

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

VOL. 24.

HAMMONTON, N. J., JANUARY 30, 1886.

NO. 5.

THE WALMER HOUSE,

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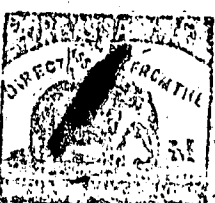
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Hammonton, : : N. J.

Harness!

Light and Heavy (hand made)
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Orders and Repairing promptly
attended to.

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Every body
knows that
the best way
to keep a
team in
good shape
is to keep
them in
good shape.
For Agents
only.
W. W. W. W.
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ford, Hammonton.

NOTICE.

Having adopted the
Cash System

Of doing business, and reduced prices
accordingly, I shall use every
endeavor to retain my
reputation for keeping
First-Class Goods Only.

I think I am prepared to sell to all who
may favor me with their patronage
as low as can be bought anywhere
for cash.

Give me a call. Examine my goods.
Test them by actual trial—
As the proof is in the test.

We are agents for
Wilkinson's Fertilizers!

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JOS. S. CHAMPION

Calls attention to the following facts:

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Furnishing Undertaker

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

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

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

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

5. He leads all and follows none, as he makes
this his only study.

6. D. B. Berry, of Hammonton will attend
to all orders left with him.

Office, No. 3 Fay's Block, Hammonton, N. J.

Dr. J. A. Waas,

RESIDENT

DENTIST,

Successor to Dr. Geo. R. Shible,

HAMMONTON, : : N. J.

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No charge for extracting, when teeth are
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TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels con-

stipated, Pain in the Head, with a dull

sensation in the back part. Pain under

the shoulder blade, fullness after eat-

ing, with a disinclination to exertion

of body or mind, Irritability of temper,

Low spirits, Loss of memory, with

a feeling of having neglected some

duty, weariness, Dizziness, Flutter-

ing of the Heart, Dots before the eyes,

Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness

at night, highly colored urine.

THESE WARNINGS ARE URGENT, AND

SERIOUS DISEASE WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to

such cases, and cause effects such a change

of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They increase the Appetite, and cause

the body to Take on Flesh, thus over-

throwing the system, and by their action

on the Digestive Organs, regular

Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S NAIL LIME.

GRAY HAIR OF WHISKERS changed to a

GLASSY BLACK by a single application of

this LIME. It imparts a natural color, and

instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or

sent by express on receipt of 25 cents.

Office, 42 Market Street, N. Y.

"Wedding guests" are furnished to
order at an agency in Paris.

The United States Government issues
4000 different books a year.

A Chicago church set an example of
plain speaking when it recently censured
one of its members for "general cantan-
kerousness."

Thomas Kay urges that bottles con-
taining citrate of silver be stowed away
in life-boats. Seven ounces of the
citrate will turn enough sea water into
drinking water to supply a man for a
week.

The class of cadets which will leave
West Point at the next commencement
is declared to be the largest in number
and highest in efficiency ever graduated
from the institution. There are seven-
ty-eight members of the class.

Certain minerals, once forming a part
of almost every medicine, are now re-
garded as dangerous and unnecessary.
The evils they produce are greater than
the diseases they are supposed to cure.
Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bit-
ters contains nothing but the juice of
plants—and cures all diseases of the
liver, skin, kidneys, digestive organs,
and blood.

President Cleveland spent almost an
hour at the charity ball in Baltimore.

De Lesseps is expected to reach Pana-
ma next month.

A terrible eruption has occurred of the
Tunguragua volcano in Ecuador.

Oscar J. Graham, a tramp, was
awarded \$2000 by an Erie jury for the
loss of his feet under a train on the
Nickel-plate Road.

The pig iron report for 1885 gives
gratifying proof that this trade closed
last year on the whole better off in the
United States than England, France or
Austria.

The young women of a Connecticut
town have formed a very laudable
organization, known as the "Tongue
Guard." Each member drops a penny
in a box every time she says a word
against anybody. The money is given
to the poor, and poverty is rapidly de-
creasing in that town.

A Democratic Congressman from
New York declares that President
Cleveland "must be renominated in
1888 by hook or crook." If the hooks
and crooks only pull together—and they
generally do in Democratic conventions—
the business is as good as done.

Congressman Wise, of Virginia,
speaking of the South, says: "We are
all back in our father's house and we
are here to stay." This does not war-
rant any wholesale distribution of veal
pie, however. The Prodigal Son came
home voluntarily, while the South had
to be sent for and kicked all the way
home.

