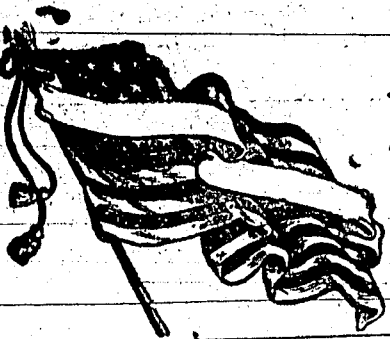


South-Jersey

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Republican

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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, February 24, 1883.

Five Cents per Copy.

SWAYNE'S
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT
FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES
TETTER, ITCH, SORES, PIMPLES,
ERYSIPELAS, RING WORM,
SCALDS, &c.
THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES
Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worst at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling about the rectum; the private parts are sore and inflamed. A pleasant, economical and positive cure. Swayne's Ointment is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists, or sent to you in 8-cent stamps. 6 Boxes, \$1.25. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Phila. Pa.

Mr. EDITOR:—It was with pleasure that I read the communication from "Alpha," in your last issue. It is a candid, honest expression, and as such deserves fair treatment. So let us reason together. I accept every statement he makes as to the evils of intemperance. They are truths of great magnitude and importance. The evil is wide spread, almost universal. None hate it with so bitter a hatred as he who is enchained by it; yet he cannot (or thinks he cannot) let it alone. Its universality is its power. The high and the low are addicted to its use. To legislate on it is to interfere with man's rights, and its universality gives this argument a potency which is lost sight of by most agitators. You have a right to restrain your appetite; but have you a right to say your neighbor shall not use as a beverage what you think is not good for you? Hundreds of thousands of men, and even women, would think their table unfit to invite a friend to without the wine-glass. This is no fancy statement, it is a literal truth everywhere among the wealthy and aristocratic. This makes the difficulty in subduing the evil.

The advocates of extreme measures to put down intemperance have little idea of what they advise. They compare it with slavery, which has been dubbed "the sum of all villainies." They bear no comparison. Slavery was an institution of barbarism. In this they were twins. In other respects they are widely different. Slavery, in this country, became extinct for no reason that can be applied to the other evil. The slave power was destroyed because it was sectional. Had it been as universal as the drinking usage, we should have had slavery to-day. Being sectional, one section was arrayed against the other. Slavery had made the South weak, and it had to yield. Now, is "Alpha," or anybody else,

going to destroy the rum power by force? It would be like the fight of the Kilkenny cats. You may legislate, but it will be like leading a horse to water, you cannot make him drink. You cannot legislate for man's appetite. All such laws would be like ropes of sand.

To procure legislation on the temperance question, you must make the temperance issue. To make this an issue is to be defeated, for the majority are not temperance men in the voting sense. To prove this, we need only look at the amount of intoxicants manufactured and used in this country, besides the immense quantities imported. Who supports the hundreds of thousands of saloons and dram shops? Voters. Besides the supporters of these shops, there is an army that would belittle the army of the Persians which crossed the Hellespont, who use intoxicants, who will have them, and keep them in the house, who would not be seen going to a common bar? Are they going to vote away what they consider a right, a pleasure, a luxury? For many years temperance people have talked, and written, and spread illustrations of intemperance broadcast. Many are converted; some are saved, which is remuneration for labor, time and money expended. But is the evil any less? Let our almshouses, our penitentiaries, our insane asylums, and our graveyards answer. The very thought is appalling. Three-fourths of all the crimes are attributable to intemperance. A very large percentage of the insane are made so by intemperance. And, oh! how much of the poverty and the wretchedness of the world is caused by intemperance. The picture is a dark one. The victims of intemperance are everywhere. They are not in sections—they are all around us, in our households. The shadow falls on every hearthstone; it darkens the portals of the church; it is almost omnipresent. Where, then, are the votes to come from to vote it down?

