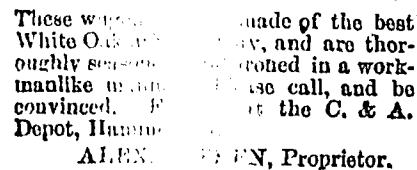


**Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.**

NO. 73

Repairing of all kinds done, and Guaranteed.



Close to SCHOOLS, CHURCHES,  
POST-OFFICES, and R. R. DEPOT  
in the CENTRE of the Town of Ham-  
mon. mon.  
**Prices Reasonable Terms Easy**  
Call on, or address,  
**A. J. SMITH, Hammon N.**  
**P. O. Box 24.**



## The Blood Horse.

Gamarras is a dainty steed, young, sleek, and full of breed, full of fire and full of blood, with all his line of fathers known; "One his name, his name is this: But blown about by the pride within him, and his eyes like a living fire, look, how round his shining throat, and shifting beauty float; Swaying strength is in his veins, and the red blood gallops through his veins.

Richer, redder, never ran through the heart of boasting man, he can trace his lineage through a Hamburg frigate that sailed to the East Indies.

Then he returned and did not go again, for his young kinsman, Anna Muir, had become an orphan. With her on the hall he now had his home, and never was a little spot of earth kept in finer order. Lorenz Karsten was thin and bony, as the Frielanders are, who live on the islands, in consequence of the sharp sea air, but in strength and courage none could compare with him; and his face, with the bright blue eyes, the high forehead, the thin, delicate nose, would have been considered remarkable had fate willed that he had been born a nobleman. But here, with his wife, and his hat and another on his neck, to which hung a whistle. He was a young, fresh fellow, with stiff, thick, red hair, and a bright, bright eye.

"That is the boatswain," said Lorenz; "the three are sailors."

The door was rudely opened and the children entered.

"Hello, good day," said the boatswain, going toward Lorenz. "What is his name?"

"Lorenz Karsten," said Lorenz.

"Lorenz Karsten," cried the other in the north Schleswig German tongue. He struck the Frielanders on the shoulder and nodded to him.

"Understand Danish?" asked he.

"No," Lorenz answered, "I do not."

"Then you do not understand it," answered Lorenz.

"Shall I learn it?" said the boatswain, "sees, thou said the other?"

"Thou saidst thou said the other?" Lorenz asked.

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but would declare that she was the most beautiful of all the maidens, even though the girls of Amram wore a front of satin embroidered with flowers. Many a man envied the blond, haired cousin, Lorenz Karsten, who had the good fortune to live with Anna on the hall, and who was her protector and friend. Yet, eagerly they wished for her favor, none spoke slightly of the fortunate one, for Lorenz Karsten was a man highly respected. Few were as skilled as he in guiding a ship, none as well as he knew the waters from Elbe to north Denmark. He was the best pilot on the island, and had been for several years master of a Hamburg frigate that sailed to the East Indies.

Then he returned and did not go again, for his young kinsman, Anna Muir, had become an orphan. With her on the hall he now had his home, and never was a little spot of earth kept in finer order. Lorenz Karsten was thin and bony, as the Frielanders are, who live on the islands, in consequence of the sharp sea air, but in strength and courage none could compare with him; and his face, with the bright blue eyes, the high forehead, the thin, delicate nose, would have been considered remarkable had fate willed that he had been born a nobleman. But here, with his wife, and his hat and another on his neck, to which hung a whistle. He was a young, fresh fellow, with stiff, thick, red hair, and a bright, bright eye.

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not soon return. Farewell! May you be happy!"

"Art going?" said she. "Where?"

"Over to Husum; from there to Kiel."

"I would like to go with you, Lorenz."

"No," said she, and left him without a word. Lorenz, however, increased his rage and pain, he heard how the faithful cousin described him as a bad, cold fellow, who was hardly worthy to live.

"Has he then done thee wrong, sweet girl?" asked the boatswain.

"Much wrong," said she, "only today he has bitterly vexed me."

"He shall get his reward for that. Do not fear, thou shalt never see him again."

"That's right," answered she; "but see to it he does not get clear."

"Hof! Hof!" yelled the Dane, "of that there is no fear; we understand the business; in the first week his skin shall be as soft as a little velvet."

"That's right," said Lorenz, "but when the war is over I shall come back and marry thee myself."

"A good fellow," followed, but with it fell a cannon shot from the ship.

"Hollo!" cried the boatswain, "we must go; the old growler calls us."

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The people of Hamonton are very particular about the

**BUTTER**

they use.

AT

**TILTON & SONS**

Will be found, always the very choicest Selections in Creamery and Dairy Butter.

And a Specialty in the celebrated **Crystal Springs Creamery**, in half-pound prints.

Miss **HATTIE L. BOWDOIN** TEACHER OF **Piano and Organ**, HAMMONTON, N. J.

**E. E. CARPENTER**, FIRE, Life and Accident Insurance AGENT. Office, Residence, Central Av. & Third St. Hammonton, N. J.

**COAL.** As I have succeeded to my father (John Scullin) in the coal business, I am prepared, now, to receive orders for all sizes of the best Lehigh coal, at prices low as the lowest. Can be had at the yard, on Egg Harbor Road, opposite Bernshouse's mill, or will deliver it to any part of town at reasonable rates. Office at Jackson's meat market, where orders may be left. Orders taken, also, at Fiedler's cigar store. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Give me a trial.

**COAL.** Cedar Shingles Having my Mill in full operation, 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 1000 Poles for sale, in the swamp or delivered at Elwood or DuCosta Station.