The Directors of the New York and
Long Branch Railroad have decided to
pay the January interest on the bonds
of the New Jersey Southern Railroad,
amounting to \$47,000, guaranteed by
the Long Branch directors.

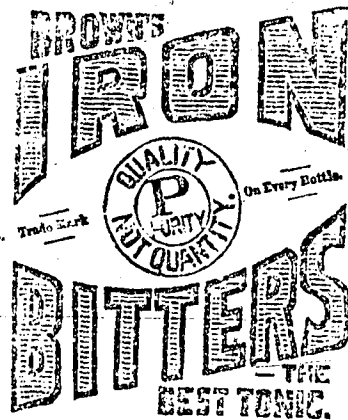
Opium to the value of \$600,000, the
Victoria (B. C.) Times declares, has
been smuggled into the United States
the past four months.

A druggist of Louisville advertised
his store as a "free warming place" for
the public during the very severe weath-
er of a few days ago.

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, who
wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is
still living at Newton Centre, Mass.

A good part of Chicago is lit up by a
corona of electric lights on the top of
the tower of the board of trade building,
312 above the street. The plant is of
40,000 candle power and is probably the
largest mass of electric light in the
world.

New Jersey sets up the doctrine of
State Rights. The Assembly on Wed-
nesday declared by a large majority that
Congress has nothing to do with author-
izing the bridging of the Arthur Kill,
and the Senate it is said, is likely to
affirm this position. All the same,
there is no immediate danger that New
Jersey will secede from the Union.



This medicine, combining Iron with pure
vegetable bases, quickly and completely
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness,
Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers,
and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the
Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to
Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause constipation
or produce constipation—other Iron Medicines do.
It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates
the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, re-
lieves heartburn and flatulency, and strength-
ens the muscles and nerves.
For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of
Energy, &c., it has no equal.
The genuine has above trade mark and
crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.
Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Cedar Shingles

Having my Mill in full opera-
tion, I am now prepared to furnish
the best quality of

Cedar Shingles.

In any quantity, and at the lowest
possible prices.

A. S. GAY,

Pine Road, Hammonton.

A large lot of Cedar Grape Stakes and
Bean Poles for sale, in the swamp
or delivered at Elwood or
DeCosta Station.

Read the Republican.

COAL.

Best Lehigh Coal for sale from
yard, at lowest prices, in
any quantity.

Orders for coal may be left at John
A. Saxton's store. Coal should be
ordered one day before it is needed.

GEO. F. SAXTON.

Tomlin & Smith

Have received this week a supply of

FALL GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery (cotton
and wool)

CORSETS—Coraline, Duplex, Doctor

Warner's Health, and other makes.

GLOVES—new Fall shades.

Veiling, Collars,

Handkerchiefs—the latest styles.

SOAP—Colgate's, Cachemire Boquet,

Glycerine, Honey, and Oatmeal.

DRESS GOODS—Black and Colored

Cashmere.

Dr. ss Trimmings.—Silesia, Drilling, and

Cambrie.

White Goods, Nainsook, Lawn, and

Cross barred Muslin.

Full assortment of NOTIONS.

New Goods Every Week

Hot & Cold

BATHS

AT THE

Hammonton Steam Laundry.

Will be open every Monday, Tuesday,

and Saturday, or any day when

running. Every Saturday eve-

ning until ten, and on Sunday morning.

Single Baths, : : Twenty Cents.

Special Terms to Families.

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AYER & SON'S MANUAL

New Spring
Tricots,
Cloths,
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and Prints

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Stockwell's:

New Goods received weekly.

All at greatly
Reduced Prices

Call and examine goods.

E. Stockwell,

Bellevue Avenue,

Hammonton, New Jersey.

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

BUY YOUR
Bread and Cakes

Pies, Rolls, Buns,

Etc., Etc.,

Baked Fresh Every Day,

At Packer's

"Old Reliable" Hammon-

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Patronize home industry, and encourage
home enterprise. By so doing you
will the better enable us to serve
you, and thus deserve your patronage.

Baker's Liquid Yeast

Which most people prefer, made fresh

every day.

Fruits and Confections

As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

90 CHOICE BUILDING
LOTS FOR SALE.

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

monton.

Prices Reasonable. Terms Easy.

Call on, or address,

A. J. SMITH, Hammonton, N. J.

P. O. Box 290.

It is not Always Night.

The weary soul in voiceless prayer
Breaks from the verge of dark despair—
There seems no ray of welcome light;
But Faith cries out with sturdy voice,
That makes the waiting heart rejoice,
"It is not—'tis not—always night!"