In this view of the case, is it not better to be on the side in which are found the greatest temperance element? We think so, and feel happy in knowing that we have a glorious company of

men of brains, men of great moral weight, of principle, honesty and integrity, temperance and sobriety, on the side of Republicanism. OMEGA.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17, 1883.
It is believed to-day that the civil service commissioners will be nominated next Monday. In fact, the President yesterday said he expected to send in the names Monday. He said also that he would appoint one western Democrat, but did not name his choice if he had determined upon the man. Representative Hoce, of West Virginia, has been urged for the place, but from what the President has said it is inferred that he will select a man from some of the larger and more populous western states. It seems to be the prevailing opinion that Mr. Dorman B. Eaton has been fixed upon as one of the commissioners, and that as a Democrat will be chosen from the west, a Republican from the New England States will be the third.

A member of the House military committee stated yesterday that there would be no further action by the committee at this session on the Grant retirement bill.

The Treasury Department has decided that breeding cattle are entitled to free entry into this country even though they are imported primarily for sale. The question rose on the importation of one hundred "Jersey" cattle by the "Lord Clive" by a party at Philadelphia.

Mr. Skinner, of New York, introduced a bill appropriating \$500,000 for the relief of the sufferers from the floods in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, introduced a bill appropriating \$100,000 for the same purpose. Both measures were referred to the committee on appropriations.

HOWARD.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travelers will find in it an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effect of disorder in the blood, caused by sea-diet and life on board ship.

It has rained so much at Miami, Ohio, that a company has been formed, and if it doesn't stop raining this week, soon ferryboats will be started on all the principal streets. It has rained so much in that section lately that when it holds up for more than half a day Miami people feel uncomfortable and go and chase the watering-cart around. The appearance of sunshine on Saturday morning caused a member of the Scientific Society to look up the authorities bearing on the subject, and he found from the record that a similar phenomenon had occurred in that section before.

The Joannette investigation is finished, and the Board of Inquiry find that there is no occasion to blame anybody for anything. Thus the tragedy ends and nobody's character is smirched except, perhaps, Dr. Collins' brother, who foolishly tried to prove that the officers who died bravely in the execution of an almost hopeless duty were cowards.

It is said, perhaps with truth, that Patti, Nilsson and Langtry are making more money on the stage than all the other professionals together. Messrs. Mace and Sullivan have not really had a fair chance. The police will not allow them to be as beautiful as they can be.

Sara Bernhardt will visit the United States in 1884, and will play *Rosalind* in English.

If General Hazen's mild winters continue, the Chicago *Times* ventures the opinion that the North Pole may be reached in time. It is likely that the Pole will come South to enjoy the cold weather, when, of course, it will be unnecessary to search for it any further.

Cincinnati houses of the future will have life-raft attachments among other modern improvements.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred percent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts in your service, hoping their publication may do good."
Yours respectfully, Z. P. Wilds."

The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.
Best Purgative Medicine
cure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.

Boston, November 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefited by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person.

Mrs. W. J. Flynn,
30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as fastidiousness, loss of strength, lack of energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Suffer no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of strength, lack of energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Sold by all Druggists.
Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.
See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Dr. Geo. R. SHIDLE, SURGEON Dentist.
Dentistry in all its branches skillfully and carefully executed. Anesthetics administered when desired. All work guaranteed.
Office days, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of each week.
No. 6 Central Ave., Hammonton, N. J.

THE LADIES' STORE OF HAMMONTON.
TOMLIN & SMITH'S,
Corner of Bellevue & Horton St.

Hamburg Embroideries, Laces, White Goods, Fancy Articles, Toys, and MILLINERY GOODS.
Ladies' Furnishing Goods a Specialty.
Demorest's Spring Fashions have been received.

Mrs. J. Sibley
Begs to inform the Ladies of HAMMONTON and VICINITY, That she is making Ladies' Dresses, and Wraps of all kinds. Also Children's Suits at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.
She asks the favor of your patronage, and will be pleased to see Ladies at her residence, on Main Road, opposite Oak, Hammonton, N. J.

Prices as low as the best work can be done for.
\$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. \$10 a day and upwards easily made without leaving away from home over night. No risk whatever. Also, new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be had in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address, H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

For Sale and to Rent.
Improved Farms and Village lots with good buildings pleasantly located, in and near the centre of the town.
For Sale from \$600 to \$3,000 in easy installments.
TO RENT FROM \$5 TO \$10 A MONTH.
Address, T. J. SMITH & SON, HAMMONTON, N. J.

A. J. SMITH, NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,
Deeds, Mortgages, Agreements, Bills of Sale, and other papers executed in a neat, careful and correct manner.
Hammonton, N. J.

