths of the professional horsemen in the country. Middie, although a giantess in form, has a most amiable and pleasing face, and is every inch the real lady. She has the one fault that seems to permeate the entire feminine genius. She will talk, and her conversation is oftentimes voluminous, but then she is always so thoroughly good-natured that one never gets tired of her tattle. She is known and heartily welcomed at every race-course in the country, and her reports of the contests on the turf in nowise fall behind those of her sterner co-laborers in the editorial field.

"Middio" is understood to be the old Irish diminutive for Mary.—*N. Y. World.*

Mysterious Kidnapping Case.

The Petaluma (Cal.) *Crescent* of March 29 contains the following singular account:

On the 15th of this month Will Orr, at that time editor of the *Crescent*, left this city to proceed to Sacramento, where he expected to remain a few days. Since that time he had not been heard of until Tuesday evening, when letters were received from him having the post-mark of Chicago, stating in brief the cause of his prolonged absence. He says he has been made the victim of one of the most diabolical plots that ever entered the head of man. His account is substantially as follows: After remaining in Sacramento for a few days, he took the east-ward bound train to go to a station a few miles beyond Sacramento, to see a friend who resided there. Shortly after leaving the city, he was accosted by two men, who addressed him in the Spanish tongue. He answered in like speech, being familar with that language. After conversing with them for a short time, they invited him to join them in some refreshments. After protesting for some time, he at last consented.

He remembers of taking one drink, after which he recollects nothing more until he awakened from a deep sleep in the Sherman House, in Chicago, with a physician at his bedside, paid by some unknown parties to wait upon him. A week's board was paid for in advance by the same parties. Farther than that he knows nothing. He found his traveling-bag and all his money, except $20, missing. His gold watch and gold-headed cane were left him. He will return to this city as soon as he receives money to enable him to do so. Taken altogether, this is one of the most mysterious affairs that has ever come under our notice. His disappearance and the circumstances attending his departure have caused him to rest under a cloud of suspicion, even with his best friends. The assurance that his absence was unwilling will be gladly received.

A Word to Whining People.

There is a class of people in this world—by no means small—whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor; or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because they have "no luck," and others' prosperity exceed theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are living; they whine because they have aches and pains; and they whine no one can tell why. Now we would like to say a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is no use, this everlasting complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is only meant to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

Out in the Apache country the Indians are said to have become so peaceable that it is hard to tell a redskin from a white man; the only difference being that the white has no scalp and the Apache has two or three.

Where Does the Gold Come From?

This question has never been satisfactorily answered by geologists. They can see as far into a millstone as anybody, but where the great depot or quarry from whence the gold comes that has been rasped off in particles and thrown towards the surface to be rolled in the sand by the action of running water or caught as prisoners in quartz rock while that was either held in solution or in the condition of pulverization, is the problem.

Occasionally such enormous nuggets are found, quite solitary, it seems to indicate they were broken off from a large mass somewhere and driven away in a torrent of gravel whose onward upward force was irresistible till it met with counter currents.

That old theory which supposed the precious metal was existing in combination with others in a gaseous form and occasionally precipitated by electricity into lumps which worked their way like moles from the interior through strata of the earth's compact crust, is now quite obsolete. An impression is gaining advocates that gold does actually exist in great bodies, somewhere, not very far down, from whence fragments and particles are gradually brought up by aquatic agency. This gives a more reasonable explanation of the confusion of gold in small parcels all over the globe.

Found Out.

Apropos to the strictly confidential letters about counterfeit currency, many of which are received now-a-days, the Buffalo *Express* relates the following incident: One day a man entered the Police Superintendent's private office and asked to see Mr. Doyle. The courteous chief motioned him to a chair and asked him to state his case, for the visitor seemed in a greatly perturbed state of mind. "Mr. Doyle," he began; "I have been swindled, and I want you to help me punish the scoundrels." "Explain!" remarked the Superintendent. "See here, (producing a letter), I got one of these things a couple of weeks ago and I sent down twenty dollars." "Well, what did you get in return?" "A paper box of sawdust," exclaimed the visitor, "and that's what I want to see you about. I want to—" "Stop a bit," interrupted Mr. Doyle; "what did you expect to receive for your twenty dollars?" "Why—why just what this states," stammered the man, holding up the letter. "And what did you propose doing with that stuff?" asked the superintendent, each second his glance becoming more piercing, and the color of the man's face deeper in proportion. "I, I, you know—" "Yes, I know. I guess you had better go." The man went.

Cocoanut Oil.

Residents of temperate zones have no realization of the immense importance of cocoanut in countries where the tree abounds. It yields a delicious food, a nutritious drink, a rich oil, and fibres which are manufactured into thread, twine, ropes, and all kinds of useful cordage. Boiling the pulp breaks open the cells. As the oil is liberated it rises to be skimmed off. A few years ago the Dutch government ordered a census of the cocoanut trees in Java and Madeira, which footed up twenty millions, being an average of three to every native inhabitant. Vast quantities of the oil are burned in lamps throughout the whole Indian Archipelago. A tumbler half filled with water has oil poured into the brim. Two lighted sticks are the wicks, which burn brilliantly. Every native glories in a display of lamps in the house and about the grounds at the approach of night. When first taken off of the boiling pot the oil has a rich flavor, but soon becomes rancid. So copious is the supply, however, it can always be had fresh and sweet for the table. Like olive oil in Syria, it is butter, lard or oil, according to circumstances, in cookery. Soap is made with it, lamps supplied, leather dressed, and cosmetics are fabricated for beautifying the homely faces of women.

Important Article of Commerce.

We learn from the Springfield (Mo.) *Patriot* that Messrs. McPherson & Everett, of that city, recently shipped twelve thousand pounds of sumac on the Atlantic and Pacific railroad. The *Patriot* says: "The shipment goes to St. Louis, thence by rail to New York, where it is forwarded by ship along the Atlantic coast to St. Johns, New Brunswick, the whole distance from this city being two thousand miles. This is the first instance of Missouri sumac being sold out of the State, and we trust that it will tend to further the business. It is to be used for tanning purposes, and was sold at fair figures. This firm is the pioneer in this business in the West, and we trust they may be able to continue an extensive trade in this new and important article of commerce to southwest Missouri. The sumac grown in this section is pronounced superior for tanning and coloring purposes to the Virginia sumac, in which so large a trade is done, and it is certain that there is an inexhaustible supply."

The case of Bardell vs. Pickwick has been outdone in real life in England. A blooming young widow, who had been a gentleman's housekeeper, sued his estate after he was dead for damages for an unfulfilled promise of marriage, and got $750.

A gentle school ma'am in Minneapolis flogged a boy an hour and a quarter, using up several ferules and finally resorting to a stick of wood. She settled the case by paying $20 and costs.

POETRY.

THE DEW.

"Weep for me, gentle flowers; let your tears
Plead for me with the light."
So, tremblingly, before she disappears,
Whispers the Night.

"Amid creation, see, I am alone,
Following the fleeting Day;
The gray mysterious spell around me thrown
Repels the gay.

"What pleasure is it that to me belong
The sweetest flower and bird,
If by my ear the sad, beseeching song
Alone be heard?

"He flies forever from my yearning arms,
That glorious, smiling sun;
I bathed in tears, amid my starry charms,
Must follow on."

So, with a breath of sad and hopeless sighs,
Night bids the earth adieu;
And the pure tear-drops in the flower's eyes
We call the dew. —*Harper's Monthly.*

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE DEACON AND HIS WIFE.

What Came of Washing on Sunday.

Deacon Flint had decided to move; had decided to commence moving at precisely 5 o'clock, Monday morning, July 18; and so on that identical Monday morning you might, had you been an early riser, have seen the deacon, divested of his coat and his Sunday dignity, shaking the best room carpet in the back yard.

There is no need of saying what he did next, or what Mrs. Flint was doing then. They went through the tearing-up process very much as other people do; and not being endowed with an over-abundance of this world's goods, the last load of furniture, consisting of the deacon's wife and baby, the twins, and the best room-looking-glass, was on its way to the depot at 5 o'clock, P. M.

"Blessed be nothing!" exclaimed the tired little woman, as the deacon helped her out of the wagon. "If we had been Squire Ransom's folks, Samuel, we shouldn't have been more than a quarter through now, would we? My! how my poor bones would have ached through this time to-morrow night! I'm glad the Lord knows what's best for me," she added, taking the baby from the deacon, and looking around for the twins.

It was but a few hours' ride to C., and just in the coolest dusk of the July twilight they walked up the street to their new home, very tired, and thankful they were not Squire Ransom's folks, but just themselves, if they did have to work late that night putting up the kitchen stove and unpacking dishes and bedding.

Tuesday was a day of many troubles. The babies were tired and fretful; daylight revealed a coating of dirt on doors and windows, the depth of which they knew not before; and the heat was intense. But the deacon possessing untiring energy, and his little wife the sunniest of tempers, they succeeded so well that, by Thursday night, as he came into the kitchen with an armful of wood, where his wife was washing dishes, she commenced singing:

"The deacon thinks his work is almost done,
But I feel as if mine had just begun."

"Did you hear that, Samuel?" she said, laughing, and turning around to look at him.

It was prayer-meeting night, and the deacon went to prayer-meeting for the first time in C., took an active part, and after meeting waited to shake hands with the minister and some of the brethren, answer their inquiries, and present their letters. He had the satisfaction of feeling, on his way home, that he had made a good impression; it pleased him; it would have pleased us; and he told his little wife that night, in his grave way, that he "hoped, coming as he did in the midst of a strange people, there might never be any occasion of remark against him while he remained among them."

"I'm sure, I hope not, Samuel," she said, looking innocently up in his face, and adding, as she nestled up her little brown head on his shoulder, "I don't feel much alarmed about it."

The next day, Friday, the deacon went back to the old home, having some business settlements to make there. "Can't tell certainly when I shall be back; probably not till Monday noon; guess there's enough wood split to last till then. Good-bye," he said, and was gone.

The wee woman went singing back to her half-washed dinner-dishes, and with one foot on the cradle-rocker, she scoured the knives, while she told the story of "Jack and Gill" to the twins. When the last kettle was washed, the kitchen stove and table brushed and scoured to the usual shade of black and white, the baby asleep in her nest of a cradle—"bless her!" she washed the pretty twin faces till they blushed like red peppers, and then settled them in their trundle-bed for a nap.

Dear little woman! she did look so tired as she came out from the bedroom, and stopped to brush a fly from under the mosquito-net over the baby; it would have made your back ache to look at her. But the cheery heart in the weary body asserted itself, and she smiled with the thought of all she would do before the deacon came back.

"I must slick my hair over a little, so if any one should come, I wouldn't spoil the deacon's reputation," she said to herself, going up to a little glass that hung between the kitchen windows. Just then a gem of a sunbeam flashed in at the window, and seemed to tangle itself all up in her wavy brown hair. "Oh, how pretty!" she said, with a blush and a laugh like a child's. "Guess if somebody had been at home I'd had a kiss then!" and off she flew to her work.

How like magic the white curtains went up and the cobwebs came down; how the best room looking-glass shone after its polishing, and the old daguerreotype of "Samuel in his best days" never shone through so clean a surface as it did that day. So the time flew, bringing the deacon's return nearer.