With tired feet and longing eyes
We gaze afarward the laden skies;
And the distant mountain heights;
Then hope shines o'er the dreary way—
We see the gleam of dawn and say,
"It is not—'tis not—always night!"

Be strong, O soul! Be brave, faint heart!
Bid every doubt and fear depart;
For God will make it all end right;
The promise is for me and you—
The shining shore comes into view—
It is not—'tis not—always night!"

SIR ALGERNON'S INTENTIONS.

Sir Algernon Truor was eminently aristocratic and exceedingly good looking, but not altogether without being hampered with a cent roll of £10,000 a year ought to be.

And Sir Algernon was desperately in love with Lady Dolly Castleton, who was, as everybody knew, the prettiest girl in all the county, and not a bad match even for Sir Algernon.

Dolly for her part, was quite aware of the tender feeling she had inspired, and was even prepared to reciprocate it, as soon as the gentleman gave her chance of doing so, without overstepping the bounds of maiden modesty and reserve; for Dolly was a very discreet young lady, and knew better than to make herself cheap by meeting advances too readily, or doing any of the love-making herself. And poor Sir Algernon, who was shy and not very ready of speech, found this sweet, unvarying friendliness very trying, for he was dreadfully in love, and anxious about all things to propose and get that difficult question off his mind, and yet he never seemed able to arrive at the desired goal.

But one morning he screwed up his courage to a very high point. Fortune had favored him, for he had been invited to lunch at the house where Dolly was staying, and he was to remain for a small dinner which was to be the same evening, so that he would pass many consecutive hours in the immediate neighborhood of his idol, and it was all but impossible that the day could pass without giving him the desired opportunity.

"I'll propose to-day—I'll settle it all to-day," said Algernon to himself over and over again, as he dressed himself with the most scrupulous care. "I'll go over early with those roses she promised to try with me. That will give us an excuse for getting into some room by ourselves, and when the music and words have led up to it, I'll have it out with her. I believe she cares for me, and I'll make her give me my answer. I can't live a day longer in this suspense."

Fortune favors the brave, and Sir Algernon, who tried to persuade himself that his courage was unbounded, soon found himself alone with Dolly and his duties in a delightful little boudoir, where it was most likely they would remain undisturbed all the morning.

Dolly, in the most charming of morning wrappers, looked more like an angel than a young lady, and the tender way in which that fascinating pair sang sentimental duets was truly romantic and deserved a more appreciative audience than that afforded by the giggling couple who were enjoying the music just outside the door.

Now, it must be explained that Dolly Castleton had a very mischievous brother, who had reached the merciless age of 19. Of this fact Sir Algernon was aware, and always took care to do his love-making beyond the reach of that young man's shrewd eyes. But he was not aware of the existence of an equally mischievous younger sister, because she had only just appeared upon the scene, and very much astonished and disgusted was he when, just as he had summoned up his resolution, and was about to pour into Dolly's ears the story of his hopes and fears, the door was flung open and these two mischievous individuals rushed noisily in, followed by a maid of five or six years of age, and Sir Algernon fled precipitately to his room and barricaded himself with a table and two chairs.

Dolly pouted and looked daggers at her brother and sister, but her voice was sweet and placid as ever.

"Sir Algernon, I must present you to my sister Freda, (Freddie), so send her the most delightful of welcomes. We are very much alike—sometimes we are mistaken for one another."

Dolly and Freda were alike in feature and in voice, but the likeness was not easy to detect, for Dolly's face was pale and demure and her voice low-toned and gentle; whereas Freda was always laughing, and her mischievous

looks and ways were singularly unlike her sister's.

"Alfred!" echoed Sir Algernon, as he slowly advanced with his eye on the door. "I cannot see the smallest resemblance. Why, nobody in his senses could mistake you for a moment—impossible. Still, I am delighted to meet Lady Freda's acquaintance. I really did not know—"

"Did not know of my existence?" laughed Freda. "How odd for I've heard oceans and oceans of stories about you. Indeed, I am quite tired—"

"Hush, Freda!" interposed Dolly's gentle yet commanding tones, and Charley stopped any further talk by bursting into a roar of laughter. He was standing by the piano looking at the music, which stood open.

"Just listen to the words, Freda; did you ever hear such words?" Here Freda lowered some extracts, in which sentiment certainly preponderated over sense, and which produced such an outbreak of mirth from the irrepressible brother and sister, that Dolly looked vexed and Sir Algernon discomfited; both made excuses to slip away from the room, though not together.