ALLEN B. ENDICOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND Master and Solicitor in Chancery, MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

C. F. Jahncke, M. D. PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at his residence, corner of Vine St. and Central Avenue.
Office hours, 8 to 10 A. M., 5 to 6 P. M.

COAL!
We are now prepared to receive orders for coal, to be delivered at any time through the Fall and Winter, at lowest prices. We deliver coal when desired. The various sizes and best qualities of coal constantly on hand at our "Railroad Avenue," opposite the railroad shed shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.
G. F. SEXTON, HAMMONTON, N. J.

Choice BALED HAY
On track, in lots of 500 pounds and upwards,
\$19.00 per ton.

At Anderson's
Flour, Grain, and Feed Store.

Gerry Valentine, UNDERTAKER.
Is prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets (with handles and plates), Shrouds, Robes of any quality wanted. Funerals promptly attended to. Chambers, decorated, and Furniture repaired and renovated.
SHOP on Egg Harbor Road, next to Aiken's Carriage Factory, Hammonton.

T. Hartshorn, Painter and Paper Hanger, Hammonton, N. J.
Orders left in P. O. Box 24 will receive prompt attention.
A SMART BOY.—"You had better ask for money than money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply. But if you are afflicted with itching piles, pimples and blotches on the face, or any skin disease, ask for Swayne's Ointment, and do not be bashful about it, either. A stitch in time saves ninety-nine, you know—and a word to the wise is sufficient.

Agricultural.

Field, Farm and Garden.

In the New York Tribune a resident of Oil Creek warns fruit-growers against using petroleum on fruit trees and shrubs. It kills all trees around where it is pumped, and a neighboring orchard that had been painted with it began to decline. This applies to crude oil, but others claim that refined oil, as used for lamps, is less harmful. It kills flies and destroys the eggs of insects if brushed on lightly in winter, but in summer must not be applied to the foliage except when largely diluted with water, which should be kept constantly stirred.

Sorghum seed is said by Dr. Wilhelm, of Minnesota, to be equal to corn as feed, for all kinds of stock, and twenty-five bushels may be obtained from an acre. It also makes a flour equal to that from buckwheat. The skimmings from the pans, when boiling for sugar, are found to be very valuable as food for hogs, they taking on flesh rapidly when fed on this alone. Good vinegar is made from the clear liquor. The seed and vinegar are estimated at \$30, and a material used for making wrapping paper yields \$12, or \$42 per acre, without estimating sugar.

It is a common remark that most anything is good enough for a hog, and to this senseless proposition is traced the disease among swine owned by breeders who indorse it. Since time immemorial the hog has been called the farm scavenger, but, nevertheless, the successful breeder is he who relies the least upon this over-estimated characteristics of the animal. Bad water, worse treatment in handling, and a superabundance of filth are the foundation of all diseases to which hogs are subject, and it is consequently easy to believe that the health of the animal and the quality of the meat must increase in proportion to the cleanliness of the food and surroundings.

M. Pasteur, of France, says that the grass grown over the graves of cattle that died of splenic fever is a source of infection to the cattle feeding on it. He points to the agency of earthworms in carrying the germs of deadly bacteria from buried carcasses to living animals. Having introduced worms into a pit which had contained the carcasses of cattle that died from splenic fever, he filled it with earth. In a short time he procured from the intestines of these worms the means of reproducing the disease in its worst forms by inoculation. He also showed that the worms, by casting out over the surface earth containing the bacteria germs, gave the disease to all cattle that grazed over it.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman claims that he gets the greatest number of eggs when he feeds his hens on wheat screenings. He feeds in this way: "I have fed sorghum seed, corn meal, oats, corn middlings, and have concluded that feeding wheat in the morning and shelled corn at night, with a feed of shipstuffs wet up, having a good dose of ground pepper put in, and then baked and fed twice a week, and once in a while substituting powdered sulphur in place of pepper, is the best plan. I have good shelter and good, clean nests; feed regularly and allow them a good range, with plenty of gravel to scratch in. I sell the fowls when they are two years old, and always keep the hens for hatching."