One morning she awakened early, entirely free from a wretched headache she had the day before. "I want it all done; the kitchen cleaned up and my dress changed before Samuel comes at noon." Quietly dressing, so as not to awaken the children, she slipped out into the kitchen, built a fire and commenced operations. How she did work! every step told of something done, and at half past 10, despite all her hindrances from baby, who was cross, she was hanging out the clothes, so snowy white they dazzled her eyes as the sun shone on them. One end of the clothes-line ran nearly out to the front fence through the side yard, and the whitest, nicest clothes were hung there, of course. "How many people are passing!" she thought to herself, "and how they all stare at me; guess it must be the clothes though, instead of me," and she tenderly pinned the rear of one of the deacon's shirts to the line. Hark! was that the front gate? Before she had time to turn around, the deacon's energetic strides had brought him close to her; but what was the matter?

"Martha—Pendleton—Flint!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing? Come straight into the house!"

With a look that defies description, the little body straightened itself up as high as it would go, as she said: "Not until you speak to me different from that, Samuel, and tell me why," her lip quivering.

"Don't you see the people all going to meeting, and you a hanging out shirts? It's Sunday morning!"

Such a laugh as rang out then on the Sunday air, I'm sure the good people never heard before.

"Oh, Samuel," she said, holding her sides, "it's so funny! no wonder the folks stared at me and my clothes. Oh, oh, oh!" and she sank down on the grass in a convulsion of laughter.

The poor deacon was scandalized.

"Martha!" he said, in such a sadly anxious tone she only laughed the more, and it was not until she looked up in his face that she realized how he was touched; then she stood up soberly and walked into the house. The door closed behind them, and she went up to him with a little caress, and said:

"Samuel, kiss and forgive me, and I'll go to work and ravel it out. I truly will," and she laughed again with the thought of what she had been guilty of, till the deacon kissed her, and laughed too, in spite of himself. Then he walked to the window and looked out.

"You're not going to let them clothes hang out there all day, are you, Martha Flint?"

"Of course I am; you don't suppose, now I've got them out, God's going to grudge me the sunshine to dry them with, because it's Sunday, do you? Why, it would be wicked to bring them in before sundown. But, see here, Mr. Deacon, it's about time I called you to account, I think. How came you to be travelling to-day? Guess there's a little Sunday-breaking on both sides, isn't there?"

The deacon turned slowly around, and sat down. Then perching herself on his knee, she took his honest brown face in her hands, and said:

"Be a good boy, now, and tell me all the truth. Remember George Washington, dear."

The deacon smiled, just a trace of trouble in his smile, and taking the hands that held him captive in his own, said:

"Well, little woman, I had everything up last night, ready to start for home on the 5 o'clock train. Somehow I must have been uncommon tired, or else it was the heat, leastwise I dropped asleep in the depot, and missed the train. Then I thought I'd take the 9 o'clock train, and get home at midnight, so you wouldn't be lonesome Sunday, but we broke down, and just got here half an hour ago. Then to think, after walking through town from the cars, and folks a-looking at me on their way to church."

"To think, Samuel," she broke in, "after that dreadful trial, you should walk in at your front gate and find your wife hanging out clothes in your front yard, and you a deacon of good standing in the church! Dear! dear! what do you suppose the Lord will do to me for thinking it was washing day? I don't think," she said, "he'll be very hard with me, because yesterday was my Sunday, though I had such a sick headache, it seems I didn't know much about the day. I'll tell you what, Samuel, I'll stay at home with the babies to-night, and you can go to meeting, and then piece out your Sunday to-morrow; won't that do?"

But the deacon couldn't get over it; his heart was heavy; and while his wife was busy in the kitchen he put on his hat, and with his hands clasped reverently behind him (his Sunday way) slowly and solemnly he walked out to the clothes-lines. Most of the clothes were dry, for the sun was very hot, and one by one he dropped the snowy things into the basket, unconsciously humming to himself, "Have pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive."

Mrs. Flint was washing dishes, and nearly dropped her best glass dish, when the deacon walked in with the clean clothes. "I could not stand it, Martha," he said in explanation.

"Guess I must sprinkle and iron them, to-day, Samuel—would you?" she said archly.

The deacon merely ejaculated a disapproving "My dear!" and went into the other room to read his Sunday paper.

By and by the people began to come from church. What a sudden, surprised interest they seemed to have taken in his household premises; they gazed, and stared, and looked back, and gazed, again; but the deacon was a humble man; it did not flatter him; he read his paper and sighed; opened his Bible to read, and sighed again, and then fell to thinking. A little while after two arms stole softly around his neck, and a sweet voice said:

"Forget all about it, dear, and I'll—"

A knock at the door interrupted, and she went to open it.

She had brushed her brown, wavy hair, and dressed in a cool, white muslin dress, with far-between dottings of pink, and looked not a bit like the guilty little washerwoman she was. She opened the door, and Deacon Frost and Elder Cummins introduced themselves, and walked in with stately bows. Deacon Flint rose from his open Bible, and more introductions followed, whereupon Elder Cummins cleared his throat, and, in a piping voice, said:

"You must excuse, Deacon Flint, our coming on such a day, but we thought it best that some explanations should be made before our people again gather for evening service!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, I guess, Elder Cummins—you want to know why I kept yesterday for Sunday, instead of to-day, don't you? Well, the fact was, the deacon was away, and I made a discount of the days somehow, and I was so busy settling, and so yesterday was my Sunday, though I was in bed all day with a sick headache, and so didn't find out my mistake at all. Then, wasn't it funny? I got up at five this morning, and went to washing, thinking it was Monday, and I'd got all through before the deacon came home; I declare I've laughed so about it that I fairly ache." And the little feminine offender laughed again, and so contagiously that the three laughed with her.

"I've been so good, though, elder, the rest of the day, I'm sure the Lord has forgiven me for it." And she smiled so sweetly that both were completely won.

When they rose to go, Deacon Frost said to Deacon Flint:

"It is our missionary meeting to-night, brother, and a little explanation from you there will settle the matter right, I guess."

Up spoke the feminine again.

"Oh, yes, Deacon Frost, Samuel was intending to explain, to-night. I only wish that I could be there; but I can't leave the babies."

"If you have no objections, Mrs. Flint," replied the deacon, "my Susie will come and stay with them, and let you go; she will be so delighted."

"Oh, thank you, that would be so nice; you are very kind." And she bowed them out of the door.

"Ain't you glad you married me, Samuel, instead of Abigail Howe?" said the small woman, smiling up to him.

No matter what the deacon said or did.

As she was setting the tea-table, that night, she broke into another merry laugh.

"What's the matter now, dear?" said the deacon.

"O, Samuel, I was thinking how you must have looked, coming up the street with your Sunday walk, hands clasped solemnly behind you, till you got to the gate and saw me hanging up your shirt in the front yard, then how suddenly you broke into your week-day stride!" Ha! ha! and they laughed together till the tears came.

Supper over, dishes washed, baby asleep, Susie telling stories to the twins, the deacon and his wife started for church. "Don't be too humble, Samuel," she whispered at the door; "work in a little spice, if you can, and I'll tread on your corns when it's time to stop."

The meeting was opened as usual; then Brother Dean was called upon for a report from India.

A little wiry, black-eyed man rose and said: "Brethren, it's not much use reporting from heathen countries, when right in our midst deacons travel on Sunday, and deacons' wives wash and hang out clothes before our very eyes as we walk to the house of God! I call for an explanation."

Deacon Flint tried to rise, but somebody pulled him down, and the next minute the whole congregation was electrified by the sound of a sweet, womanly voice, saying: "Now, O Lord, stablish thy word unto thy servant, so shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me, for I trust in thy word." Then turning to him, she said: "My brother, you shall have an explanation;" and in a simple, almost child-like way, she told the story of her mistake, and the deacon's delay, then added: "My brother, judge nothing before the time until the Lord come.' For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and every one shall give an account of himself to God; let us not, therefore, judge one another any more!' Your sleep, my brother, will be sweet to-night, if your heart is at peace with God, as mine is: for 'I am persuaded that neither life nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor another creature shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'"

The next morning Rev. Henry Brown and his wife called very unceremoniously on the new deacon. "We knew it wouldn't be washing-day here," laughed Mrs. Brown, "so we came here early. I could hardly wait to get here to talk over that funny affair. Henry said after you sat down, last night, he felt like inviting you into the pulpit."

"Why, bless me!" said the astonished little body, blushing like a girl, "I felt so ashamed of myself after I got under the deacon's coat! 'Twas the first time I ever spoke in my life."

"I hope it won't be the last, Mrs. Flint, if you always speak as much to the purpose as you did last night!" said the minister, coming forward.

"Yes," broke in his wife, "Henry said he'd advocate women's speaking in meeting after this."

"It was capital," said Mr. Brown, recrossing the room to where the deacon stood. "That's what Joe Dean has needed for a long time—a good reproof, but no one had the courage to give it to him. Your little wife has done just what the whole parish will thank her for."

"Everybody I've seen since is just enraptured with you," said his wife to the laughing heroine, who had been rehearsing all the funny passages to her. "You have made yourself famous; look out for plenty of calls this week!"

"Oh, well," she said, tossing the baby, "the washing is done, and I shall have plenty of time!"

Mrs. Brown laughed, and said: "I think I will send you word next Saturday night that the next day will be Sunday, and you had better not wash till Monday."

"Mrs. Flint," said the minister, "I think you are fully competent to manage your own affairs, without any of my wife's interference." And so, laughing merrily, they started.

"Samuel," said his bonnie wife, as she reached the door, "don't you think I've introduced you pretty well? Will you ever call me Martha—Pendleton—Flint again when I am hanging up your shirt in the front yard?"

Somebody was chased out in the kitchen just then, and laughed so loud it wakened the baby.

Early California Society.

One of the principal features of early times was the absolute freedom of social intercourse between man and man, and the absence of those distinctions in society which cause men to jostle each other in ascending the rounds of its ladder of crystallized forms, time-honored conventionalities, affluence and fashion. Pedigree could not be proven, even if it were princely—for, where all were strangers to each other, antecedents necessarily began and ended with the assumption of the claimant—and it was considered worthless, unless the presence of manhood sustained the claim to distinction. Even in that event, pride forbade the proffer of credential. Thus it became necessary to admit all to the privileges of the best of men until they proved themselves undeserving; and then the reversed order of ascent was more quickly taken than belongs to the custom of refined society in old communities. Whatever the organization of society in its present order and general make-up may add in the way of stimulus to the progress of mankind, it must be acknowledged that it is the prolific mother of more than half the wretchedness and disastrous failures of its individual members. Nothing but barbarism as an alternative would justify society as now constituted, with wealth and fashion as the main elements of success in life. A constant agonizing effort to be as miserable as you can seems to be the warp of our social economy.

It was different in the early days. The relief which men found here from the rigid forms of society—the absence of the graduated scale of social influence—was extremely favorable to the culture of the philosophic mood which renders one contented with himself and all the world. Relieved from the spirit of social intoxication, one could soberly smile at the petty annoyances which fret the ambition of the aspiring, from the cradle to the grave. None of these disturbed the Forty-niner; and if his food was not at war with digestion, he rested at night as peacefully as the new-born babe—albeit, if a miner, his bed may have been upon a snow-bank thirty feet deep, or intrenched in a mud-puddle that threatened inundation, with an umbrageous oak or towering pine as shelter from the storm overhead. All his hardships were of a physical nature; mentally, he was placid; and the situation was so novel and interesting that he marveled that so many of the ills of life resulted from the very organization specially created to prevent them—refined society.—*Overland Monthly for May.*

About Dogs.—A ranchman in Colorado has a sagacious dog which the owner firmly believes can count. He has seven yoke, or fourteen working oxen, and when not in use these are turned loose with a large herd of cattle. Whenever they are required he speaks to his dog the same as he would to a boy, and tells him to go and drive in his oxen. The dog immediately starts off and does the job as well as anybody. On one occasion during the last season when the dog had the cattle nearly in, he was noticed to suddenly leave them and run back to the herd as fast as he could go, which was three-quarters of a mile away. This excited some surprise, but it was soon discovered he had driven in but thirteen, and had gone back to correct his carelessness by bringing in the fourteenth.