"Isn't he a muff?" laughed Charley. "Well, rather; but I dare say he'd just suit Dolly. He isn't bad looking, and I think she'd like one of those."

"Oh, I don't want to hinder their love-making! I'd give any thing to hear what he says to her when they're alone. Oh, Fred! with a sudden gleam of inspiration, "you could make yourself just like Dolly if you chose. Couldn't you contrive to come across him in the dusk and give him a self? It would just serve him right for saying you were an idiot."

Freda's face flamed into laughter, and she looked at Charley reflectively, with her head on one side.

"We are going to ride this afternoon, Dolly and I, and I believe she'll come, because she does not care to seem to crave Sir Algernon's society too much. We do look almost exactly alike in our habits; and I can contrive that he shall not see me before we start. If you'll get to the house in this room at dusk, I'll give Dolly the slip, and she'll come in all alone. Then I can come in quite innocently, and surprise him in the gloaming, and you can be listening outside; and then we shall never pine any more to know that he says, and how he says it."

"First rate!" cried Charley, ecstatically. "Won't he be wild when he finds out! You're a brick, Fred, and we'll do it."

"If only she would come again!" "If only I could see her now!" quoth Sir Algernon, as he paced up and down the little boudoir at dusk. "If only I could see her again alone, I would not let the chance slip. I had got so near the chance slip, that I had almost reached it, only that dreadful brother and sister had come. Oh, if I could only get such another chance again!"

The door opened quietly and a dark figure stood in the doorway. A soft voice asked: "Are you there, Freda?" and as the baronet sprang eagerly forward the girlish figure started violently.

"Sir Algernon! You here! Have you seen anything of Freda? We lost her out riding. She is so reckless I am afraid she will come to an untimely end one of these days."

"I have not seen your sister, but, Lady Dolly, please come in. I have so much to say to you—to see you alone again. Take this chair. Give me the chance to finish what I had only begun to say this morning."

The graceful, girlish figure in the riding habit advanced readily, and seated itself against the dim light. The veil tied tightly across the face could not conceal the well-known contour of cheek and lip which had from the first so bewitched him.

"Lady Dolly—dear Dolly!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "you are the loveliest woman in the world!"

Had he not been so preoccupied by his own emotions, he might have heard a faint giggle from the object of his adoration as he made this admission.

"Yes, the loveliest—the most adorable. My heart has been on fire ever since I first saw your face."

"I'm afraid you must have been awfully unbecomingly," said the soft voice, that seemed to quiver a little.

"I have been living ever since that time in a strange, sweet dream, in which I have been haunted by your face as—as—as one is haunted by a vision in—in—in—"

"In a nightmare," concluded the soft voice, still tremulous. "I am very sorry."

"Why? Why should you be sorry?" "It has been the joy, the delight, of my whole life. Dolly, dearest Dolly!" In a moment Sir Algernon had flung himself upon his knees at her feet, and with seized her hand and covered it with kisses. "You know that I am yours, that I love you with my life and soul. Say that you can love me, too, a little. Dolly, bid me hope—say you will be

mine, and I shall be of all men the most happy."

But the usually self-possessed and gentle Dolly seemed quite taken aback and frightened by this sudden declaration and tried to draw her hand away and escape.

"Oh, I don't know! How can I tell! Oh, do let me go. I think I hear somebody coming."

"Say that you love me! Say you will be mine! I'll be your lover, with ever-increasing fervor. Oh, my love, my darling, say that you will marry me!"

"Oh, yes, yes—anything you like; please let me go. Oh, yes, I'll do anything—only I'm sure somebody is coming. Do, do go away—I know it's Charley."

The dreaded name acted like a spell. Sir Algernon vanished like a dream, carrying with him the pleasant sense of a victory more easily gained than he anticipated.

Charley entered, shaking with laughter.

"Well, you've been and gone and done it now, Freddie. I never enjoyed a thing more in my life. It was as good as ten pawns."

"Oh, Charley, who could have thought of such a thing! It was horrid when he began that. What did he say?"

"You accepted him, my dear, and very wisely, too. It would have been too bad to have blighted Dolly's future. You acted wisely and well."

"But he'll think he's engaged to Dolly!" cried Freda, "and there'll be some horrid scene at the dance to-night. I ought to tell Dolly, but I don't like to. She'll be so wild."

"Don't you say a word," advised the wily Charley. "I'll keep an eye on them, and if a row seems imminent I'll summon you, and we can explain. I think they'll soon make it up between them afterward."