Concerning his experience with ensilage W. C. Strong, of Brighton, Mass., writes: Having a cemented tank which had been used as a reservoir for water, I tried the experiment of using it as a silo in 1880. Ten acres of Hungarian grass (about 130 tons), very foul with pig or rag weed, so that it would have been unmerchantable in a dry state, was cut fine and packed in the usual way, and gold during the winter to milkmen at \$7 per ton, they doing the carting. They reported that the cows sought the ensilage with avidity, ate it clean and seemed to thrive and give an improved quality of milk over that produced from hay and brewers' grains. Last season the silo was filled with corn of excellent quality, and the bulk of it sold to milkmen at \$7 per ton, they coming for it, in loads of 1500 to 2000 pounds, about once a week. The reports have been emphatic from purchasers that it was an economical and excellent fodder, the quality of the milk exciting the notice of consumers as more like June milk than they had ever had before. A smaller allowance of hay and brewers' grains was used with the ensilage. I fed my own cows from a silo at my home farm, and made June butter in January—a new

era in my experience. That ensilage of corn is the cheapest and most wholesome food for milch cows, if supplied

ment with a small allowance of shorts and hay, I entertain no doubt. Dr. Hexamer says that in 1873 strawberries shipped from Charleston to Northern markets brought an average price of 57 cents per quart; in 1874, 38 cents; in 1876, 21 cents; in 1879, 14 cents, and in 1880, 12 cents. Many years ago, Juncudias from Knox, at Pittsburg, brought in New York from 50 to 75 cents a quart, and for some years after the war selected berries of Triumphant de Gand sold readily at from 40 to 50 cents a quart by the crate. There are, however, one or two good points in this decline. These fine sorts then had no competitors in the many excellent varieties which have since sprung into existence and supplied the market; and the scant supply then, confined to a few purchasers, is replaced by the enormous quantities which enable any one who has a few cents to feast on strawberries, and the whole people can have them.

Perfectly double flowers cannot produce seed, since all the reproductive organs are converted into petals. Semi-double or partially double flowers may produce seed, and these flowers possibly may be self-fertilized or may be fertilized by others partially double or by single ones, and in either case may form seed, considerable portion of which produce flowers more or less double. Or single flowers fertilized by semi-double ones may produce seeds capable of similar results. Unusually large and vigorous plants are not particularly favorable for the production of seeds, but rather particularly unfavorable; plants of medium vigor, neither stunted nor forced into rank growth, are best. The raising of seeds that will produce double flowers is an art that requires much experience to enable one to practice it successfully, and nearly every kind of flower requires a peculiar and special treatment.

Sacred Monkeys.

Victor Jacquemont estimates that the Bengal Presidency alone contains 1600 monkey asylums, supported chiefly by the poorest class of the population. In the rural districts of Negaul the hanumans have their sacred groves, and keep together in troops of fifty or sixty adults, and, in spite of hard times, these associations multiply like the monastic order of medieval Europe, but they must all be provided for, though the natives have to eke out the crops with the wild rice of the Janna swamp jungles.

The strangest part of the superstition is that this charity results by no means from a feeling of benevolence toward animals in general, but from the exclusive veneration of a special subdivision of the monkey tribe. An orthodox Hindoo must not willingly take the life of the humblest fellow-creature, but he would not move a finger to save a starving dog, and has no hesitation in stimulating a beast of burden with a dagger-like goad and other contrivances that would evoke the avenging powers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nor would he shrink from extreme measures in defending his fields from the ravages of low-caste monkeys. Dr. Allen MacKenzie once saw a swarm of excited natives running toward an orchard where the shaking of branches betrayed the presence of arboreal marauders. Some of them carried slings, others clubs and cane-spears. But soon they came back crestfallen. "What's the matter?" inquired the Doctor; "did they get away from you?" "Kappa-Muni," was the laconic reply, "sacred monkeys." Holy baboons that must not be interrupted in their little pastimes. They had expected to find a troop of common makayaks, wanderers or other profane four-handers, and returned on tiptoe, like Marryat's sergeant who went to arrest an ostrepreneur drunkard and recognized his commanding officer. Unarmed Europeans cannot afford to brave these prejudices. Captain Elphinstone's gardener nearly lost his life for shooting a thieving human. A mob of raging bigots chased him from street to street till he gave them the slip in a Mohammedan suburb, where a sympathizing Unitarian helped him to escape through the back alleys. The interference of his countrymen would hardly have saved him, for the crowd increased from minute to minute, and even women joined in the chase, and threatened to cure his impety with a turnip-masher.