**A New Ordinance.** An Ordinance concerning Buildings and Building Inspectors: Introduced Nov. 27, 1887; passed Dec. 25, 1887. Sec. 1st. Be it enacted by the Town of Hammonton, in Council assembled, That the Council shall appoint a Building Inspector who shall serve for a year, and in case of necessity, by adjournment, or removal, said Council shall appoint a man to fill the vacancy. Said Inspector shall be either carpenter, mason, or other person who has a practical knowledge of Building. Sec. 2nd. The said Inspector shall consist of the Council inspection of all buildings and all buildings undergoing repairs or alterations, and all buildings chimneys and structures which have become dangerous or unsafe. And when in his judgment, any building or structure, shall be considered unsafe, he shall immediately notify the owner or contractor to remove, alter or repair such building, structure or part thereof, and such removal, alteration or repairs shall be commenced within ten days from date of said notice, and be completed without unnecessary delay. Sec. 3rd. Any person failing to comply with the order of said Inspector, shall forfeit and pay a sum not exceeding Fifty dollars, or be imprisoned in the County Jail or Workhouse, not exceeding ten days for each and every offence. Sec. 4th. Any person obstructing said Inspector in the performance of his duties, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined not less than \$10, nor exceeding Fifty dollars, or be imprisoned in the County Jail or Workhouse, not exceeding ten days for each and every offence. Sec. 5th. And be it further ordained that said Inspector shall, at any time, be removed or re-elected, by the Council, and his duties, shall be performed by the Council, until said Inspector may be removed. Sec. 6th. It is further ordained, that said Inspector shall receive for his services, the sum of \$100 per annum, in advance. Sec. 7th. Be it further ordained that all provisions of any Ordinance, shall be continued in force until the expiration of the term of office of the Building Inspector of the Town of Hammonton, as set out in Sec. 1st, 1887. Attest: T. B. DROWN, Town Clerk.

**Special Master's Sale REAL ESTATE** Camden & Atlantic Counties. By virtue of a decree of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1886, in a cause of partition, wherein Arthur W. Potter is complainant, and Mary C. Potter, et al., are defendants, the subscriber one of the Special Masters in the Court of Chancery, will expose to sale at Public Vendue, on Friday, February 25, A. D. 1887.

Between the hours of twelve and five o'clock in the afternoon, to wit: at one o'clock, on the premises, in the town of Hammonton, all those two lots, tracts or parcels of land and premises described as follows, to wit:

Lot No. 1. Situate in the town of Hammonton, county of Atlantic and State of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the north-west corner of Second and Peach streets and extending thence (1) along the side of Second street north forty-four degrees west about one hundred and fifty feet to a point at equal distance between Vine and Peach streets, corner to Smith's land; thence (2) north forty-seven degrees and twenty-nine minutes east sixty-six feet to a point, thence (3) south forty-four degrees east one hundred and fifty feet to the side of Peach street as before said; thence (4) along the same south forty-seven degrees and twenty-nine minutes west sixty-six feet to the place of beginning, containing 9,000 square feet of land more or less.

**COAL.** As I have succeeded to my father (John Scullin) in the coal business, I am prepared, now, to receive orders for all sizes of the best Lehigh coal, at prices low as the lowest. Can be had at the yard, on Egg Harbor Road, opposite Bernshouse's mill, or will deliver it to any part of town at reasonable rates. Office at Jackson's meat market, where orders may be left. Orders taken, also, at Fiedler's cigar store. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Give me a trial.

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**Mrs. Florence Hooper Baker** Of New York City, **PIANIST and COMPOSER** Of the famous "Raguet Waltz," will give instruction in music. Teacher of Harmony and Thorough Bass. Terms reasonable. Residence with Mrs. Fish, Hammonton.

**LOCAL MATTER.** Mrs. Wm. Jones has returned to Hammonton, a reconciliation having been effected between herself and her husband. Constable Bernshouse had a trip to May's Landing this week, as escort to an Italian (lately employed by John Trafford), who, in roasting a real or fancied insult, drove Henry Newton into the house at the point of his revolver. Justice Atkinson sent him to jail until next Court. Auction.—At the Armout House, Hammonton—close to the C. & A. depot—on Wednesday next, Feb. 16th, 10 o'clock. Beds and bedding, tables and chairs, carpets and matting, etc. Everything new, used only six months. Mr. Arnout is about opening a large eating-house in Paterson, N. J. Insure your property against damage by lightning, as well as against loss by fire, by ordering your insurance of A. H. PHILLIPS. (Correspondence solicited. Address, Hammonton or Atlantic City, N. J.) In the office of Comptroller Anderson, at Trenton, there is a huge skull with a blunderbuss lying close by. On the wall above is a placard with this inscription: "All that remains of the last man who asked us who we thought would be elected Senator."

Two watermelons, fresh from the vine, were shipped from Lauriburg, N. C., a few days ago to a congressman at Washington.

**One Lady Agent** Or gentleman wanted in each town in the U. S. to canvass for a beautifully illustrated family magazine, now in its twelfth year, \$1.50 a year, with splendid premiums to every subscriber. An experienced canvasser can earn from \$20 to \$40 per week. Any smart man or woman can do well. For sample copies and agent's circular, address: COTTAGE HEARTH CO., Boston, Mass.

**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.

**REMOVAL.** Having removed my stock of goods to **The New Brick Store**, (Black's building), and having now better facilities for handling and displaying my goods, I shall in future keep a **Larger Stock** And a better assortment. Thankful to my patrons for past favors, I shall seek, by trying my best to please, to merit a continuance of the same. Call and see me at my new store.

A small stock of Fall and Winter Millinery at Cost, to close out. **Cora E. Newton.**

**J. MURDOCH**, MANUFACTURER OF **SHOES.** Ladies', Men's, and Children's Shoes made to order.

**Boys' Shoes a Specialty.** Repairing Neatly Done.

A good stock of shoes of all kinds always on hand.

First floor—Small's Block, **Hammonton, N. J.**

**THOS. HARTSHORN**, Hammonton, N. J.

**Paper Hanger, House Painter.** Orders left with S. E. Brown & Co., or in Post-office box 298 will receive prompt attention.

**AFFLICTED & UNFORTUNATE** After all others fail consult **DR. LOBB** 329 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa. 20 years experience in all SPECIAL diseases. Particularly those which are cured by early indication. 62¢ Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours: 11 a. m. till 9, and 7 to 10 evening.

**Wm. Bernshouse, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER** [Of 32 years' Experience.] **Steam Saw and Planing Mill Lumber Yard.**

Doors, Sash, Moldings, and Scroll-work. Window-Glass. Old sizes cut to order. Lime, Cement, and Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of **FRUIT PACKAGES** **Berry Chests** Cranberry and Peach **CRATES.** Old Sizes of Fruit Crates made to order.

**CEDAR SHINGLES** A Specialty.—odd sizes cut to order. Oak and Pine Wood for Sale. Cut and Split if desired. A large quantity of Pine and Cedar Cuttings, for Summer and Kindling, \$2.50 per cord. CEDAR PICKETS five and a-half feet long, for chicken yard fence.