An instance of rare honesty, and showing how a dog may desire to pay his board bill, recently occurred in Fitchburg, Mass. A lady saw a dog frequently about her house picking up odd bits which had been thrown out, and one day she called him in and fed him. The next day he came back, and as she opened the door he walked in and laid an egg on the floor, when he was again fed. The following day he brought his egg to pay for his dinner, and on the fourth day, he brought the old hen herself, who it seems had failed to furnish the required egg!

Facts and Figures.

An Indiana man has instituted proceedings to restrain his wife from putting up a tombstone over the grave of her first husband.

An irate colored female on a Tennessee train, failing to find the expected prize in some "prize" candy boxes sold her, pitched into the newsboy and gave him a sound thrashing.

The Hartford *Post* says two-thirds of the people of Poquonoc pass Sunday in fishing for muskrats with shot guns, and that is the way the other third know when Sunday comes.

In Burlington, Vt., a young girl has just been sentenced to jail for six months for appearing on the street in male attire. It was no doubt a very improper thing for the girl to do, but the sentence of the court seems to us to be infinitely worse. If it were more than giddy foolishness which led the girl to make such an exhibition of herself, influences might be used to correct her behavior, but sending her to jail will probably ruin her reputation and character for life.

On the island of Borneo has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra del Fuego, and in South America. They walked unusually, almost erect on two legs, and in that attitude measure about four feet in height. They are dark, wrinkled, and hairy. They construct no habitations, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves and trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants, eggs, and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labor, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When they are captured alive, one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captors, and females show instincts of modesty; and, in fine, these wretched beings are men.

The New York *Sun* says: An illustration of Yankee pluck has just reached this city through private letters from the South African diamond fields. A party who left this port for the mines about a year ago, on their arrival at Cape Town had not money enough to procure transportation to the diamond district. They at once set out on foot, and after a weary walk of 750 miles through a most exhausting country, arrived safely at the nestling place of the much-coveted brilliants. The latest advices, up to the latter end of March, say that most of them had been successful. We are informed that the last packet from South Africa to Southampton brought diamonds valued at £160,000. There are now about one hundred thousand persons at the mines, including very few Americans. The most popular place at present is far inland, where the Vaal river and its tributaries flow down from the Quathlamba mountains through the highlands to join the Orange river, in the Orange River Free State.

The Japanese are engaged in reforming their currency, so that it will closely resemble in size, shape, and value the coins of the United States. The gold coins heretofore used in Japan are called nibos. They are flat pieces of gold, about an inch long and half an inch wide, containing twenty per cent of silver, and are valued at fifty-three cents. When it was determined to change the currency system, it was found that with the limited refining works of Japan it would take four or five years to accomplish that object. The Japanese have a mint at Hiogo, and can turn out the coins as fast as required; but the difficulty was in refining the metal. Therefore the Japanese Government made an arrangement with the Bank of California and the San Francisco Refining and Assaying Works by which nibos to the amount of $20,000,000 are to be sent to San Francisco and refined. The proceeds will be returned to the Japanese Government in the form of gold bars of about 900 fineness, all alloyed and ready to be converted into coin, while the silver extracted will be sent back in fine silver bars, also ready for coinage. The first shipment of this coin from Japan, amounting to $2,000,000, has been received in San Francisco.

While narrow-gauge railroads are being projected in all directions, a Mr. Burrus, of Wisconsin, comes before the public with a scheme for a railroad from the Atlantic to the West, to be built with a gauge of thirty feet. The road is to run from the East by the most direct line to Lake Erie. When it reaches the lake the road is to be built out into the water about twenty-five feet below the surface for some distance, and there end. It is to be operated with a machine which is even more wonderful than the road, and which will navigate the water as well as traverse the land. When this amphibious locomotive arrives at the jumping-off place at Lake Erie, it is to slide gracefully into the water, and by a slight transposition of its machinery become a steamboat. When it has arrived at Monroe it resumes its character of locomotive, and rolls off on another broad-gauge road to Lake Michigan, whence it is to take water for Chicago. The machine is to be sufficiently large to carry a vessel of five hundred tons, so that all necessity for ship canals will be done away with. The inventor expects to attain a speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour on land, and twenty-five miles in water. Probably no one will doubt that a great reduction in the price of freights may be expected when Mr. Burrus gets his broad-gauge road and amphibious locomotive in successful operation.

THE ITEM.

THE ITEM PRINTING CO.

HAMMONTON, ATLANTIC Co., N. J.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

End of the French Arms Fuss.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the French arms fiasco has at last come to an end—the committee of investigation have made their report, and found—*nothing*. The Com. commenced their investigations on the 8th of March, and held thirty-one meetings. The charge proves to be one of the weakest of the weak tricks which certain anti-administration Congressmen have hatched up for purely political effect—not for love of country, as they would have their constituents believe. In regard to the sales of ordinance stores by the Government of the United States during the fiscal year ending June 20, 1871, the amount, kind, and description sold, the purchasers thereof, the dates of delivery, the price for which sold, the amount received, and the date of the authority of sale, are fully shown by the exhibit, by which it appears that the net balance received was $9,409,307.66, all of which has been paid into the Treasury.

The Committee, after a thorough and impartial investigation, are satisfied that the sales were made according to law, and for the best interests of the government; that there was no preference given to any purchaser; that the sales were not made under such circumstance as to violate the obligations of the United States as a neutral power pending the war between France and Germany; that they find nothing in the conduct of the Sec'y of War or his subordinates deserving censure, as they, no doubt, proceeded in the full belief that they were acting in strict conformity with the law. The Committee find, further, that there were no violations of neutrality laws, putting the following points:

1. The Remington stores were not, in fact, agents of France during the time when sales were made to them.

2. If they were such agents such fact was neither known nor suspected by our Government at the time the sales were made.

3. If they had been such agents, and if that fact had been known to our Government, or if instead of sending agents, Louis Napoleon or Frederick William had personally appeared at the War Department to purchase arms, it would have been lawful for us to sell to either of them, in pursuance of a national policy adopted by the United States prior to the commencement of hostilities.

Concerning the moving cause of this investigation the committee sum up as follows:

This investigation was moved first, upon a statement that a certain resolution had been adopted in France; second, upon misapprehension as to the style of accounts between two executive departments of our government; and thirdly, on a totally unfounded supposition as to the conduct of the War Department in making the sales. It is now ascertained that such supposed resolution was never passed; that the other two grounds had no existence in fact, as might easily have been discovered by the Senator who moved an supported this resolution of inquiry. In yet other words, this resolution was based upon one falsehood, one misapprehension and one unfounded suspicion, and would unhesitatingly have moved a little bolder Senators initiated the wisdom and prudence which marked the course of Senator Patterson.

On Tuesday morning the N. Y. *Tribune* contained the following:

A CARD.

THE TRIBUNE has ceased to be a party organ, but the unexpected nomination of its Editor at Cincinnati seems to involve it in a new embarrassment. All must be aware that the position of a journalist who is at the same time a candidate is at best irksome and difficult—that he is forbidden to act and restrained in criticism by the knowledge that whatever he may say or do is eagerly scanned by thousands eager to find in it what may be interpreted as to annoy or perplex those who are supporting him as a candidate, and to whom his stanchest condition will not permit him to be serviceable. The undersigned, therefore, withdraws absolutely from the conduct of THE TRIBUNE, and will henceforth, until further notice, exercise no control or supervision over its columns.

HORACE GREELEY.

May 15, 1872.

This is another thin trick of the Chappaqua farmer, which the most innocent reader of the *Tribune* cannot fail to see through [illegible] usual, notwithstanding it has "ceased to be a party organ." He will keep behind the scenes and pull the wires, while Whitney [illegible] and the other subordinates dance the Greeley jig and blow the Greeley horn.

The "Liberals" aver that they love soldiers and sailors, and so they have nominated Horace Greeley for President, in order to show that love, we presume. "Men and brethren," says the jolly old tar, taking a reef in his pantaloons, "we must put our hands to the plough; there is breakers ahead and we must not turn back,"—which reminds us of Sir Boyle Roche's speech in Parliament, who said, "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; let us nip him in the bud."

The Washington Treaty.

On Tuesday, the President submitted to the U. S. Senate a message, with accompanying correspondence, relative to an amendment to the above named treaty. The gist of the amendment is that hereafter when either "Great Britain or the United States are at war, the other Power being neutral, the neutral shall only be liable for the direct damages inflicted upon the belligerent by any privateer escaping from its waters," and that "in consideration thereof the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, consents that he will make no claim on the part of the United States in respect of indirect losses as aforesaid before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva." Now, this is what looks to us as a complete backdown which no American who has an atom of pride as large as a grain of mustard seed, for his country, should submit to, graciously. The treaty was made at the *solicitation of England*, and is not of very great value to us Americans excepting a few brokers who have bought up old Alabama claims at 10 cents on the dollar. This "misunderstanding" of Gladstone and Granville is a miserable, shabby farce—the pretext of men who have not the backbone to stand up before the English people and do the United States justice. But shall we withdraw the "indirect claims" simply because England is playing the bully? Bismarck, the German Premier has declared his conviction that "the Americans were justified in their positive refusal to obey the haughty command of England to abandon their case as submitted to the Geneva Tribunal." We cannot believe that Pres. Grant is so weak as to desire what he expresses in his message. He is evidently influenced strongly by Sec'y Fish, who, if his doings of the past four months are any criterion, ought to let diplomacy alone and turn his attention to other pursuits. We have faith to believe that the Senate will not entertain the supplemental treaty seriously for one moment. It is as much of a disgrace as directly withdrawing our case, and in the end amounts to the same thing. If England can afford to let the treaty drop, we can. England has everything to gain, we nothing.

Mr. Greeley keeps himself most at Chappaqua farm now. He has commenced to be overwhelmed with office-seekers. They were after him all Saturday and Sunday, and were grievously disappointed to find him gone. The gentleman evidently appreciates the load he has to carry, and is going to make it as light as possible.

The Pennsylvania Labor Reformers, in Convention on the 6th, adopted the Columbus platform and made several additions thereto. Wm. P. Schell was Nominated for Governor, Senator Billinghelt for Auditor General, and the Hon. James Thompson for Associate Judge. The Philadelphia *Press* commends the nominations, and thinks there is a fair show of their success.

We learn that Mr. John F. Babcock, the efficient and indefatigable Secretary of the State Editorial Association, will leave this week for Niagara and Montreal, with a view of selecting a route for the Summer excursion of the Association. He will be absent about ten days, and will, no doubt, succeed in arranging a trip which will in every way be satisfactory to the members of the Association.—*Ex.*

To which all the rich editors will say "Bully" and the poor ones, (like us) "Bah."