An Illinois case has decided that a woman's lie about her age doesn't vitiate her insurance policy.

Play Your Hand for all its Worth.

There is no greater barrier to a man's success in life than his willingness to fall into line with the stupid fellows who play second fiddle; the Jacques Strops to the Robert Monroies. They should learn that the world laughs at a clown and they despise the assumed gravity of the serious imitator. Then again this class should learn that the fools whom you would deceive can be of no service to you, and the wise men who would serve an honest intention, or a candid presentation, can see through your stupid efforts to wear gracefully the solemn dignity of the owl, or the gaudy trappings of the peafowl, and if you put on the shaggy mane of the king of beasts, but open your mouth and your bray soon dispels the delusion, and the idiot of false pretense stands out in all his comical deformities; a laughing stock to half the world, a subject of pity to the rest.

Too many of the *genus homo* are but claquers who howl from society's pit when the chief signals the supposed good points upon the stage. They are but illy paid, and rarely reach distinction; yowling like derisives to impress society with your piety; compiling other men's ideas to assert your hoped-for position on the plane of journalism, buying like a "valley" dog at the main in the moon, to show your sympathies when modesty would sit more becomingly on the strongest of us; all these are but the outcroppings of imbecility that writes brass upon its frontlets, and prints ape upon its phylacteries. To such grotesque characters we will say, the strongest card you can play is the one nature provided you with, that is your own natural force. If you fail with this hand, even if you play alone, you can retire with dignity; but nine times in ten you will succeed, whereas, the assumption of a character as mimic or harlequin, will result in a most miserable failure, making you a laughing stock for the world to jeer at.

If you are born to be a woodchopper, hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will, don't imagine you can play Blackstone on the one hand or Galen on the other. Don't imagine if nature cut you out for a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, that had you the chance of other men you would have been an Astor or a Vanderbilt; not a bit of it. Nature has kindly put you exactly where you belong, and there is no use of kicking in the traces. If you take the "studs" you will find society ready to cudgel you into line. If you show your heels like the artless mule the world will tie your legs and mercilessly sit down upon you. "There is no use kicking against the pricks," is biblical, old and trite. Conform to the places where you may find yourself, in the workshop, at the bar, or behind the counter. Play your hand for all it is really worth. If you hold trumps so much the better; but remember, that no wise card player attempts to catch the right bower with the left. This is a good lesson for the moralist. Let mankind profit by it and we will be wiser if not richer. We cannot transform ourselves into the condition of others, and if we could we question if we could play the role of the stranger as well as the one nature has planned out for us; no logic or sophistry can change the decrees of fate. A man at thirty is either a fool or his own physician, and the same rule will apply all through the varied phases of life. Don't imagine you will gain knowledge with age. You are not wise, although many of our readers may be full of it, just as you please, the juice of the grape or the idea. What a man doesn't know at thirty he will never learn. If at that age you are a shoemaker, stick to your last. If an attorney, even should your coat be out at the elbows, or if a kind providence had placed you in one of its highest niches, say mountie! you booted and spurred on the editorial tripod, rile your nag, until his tail drops off rather than think you can dismount and scuffle in the gutter for place among the not so blessed. *Thoroughbred Stock Journal.*

In 1776 Sarah Goddard printed a paper in Newport, Rhode Island, ably conducting it, afterward associating with her John Carter. The firm was announced Sarah Goddard & Co., she taking the partnership precedence, as was proper and right.

An Illinois case has decided that a woman's lie about her age doesn't vitiate her insurance policy.

How to Split a Sheet of Paper.

It is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, that it can be split into two or three even parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the *Illustrated News*, thus divided into three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings are printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think this impossible; yet it is not only possible but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate glass and place on it a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity the sheet can be split, by the top surface being removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one and part to the other. Soften the paste in water and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach the one side from the other. The paper, when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing ink somewhat dulled; otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original if brought together. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers.

The Robber and the Editor.

"Listen, my children," said a venerable man, "and I will tell you a story, beautiful and true. Once upon a time there was a lad, bold robber, who had his haunt in the wilds of a mountain."