**J. S. Thayer, contractor & Builder** Hammonton, N. J.

**LUMBER** For sale, in small or large quantities.

**HEATERS** Furnished and Repaired.

Plans, Specifications, And Estimates Furnished

**JOBBING** Of all kinds promptly attended to.

Shop on Bellevue Avenue, next door to Elam Stockwell's store. Orders left at the shop, or at Stockwell's store, will receive prompt attention. Charges reasonable. P. O. box 53.

**W. Rutherford, Hammonton, N. J.,**

**Conveyancer, Notary Public,** Real Estate and Insurance

**AGENCY.** Insurance placed only in the most reliable Companies.

Deeds, Lenses, Mortgages, etc., Carefully drawn.

**OCEAN TICKETS** To and from all parts of Europe, made out while you wait, at the Companies' lowest rates.

Office, in Rutherford's Block.

**For Sale & To Rent.**

I have a number of properties for sale (\$800 to \$5000 each), and having some twenty five tenants. I am able to give better satisfaction in location and price than any other parties in town. I am also agent for what is known as the Clark property, now owned by J. B. Small.

**T. J. SMITH**, Hammonton, N. J.

We Have Thousands of Testimonials to the Fact that

**IMPERIAL EGG FOOD** WILL MAKE THEM LIVE AND PRODUCE. Strengthens Weak and drooping Fowls, Promotes the Healthy Growth and Development of all varieties of poultry, and insures fine Condition and Smooth Plumage.

It will help them through moulting wonderfully. It will furnish bone and muscle for young chicks, and thus save them. Prevents and absolutely Cures the diseases incident to Poultry.

**CHICKEN CHOLERA** Is usually the result of weakness caused by a lack of the proper chemicals in the system. These are supplied by the **IMPERIAL EGG FOOD**. It is a forcing process: you simply give them the chemicals to make eggs at a cost of less than one cent a week for each bird. Ask for it of your local manufacturer if he does not keep it, write to **DR. J. C. STURGEANT**, Manufacturer of Ground Oyster Shells and all Poultry Supplies, 111-113 State Street, Hartford, Conn.

**S. E. BROWN & Co.**

**AGENTS FOR**

**LEFFEL'S**

Improved

**IRON**

**WIND ENGINE.**

This wind-engine is powerful because rightly constructed, and durable because well-made and composed entirely of Iron.

Special attention given to

**DRIVEN WELLS.**

**Iron & Wooden Pumps**

Always on hand, **Force Pumps**

A Specialty. Pumps placed in well, and left in good working order at a reasonable charge.

**S. E. BROWN & Co.,**

Hammonton, N. J.

**The Republican.**

**SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1887.**

**LOCAL MISCELLANY.**

A fine assortment of Valentines at E. J. Woolley's.

Did you notice A. H. Simons' big advertisement?

Did you get up to see the eclipse on Tuesday morning?

Mr. James Trafford has a horse that never lies down.

Have you noticed that handsome ash extension table at Brown & Co.'s?

Mr. Bernshouse has the addition to French's paint works well under way.

A wife rightly bred makes a good loaf; but a girl bred to loaf will not make a good wife.

William Colwell's farm of fourteen acres, with good buildings and set to pears, etc., is for sale.

Mrs. U. S. Peabody and Mrs. M. Stockwell spent Thursday with Mrs. T. B. Brown, at Atlantic City.

Mr. Carpenter has added to his stock a good assortment of tea, coffee, fruit, etc., to which he calls attention.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature making the term of office of Freeholder two years instead of one.

Arthur P. Smith, stenographer, purchased a Remington type-writer this week, containing all the latest improvements.

Mr. Sturtevant is building an addition to the front of the house recently purchased by Mrs. Arlitz from L. D. Vaughn.

Miss Minnie Samson is one of the many unfortunate, who were visited by the measles. Though quite sick for a time, she has nearly recovered.

Dr. Bowen's house, on Central Avenue, is assuming proper shape (and there is considerable shape), under the skillful guidance of Mr. Thayer.

The Volunteer Fire Company will meet in Small's Hall next Monday evening, 14th, at 7:45, sharp.

A. K. Bernshouse, Sec. p. t.

Mr. G. Valentine has unfettered wine, his own making, as sweet and pure as the grapes from which it was made,—just the thing for sacramental or medicinal use.

Query.—Wouldn't it be well for our Loan Associations, before accepting a mortgage on real estate or personal property, to ascertain whether the taxes are paid thereon?

The property offered for sale by Lewis Hoyt, on Main Road, is just the place for a poultry man. A good house, five acres of land, considerable fruit, and location very desirable.

P. S. Tilton & Son have something to say about butter, on the opposite page. Read it; it won't take you long. Act upon their implied suggestion; it will improve your appetite.

Two handsome wedding cakes were exhibited in A. H. Simons' window on Thursday,—samples of the work done in his bakery. The ornamentation was very elaborate, and attracted the admiring attention of passers-by.

Some members of the singing class say that if the girls persist in wearing those steep-crowned hats, Prof. Seely will need to hang his charts on the rose-window or provide elevated seats for those who sit toward the back part of the church.

The Rudimentary Class in vocal music took their first lesson on Saturday evening last. There must have been over one hundred pupils present. The advanced class meets on Tuesday evening, an encouraging number being present.

At the Workmen's Loan & Building Association meeting, Monday evening, about \$3000 were sold, in sums ranging from \$100 to \$1000, at prices from 81 to 94 cents, averaging 81. The proposed constitutional amendment was adopted, increasing the number of shares to 3000.

Dion E. Woolley has accepted the position recently tendered him—as Editor of *North's Musical Monthly*—a new but already successful magazine published by F. A. Nor th & Co., Philadelphia. While an employee of this firm Mr. Woolley's advice contributed not a little to the magazine's prosperity; and now that his whole time is to be devoted to it, we shall expect his well-known ability to place the *Monthly* among the most successful of the American magazines.

Mr. Owen, the leader of the Simons Colonist, had a letter in the Sun in which he contradicted the statement of one Nichols, a returned colonist, and quotes from the U. S. Coast Survey report, and from letters of prominent men who have visited Topobampo, to prove that the place and harbor are all that he ever claimed. A letter was received from Bert Freese, this week, in which he expresses satisfaction with everything pertaining to the colony. He is at work in the farming section, and says that the city site just before writing, and says that from a cabin door, near the bay, he counted eighty tents occupied by colonists.