It transpires that the *Tribune* dispatch relative to certain Congressmen who signed and those who refused to sign a document in favor of the renomination of Gen. Grant was bogus—just as we expected. Mr. Ramsdell, the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, declares upon his honor that no such telegram was ever forwarded to New York, and frankly admits that the thing was "cooked up" in the *Tribune* office. And this is what the [illegible]

A [illegible] Democratic exchange [illegible] Wisconsin manifested a willingness in advance to insure Cincinnati, but since the event he expresses himself thus; "When they ask us, who have voted the Democratic ticket and advocated free trade for nearly forty years, to swallow Horace Greeley, the father of protection, for a standard bearer, who has advocated all sides of all questions (except the tariff) that have come before the American people for the last thirty years, we beg leave most respectfully to flounce, and will not wait till 'next week' to say so."

Sowel says that "neither New Jersey nor West Jersey need be ashamed of him." This is a proposition which admits of very serious doubt.

Witticisms of the Campaign.

For the "Liberal" banners: Horace Greeley and protection! Gratz Brown and free trade! You pays your money and you takes your choice.

The Democratic question of the hour—What are we going to do about it?

The New York *Evening Post* was one of the staunchest advocates of the Cincinnati Convention.—And now it is Greeley's bitterest opponent. Verily, there is something in a nomination after all.

The *Tribune* stated recently that it was no longer a political organ. In which case it will not, of course, support Greeley for President.

But a single newspaper we have yet seen has flung to the breeze a banner with this strange device: "For President, Horace Greeley."

The first act of Mr. Greeley, after becoming President, will be to forge all the swords into ploughshares, and husbandmen will be instructed to plough six inches deeper.

In his speech to the Cincinnati Convention, after the nomination of Mr. Greeley, Carl Schurz said he was in "ill health," and if he recovered in time he might take part in the campaign. We don't believe he will.

One of the hardest hits at the result of the Cincinnati Convention is the statement of the Chicago *Post*, that "to dose the Democracy with abolitionism, the revenue reformers with protection, and the Germans with temperance, and then ask them to embrace the physician, is a comical picture."

The Trenton *Emporium* thinks Grant will be re-nominated by the Philadelphia Convention, but that if the opposition to him is centered, "success will again perch upon the sound bird of Democracy." "SOUND BRAD" is good—very good, but the trouble is the bird is all sound.

If anybody is oppressed with the belief that Horace Greeley is an honest politician, says the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, let him make a note of this significant fact, namely, that in every interview with the great philosopher yet reported, he has managed to state his unalterable determination "not to withdraw unless the Democracy put a straight ticket in the field," or, in other words, he notifies them that he is ready for a trade, and, if they don't endorse him he will retire, and in that way contribute to election of Grant. Having thus obtained a correct understanding of Mr. Greeley's position, let the seeker after knowledge read the following opinion of Democracy from the candidate who is now seeking its support:

Point wherever you please to an election district which you will pronounce morally rotten—give up in great part to debauchery and vice—and that district will be found at nearly or quite every election giving a large majority for that which styles itself the Democratic party. * * * Taken in the hamlets of debauchery in the land, and you will find nine-tenths of their muster-points, native participants of that some Democracy. * * * May it be written on my grave, that I never sank a deeper, and lived and died in nothing its debtor.

HARPERS.—The irrepressible Nast does not seem to scare much at the awful Sage of Chappaqua. His cartoons this week strike home with telling effect. The first is "Adding Insult to Injury, or Anything to Make our Republic look Ridiculous." Carl Schurz, just returned from the Cincinnati Convention is presenting Columbia with a fool's bauble, having for its top the head of H. G. rigged out with caps and bells. Carl holds his hand over his mouth to suppress his laughter, while Miss Columbia turns away with disgust. In the background are Jeff. Davis with his bailbond, Tweed swinging his hat, Tipton and other "Liberals." The next cartoon is from Wm. Tell, Gesler (Greeley) has hoisted his coat and hat on a pole, and the Tammany Ring and other "Liberals" are groveling as low as possible, while Tell (Grant) scornfully refuses [illegible] H. G. The *Tribune* office in the [illegible] flies the Irish flag at the top of the pole, then the British, and on side poles the Confederate flag, the rebel "Bonnie Dee," and the American flag, Union down, with "Let the South go in peace—Down with Lincoln." On the last page is shown Horace frantically shaking a trombone (*Tribune*) and bawling out, "Whoever calls this an organ is a liar, a villian and a scoundrel." The non-political illustrations are many in number and very excellent in execution.

One delegate to the Republican State Colored Convention said Mr. Greeley had done something for them, but he is like the cow that gave a good deal of milk and then kicked over the pail that held it. Another expressed the opinion that the Liberal Republicans are just liberal enough to give their faction away to the Democrats.

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.

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.

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. 12, 1871. 9 tf

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

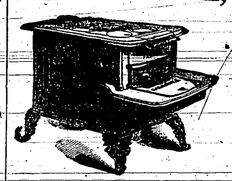
Done to order and warranted to give satisfaction.

SHOP ON EGG HARBOR AVENUE,

(adjoining Blacksmith Shop,)

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY.

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.

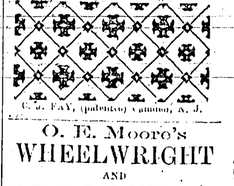
FOR SALE or RENT.

A Small Truck and Fruit Farm,

under good cultivation, containing 10 acres, situated 1½ miles from Absecon station. Buildings new, tools, hotbed sash, &c., to go with the place all in good order. Address A. M. BAILEY, Atlantic City or inquire of G. FARAER, Hammonton. 7-10

BUILDING FELT (no tar,)

for out-side work and tinsle instead of plaster. Eave Gutters, Felt Carpeting, Mats, &c.



C. G. FAY, (patentee) Camden, N. J.

O. E. Moore's

WHEELWRIGHT

AND

JOBBING SHOP,

IN THE

"Bee-Hive,"

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

☞ Prices reduced to PICTURE FRAMES.

BUILDING LOTS

For sale cheap. A number of desirable building lots [illegible] in town, with or without fruit [illegible]

H. A. TREMPER

Hammonton, N. J.

25-tf

THE ITEM.

☞ Mr. R. J. WOOLEY 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.

SATURDAY MAY 18, 1872.

LOCAL MISCELLANY.

☞ Mr. J. M. Peebles, from Boston, is in town, on a visit to his family.

☞ Fay's Soda Fountain is running, cold and sparkling as an iceberg. Try it.

☞ Everything now is Dolly Varden, even to Dolly Varden bugs, kisses and babies.

☞ The editor of the *American Spiritualist* lectured at Union Hall on Thursday evening.

☞ Don't forget that Packer's Bakery is in full bloom. You can get anything you want, if your not unreasonable.

☞ Edward North M. D., has been appointed Com. of Deeds for the State of Virginia, in N. J.

☞ Clark has graded the pavement in front of his block, which is an improvement. Wish somebody would do so to us.

☞ Mrs. Tremper has sent off 1200 hats as the result of two weeks' work. Very good for the 3d and 4th weeks at the business.

☞ The "Bee-Hive" crew is turning out some gay equippages for Atlantic City. Wonder how they manage to ride in a Yankee "fix up?"

☞ The card of Mr. J. S. Thayer will be found in this issue. He has the reputation of a good workman and those of our readers wishing anything done in his line will do well to give him a trial.

$1.00 REWARD!

LOST, on the evening of Friday, 10th inst., at the Hall or on the way home by MISS MINA E. GREGORY, part of a

GARNET SLEEVE BUTTON.

The finder will please return to W. SAMSON, or the Editor of the ITEM, and receive the above reward.

☞ A street-sprinkler is being built for the convenience of the denizens about the station. The coming summer will probably be a very dry one which will render the daily use of "the machine" a necessity.

☞ The school-trustees invite proposals for finishing the second story of the High School building and painting the outside of the whole building. Also, for painting, inside and out, of three of the smaller school buildings. Specifications, etc., will be furnished by Geo. F. Saxton.

☞ At a meeting to elect delegates to the Egg Harbor Convention, to-day, held at Mechanics' Hall on Wednesday evening, the following gentlemen were elected: G. F. Miller, Geo. Elvins, J. S. Cordery, E. D. Redmon, W. Samson, C. Valentine, H. Loring, P. S. Tilton, John Scullin.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you or some of your readers please answer through the ITEM the following questions? They are plain and simple, yet some are muddled with them:

An ignoramus engages to teach a school, but, knowing or learning his incapacity, hires an individual to do it for him. Are the Trustees under any legal or moral obligation to pay the person so hired?

Can New Jersey (or any other state in the Union) divide herself into two states and create the necessary officers? Of course permit them to plunder the public treasury.

A gentleman applies a man to do the work. Who pays him? —B.

☞ The Bal Masque at Union Hall on Friday evening, last week, was very successful, a much larger number of masqueraders and spectators being present than was expected. The music, by Prof. Quinn, assisted by Prof. Barrett of the Vineland Band, was the best ever given to Hammonton dancers. The programme passed off to the satisfaction of all and the managers were delighted with the amount of cash taken in. Owing to the warmth the dancers unmasked at ten o'clock, when there was the customary amount of fun. The following is a partial list of the masqueraders with the character personated.

Nellie Morrill, Page; Mrs. O'Patrick, Page; Irene Woolley, Goddess of Liberty; Georgie Morrill, Indian Princess; Anna Pevarey, Water Girl; Emma Pevarey, Columbia; Melissa Hall, Flower Girl; Dolly Hill, Flower Girl; Eloise O. Randall, Rag Doll; Olive Stewart, Girl of the Period; A. C. Brown, Old Woman in the Shoe; [illegible] Randall, Tambourine Girl; Mary E. Sager, [illegible]; Carrie Wyatt, M. Robins as Fanny Wyatt; Lillie Cook and N. Morse, Nuns; Maggie and Linda Samson, Pink and Blue Dominoes; Ella Percival, Black Domino; Nellie Stevens, Morning Star; Bertie Hall, Ebony Girl.—Joseph Evans, Last Rose of Summer; Frank Mead, [illegible]; Young Man from the Country; A. H. Davis, Fat Boy; Frank Wilson, A Jed Man; J. S. Cordery, Horace Greeley; Fr. A. Andrews, Gentleman Darkey; R. Crowell, Hen I Was to Set at Continental Hotel; A. W. Potter, Great-grandmother of Gen. George Washington; Wm. Colwell, Mr. Micawber; Jas. Nesbitt, Richard III; Jul. C. Shannon, Indian Chief; Geo. F. Hall, Heathen Chinee; Geo. Davis, Hermit; H. Shourds, Cadet; A. Clark, Jim Fennel, double face; M. Packard, Sadie; W. Rogers and Wm. Holmes, Nondescripts; [illegible] M. Hall, Fortune-teller; Albert Andrews, Water Witch; Wm. Scandrett, Gnome.

☞ Thermometer has stood at 55° in the shade several days.

☞ J. H. Wilson has been appointed Town Clerk of Mullica Township, vice McConaugh, resigned. Another net for the Reformers to crack.

☞ The Directors went down to view the May's Landing railroad yesterday. It will be opened for travel next week or week after.

☞ The May's Landing people feel safe about the County buildings now. The Freeholders voted $200 last week to build a county stable.

☞ We acknowledge the receipt of an "invite" to the Annual Dinner of the Millville Insurance Co. As they treated us well last year we shall endeavor to meet them again.

☞ Joseph Bartlett Esq. (formerly "Boots") has been running as conductor this week on the trains of the C. & A. R. R. preparatory to taking charge of the trains on the May's Landing road.