Sir Algernon was in a state of ecstatic joy as he dressed himself for the dance that evening. He had done the deed at last. He had proposed and had been accepted, and as Dolly's betrothed husband he felt himself as bold as a lion.

"Poor little love, how frightened she seemed—she who has always been so self-possessed and calm. Perhaps she was not as much prepared for it as I had thought. Well, I will finish all I had to say to-night. We will make up for that second interruption. That dreadful brother shall not disturb us a third time. Now that she has promised to be my wife I can face the whole world. My tenderness shall drive all her fears away, sweet darling!"

Sir Algernon descended to the dancing-room, where a waltz was going on. Dolly was dancing, and she was engaged seven or eight deep already; but the lover patiently bided his time, secure in the strength of his position.

At last he had her in his arms and glided gently over the smooth floor, first in the silence of satisfaction, but with a growing desire to hear her voice again.

"Dolly, my darling!" he softly whispered in her ear.

She drew her self slightly away, and looked at him in a way he did not understand.

"My sweet love—my Dolly, no one can hear me. Do not be afraid. You know you have given yourself to me."

Sir Algernon, you forget yourself strangely!" said Lady Dolly, drawing up her head in her most stately way.

Sadly dismayed at such a rebuff, Sir Algernon drew his offended partner into a small room which opened from the one in which they were dancing.

"My dearest—my own Dolly—you cannot forget what took place between us in the boudoir to-day. We were interrupted, I know, but not before you had said—"

"I said nothing which could warrant such language as you have just employed. I am much surprised and displeased," said Dolly, in her haughtiest tone.

"But, Dolly, dear Dolly," "Call me Lady Dolly, if you please."

"But, indeed, you did promise—"

"I have promised you nothing, and you know it."

"But oh, Dolly, you must listen—"

The door burst open once again—interrupting that day seemed inevitable. Freda and Charley appeared, flushed and laughing.

"Sir Algernon—Dolly!" began the saucy girl, "don't quarrel and be angry with one another. It's all my fault. I pretended to be Dolly this afternoon in the dusk, Sir Algernon, to pay you out for saying one could mistake me for her. It was a mistake, and I was so frightened I had to accept him, because I thought that is what you would have done in my place. I'm awfully sorry, and, indeed, I'd no idea he would do anything more than say a few pretty things. I never was so frightened in all my life as when I

found out what I'd let myself in for. Please don't quarrel, because I was full of my fault! I think that's all. Come, Charley, we shall lose our waltz if we stay longer."

Brother and sister vanished as quickly as they had appeared.

"Oh, Charley, said Freda, with a long gasp, "I've got it off my mind, and I do hope I haven't done any harm. I didn't mean to make mischief."

"Never you fear, said Charley reassuringly; "they'll make it up fast enough, now they're left alone together."

The irrepressible Freda enjoyed her dances very much that night.

"It's all right," said Charley, coming up and whispering to her some three quarters of an hour later. "I peeped in through the keyhole and they're still there, sitting together on the sofa; and he's got his arm round her waist, and she's put her head on his shoulder!"

"Oh, I am glad!" cried Freda; and then, bursting into a merry laugh, she added, "sooner she than I, Charley, all the same!"

HANDLING GOVERNMENT FUNDS.

The Money of the Treasury not Visible to an Ordinary Visitor.

The recent loss of a large sum by one of the banks through careless handling on the part of one of its messengers, in which the government funds are involved, has attracted the attention of the public. There are millions and millions of dollars in the treasury building here, yet you seldom see any money as you pass through the building. The ordinary visitor might go through the treasury a hundred times without seeing \$100. If you go into the cash room and look down from the corridor you may see a few dollars being handled by some of the clerks there who are paying off employees or something of that sort. Occasionally when a shipment of gold or silver has come in, if you go to the cash-room you may see some of it being counted, but you can see a greater display of money in an ordinary bank almost any day than in the treasury.

About the only place aside from the cash room where you see money is in the redemption division, where a large number of people are employed in counting and assaying the ragged old bills which have come in from the country to be redeemed. They all work behind gratings, however, and you cannot get near them. All you can do is to look through the iron-barred doors and see their deft fingers count the ragged, filthy currency which has come in from its two or three years journey about the country. The life of an ordinary bill, especially one of small denomination, is no more than two or three years on average. They get worn out in about that time, and are sent back for redemption. The fact that you do not see much money in the treasury, however, does not argue that it is not being handled there; it is handled in large quantities.