Some weeks ago we mentioned the escape of two steers, which had become wild during their rambles through the woods. Last week a party started to capture them, and on Friday secured their carcasses, after a hunt which was equal to some of which we read in books of adventure. Mr. Eckart says: "A Chemung farmer tried to drive them away from his corn-fodder, one day, when they charged at him so fiercely that he barely escaped. The last one killed was shot in the forehead, and Jake jumped onto him and cut his wind pipe; but he wasn't dead yet, and made a wicked lunge for the first man he saw (who was eleven feet high), compelling him to take quick refuge up a tree. Another shot finished the animal."

You will see, in another column, a notice of a public meeting to be held this evening, in the interest of the proposed Bank. At every citizen show his interest in this matter by attending,—not stay away and say "I don't expect a Bank to benefit me." Show that that you have an interest in what is going on. A successful Bank here will do much to advertise our town; and if you do not have money to deposit, or business to transact with the Bank, anything that helps the progress of the town, helps you. It seems to be a universal sentiment that the majority, at least, of this stock should be held by home parties, and be run as a home institution. Now, let us back up that sentiment by attending that meeting to night, and all put our shoulders to the wheel and lift together. There are five thousand spokes to this wheel; if you can't reach around one hundred of them, grasp as many as you can, if it is but one. Every one helps, and perhaps that one will start the wheel moving.

Gen. D. A. Russell Post, G. A. R., met last Saturday evening. There was an unusual turn-out of members, also several visitors from Gloucester and Camden. After the routine business, Mr. Walsh was elected a member of the Auxiliary Corps, and the Post was duly inspected by the regular Inspecting Officer, Comrade McCracken, of the Gloucester City Post. The Post Band and members of the Auxiliary Corps were then admitted, when speeches and songs were in order. Some of the visitors were called upon for remarks, but, as is usual on such occasions, each one tried to shift the burden on some other victim. Mr. Walsh was called for, but being somewhat embarrassed by the novelty of his position, and the interruptions of some of his friends (!), the Commander gave him time to collect himself by calling on the Band. Some of the comrades from Gloucester entertained the company with, and their want of experience in, chicken raising ("They came down on a tour of inspection, not only of the Post, but of Hammonton chicken coops. We haven't heard of any chickens being missed, so conclude they have got heavily over their foraging propensities, acquired during the "late opulence of the war." Comrade Cochran interested us with his experience as "orderly" of Gen. Phil. Kearney, which was characteristic as well as entertaining. Gen. Biggs, who rarely fails us on such an occasion, retreated under cover of our Comrade O'good, who suddenly discovered that he couldn't sing a song. Major Jordan favored us with a song, which was well appreciated. Several good-natured thrusts failed to bring out either Com. Aiken or Parkhurst. After music by the Band, closing with "America," sung by the whole company, adjourned to A. H. Simons' restaurant, where oysters were served; after which the company separated, the visitors being entertained by various comrades.

"UNCLE." [It is evident that our correspondent was not one of those who, on Sunday, visited several of the poultry farms and inspected some five thousand chicks of various sorts and sizes. It was there demonstrated that the aforesaid "foraging propensity" was still active,—several pockets were found to contain samples (deceased) of incubator fruit.]

**SCHOOL REPORT.**

The following pupils of the Hammonton Schools have received an average of 90 in department, 80 or above in recitations, and have been regular in attendance, during the week ending Friday, Feb. 4th, 1887, and thereby constitute the

**ROLL OF HONOR.**

**HIGH SCHOOL.** W. H. Matthews, Principal. Hattie Miller, Laura Barker, Nellie Taylor, Minnie Newcomb, Eva Veal, Lena Adams, Miss Conkey, Myra Patten, Georgea Smith, Maudie Pines, Emma Franco, Nellie Monfort, John S. Roberts, Leonard Adams, Arthur Elliot.

**GRAMMAR DEPARTMENT.** Miss Minnie Colwell, Teacher. Helen Miller, Lucy Hood, Nellie Taylor, Laura Barker, Fred Miller, Lella DePue, Zora Hall, Alice Whittier, Henry Stockwell, Grace Whitmore, Chester Crowell, Lulu Smith, Wilbert Beveridge, Frank Whittier, Arthur Elliot.

**INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.** Miss C. A. Underwood, Teacher. Ida Blythe, John Baker, Belle Harvey, George Hewitt, Jessie Grant.

**PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.** Miss Nellie D. Fogg, Teacher. Ada Jones, Frank Tomlin, Harry Rutherford, Maurice Lee, John Matthews, William Jones, Ada Dwyer, Lawrence Knight.

**LAKE SCHOOL.** Miss Flora Potter, Teacher. Mabel Dorphy.

**MAIN ROAD SCHOOL.** Newton C. Holdridge, Teacher. James Scuttia, Eddie Gay, Wm. Stock, Jennie Hammon, Wm. Parkhurst, Frank Lobdell.

**MIDDLE ROAD SCHOOL.** Miss Clara Cawley, Teacher. John Chambers, James Scott, Harry Montfort, Maggie Craig, Samuel Newcomb, Howard Montfort, Robbie Finner.

**MAGNOLIA SCHOOL.** Miss Carrie Carhart, Teacher. Chris. Heller, Clara Jones, Henry Geopert, Maudie Jones.

**COLUMBIA SCHOOL.** Miss Bertha E. Fogg, Teacher. Howard Craig, Lizzie Wickward, John Reed, Maggie Craig, Joseph Abbott, David Westcott, Thomas Craig.

**STATISTICS.**

NAME OF SCHOOL.	Total on Roll	Present	By Absence	By Truancy	By Suspended	By Expulsion
1 High School.....	47	42	5	0	0	0
2 Grammar Department.....	82	75	7	0	0	0
3 Intermediate Dept.....	51	43	8	0	0	0
4 Primary Dept.....	61	43	18	0	0	0
5 Main Road School.....	21	14	7	0	0	0
6 Lake School.....	21	14	7	0	0	0
7 Middle Road School.....	53	21	32	0	0	0
8 Magnolia School.....	29	21	8	0	0	0
9 Columbia School.....	29	21	8	0	0	0

**Married.**

**FAUNCE—JONES.** On Thursday, Feb. 10th, 1887, at the residence of Mr. J. B. Small, by Rev. Mr. Randall, Mr. Will. A. Faunce and Miss Grace J. Jones, all of Hammonton, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Faunce took the evening train for Atlantic City, followed by the good wishes of a host of friends.