☞ The May's Landing Railroad is completed. Throw up your hats, you hows, but don't whisper a word about moving the County buildings. It won't do.

☞ Jones appeared in town yesterday with his Picture Gallery and anchored between our office and the croquet ground, which shows good sense in selecting his company. As we don't know how long Mr. Jones will tarry with us we advise those who wish pictures to call at once.

☞ Rev. N. McConaughy has left Elwood to take charge of the Presb. Church at Somerville, Somerset Co. in the upper part of this State. The Church at Elwood is now without a pastor.

☞ The time of the afternoon mail train was changed on Thursday. It leaves 40 minutes later. The other train runs on old time. See corrected time-table on eighth page.

☞ Farmers throughout the State complain that they have never known the ground so dry as at present and unless a heavy rain falls soon the crops will be seriously injured. In those parts of the State where fires have prevailed during the past two months, the trees are like tinder and the parched condition of underbrush and stubble renders them susceptible to fire from the slightest cause.

☞ A meeting of the Board of Examiners for Atlantic County will be held in the school-house at Egg Harbor City, on Saturday, the 25th inst., for the examination of candidates for teachers' certificates. The Teachers' Association is requested to meet at the same time and place. All should be present on the arrival of the A. M. train from Camden.

C. WRIGHT, Co. Supt.

☞ The ties for the Williamstown Railroad Company, have nearly all been delivered along the route, and the iron will be received next week. A splendid locomotive is nearly completed at the Baldwin works, and a number of freight cars are being built at the Middletown car works. The trucks of the two handsome passenger cars for this railroad which have for some time been at the Camden and Atlantic depot have been found to be half an inch too narrow, and are to be altered immediately.

Atlantic City.

We take the following from the *West Jersey Press*, which will be of interest to many of our readers:

The excursion annually given by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company to the Directors of the National State Bank, to Atlantic City, was much more numerously attended on Thursday than ever before. Invitations were extended to the Board and officers of the First National Bank of Camden and to the officers of the Philadelphia banks, as well as to the prominent bankers in that city. The guests consisted in all of about two hundred and fifty persons. A special train having the party aboard left Cooper's Point a few minutes after eight o'clock, and, after a halt at Haddonfield for President Gill and other gentlemen, at Winslow for the Hon. A. K. Hay, the train proceeded without incident and reached Atlantic City at 10½. The land quarters of the excursion were at Schaudler's Hotel, where the hospitalities of the city were tendered by Mayor Gardner. Hire were carriages in waiting to convey the guests around the city, free of expense, and we were thus enabled to take in at a glance the scope and character of the improvements now in progress, most of which have been entered upon since the close of last season. Tenns were to be seen on almost every avenue landed with gravel, for the beautiful drives now being brought to the highest state of road perfection. Dilapidated and antiquated houses, which have until now occupied desirable cottage sites, have been removed intact, by the "crab process" to positions less conspicuous, while large and handsome [illegible] of the newest ideas of architectural symmetry and taste have taken their place. They are larger, more elaborate in ornamentation, and, in a word, more [illegible]. Among these deserving of special mention are James B. Dayton's, William Collin's, Louis Gutekunst's, C. Dalzell's, Hamilton Disston's and others. Several new boarding houses have also been erected; the hotels have been enlarged, and, in short, there is everywhere to be seen improvements of a character calculated to enhance the comforts of sojourners at this thrifty and desirable sea side retreat.

The benefit of an excursion composed of a body of men representing, as it was said, more than two hundred and one of dollars, cannot be estimated in a day. But it has already been productive of good results. One of the most costly entrees on the bill of fare was purchased by one of the party, and large orders were entered into for the sale of others.

The company danced at Schaudler's and that gentleman is to be congratulated for the character of the dinner provided upon less than a day's notice. Major General Patterson presided, and, although eighty six years old, he showed as much life and vitality as the youngest man present. He opened with an excellent speech, and closed by calling out Mr. John Lucas, who reviewed briefly the operations of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company the past year. He said they had already put down twenty-seven miles of new rails, replaced the wooden with stone structures, were about to rebuilast the road so as to avoid the dust, and intended to add palace cars to their fast trains the coming summer. He was followed by John Goforth, Esq., Solicitor for the National State Bank, who paid a glowing tribute to President Gill, which was warmly echoed by every person present. Senator Battle, Col. Snowden, Thomas Potter, and others, made short and pertinent speeches. The return train left Atlantic at four o'clock. The day was delightfully cool at the sea shore, and the occasion was one of unalloyed enjoyment to every participant.

☞ It will be of interest to all persons about to visit Philadelphia to procure their Summer outfit to know where they can go for the best treatment. For an extensive assortment of Men's, Youths' Boys' and Children's Clothing of every kind, manufactured in first-class style, and being sold at very low rates, together with fair dealing, we would recommend our friends to try the Great Clothing Bazaar of BENNETT & Co., TOWER HALL, No. 518 MARKET STREET, half-way between Fifth and Sixth streets, Philadelphia.

Local Advertisements.

EDWARD NORTH, M. D.,

COMMISSIONER of DEEDS

FOR VIRGINIA & NEW JERSEY.

JUSTIN S. THAYER,

CARPENTER & BUILDER,

HAMMONTON, NEW JERSEY,

Will give special attention to all work in his line. Plans furnished, Estimates given, and Contracts made for Buildings of all description.

Jobbing attended to with promptness. Orders left with Geo. F. Miller, at his office, will receive immediate attention.

20-23

CEDAR SHINGLES!

The subscriber is manufacturing and has on hand a large lot of CEDAR SHINGLES of excellent quality. For SALE CHEAP, at his mill, Old Hammonton.

12-24 H. S. WETHERBEE.

JOS. G. KIRK,

Civil Engineer, Architect

and LAND SURVEYOR.

Will attend to all calls in the line of his profession, viz:

RAILWAY ENGINEERING,

ARCHITECTURAL PLANS of every description, including plans of BRIDGES, &c.

LEVELS taken for Drainage of CRANBERRY LANDS, with Plans and Profiles of the work, and LAND SURVEYING generally.

OFFICE on 13th St. south of the Railroad. ORDERS left with Mr. CARPENTER, Proprietor of the Hammonton Hotel, will be promptly attended to.

Hammonton, March 9, 1872. 1m10-4y

EDWARD NORTH M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

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

A. J. KING,

LAW OFFICE

☞ His dwelling in HAMMONTON, N. J. Business [illegible] INTENDED to his attention will receive CONSCIENTIOUS [illegible]

He will act as agent for the SALE AND RENTING OF LANDS and the payment of TAXES. Prompt attention paid to COLLECTIONS.

For a First-Class Dinner!

AT A MODERATE PRICE, GO TO

PARTRIDGE'S

EATING STAND,

Fifth street Market,

PHILADELPHIA.

(Fifth Street below Market)

Everything brought FRESH EVERY MORNING and cooked on the premises, in the best manner.

12-21 Try It!

Open at 3 a.m!

New Advertisements.

Ladies' Store.

JUST OPENED!

A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of

Hats, Bonnets,

And TRIMMED GOODS!

RIBBONS,

FLOWERS,

NECKTIES,

SCARFS, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Kid Gloves, Linen Collars, Trimming Laces, Thread, Corsets, Lace Collars, Sewing Silk, Berlin Gloves, Linen Cuffs, Gimps, Needles, Hoop Skirts, Edgings, Pins, &c., &c.

MRS E. J. TREMPER.

Hammonton, April 13, 1872. 15-tf

Notice—Board of Freeholders.

An adjourned meeting of the Chosen Freeholders of the County of Atlantic, will be held in the COURT HOUSE at MAY'S LANDING, on

Tuesday, May 7th, 1872,

at 10 a. m.

The NEW BOARD will meet on WEDNESDAY, May 8th.

17 18 C. M. OLIN, Clerk.

Barber Shop!

The undersigned has opened a Barber Shop in

CLARK'S BUILDING,

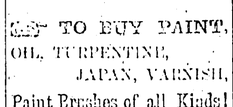
and is prepared to Cut Hair, Shampoo, Shave, &c., in the best manner.

A Clean Towel to Every Man!

Open every day. On Sunday from 7 to 10 in the morning.

JOSEPH COAST.

Hammonton, April 16, '72. 15 tf



SAMUEL W. GILBERT,

desires to inform the people of Hammonton that he is ON THE TRACK AGAIN with his wagon, and will supply all who are in want of good

TENDER MEATS,

CHOICE CUTS, ROASTS, STEAKS, AND JOINTS,

on the most reasonable terms.

Thankful for past favors he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same.

☞ Give me a trial. 6m6-1

MARY E. SAGER,

Dress-Maker,

(With E. O. RANDALL, JEWELER,) in

CLARK'S BLOCK,

Cuts Ladies' Suits from measure and guarantees accurate fits. Has also, a good stock of PATTERNS for sale, comprising all the latest styles of Basques, Overskirts, Sleeves, Dolly Vardens, &c. Also, carries a good stock of Dress Trimmings, at the lowest prices.

The Cheapest

AND

The Best!

Life Insurance at Actual Cost

THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CHICAGO, invites the attention of those contemplating insuring their lives to its

Mutual or Reciprocal

PLAN, which *enables men to the poorest man* to provide for his family in case of death, without deprivation of the necessaries of life, as so many who endeavor to take the high premiums of *old line companies*, are obliged to do. Assuming the Data Loyalty Seven Years, and then add a *heavy funding for retirement reserves*. On this plan you only pay for the *cash loss actually experienced, and as they occur, with a small fixed annual expense*. Call on the agent for circular fully explaining this system.

The Practical Results!

Since its organization in 1870, the NATIONAL has paid in death losses $97,700, at a cost to the deceased of $291.30 in premiums. Old Line Companies would have paid, for the same premiums $21,221, showing a gain by its mode, in this NATIONAL of over $20,000.

The Capital and securities of this Company are sufficient to comply with the Insurance Laws of any State in the Union.

BENJ. LOMBARD, Pres. H. G. TEEN, Sec'y.

J. B. ATCHISON,

Agent for Atlantic Co.

PAINTS! PAINTS!

THE PLACE

TO BUY PAINT,

OIL, TURPENTINE,

JAPAN, VARNISH,

Paint Brushes of all Kinds!

IS AT

A. G. Clark's

Everything Warranted as Represented.

Prices as low as the lowest.

Dr. D. C. STOCKING,

DENTIST,

10m19-1y HAMMONTON, N. J.

M. B. RANDALL, M. D.,

PRESSEY'S BUILDING,

8m39-tf HAMMONTON, N. J.

IRA E. HARTWELL,

SURVEYOR,

HAMMONTON, N. J.

☞ Work done cheap for cash or in exchange for labor. 26

E. T. BALCH, M.D.,

Office, Hammonton, N. J.

Office Hours { 7 to 9 A. M. / 1 to 3 P. M. / 5 to 8 P. M.

8m5-tf

Watches, Clocks,

And Jewelry, for Sale and Repaired at

ELOISE O. RANDALL'S

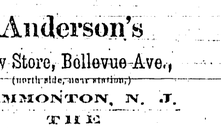
(Clark's Building,)

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Also, a choice assortment of *Mouth-Organs, Spectacles, Steel-framed Spectacles, Gilt Thimbles, &c., &c.*, for sale cheap for CASH.

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,

tf Southeast side of Bellevue Ave.