At the foot of the mountain, in the valley, was a village. It was not a very large village, yet in it a newspaper was printed. The robber looked upon the editor of the newspaper as being the chief man of the village, and thought he must be very rich. So one dark night he came down from his den in the mountain and stole into the dwelling of the editor and then into the room where he slept. The editor, being a good man, slept as soundly and sweetly as a child. The robber searched all the place, but could not find the caskets of gold and diamonds he had supposed to be stored up in the room. He then put his hands in all the pockets of the clothes of the editor, but found no money in any of them. The robber then stood for a time as in a stupor. He was like one awakened from a dream. He listened for some moments to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeping editor, and as he stood so he began to feel sad. The heart of the bold, bad man was touched. Quietly he took from his purse \$4.75, placed the money in the pantaloons pocket of the editor, and softly stole from the house. In the morning, when the editor got up and put on his pantaloons, there was a jingle as of money. A look of astonishment came into the face of the editor. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. When he saw this great wealth the knees of the editor smote together; he turned pale, fainted and fell to the floor, and there lay as one who is dead.

"Oh! oh! grandfather, did they catch the bad robber man and hang him on a tree?"

"No, my dears, they did not catch the bold, bad robber. He is still living. From that day he reformed, and got a place as cashier in a big bank, where you will be glad to hear that he is doing well and is greatly respected by all in his church."

"And the poor editor man, grandfather! What became of him?"

"Ah, yes, my darlings! I had almost forgotten him. Well, when he came out of his faint, and his eyes saw all the money lying about the room where it had fallen, he was sorely perplexed. At last he felt sure it had been quietly placed in his pocket in the night by a great and rich neighbor who owned a tanyard and was running for the Legislature. So for days and days he printed in his paper whole columns of

the rich neighbor, who was elected to the office, and ever after the two men were the greatest friends. Thus, my dears, do good actions always meet with their reward."

Lentel Regulations.

The following we believe are the general Lentel regulations.

1. All the faithful who have completed their twenty-first year, are, unless legitimately dispensed, bound to observe the Fast of Lent.

2. But one meal a day is allowed, Sundays excepted.
3. This meal is not to be taken until about noon.

4. When permission is granted to eat meat, flesh meat and fish are not to be used at the same meal, even by way of sauce or condiment.

5. A collation is allowed in the evening. The quantity of food used thereat, according to the practice of regular Christians, does not exceed the fourth part of an ordinary meal.

6. All kinds of fruit, bread, vegetables and fish are allowed at the collation. At that time, however, eggs, butter, milk and cheese are permitted by the Church only to those who being bound to fast, live where the use of such articles at the collation has grown into a custom. But they are not allowed even there at the collation on Ash Wednesday or Good Friday.

7. General custom has made it lawful to drink in the morning some warm liquid, as tea, coffee, or thin chocolate mixed with water.

8. Necessity and custom have authorized the use of lard instead of butter in preparing fish, vegetables, etc.
9. The following persons are exempt from the obligations of fasting, viz: All under twenty-one years of age, the sick, women during pregnancy or while nursing children at the breast, persons obliged to hard labor, and all who through weakness cannot fast without injury to their health.

10. By dispensation the use of flesh meat is allowed at any time on Sundays, once a day on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, with the exception of Holy Thursday and the second and last Saturdays in Lent.

11. Persons exempt from the obligation of fasting on account of age or hard labor, are not restricted to the use of meat at one meal only on those days on which its use is granted by dispensation. Those dispensed from the fast for other causes, as well as persons who are obliged to fast, are permitted to use meat only at one meal.

12. The time within which the paschal precept can be complied with commences on the first Sunday of Lent and expires on Trinity Sunday, inclusive.

Discovery of Mont Blanc.