Any day in passing through the building you are liable to meet a messenger or two pulling a low cart, whose wheels are covered with rubber tires. On this are generally a square box, three or four feet long and a foot and a half in width. It is securely locked. In this box the money which is sent from one part of the treasury to another, is transferred. Although millions of dollars pass from one room to another and from one story of the building to another you never see any of it carried about in the hands of employees, or in any manner to attract attention. It is always handled in boxes or packages, and when it goes from the building to the depot, to be sent away by express, it is brought in on some train, it is carried back and forth between the treasury and the station in a large iron safe, mounted on wheels, looking like a safe, but which is really a strong box, and is attended by two or three armed guards. You may see this curious vehicle driving up and down Pennsylvania avenue almost any day. It carries thousands and sometimes millions of dollars.

The Indestructible Wafer.

At Deggendorf, where the Danube flows through a rich and beautiful valley, there is a church upon whose walls a series of twenty-four paintings represent some remarkable events said to have occurred here. In the year 1337, the saintly George, the patron of the wafer (or host) for the church. They scratched it with thorns until it bled, and the visage of a child appeared; they bled it in an oven; they hammered it on an anvil, of which the black is still shown; they tried to thrust it down their throats but were prevented by the hands and feet of the child. Then, despairing of being able to destroy it, they flung it into a well, which was immediately sealed by a radiant glory. The result of this story was that the Deggendorfs, who owed large sums of money to the Jews, rose and massacred their creditors instead of paying their debts. The priests applauded these doings, and ever after showed the indestructible wafer.

FOOD WASTED IN HOTEL KITCHENS.

Substantial Dishes are Never Consumed—Delicacies that are Thrown Away.

The proprietor of a fashionable city restaurant calls attention to the enormous waste of excellent food in establishments like his own, as well as in hotels, first class boarding houses, and many private houses. His estimate is that fully one-third of all the food prepared is wasted. Of boiled hams, legs of mutton, and tongues, only the finest slices are placed before guests. The like is true of roast game, beef, pork, and mutton. Large bunches of celery are bought each morning in the markets, but only the best stalks are placed on the table, and of these only the choicest parts are ordinarily eaten. As a rule, not one person in ten eats all of any kind of food that is ordered. If three chops are served, one is left untouched. Some will take half a dozen grapes from a large cluster, and leave the rest. The remainder are not in a condition to place on the table again. Many patrons of restaurants, more especially ladies, call for a plate of assorted cakes. They break a small piece from each kind, eat that which best pleases them, and leave the remainder. This broken cake, though costly and excellent, can not be served again. Many parts of loaves of cake are never sold for the reason that they have become somewhat dry and are inclined to crumble.

The like is true of loaves of bread of all kinds. In every large restaurant there are daily left hundreds of broken rolls, buns, biscuits, and fresh cakes, as well as slices of excellent bread. Ordinarily, no person eats more than half the bread that is served to him, but as the slice is broken it can not be served again. Many other small pots of jelly, jam, or preserve, take out one or two spoonfuls and leave the rest. The whole is paid for, and the restaurant keeper loses nothing, but a costly delicacy that would be very valuable to some poor invalid is thrown away.

The daily waste in the kitchen of a great restaurant, hotel, or fashionable boarding house, is very large. Every steak, chop, and outlet is trimmed before it is broiled. The projecting portions of the meat and the fat are cut off and ordinarily thrown away. Some pieces are slightly scorched in cooking, and these are thrown aside. Often three or four kinds of soup or chowder are prepared, half of which remains unsold. The quantity of cooked peas, beans, potatoes, and various kinds of vegetables left after dinner is ordinarily very large. With every large roast there is something like a quart of rich drippings that would be very valuable for poor families to use in cooking potatoes and other vegetables or to employ as shortening. Large quantities of egg gravies are left over from meals. Many eggs broken in the shell are returned to the kitchen.

The restaurant keeper states that it is the usual practice to dump all these articles into a barrel, which is taken away once each day, and the contents fed to pigs. The price received for this pig food is very small. The waiters, cooks, and kitchen girls like this way of disposing of what they call waste, because it saves trouble. To save all the different articles that were regarded as excellent food in many families, or even considered luxuries, would require much work during the most busy portions of each day.

The experiment of having members of poor families come to the kitchen and obtain this food has been repeatedly tried, but the results have not been satisfactory. They generally become importunate and troublesome. They are likely to lounge about the place with their pails and baskets and to attract the attention of patrons who dislike their presence. It would certainly seem that some person could devise and put in execution a plan for utilizing all this valuable and excellent food that now goes into the stomachs of pigs. In Paris, it is said, there are places in which broken food is offered for sale. Many persons who practice high housekeeping patronize these establishments and obtain from them most of their food. Many families that are fairly well to do purchase the scraps of raw and cooked meat for the purpose of making soup.