R. H. & J. C. Anderson

would invite special attention to their fine stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, Cottonades, Prints and Dress Goods, Bleached and Brown Muslins, Ladies', Gents' and Children's Hose, Collars, Cuffs, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Stationery, &c., selected expressly for the

Spring of

1872

Fine Groceries & Provisions,

a choice variety of the best in the market, consisting of Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Soaps, Starch, Indigo, &c. The place to buy is at

R. H. & J. C. ANDERSON'S, as they intend to deal

Fairly.

The Public are invited to place them a call. Butter, Lard, Pork, Hams, Dried Beef, Mackerel, Codfish, etc., at prices to suit the times; they have also

Opened

a lot of Ready-Made Clothing, [illegible] at $10, $12, $15. Special attention given to [illegible]

FLOUR & FEED OF ALL KINDS constantly on hand,

At

Prices as LOW as the lowest. All articles sold at our STORE will be guaranteed as represented.

Anderson's

New Store, Bellevue Ave.,

(north side, near station,)

HAMMONTON, N. J.

THE

Great Eastern

Being ordered to

ANOTHER LOCALITY,

we are just receiving, by the

Ocean Queen

a splendid assortment of

EVERYTHING

in our line.

Sweet Oranges, Lemons, Raisins,

FIGS, DATES, NUTS, PRUNES,

FRENCH PLUMS, nice for sauce, PICKLES

Pepper and Lobcatershire Sauce,

Five kinds of Jelly,

CANNED GOODS—Green Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, Pumpkin,

PINE APPLE,

a splendid article, LOBSTER, &c., &c.

NICE OYSTERS

constantly on hand.

WM. D. PACKER.

Stolen Secrets.

A manufacturer in these our days holds his own against competition by force of capital, knowledge of science, and skill of workmen. He has no secret beyond that of producing the best article at the lowest price. One hundred years ago the case was different. What a man discovered in the arts he concealed. Workmen were put upon their oath, in the name of God, never to reveal the processes used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by quickest fences of empirical pretension and judicial affirmation.

The royal manufactories of porcelain, for example, were long carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his work-people, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter within the tabooed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the *Dresden* porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen the like—was produced for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of operatives ever revealed it.

There is still standing, close by Temple Bar, in London, an old chemist's shop. The proprietor of it in days gone by enjoyed the monopoly of making citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than other secret manufacturers, his was a process that required no assistance. He employed no workmen. Experts came to simple and assort and bottle his products. They never entered the laboratory. The mystic operations by which he grew rich were confined to himself. One day, having locked the doors and blinded the windows, sure as usual of his secret, our chemist went home to dinner. A chimney-sweep, or a boy disguised as such, wide awake in chemistry, was on the watch. Following the secret-keeper so far on his way toward Charing Cross as to be sure he would not return that day, the sooty philosopher hied rapidly back to Temple Bar, ascended the low building, dropped down the flue, saw all he wanted, and returned, carrying with him the mystery of making citric acid. The monopoly of the inventor was gone. A few months after, and the price of the article was reduced four-fifths. The poor man was heart-broken, and died shortly afterward, ignorant of the trick by which he had been victimized.—*Like Mine*, Tabitha Bramble, when informed that the thunder had spoiled two barrels of beer in her cellar, he might have said, "How the thunder should get there, when the cellar was double-locked, I can't comprehend."

The manufacture of tin-ware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need be informed that tin-ware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron, dip it into a bath of the boiling tin, and remove it, enveloped with the silvery metal, to a place for cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for nearly half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, crossed the Channel, insinuated himself surreptitiously into a tin-plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret, and brought it home.

The history of cast-steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between iron and steel, as everybody knows, is that the latter contains more carbon. The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. Now steel thus made is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends, and the surface more than the centre. It is, therefore, unreliable. Uniform work can not be made out of it. For many purposes it will answer, but where accuracy is required it fails. Nevertheless, before the invention of cast-steel there was nothing better.

In 1760 there lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffield, a watch-maker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the watch-springs in use, and set himself to the task of making them homogeneous. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition should be the same throughout." He succeeded. His steel became famous. Huntsman's ingots for fine work were in universal demand. He did not call them cast-steel. That was his secret. About 1780 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means in reach—true and faithful men hired, the work divided and subdivided, large wages paid, and stringent oaths administered. It did not answer. One mid-winter night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliffe steel-works belched forth their smoke, a traveller knocked at the gate. It was bitterly cold; the snow fell fast and the wind howled across the moor. The stranger, apparently a pleasant or agricultural laborer seeking shelter from the storm, awakened no suspicion. Scanning the wayfarer closely, and moved by motives of humanity, the foreman granted his request and let him in.

Feigning to be worn out with cold and fatigue, the poor fellow sank upon the floor, and soon appeared to be asleep. That, however, was far from his intention. He closed his eyes apparently only. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into bits, place them in crucibles, and thrust the crucibles into a furnace. The fire was urged to its extreme power until the steel was melted. Clothed in wet rags to protect themselves from the heat, the workmen drew out the glowing crucibles and poured their liquid contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose. The secret of making cast-steel had been stolen.

One of the most important discoveries of this century is the *vulcanizing* of caoutchouc—*i. e.*, the process by which it is rendered insensible to cold or heat. Previous to 1853, as summer or winter weather prevailed, India rubber fabrics stiffened or melted. This susceptibility was the great hinderance to their use. Some half a dozen inventors on this and the other side of the Atlantic had been experimenting upon this difficulty for several years. Charles Goodyear at last stumbled upon the secret. Over his little stove, in an attic chamber of an indifferent house in New Haven, he had melted the gum in a kettle stinked with brimstone. It showed no change in cooling. Beyond alteration in form, the material appeared the same. It was elastic, dark in color, odorous as at first, tasteless, yielding to the touch, and unaltered in specific gravity. Apparently it had suffered no alteration in a single one of its qualities. And yet it had become another thing. Heat could not melt nor frost stiffen the new material. It was no longer irregular in elasticity. All stickiness was gone. The grand discovery had, in fact, been made, that caoutchouc gum, raised to a high temperature by heat, and exposed to the fumes of brimstone, became vulcanized.

Elate with success, Goodyear, first protecting his invention in the United States by caveats and patents, started for England. Among the British experimenters upon India rubber was Charles Hancock. To him proceeded our inventor. Secure in the safety of his secret, instead of covering it by an English patent, he endeavored to sell it, named his price, and leaving his samples fearlessly in Hancock's laboratory, proceeded north. Scarcely was he out of sight when furnace and blow-pipe, retort and crucible, chemicals and gases, were put to work. The specimens of the new invention defied analysis. There they were, undeniably genuine caoutchouc, elastic beyond the native gum, odorous, unnatural color—soft and flexible—in every respect exactly the substance upon which Hancock had been experimenting for years, and yet divested of the element that hindered all practical progress. They were no longer sticky. Hancock instantly knew that not malt nor the severest frost stiffen them. They would neither stick when exposed to the heat of the blow-pipe, nor harden under exposure to the severest artificial cold.

Foiled in his chemical efforts to solve the mystery, and yet reluctant to pay the price—ten thousand pounds sterling—demanded by Goodyear for his secret, Hancock betook himself to his study. Between him and his competitor there had been letters exchanged for years. They treated of the subject kindred in interest to them both. He now consulted these letters, compared the processes described, collated the results arrived at, noted the progress made from the beginning, and arriving at the point where both Goodyear and himself had been baffled, set himself to reflection. It was the old story of Pythagoras and the forty-fifth problem of Euclid, or Archimedes and specific gravity, or Cornelius Drebel and the red dye of Gobelin tapestry. Hancock guessed at sulphur. The experiment was tried. Failing once and again, he caused his furnaces to be brought to their highest power, when, at the temperature of 400° Fahrenheit, India rubber gum, submitted to the fumes of brimstone, became vulcanized caoutchouc.

Long before Goodyear returned from the north Hancock had patented the discovery. It was for years a subject of lawsuits. Into the question of priority the English patent laws did not enter. Goodyear also obtained a patent, but it was practically useless. For fourteen years, renewed afterward for seven years more, the exclusive use of the discovery of vulcanization of India rubber, enriching its holder and his associates beyond millions of pounds sterling, remained with the common-sense thinker. It was really a stolen secret, but neither craft nor fraud, but honest brains, perpetrated the theft.—*Harper's Monthly.*

They tell a story of a blooming young fellow, who used to live next door to a Mr. Smith, who was a widower and a timid man, whose mild eyes beamed blandly through his spectacles. The widow had a kindness for Smith, and he reciprocated it, but he had barely enough courage to carry on the campaign. So at last the widow pretended to be terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and whenever she saw a gust of wind coming up she used to smooth her hair and rush into Mr. Smith's house. Then when she heard a peal of thunder, she would scream and rush up and throw her arms around the neck of the mild-eyed Smith, and implore him to protect her; and Smith always looked embarrassed and anxious, and said he would feel half glad and half sorry. About six thunder-storms settled the business, and now she is Mrs. Smith—he is only sorry that her apprehensions of the lightning were not realised. He says that if ever there was a woman who ought to have been torn to pieces by electricity, it is that widow. She thunder-storms every day now in Smith's house, and it is lively and vigorous for Smith around there.

A Burning Ship.

Oh that sight! can I ever forget it? The fire was spurting from every crevice of the black hull, her great mainmast was gone, the mizen mast lay with several great white sails surging about in the water, and she was "dragging it along with her. The foremast only stood, and its rigging and sails had not yet caught. A dead silence had succeeded now to the commotion in the vessel: men were standing stock-still, perhaps waiting for their orders, and my uncle's were the only eyes that were not strained to follow the leaping and dazzling spires.

Every moment we approached. Now the first waft of smoke came in our faces, now we could hear a crackling and rending, the creak and shiver, and the peculiar roaring noise made by a mastering fire.

"A full-rigged ship," I heard Brand whisper to his wife. "Eleven hundred tons at the least."

"Merciful heaven!" she whispered in reply. "I hope she won't blow up. Anyhow, I thank the Lord we've got Master in command himself."

I never saw anything like the horrible beauty of that red light. It added tenfold to the terror of the scene to see her coming on so majestically, dragging the material appeared the same. It was elastic, dark in color, odorous as at first, tasteless, yielding to the touch, and unaltered in specific gravity. Apparently it had suffered no alteration in a single one of its qualities. And yet it had become another thing. Heat could not melt nor frost stiffen the new material. It was no longer irregular in elasticity. All stickiness was gone. The grand discovery had, in fact, been made, that caoutchouc gum, raised to a high temperature by heat, and exposed to the fumes of brimstone, became vulcanized.

Elate with success, Goodyear, first protecting his invention in the United States by caveats and patents, started for England. Among the British experimenters upon India rubber was Charles Hancock. To him proceeded our inventor. Secure in the safety of his secret, instead of covering it by an English patent, he endeavored to sell it, named his price, and leaving his samples fearlessly in Hancock's laboratory, proceeded north. Scarcely was he out of sight when furnace and blow-pipe, retort and crucible, chemicals and gases, were put to work. The specimens of the new invention defied analysis. There they were, undeniably genuine caoutchouc, elastic beyond the native gum, odorous, unnatural color—soft and flexible—in every respect exactly the substance upon which Hancock had been experimenting for years, and yet divested of the element that hindered all practical progress. They were no longer sticky. Hancock instantly knew that not malt nor the severest frost stiffen them. They would neither stick when exposed to the heat of the blow-pipe, nor harden under exposure to the severest artificial cold.