**WOOD—ELVINS.** On Thursday evening, Feb. 10th, 1887, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. H. J. Zoller, Mr. John E. Wood and Miss Carrie E. Elvins, daughter of Hon. George Elvins, all of Hammonton.

After the impressive ceremony, the company spent an hour or so in pleasant intercourse, and partook of an elegant supper, after which the bride and groom were escorted to their own home, which had been completely fitted up.

List of unclaimed letters remaining in the Post Office at Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Feb. 12th, 1887:

George Sharp. Mrs. Kate Morris. Mrs. Rebecca Johnson. Mr. Joseph Fuller. Mr. George Forbes. John Ficus. S. Peter.

Joe Z. Lippincott. Mr. J. Davis. Mrs. A. F. Collins. Mrs. Mary Buckson.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please state that it has been advertised.

**PEOPLE'S BANK.**

A public meeting will be held this (Saturday) evening, in Small's Hall, at eight o'clock, to tell what has already been done, what we expect to do, and what you will do.

Every day and his friends invited. By order of Committee.

For Sale.—A farm of 6 or seven acres, ten acres in Pears, balance in Apples, Cherries and Grapes. Good eight-room house, barn, wagon-house, and shop; hot-els and wash. Land runs from Third Street to the railroad, a short distance from Union Depot. 2 off a 1886 equalled one-third the price of the farm. Will be sold for a reasonable price, and on favorable terms. Apply to

Wm. Colwell, Hammonton.

**Valentines.**—A fine assortment, at E. J. Woolley's.

We hear from good authority that the Branch railroad from here to Egg City will be in operation again next summer.—Journal.

Every Good Thing is Counterfeited.

Call on **A. H. SIMONS** for

**GOOD BREAD**

**PIES**

**CAKES**

And Baker's Goods in general.

Orders Filled on Short Notice

**Candies, Nuts, Oranges,**

**Lemons, Apples, Cocoanuts,**

**Bananas, etc., etc.**

We have been working under the motto: "Our customers are our advertisers," or "Letting our patrons do our advertising," and it worked very well,—thanks to our friends and patrons,—but when we get in something new, as we have now, we thought we would get the papers to help our customers.

Not dead, but sleeping (as some say of our School Board). We are not dead (as some of our neighbors have reported), we have only been sleeping while our new quarters were being fitted up; and now that we have aroused from our slumbers, we have, in connection with our Bakery and Confectionery, added

**OYSTERS**

And we are ready to take orders for them.

Call at **THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S BUSINESS BLOCK** to have your wants supplied.

**The Best Sausage**

Ever made in Hammonton,

**At Jackson's.** Try it.

**It is a Fact** That nine-tenths of the buildings painted in Hammonton, the last four years, (and they number two hundred, were painted with

**Hammonton Paint,**

Manufactured by

**JOHN T. FRENCH,**

Hammonton Paint Works, Hammonton, N. J.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me." E. A. Jackson, N. D.

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Without injurious medication.

THE CHAMBERLAIN COMPANY, 129 Fulton Street, N. Y.



## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

[illegible]

**For Theater Goers.**

[illegible]

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE

The magnificent mountain home of Adolina Patti.

About 100 miles from London, Wales, in a picturesque chain of mountains, is situated the most beautiful of Castles of Crag-y-Nos, the home of Adolina Patti, in the style of fifteenth century.

Numerous houses offer fruits of every kind, while the stables are provided with superb horses, the diva handles with the skill of the Amazon. Nos. are carried by the diva's own men, which actually stands waiting for the guests at the station of Crag-y-Nos. The kennels contain twenty packs of hounds, and in the garden are to be seen the finest fowl, in the kitchen, with extreme neatness and order, most appetizing viandas are prepared. The kitchen is a grand place, the skillful cooks, the garden produces the most delicious wines and liquors of the world. The castle is built entirely of stone.

But who can give an adequate idea of the grandeur and beauty to be found within these walls? says a correspondent of the San Francisco *Call*. There are two dining halls—one for winter and the other for summer. The winter hall is a magnificent conservatory, while in the center of the castle is a spacious reception room, with furniture of exquisite taste, embroidered in gold. The walls are adorned with oriental rugs and draperies of great value, as well as many jewels of price, all being presents which the diva has received. The ceiling is of the most golden wood with brilliant and the most golden laurel crown ornamented with diamond stars, both of which surmounts given her by her enthusiastic admirers. The pictures on the walls are testimonies of their affection and admiration.

Among the jewels is a cascade of stones of artistic workmanship, the most valuable of the Vienna Opera troupe, while rubies of pure gold and eyes of rubies, a small piano inlaid with precious stones and the choicest for the diva. The pictures on the walls are every sort and of great value from part of the collection of the lady of castle.

The bonheur of the diva looks like a tiny little box, with its rose-colored and blue furnishings. Here stand the upright piano of satin-wood, which the walls hang photographs and pictures of the diva's life. There are also the waiting portraits of all the crowned heads of Europe, as well as of the renowned artists and musicians. A large number of subscriptions under the name of the diva are to be seen in the Patti is held. There are also a few portraits painted by the diva herself, to testify that were she not the queen of the night she might have distinguished herself in the realm of painting.

There are also two large rooms containing billiard tables, and it is here that Signor Nicolini spends his evenings. With the game they listen to the harmonious music as one could deduce for an orchestra of 100 musicians crouching in the shadows of the forest. Music does not does the grand orchestra made in Geneva at the express order of the diva at a cost of 1,000 Italian lire, to say nothing of 100 cylinders, to be used.

Slightly elevated, yet making part of the billiard-room, is the card-room, containing another grand piano. It is here that the diva spends her time, to the express desire of Mme. Patti, who, however, prefers billiards to other game, and in Signor Nicolini's skillful and excellent master.

The diva's wardrobe is a tapestry in bluish gray embellished with and the furniture of inland rosewood in common with nearly all the furniture of the castle. The diva's room is a monogram and the corner of a of which, while her dressing-room is a feet big.