In London the Sisters of Mercy are allowed to take all the waste of certain hotels and restaurants. They keep some one constantly on duty in the kitchen, who serves all the scraps as they are obtained, and the Sisters take them to the dining rooms. These are carefully sorted and put in covered baskets. The scraps, chowders, and gravies are placed in cans or buckets. At night covered wagons come and take them away. Some of the articles are taken to hospitals and asylums, the others are distributed among the deserving sick and poor. The work of collecting, removing, and distributing this food is conducted in a manner so careful and orderly that no trouble is caused.

Song of the Sea Wind.

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea-line,
With an echo of salt and sea-spray,
How it laughs alone, and passes,
As it scents the close cliff grasses;
How it sings o'er a sand-wilderness,
How it shakes that sea-strewn thicket—
How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks,
In the crannies of the cliff,
And in the crevices of the rocks;
How it shrieks on more, and catches
Up the pebbles from its patches;
How it whistles out and over
To the corn fields and the clover—
How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars,
In the iron under caverns,
In the hollows of the shores,
How it roars alone, and thunders,
As the strong bill splits and sunders;
And the spent ship, tempest driven,
On the reef lies rot and tiven,
How it roars!

How it walls, walls, walls,
In the tangle of the wreckage,
In the flapping of the sails,
How it sails away, subsiding,
Like a tired child after playing;
And across the groundswell rolling,
You can hear the bellows tolling,
How it walls!

HOW SHE MANAGED HIM.

It was a Leap Year ball in the city of Kimball. The large hotel was crowded to the utmost, and the belles and beaux of the place, and it was noticed that there were a great many strangers present; but they seemed to be of a well-to-do class, and although they were strangers, they had received tickets some how; and as it was a public house he could have nothing to say, unless there was something out of the way upon which to base his opposition to their presence.

It was one of the most novel entertainments that had ever been given in the city. The guests were seated in the ballroom, and the music was played by a band of the finest musicians in the city. The guests were seated in the ballroom, and the music was played by a band of the finest musicians in the city.

George waited with her sister until Albert should return with her husband, but when he came he said that Willis was not to be found; no one had seen him, and Mr. Ayers thought he must have gone home alone.

George then started for home, with her brother-in-law, and when she reached home she found that Willis was not to be found; no one had seen him, and Mr. Ayers thought he must have gone home alone.

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minutes; but he was mistaken, for when his brother-in-law found him his mind was so cloudy that he only half understood what was going on around him. Still, it only seemed to him that his wife wanted to go home early, and at length he arose and staggered into the next room, where a lady, one of the strangers of the party, was standing by the door, and he walked unsteadily up to her, saying—

"Come on, old women, lead go home," "Very well," quickly answered the lady. "Wait until I get a carriage."

"Sought we come a foot?" "Oh, wait, I will take you home in a little better style than I brought you."

"Wait right here until I return."

"Whash you mean? Guess I know but to go home without your blessing me."

"But this, you know, is a Leap Year party, and the ladies wait on the gentlemen."

"Well, so, I forgot? Hurrah for Leap Year! Hurry up!"

It was but a few moments before the lady returned, and Willis Webb was hurried away, and sank in a heap upon the soft cushions. Five minutes later his fair companion was in possession of his pocket book and easily leaving him heavily. Then she signalled the driver to stop, and the half unconscious man was assisted to alight, and the lady drove away.

But it was not a woman who stood beside him now, but a light and slender man, who ran lightly over the pavement, leaving him to the tender mercies of any passer by.

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"Of course the old lady puts up a little rough about it, but I let her know I am my own master. Just as if there were any law in this world!"

This conversation strengthened Webb's resolution to go also, for he felt an awful fear lest the fellows thought his wife had a little too much to say. And yet he knew that he owed his good name to her, and the fortune which was now his would have been acquired by her for her influence. Then the affair of the Leap Year party, and his own vision, and he felt a twinge; and then he settled the matter by thinking that he would go for a little while only.

When he returned he found his wife George gotten up in a most ravishing style, and with a half dozen pretenses to keep him at home. She said nothing on the subject, but she had some old songs and duets upon the table, which she wanted him to practice with her.