Foiled in his chemical efforts to solve the mystery, and yet reluctant to pay the price—ten thousand pounds sterling—demanded by Goodyear for his secret, Hancock betook himself to his study. Between him and his competitor there had been letters exchanged for years. They treated of the subject kindred in interest to them both. He now consulted these letters, compared the processes described, collated the results arrived at, noted the progress made from the beginning, and arriving at the point where both Goodyear and himself had been baffled, set himself to reflection. It was the old story of Pythagoras and the forty-fifth problem of Euclid, or Archimedes and specific gravity, or Cornelius Drebel and the red dye of Gobelin tapestry. Hancock guessed at sulphur. The experiment was tried. Failing once and again, he caused his furnaces to be brought to their highest power, when, at the temperature of 400° Fahrenheit, India rubber gum, submitted to the fumes of brimstone, became vulcanized caoutchouc.

Long before Goodyear returned from the north Hancock had patented the discovery. It was for years a subject of lawsuits. Into the question of priority the English patent laws did not enter. Goodyear also obtained a patent, but it was practically useless. For fourteen years, renewed afterward for seven years more, the exclusive use of the discovery of vulcanization of India rubber, enriching its holder and his associates beyond millions of pounds sterling, remained with the common-sense thinker. It was really a stolen secret, but neither craft nor fraud, but honest brains, perpetrated the theft.—*Harper's Monthly.*

They tell a story of a blooming young fellow, who used to live next door to a Mr. Smith, who was a widower and a timid man, whose mild eyes beamed blandly through his spectacles. The widow had a kindness for Smith, and he reciprocated it, but he had barely enough courage to carry on the campaign. So at last the widow pretended to be terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and whenever she saw a gust of wind coming up she used to smooth her hair and rush into Mr. Smith's house. Then when she heard a peal of thunder, she would scream and rush up and throw her arms around the neck of the mild-eyed Smith, and implore him to protect her; and Smith always looked embarrassed and anxious, and said he would feel half glad and half sorry. About six thunder-storms settled the business, and now she is Mrs. Smith—he is only sorry that her apprehensions of the lightning were not realised. He says that if ever there was a woman who ought to have been torn to pieces by electricity, it is that widow. She thunder-storms every day now in Smith's house, and it is lively and vigorous for Smith around there.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Clerical Joker.—The late Elerd John Smith, of Kentucky, who died recently at an advanced age, was one of the most eccentric wits south of the Ohio River. He was familiarly known throughout Kentucky as "Raccoon Smith." While still in the Baptist ministry, and attending one of the annual meetings of that body, a tall, lank, green specimen of humanity presented himself before the Association as a candidate for the ministry. He was not regarded as being of entirely sound mind, and labored under the hallucination that he was especially "called to preach," and kept constantly importuning the Association to grant him the necessary license. In addition to his particularly unbalanced mind, young Meeks was the possessor of as huge and ungainly a pair of feet as ever trod shoe-leather. Tired of his importunities, and not being disposed to grant the license, the Association handed him over to Smith, with instructions to make an end of the case, and between them took place the following conversation:

Smith—So, Brother Meeks, you think you have a special call to preach?

Meeks—Yes, the Lord has called me to the work, but the Association refuses me the license.

Smith—How do you know you are called?

Meeks—Know it! I feel it in my heart of hearts. I want my license.

Smith—Do you believe the Bible, Brother Meeks?

Meeks—Certainly I do—every word of it.

Smith—If I can prove by the Bible that you are not called to preach, will you be satisfied to drop the matter, and not further importune the Association for a license?

Brother Meeks assented to this, and Raccoon Smith deliberately opened the New Testament at Roman x, 15, and in a grave tone read: "How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace," &c. Then, glancing at Meeks's large feet, he remarked: "You see, Brother Meeks, that the *feet* of the preacher are beautiful. You, sir, have the most monstrously ugly feet of any man in the State of Kentucky; therefore, by this Bible, it is clear that you have not been especially called."

As Smith finished his remarks, the entire Association went off into a paroxysm of laughter; and Meeks, really conclusing that he had not been "called," bolted from the meeting-house, and never afteronoyed the Association for a license.

A Good Joke on a Bank President.—There is a banker in Philadelphia by the side of whose handwriting even the penmanship of Horace Greeley seems remarkably distinct. Not long ago this banker was persecuted by a life insurance agent who wanted him to take out a policy. The victim stood it for a while, but finally one day he kicked the agent out of his office. Then the tormentor began to send notes to the unhappy wretch, explaining the endowment system, and asking if any one of his aunts ever suffered from torpidity of the liver. At last the banker wrote to the heartless fiend as follows:—"You diabolical scoundrel, if you send another line to me I will come round to your office and blow out what little brains you have!" When the life insurance man received this, he turned it up and down, and held it sideways, and stood before a mirror with it, and examined it with a microscope, and called in six or seven experts; but after all he couldn't determine, with any degree of certainty, what he meant. To ascertain, he presented it at the paying teller's desk in the bank, and that worthy, without a moment's hesitation, paid $5,000 on it, believing it to be a check for that amount. There is one agent less in that city than there was a week or two ago, and one more banker who betrays symptoms of insanity when the subject of life insurance is mentioned in his presence.

He Remembered Them.—The Waterbury *American* tells the following story:—A gentleman visiting here from the West used to visit an old schoolmate who lived here. After a conversation about old times, the subject of the boarding-house where they used to live was brought up. Mr. A. asked Mr. B., the visitor, if he remembered the two girls, daughters of the couple who kept the boarding-house. 'Remember them? exclaimed Mr. B.; 'you're right, I do. Regular old maids, too; wonder if they've got their false teeth yet. Don't believe they have if they had to pay for 'em. Ha! ha! ha! They were a precious pair, weren't they, Jack? During this time A.'s face grew long, turned red, and all the colors of the rainbow, and he finally shouted out: 'There, you've gone far enough, Mr. B.; *one of those girls is my wife!*' With that A. shot off like a rocket, and B., after recovering himself, went in and took something, and immediately started for the city."

Chicago is edified just now with the story of a sinful life and its sad ending. A woman who had been arrested for drunken and disorderly behavior died in the police station the other night, and the reporters learned that she was the daughter of a Rochester clergyman, had been carefully brought up as a girl and twice married, but had given away to the temptations which surround a young and attractive widow and fallen into a life of vice and dissipation which ended in a squalid and miserable death at the age of thirty-eight.

The mail bag from Charlton to Southbridge, Mass., recently carried one letter at an expense to the government of one dollar.

AGRICULTURAL.

A New Use for Flax Seed.—The following statement, copied from an English paper, is of great interest to the American farmers, as it seems to open a new use for flax seed, and may greatly enhance the price, so as to make flax growing profitable. The new use is in the manufacture of an article called linoleum, deriving the name from linum and oleum. It is said that it will be a rival of caoutchouc, or as is commonly called, India rubber. The new article is manufactured of linseed oil by oxidizing it until it is solidified into a resinous substance, as we frequently find it when it has been exposed to the atmosphere. It is stated that "in this state it is combined with resinous gums and other ingredients, whereupon it assumes the appearance and most of the properties of India rubber. Like India rubber, it can be dissolved into a cement and used in the manufacture of the material for water proof clothing. It can be used as varnish for the protection of iron or wood, or for coating ships' bottoms. It is as good as a common cement, having properties similar to the marine glue made from India rubber and shellac. It is easily vulcanized by exposure to heat, and by this means becomes as hard as the hardest wood, and capable of the finest polish. The great variety of uses to which it can be applied in this form will at once suggest themselves to the reader. The manufacture of linoleum has thus far been made to produce floor cloth, for which it has proved itself well adapted. Combined with ground cork, it is spread on a stout canvass, the back of which is afterward water proofed with oxidized oil. The fabric is then printed by means of blocks in the ordinary way. The floor cloth thus produced is pliable, noiseless to walk upon, washes well, preserves its color, and rolls up like an ordinary carpet. It is very durable, and its component parts will not decompose by heat or exposure to the sun or air, as will India rubber.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

To Grow Watermelons.—Choose a sandy piece of ground, and after having plowed it, mark it out 9 by 9 feet; then with a hoe dig holes at the crossings of the marks about as large in circumference as a common corn basket and seven or eight inches deep; into these holes have the good sized forkful of coarse manure and directly on this a large shovel of fine manure; then make the hills by drawing the soil from the four corners directly on the manure, being careful that the hill, when finished, shall be four inches higher than the general surface; have the hills built so that they will not run. This protects them somewhat from northerly winds.

It takes watermelon seed a long time to germinate, especially when planted in early spring; and many times, if the weather proves cold and wet after planting, very few of the seeds will germinate at all. Therefore it is a good plan to plant the seed on one side of the hill, and in about ten days go over and plant again. If the first seed planted fails to come, the last will be almost sure to grow; yet we have known cases where they had to be replanted three times.

Cultivate thoroughly and plow once or twice during the growing season, being careful not to let the cultivator or plow run deep enough, when passing the hills, to interfere with the roots. If the roots are disturbed, it will seriously affect the crop.

In planting, eight or ten seeds are usually put in each hill at each planting. After the plants got well started, all but one or two of the strongest should be removed. The most successful melon grower that we are acquainted with allows but one plant to remain in each hill.

Taking Care of Tools.—The injury done to hand tools and implements by long exposure to rain and sunshine, obtained the *English Farmer* attention enough to more than the wear and tear. Even when implements are made entirely of iron and other metal, the scales of rust that will form on smooth and bright surfaces in a few days will often injure the parts more than ordinary wear during the season. A hand-hoe is frequently left with the bright blade covered with wet earth pressed down on the surface, thus facilitating the formation of a thick scale of rust, which wears out the steel and makes the tool work unsoundably hard. It should be one of the inflexible rules of the garden to wipe the bright surfaces of all tools clean, and cover the parts with any kind of oil or grease that contains no saline matter. The wood-work of handtools and implements, even when painted, is often seriously injured by rain, dews, and sunshine. Water and dampness will raise the grain of the timber, settle in the joints and hasten their decay.

Hard Boiling.—We often meet with this expression, as applied to the cooking of meat and vegetables, as if there could be different degrees in the boiling of water; but on the same level, and in the same atmosphere, water continues to boil at the same temperature. In ordinary states of the atmosphere and at the level of the ocean, water boils at 212 deg. Fahr., and can not in the open air be heated above that degree.

As soon as any greater heat acts upon it, it becomes steam. Steam may be heated to a high degree, but only under pressure, which may result in explosion. It is a waste of fuel, therefore, to attempt to increase the heat of a vessel in which water is boiling, provided the water is kept of boiling heat. A slow fire is just as powerful in boiling any kind of food as the most raging fire.

The British Meat Supply.