Signor Nicolini's apartment is furnished, the walls are hung with pictures of game and fish. The wardrobe is full of every possible invention for hunting and shooting. The Signor Nicolini's pastime. The grove and lakes belonging to the castle are sufficient him, he has leased seven so miles of land and five miles of the castle. He has a large number of game and fish there. The very day my departure Signor Nicolini came before my eyes a salmon weighing 100 pounds.

The few and scattered villages in the neighborhood are poor, and the villagers are ignorant. Patti is known to by no other title than the "Lady of Crag-y-Nos." She has been in the country so often on the special train around that they have a special view for her.

Pearls Fell From His Mouth

"I made a big 'speck' to-day," the horse reporter to the reliable writer.

"How so?" was the response.

"I paid 20 cents for a pair of fried oysters and got about \$20 worth of pearls. I was calmly chewing of the cracked bivalves when I suddenly saw a pearl fall from my mouth. I had nearly closed my mouth when it dropped right good pearls on the table in front of me, and I saw them fall from the mouth of the place. I shall have them polished and made into a necklace, which I have rivaled the myth of the pearl fisher. I don't care to all the world."

It is much easier to meet with than to find truth; error is on the face, truth is hidden in great detail, and it is not so easy to find it.

**FOR BACHELORS**

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## FASHION NOTES

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Pictures In The Fire.

When the winds are crooning of the  
    rising near—  
Shouting down the chimney, that the  
    flames are there—  
What a joy to gather, while the  
    leaping higher,  
And to gaze at the pretty pictures  
    painted in the fire.

There a ship is tossing that is wrecked  
    in the sea;  
Here a ruined castle crowns a  
    mountain steep—  
Younder smiles a garden, and a church  
    tower spire—  
Everywhere, too, are the pictures  
    of the fire.

Walls of stately mansions never  
    ought so rare;  
And all the things that men, and be-  
    lieves pictures there!

Tender faces greet us, Oh, one the  
    dear one—  
Watching on a winter's night the  
    flames in the fire—  
There a wild, stormy cloud, and  
    Italian skies;  
Life, with all its busy mazes, is seen  
    in the fire—  
Oh, the tranquil dreams that wake  
    the tempest's ire,  
What a picture of the world's pictures  
    painted in the fire!

A PAST HISTORY.

I was "doing" the Riviera  
nephew, Dick Merrivale, was  
mornning that I had stayed in  
write letters to friends in Eng-  
came bursting in like a whirlwind  
and, with a capital, was saying  
frank, generous of disposition  
some of face, devoted to art, wis-  
tified by profession, and most ch-  
romantically poor. Perhaps  
and, especially, was saying  
also why I had made him more  
though of that he was ignorant  
"Aunt, he cried, "put aside  
and I have seen one of the  
must," have seen one of the  
faces I ever saw in my life!"  
toity!" I exclaimed, "my dear  
this looks ominous—dangerous,  
marry a native?"

"No; a visitor, like ourselves  
plied Jack, who had crossed to  
dow and was peering out to  
then to the left."

"Then, last night, Mr.  
Norris, who fortunately know-  
is going to introduce me. As  
sons and dangerous, aunt, if you  
me, I am going to tell you, I  
love, I pleaded guilty at once."  
I heard and ears in love, and  
most miserable fellow on earth  
not win her."

"Then, Jack, moderate your  
sport, and talk sense. In these  
cal days of science and school-  
love at first sight has gone out  
tion, and you'll other the  
"Then I broke in Jack, "the  
artist's and lover's enthusiasms  
cause love's eyes never lose  
such a face as the one I've seen  
in the fire." "Aunt, I have  
judged for yourself! Here the  
the young lady and her grand-  
fine noble old fellow! Come, let  
shade is down, you can see her  
face!"

Catching my arm, he hurried  
the window.

"I looked down into the room,  
and saw—"

"What is the matter?" asked  
perceiving something was wrong.

"What?" I repeated.

"With infinite scorn, "a fine, man-  
ly fellow, with a high forehead,  
ton, the rich baron, that is his  
grandchild!"

"You know them, aunt?"

"I know him, that he is  
and, I am sure, as good a  
church mouse; so be wise, get  
love, or leave the Riviera inter-  
"That is absurd, aunt—or on  
the subject of the young lady  
"What, in heaven's name, can  
speak such things?"

I reflected a minute.

"If her child is like her,"

"Why should I not tell him  
myself, I said, "the (the) chaf-  
Jaffery Marston. It might as  
from—at least, prepare him for  
myself."

"I will tell you, Jack, if you  
listen," I said, pushing my  
aside.

He evidently was divided  
enmity and a desire to follow  
Marston, and I said, "I will  
He drew a chair near mine.

"Of course I will listen. Why  
ever have believed you knew the  
bars?"

"Eva Marston—for the (the)  
tous the mother's name"—I  
ed, "and I was little fellow  
clums— for she was a school  
young man had been, girl-like  
faded, she was a favorite with  
one."

"I don't wonder," I inter-  
"If her child is like her,"

"I am sure," Eva was the  
sagest, most amiable of dispo-  
Selfishness and she were por-  
gers, and she was one of the  
most beautiful, girl-like, and  
pacity for strong feeling. I lo-  
like a sister. She reciprocated  
fection, and our friendship was  
used when our schoolings were  
the same, and I said, "I re-  
plied Jaffery Marston's bank there  
Halbert Fortesque. He had  
quite a youth, but soon had  
the banker by his bright, but  
none, and she was one of the  
happiest girls imaginable until  
"Until—well, aunt,"

"She fell in love with me," I re-  
plied Jaffery Marston's bank there  
Halbert Fortesque. He had  
quite a youth, but soon had  
the banker by his bright, but  
none, and she was one of the  
happiest girls imaginable until  
"Until—well, aunt,"

Halbert Porteus was grateful, and strove more and more to please, — and he was making his mind up. One day, when he had been told, he shall remember he owes it all to me," the banker used to say.

In fact, the young fellow was his hobby-horse, as it were, of him. He thought how in time he would make his sub-manager, aware he might trust all in his hands.

"I was about 18 when I noted a change in her. She was thoughtful, abstracted. I saw she had something on her mind. It was not long before she confided to me. She loved Halbert," said Porteus.

"Did you love her?" asked Jack.

"She loved her. He had asked her to be his wife, and she had said 'Yes.'"