"You know we used to sing so much together before we were married, dear," "Well, well, well," he dropped the pitch of the voice as he pronounced each successive exclamation: "Is that the kind of lawyers you have now?" "Yes, a lawyer that is going to sue me for a horse that I am going to sue him to hear a talk like that. An auctioneer makes a better speech than his, nodding toward the lawyer who had just made a speech of the same kind."

"When he wants to make you believe that a spavined horse is sound as a nut. What's the good of your colleges and your schools of law going to sue me for a horse that I am going to sue him to hear a talk like that. An auctioneer makes a better speech than his, nodding toward the lawyer who had just made a speech of the same kind."

"Now, George," said he, laughing, "why not be honest and say you don't want me to go to Evan? and be done with it?"

"Well, I don't," she cried, laughing in turn. "And you won't go, either, will you, darling?"

"Of course I shall go. I have promised, and you would not have me break my promise, would you?" he replied.

"Yes, I would, if it were such a promise as that," she said, kissing him. "Well, I shall not," returned he, taking out his shaving utensils.

Then Mrs. George snatched away his brush and tossed it out of the open window, and he was obliged to leave the house without being shaved.

"Never mind," said he. "I can get shaved at the barbers."

And then the little wife threw her arms about his neck and kissed and coaxed him furiously for ten minutes. His resolution was beginning to waver when his eye fell upon a powder that he had just bought, and he was sleeping, and into his mind there instantly came an ignoble plot.

"Well," said he as if yielding, "if you will let me go, and get some of us glass of that lemonade I saw in the pitcher to-night, I will think it before I go."

Away ran the happy George, thinking now was sure of victory, and soon returned with the pitcher and two glasses.

He made this on purpose for you, Willis," "Thank you, dearie. Now run away and fetch my dressing gown and slippers."

And while she was gone the unprincipled fellow dropped the plate into his wife's glass.

"Now for a merry evening!" lifting his glass; and the two together drank the toast of matrimony. "Let us have a glass of that lemonade I saw in the pitcher to-night, I will think it before I go."

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LAWYERS OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

An Old Man Discourses on the Decline in Oratory—How Suits Were Won.

The judge and jury were quietly doing in one of the New York courts, and yet the judge's counsel was trying to prove by long lists of figures and incomprehensible accounts that his client was one of the salt of the earth. The attendance was sparse, and the judge, who was a white haired old man with a smooth shaven face, seemed to watch the proceedings with more interest than any of the other spectators. He leaned forward in his seat with his hands folded over an old fashioned walking stick, and shook his head mournfully from time to time as he expressed a sort of indulgent pity for the counsel, the court and the jury. At last his feelings seemed to demand relief in speech, and he began to unbosom himself to his neighbor.

"Well, well, well," he dropped the pitch of the voice as he pronounced each successive exclamation: "Is that the kind of lawyers you have now?" "Yes, a lawyer that is going to sue me for a horse that I am going to sue him to hear a talk like that. An auctioneer makes a better speech than his, nodding toward the lawyer who had just made a speech of the same kind."

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HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

Good Pulpit Advice on the Selection of a Partner.

"The Choice of a Lifetime Companion," was the subject of Dr. Talmage's recent discourse. It was the first of a series of sermons on pertinent topics of the day which he delivered at Winter. His text was chosen from Judges iv., 3. He said: "The earth never owned such an array of womanly beauty and goodness as to-day. Fifteen years women will be no more better educated than men that it will be difficult to find enough ignorance in the opposite sex to make suitable consort. As your religious adviser it is my duty to caution you. I hitch my best team to the whirlfrees, and I propose to put the plowshare into the ground up to the iron beam, no matter how many people may cry woe!"

Dr. Talmage said it was a mistaken idea that all men must marry. Many men were actually married to wives, and it was an insult for them to ask any woman to marry them. He said: "How dare you, masculine beast, offer yourself to a pure maid! With a husband and a wife, you are going to have a religious teacher, to advise you as to the selection of a wife. He said a man should seek Divine guidance. Farquhar Cupper gave this advice and was laughed at. Many who had gone to the other side of their faces. Terzaghi wives, spendthrift wives, opium eating wives, wives overbearing in all things, and yet married to good men. What then keeps up the club houses, where fathers and sons go because they can't stand it at home, the preacher said, and added: 'Ladies, beware! The Lord knows. Two samples is so different from the reality that the husband is simply absconded when he finds he has been simply deceived.'

Continuing, the reverend gentleman said: "I don't know which of Adam's twenty-four ribs Eve was made from, but look out! There are twenty-three ribs in