A paper in the "Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England," on the grass lands of the United Kingdom, with reference to their present and prospective capability for meat production, gives some interesting information. The quantity of meat consumed in the British Islands in 1871 was 1,447,181 tons, of which 1,266,478 tons were supplied by home-bred animals, 81,578 tons by imported animals, and 99,125 tons consisted of imported provisions from Australia. This was an access over 1870 of upward of 80,000 tons. Almost half of the increase consisted of imported provisions, one-third was the result of improved home productions, and one-sixth was from imported animals. The total, production, home and imported, gives fifty-six pounds of meat in the year to every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, or a little over one pound a week of beef, mutton, or swine meat. This bewildering profuseness of meat food, in which the British people revel, might be better appreciated if the division were more equally distributed; but, unfortunately, some get many duplications of that arithmetical "pound a week," of the "Roast Beef of Old England," while with a very large number a piece of meat is so rare that its advent is considered a red-letter day in their unevenful existences. The object of the author of the paper is to show that a rapid increase in the production of the domestic animals can be secured by an improvement of the grass lands. He also asserts that the Scotch could be made to easily meet the demand for increased production, and that money laid out in improving them brings a larger return than when expended on arable land. If this be so in England, is there any reason why it should be different in our Northern States, where the cultivation of cereals has become unprofitable through the overflowing abundance of the great West? The distance between the points of meat production and consumption is continually increasing, and is felt in the enhanced price of butcher meat. It would appear that there might be eventually, if there be not at present, sufficient margin to render stock farming in the North as profitable as it is in Great Britain.

In Chicago the bill-stickers are so energetic that they go into the harbors' ships and paste their bills on the soles of the boots of those customers who are under the hands of the man of the razor.

From the Lockwood-Tribune, December 20, 1870.

The Superior Physician.—Dr. J. Walker is achieving an eminent distinction as a benefactor of his species. Some stigmatize all patent medicines with the odious epithet of quackery. But Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a marvelous exception to the general profession. The editor can conscientiously and cordially recommend the medicine, because he knows he has found great benefit from its use. For nearly twenty years he has suffered from derangement of the Stomach. And though the disease has become chronic, he has already obtained great relief from this remedy.

A physician left at death's large volume, carefully sealed, and supposed to contain a fund of medical knowledge. On being opened, it was found to contain only this simple advice: "Keep your bowels open. Your feet warm and your bowels open." But there is a whole volume in this maxim. Vinegar Bitters act as a mild cathartic, leaving the system in a healthy condition.

R. H. McDonald, an experienced druggist, associated with Dr. Walker, is a man of thorough integrity and practical knowledge of the art of compounding medicine. They have available medicine, and they know how to bring it to the knowledge of the public by judicious advertising. We are happy to give them our hearty endorsement, and bid them Godspeed in relieving the ills to which flesh is heir.

Dead on Dying.—Where the hair is unnaturally dry, it will go into that it is dying; and unless artificially vitalized, it will soon be as dead as leaves in November. Feed the withering fibres and stimulate the torpid scalp with Lyon's Kathairon, and the evil, which must otherwise soon culminate in baldness, will be speedily remedied. It is absolutely necessary for the health of the hair, that it be kept moist, and gently moist with a preparation capable of nourishing and invigorating it. Lyon's Kathairon fulfills these conditions, and is the only article that actually *puts new life into the capillary tubes*, through which the natural nourishment has ceased to pass. This pure and harmless vegetable preparation is absorbed by the skin of the head to the roots of the hair, and passes into the filaments by the force of capillary attraction.

Burnett's Kalliston cures all unpleasant conditions of the skin, and renders it soft and transparent. All druggists sell it.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is no Patent Medicine humbug gotten up to dupe the ignorant and credulous but is a perfect Specific for Nasal Catarrh, "Cold in the head," and kindred diseases.

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The Galaxy has now entered on the seventh year of its existence, under circumstances of unusual prosperity.

This Magazine has from the first occupied a field entirely its own. The aim of the Galaxy has been to discuss promptly every great subject which is uppermost in the public mind, and to have the discussion carried on by our ablest and best-known men in each department.

These papers, by conspicuous public men, on national topics of importance, will be continued, and will embrace contributions from the most prominent of our living statesmen on questions of national interest.

A new series of papers by Judge Jeremiah Black (whose former articles attracted so much attention) will soon appear in the Galaxy; also other articles by our most prominent statesmen, which the publishers are not yet at liberty to announce.

In the January number commences a series of articles by General G. A. Custer, under the title of "My life on the Plains." Judging from the first article, and from the wild and romantic experience which General Custer has had as a cavalry officer among the Indians, these papers cannot fail to be of very great interest. They will continue through the year.

The sketches of prominent living public characters by Justin McCarthy will be continued. Mr. Mc Carthy is one of the most charming of magazine writers.

One of the most widely-known and popular of American humorists will begin early in the year a series of articles original in form and treatment.

The serial stories of the Galaxy have always commanded the widest attention. Those for the year 1872 will be by writers who have now a powerful hold on American readers. The Galaxy serials have been by such writers as Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, Justin McCarthy, Mrs. Annie Edwards, and J. W. DeForest.

An ex-Shakeress begins in the January number the story of her "Fifteen Years Among the Shakers"—a narrative that will throw much light on the interior life of that strange community.

The "Scientific Miscellany" of the Galaxy has proved so generally popular that the publishers seek to make it still more deserving of the attention of intelligent readers. The department is prepared by a distinguished scientist, whose relations with the leading scientific men of England, and Europe generally, are such as to enable the Galaxy to keep abreast of the latest facts.

Mr. Edward Crapsey, whose papers entitled "The Nether Side of New York," in the last two volumes of the Galaxy, enjoyed so much favor, will contribute further articles descriptive of criminal and low life in the great cities. Mr. Crapsey writes from personal observation, and with a style of singular simplicity and clearness.

In the department of literary criticism the Galaxy will have the assistance of some of the clearest and brightest intellects in the country.

The Galaxy gives great care to the selection of short stories from the large number offered its editor, and makes them a noticeable feature of each number of the magazine.

The Galaxy is edited with the nicest possible appreciation of the public taste, and seems fitted to meet the wants of every member of the family.

For the trifling expense of $4 00 per year one may obtain in the Galaxy a vast amount of instructive and entertaining reading; and were this his only source of culture, one could not fall very far behind the spirit of the age.

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All **Soldiers** of the war of **1812** who served 60 days, are entitled to a Pension of $8 per month, commencing **February 14th, 1871**, to continue during life.

The **Widows** of soldiers who died in the war of 1812, or at any time since, if they were married to the soldier before **December 24th, 1814**, are entitled to a FULL Pension of EIGHT DOLLARS PER MONTH, to continue for life. Those widows receiving less than $8 per month can have the increase.

Many soldiers of the late Rebellion, are still suffering from injuries and diseases received in the service and are by law entitled to Pension, but have never applied for it; their disabilities are constantly increasing and may terminate in their death. They should apply immediately while proof of their disability can be obtained.

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There was never any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

The young lady who buys a single number of *Harper's Bazar* is made a subscriber for life.—*New York Evening Post.*

The *Bazar* is excellent. Like all the periodicals which the Harpers publish, it is almost ideally well edited, and the class of readers for whom it is intended—the mothers and daughters in average families—cannot but profit by its good sense and good taste, which, we have no doubt, are to-day making many homes happier than they may have been before the women began taking lessons in personal, household and social management from this good natured monitor.—*The Nation, N. Y.*

SUBSCRIPTION—1872.

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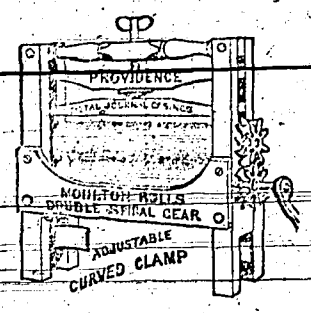

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HARPER'S WEEKLY is the best and most interesting illustrated newspaper. Nor does its value depend on its illustrations alone. Its reading matter is of a high order of literary merit—varied, instructive, entertaining and unexceptionable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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10 acres of Land djoining corporation	15,000
400 city lots in Elmira, at $300 each	120,000
1 cash Prize of	5,000
1 "	4,000
1 "	3,000
1 "	2,000
1 "	1,000
4 cash Prizes of $1000 each	4,000
2 " 800 "	1,600
2 " 750 "	1,500
1 "	500
10 " $300 each	3,000
10 " 250 "	2,500
11 " 200 "	2,200
10 " 150 "	1,500
10 " 100 "	1,000
100 " 80 "	8,000
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99 " 50 "	4,950
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PATTINSON HOTEL.—Situated on the corner of Baldwin and Market sts, about 75 feet front on Baldwin and 160 on Market streets.—Suitable barns attached.

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ON AND AFTER
Thursday, May 16, 187[illegible]

DOWN TRAINS.

LEAVE	Frght A. M.	Mail A. M.	Acom P. M.	Acom P. M.
Vine St. Wharf	7 00	8 00	3 45	6 0[illegible]
Cooper's Point	7 15	8 15	4 00	6 1[illegible]
Kaighn's Siding				
Haddonfield	8 04	8 34	4 19	6 4[illegible]
Ashland	8 21	8 42	4 27	6 5[illegible]
White Horse	8 48	8 48	4 32	7 0[illegible]
Berlin	9 23	9 02	4 46	7 1[illegible]
Atco	9 41	9 09	4 53	7 2[illegible]
Waterford	10 0[illegible]	9 20	5 03	7 3[illegible]
Ancora	10 24	9 25	5 08	7 4[illegible]
Winslow	10 42	9 32	5 15	7 4[illegible]
Hammonton	11 02	9 42	5 25	7 5[illegible]
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.	Acom A. M.	Acom A. M.	Frght NOON	M P. M.
Atlantic		6 15	11 40	4 00
Absecon		6 35	12 15	4 24
Pomona		6 47	12 42	4 37
Egg Harbor		7 02	1 15	4 52
Elwood		7 13	1 40	5 02
DaCosta		7 23	2 00	5 1[illegible]
Hammonton	6 00	7 29	2 21	5 25
Winslow	6 10	7 37	2 41	5 35
Ancora	6 17	7 41	2 54	5 42
Waterford	6 22	7 49	3 04	5 49
Atco	6 32	7 58	3 29	6 01
Berlin	6 40	8 05	3 45	6 09
White Horse	6 58	8 16	4 12	3 22
Ashland	7 04	8 21	4 27	6 27
Haddonfield	7 15	8 34	4 48	6 40
Kaighn's Siding				
Cooper's Point	7 47	8 52	5 25	6 58
Vine St	7 57	9 07	5 40	7 14

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.

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Miles Washer!

PATENTED FEB 14, 1871.

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REPORT OF THE FARMERS' CLUB.

VINELAND, *Dec.* 18, 1871.

The Committee appointed by the "Farmers' Club," to examine the "Miles Washing Machine," report that they have witnessed its operation on several occasions, during the past week, and find it to be in every respect all that its inventor claims for it.

Without rubbing, or friction of any kind, without chemicals, and with about half the usual quantity of soap, washings of from thirty to forty pieces, in some instances very much soiled, were accomplished in from five to twelve minutes. The clothes in every case were perfectly cleansed, and beautifully white.

A linen handkerchief, smeared with wheel-grease and tar, was taken from the boiler in seven minutes, without spot or stain.

A. C. COTTON,
W. F. DOUBLEDAY,
P. R. RUSSELL,
C. F. ALVORD,
} Committee

We the undersigned, citizens of Hammonton, N. J., do certify that we have seen the operation of the Miles Improved Wash Boiler, and can testify that we believe it to be all the inventor claims for it; washing without rubbing or chemicals, and less soap, in from 10 to 20 minutes, as clean as by hand rubbing.

E. S. Stevens, E. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. S. Richards, Harriet Pressey.

The undersigned having purchased the Right of the "Miles Washer," in the counties of Camden and Atlantic, is prepared to furnish them at short notice. Persons wishing to purchase *Town Rights* can address the proprietor at HAMMONTON, N. J.

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