"I could never love any one else, Nelly," said Jack.

"But you must have loved her. You could be happy with any other than dear Halbert!"

"But your father, Eva?" suggested Jack.

"He may have higher views for you."

Eva laughed gaily.

"You do not know he likes Halbert," she exclaimed. "Halbert asks his consent to marry him, and does not fear. He is so such a favorite?"

"Poor Eva! The banker's liking was that of the patronized—the master to the servant. That Halbert Porteus—Nelly's puppy-love—for him, since he received, should aspire to wed his girl, he had no more deemed probable than that the sun and moon should rise together."

"So there, presumption was 'arrogance, impertinence, blackest ingratitude,' in his astonishment and rage he was violent in his words. He refused to exchange fellow with contemptuous disdain, and presenting him with a check and his dismissal at the same time, forbade him ever to enter his house to speak to Eva again."

"Did he obey?" asked Jack.

"I would not."

"He on his part did; for the banker had used terms that had stung his honor. So he went, and poor Eva came to feel herolation and to weep over her troubles."

"In his fury the banker had said he was neither to speak to nor see her. He had said, said not write, and Eva wrote to him."

"One day she came to me, her manner very excited."

"Halbert's letters had been so very cruel to her that she had mistrusted them. She had guessed that to save her pain he was deceiving her, and by another source had obtained information about him."

"She had learned that he was suffering from poverty; also was ill from despair. A banker's clerk is always a banker's clerk; employment was as hard to procure then as now, and she knew Halbert had not a penny left."

"And Jaffery Marston had refused one to Halbert Porteus."

"Nelly," said Eva, her eyes sparkling, "did not tell me that."

"Yes. My father is wrong; he is obstinate. He loves me too well, however, to let me suffer. I am the cause of Halbert's dismissal; when I am his wife, I will forgive for my sake what I know he felt. He will see then I can only be happy with Halbert."

"I tried to persuade her, though I thought very possibly she was right. But Jack Marston was not likely to discard a child who was as the apple of his eye."

"The next day Eva was missing—she had gone to Halbert."

"That will not make too long a story, Jack; suffice it that we were wrong in our reading of Jaffery Marston's nature: stern pride, obstinacy, self-esteem, doggedness, and the softer feelings. There seemed no middle course in his disposition. He cast off Eva as resolutely as he had discharged her husband."

"The letters she wrote he returned open, and she had to beg him not to show what little effect they had upon him."

"At last, after a long silence, she lost patience. The old butler, who took care of her, entered. She laid down behind the portiere, hoping for news of Eva."

"The banker read; there was heard to exclaim—"

"She will write no more, but will pray once to look on me before she dies. Al! woe shall see!" and inclosing the letter, he directed back."

"A few days later, at night, there was a knock at the door. The footman, opening it beheld Eva standing there poorly dressed in black."

"How was that? This was her beautiful face! What a spiritual expression clothed it! In her arms she carried her baby girl."

"The servants had been commanded not to admit her, but there she was who would have obeyed. So when she inquired for her father, the footman respectfully pointed to the study. The calm, peculiar expression still on her face, she entered. She did not close the door; the footman peeped through, the banker was seated by the fire reading."

"Eva went on up her entrance, then sprang to her feet; but as she gazed into her face he dropped back again, speechless."

"Eva went on and knelt on the rug before him."

"Father," she said, "Halbert is dead—dead from fighting the bitter world for my sake—and my heart is broken." And she burst into tears.

"He stared at her. Gently she laid the child on the rug, and added:

"Papa, love little Eva for my sake. I said I would look upon you before I die. Now I have done so. Pardon me, as forgive—say, forgive—say," leaning her cheek on his knee, "Heaven bless you?"

"Then Jaffery Marston leaped upon her, and, holding her to a wall, and couch, wildly murmured between his teeth,

[illegible]

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

**SOME THINGS ABOUT SALADS.**

Another Secret on the Subject of Food and Feeding.

A shrewd writer insists that when Nebuchadnezzar was punished by being condemned to a life of salad-eating the punishment consisted in the deprivation of the most delicious food that could be had, but if the wicked king had known enough he could have given most piquant flavor to his salad by adding a dash of cayenne, celery, and onion, separately, without the admixture of vegetable, made the salad proper for a gourmet, the other salads for the dulled epicurean appetite needing the aid of the most potent of condiments, fennel, chili, oil, olives, eggs, gherkins, cheese, cold potatoes, bacon, and these convert the salad proper into simply a mass of food.

Whatever Germany has contributed to the world in literature and art, history fails to point to a German salad-maker of distinction, with the exception of the Roman Emperor Nero, whose life-time notoriety by knowing how to keep a secret, for—

If you tell it to one, she will tell it to two;

At the next cup of tea they'll blot it out; they'll do it.

Therefore she won the salad wreath during her life by her delicious, stomach-ach-thrilling, noble compound, but lost it forever when among other great salad-makers because she accomplished her purpose. The salad of the Emperor Nero salad should never be exposed to the light, which ruined its freshness.

Salad-makers, like poets and artists, must be born to the art, for cool, comprehensive chemistry and medicants, and sorrel needs to be used with great caution. It should be picked in September, as it is then less liable to fermentation. The sorrel woman—The woman who has one glass of water to ten pounds; and add a handful of salt, cover tightly, and let it boil over a slow fire until thoroughly cooked. Then strain it through a fine sieve, and add a grain of salt with a wooden spoon, and put it back in the saucepan to boil for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly. Put the puree in earthen jars, cover tightly, and keep them in a cool place, and keep the jars in a cool place. This refreshing vegetable contains a great deal of oxalic acid and potash, and is considered an excellent medicament by physicians.

None but the ignorant immerse themselves in strong drink of any sort when summer days are long; none but the fool eat food that is not good for him. Salad, cool the blood. Shakespeare puts the words in the mouth of Jackanapes. When he climbed over the wall of Idem's garden while in hiding, he heard a footstep, and he cried out: "Which is not an ass," he adds, "to cool a man's stomach this hot weather," and Hamlet said of the players: "There was no salience in the lines to make them merry."

The vagaries of fashion have not yet regularly introduced, from our American bills of fare, and, as far as taste is concerned, it is a good thing that no innovation will be attempted. But if custom ordains it, it may be a consolation to reflect that our cooks will prevent them from tacking like frogs to the wall, and that the most popular, and dilute the dish. What says Sam Slick? "Yeal to be good must look like anything else but Yeal. You can't eat a pig's head when it's so fat, and vulgar, mutton must be incog, too beef must have a mask on; anything that looks sold take a spoon to; anything that looks light cut with a knife; anything that looks good, and has a mouth it is flesh, and if it seems real flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be flesh; nothing must be natural. Nature is out of fashion; it's a good thing it is out of fashion; it's a good thing it is out of fashion; everything is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and, I must say, the dinner machinery is perfect." Eating and drinking is a science, and the taste per se is peculiar to high culture.

The French do a great deal with fruit, while other nations take it raw. For example, the French eat apples and pears, gooseberry tarts and jellies; they eat their melons with pepper and salt, with sugar and vinegar, sticking slips of cinnamon and cloves in the holes, and they eat them with sugar. Apples are sliced thinly with a sharp silver knife into a glittering cut-glass compoter, seasoned with powdered sugar, sugar, orange-juice, lemon, and half a glass of brandy. This must stand several hours before serving.

Another exquisite invention of the French is the Chantreuse cake of various colors, made with various sorts of moist tasteless with various sorts of fresh fruit—stewed cherries, strawberries, pieces of peaches, apricots—In fact, the pieces of the various fruits are laid out in the shape of a star, and the cake is baked in a jelly, from some pretty design at the bottom of the mold, which has been previously placed in ice, build them up in reverse rows, and when the cake is baked, it is served by dipping the mold in warm water and turning it out upon the dish. If there is a quantity of fruit laid out in the shape of a star, or a ring, or a lamp, place a layer of butter in the Chantreuse, alternate with

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with jelly in the skins of the oranges cut in quarters after it is set.

For the pudding, the following are the ingredients: one cup of cornmeal, the invention of the famous Boyer. The Neesrode pudding is incomparable. Blanch three or four dozen good eggs; beat them with a rolling pin until tender; pound them in a mortar with a pod of vanilla, a pound of sugar, and a glass of Marschinese; stir this into a quart of cold water, and add a small amount of salt. Beat the yolks of ten eggs; stir this over the fire till it thickens to a custard, then freeze it in a freezing-pail to the thickness of cream. Beat the whites of the eggs, add three or four ounces of candied citron, and add to these two ounces of currants; pour over them a half-pint of cold water, and beat with a rolling pin an hour; then mix them with the pudding, adding half a pound of sugar to reduce it to a syrup, and beat in the whites of six eggs whipped to snow. Boil this one half of whipped cream, mold the pudding, freeze it, and turn it out when needed.

It is a common error to suppose that French chefs are more dainty than those of any other country. They are not. They are more highly flavored than English or American. Experience will soon prove that the reverse is the fact. These renowned chefs make use of every ingredient, and they use them in the most rich as well as the poor in the art of obtaining the greatest amount of nourishment and enjoyment from the smallest quantity of food. To make a pudding à la Reine, save all the stale bread-crumbs and also cake; then butter and paper a mold, fill up with the crumbs, pour some custard and untill it is thick, and pour over it the essence you please, for instance, citron or orange; use peel thinly sliced, and add for any flavor you please.

At Sea.

One does not seem really to have gotten out of doors till he goes to sea. On the land he is shut in by the hills, or the forests, or more or less housed by the sharp lines of his horizon. But at sea, when he is alone, he is out of doors. He takes down; he is no longer in the hollow of the earth's hand, but upon its naked back, with nothing between him and the immensity. He is everywhere, as if voyaging to the moon or to Mars.

An astronomic solitude and vacuity surrounds him; his only guides and companions are the stars. As the sun disappears, the horizon has gone; he has only the sky and its orbits left; this cold, vitreous, blue-black liquid through which the stars ploughs is not water, but a cold, dead, and empty space.

He can now see the curve of the sphere which the hills hid from him; he can study astronomy under improved conditions. He is no longer shut in by the inter-planetary spaces on an immense shield, his impressions would not, perhaps, be much different. He would find the same vacuity, the same immensity, the same emptiness, the same indefinite, oppressive out-of-doors.

For it must be admitted that a voyage at sea is more impressive to the imagination than a voyage on land. The world is left behind; all standards of size, of magnitude, of distance, are vanished; there is no size, no form, no perspective; the universe has dwindled into some dead, cold, empty space. The journeys with you day after day, and to which you seem bound by some enchantment. The sky becomes a shallow, close-fitting lid. The world is a vacuum that seems ready to descend upon you.

You cannot see or realize the vast and vacant surrounding; there is nothing to define it or set it off. Three thousand miles of sea, three thousand miles of sky, more than three thousand miles bounded by rugged mountain walls. Indeed, the grandeur of form, of magnitude, of distance, of proportion, etc., are upon you as a ten-day sail through vacuity. There is no sensible progress; you pass no fixed points. It is the steamer that is moving, it is the sea that is moving, it is the illusion of the troubled brain!

Yesterday, to-day and to-morrow you are in the same parenthesis of nowhere. There are three hundred or more miles of sea, three hundred or more miles of sky. Every night the stars dance and reel there in the same place amid the rigging of every morning; the sun comes up from behind the same horizon, and sets slowly across the sinister sky. The eye becomes a-hungred for form, for permanent lines, for a horizon wall to lift up, to keep off the sky, and give it a shape and a color. The eye is a-hungred for some object of interest, for some sales or some imaginative and superstitious race; it is the reaction from this narrow horizon in which they are shut in, and the desire to escape and oppress them. They escape by invoking the aid of the supernatural. In the sea itself there is far less to stimulate the imagination than in the varied forms of the land. How, then, can the sea be so merciless, how elemental it looks!

A Cheap Paper Rack.

Buy or hire for some fancy goods shop a pretty handkerchief box, such as nice handkerchiefs come in to the dealers. They are about twelve inches square and weigh about three or four ounces each. The covers of these offerings are far more artistic, in their ornamentation than half the wall pictures and decorations we see every day. They are made of a material that will not cover the front. Set the edge of the cover at the bottom edge, within the corners' bottom edge, and sew together the two edges of the material, so that the sides of both front and back so that they will come opposite each other. Sew these neatly-punched holes, draw ribbons and tie in bows, and draw the material over the back. The sides could be four inches apart at the top. Silver or brass headed tacks will