Mont Blanc, the highest of the Alps is, strange to say, a modern discovery. At least, no mention is made of this colossus of European peaks in any itinerary, or in any literary work whatever, till recent times. M. Charles Durier, in his work "Le Mont Blanc," says: "This mountain rises in the centre of the most populous and civilized states of Europe; it is, in fact, the axis around which European civilization has revolved and still does revolve. Its height is considerable; it dominates everything in its vicinity, and to make its appearance more striking on the background of the blue sky, its summit, though placed in a favored, temperate latitude, is ever covered with a mantle of snow. And yet, during twenty centuries, no historian, no traveler, no savant, no poet names it, or so much as alludes to it. As the sun describes his daily track, that peak throws its shadow upon at least three countries possessing different languages, but still it was profoundly ignored." The same author informs us of a map of the region round about Mont Blanc, published in the second half of the sixteenth century, but which gives no hint as to the existence of the mountain, which, nevertheless, is visible from all sides at distances of sixty leagues.

The academy of sciences decided that raw meat is easier of digestion than that which is cooked. In prescribing it preference should be given to flesh that has been frozen, as very low temperatures destroy the eggs of the many parasites which often infest meats of all kinds.

THE MILLER'S SON.

Why is the birds sing sweeter to-day?
Why is the sky so bright?
Why is the time flies faster to-day?
And the moments are winged with delight?

All the day long
She is thinking of one,
None so handsome and strong—
The miller's son.

For he loves her, he loves her; and, while
"Twas only last night that he told her so!

To what is her heart set dancing to-day,
Hark to the glad refrain!
How oft in the glass she is gazing to-day,
And eagerly watching the lane.

Home, home again,
All his duties well done—
Comes the noblest of men—
The miller's son!

Oh! he's coming, he's coming, he's well on the way,
And to-morrow, to-morrow's the wedding day.

Why is she lies there so cold, still and white?
What is it has turned her glad noon into night?

Off into space
The swift engine rushed
With a mighty leap!
Then down, down, down!
To kill and drown.

No moment of grace;
But mangled and crushed,
Heap upon heap,
And the foremost one
Was the miller's son!

More bright grow her eyes and more faint
Grows her breath:
And she marries, the marriage the bride-
groom—Doom!

Stress of Weather.

Of course it was very cold, but fine, seasonable weather. So said each of the three middle-aged gentlemen as they drew themselves up for a final warm at their dining-room fires, waited on by such feminine slaves as happened to exist for them in the shape of wives, daughters or housekeepers. What a hero a man must feel who sees his mittens laid in the fender, his great coat heated, and regretful admiration in the surrounding countenances!

Arrived at the railway station, and deprived of their natural worship, these three men were just as ordinary, comfortable-looking citizens as you could well meet with. They were all strangers to each other, and chanced at the same hour to look themselves for Paddington, all doing it cheerily, for

how could they tell what was going to happen! There was a look of having outwitted somebody—a complacent look—on Mr. Dolman's countenance as he pocketed his ticket and purchased his newspaper. "I'll drop in upon them before breakfast," he muttered to himself, with a self-satisfied nod.

Weaver secured neither a *Times* nor a *Telegraph*, but the latest edition of a scientific journal. Mr. Podbury supplied himself with *Punch*, *Fun* and *Truth*; laughter and polite lies being his usual requirements for a happy journey.

Then these three middle-aged gentlemen got into the same first-class compartment, obtained steaming hot tins for their feet, and occupied the minutes before starting their sixty-mile journey in rolling themselves in stout railway rugs. The whistle sounded, the train moved with a prophetic groan, and each man, like a true Briton, opened wide his newspaper and shut out any possible sight of his fellow-travelers.

An hour later the newspapers are all dropped, and the gentlemen are all engaged in forming their own private opinions as to the meaning of a very fierce wind that has risen, and is now engaged in blowing snow as fine as sifted sugar through the cracks in the carriage windows. Mr. Podbury, indeed, changed his seat, having a clew objection to being ornamented like a Christmas cake. At last he—the most genial of the three men—spoke.

"Never saw such a sky! Full of snow!"

"Humph! think it's getting thicker?" inquired Mr. Dolman.

"Thicker, sir?" broke in Mr. Weaver, solemnly. "There are evidences about us that the elements are preparing for a struggle—a great struggle, sir."

At this pronounced opinion from so evidently scientific a man, Mr. Dolman looked in amazement at his opposite neighbor. Mr. Podbury laughed cheerily.

"Good gracious! Cats and dogs, I dare say, in snow form!" A great swirl of wind drove the snow hard against the glass as he spoke, and, for a minute or so the windows were blinded. Slower and slower moved the train, and finally stopped.

"What now?" cried Mr. Dolman, as he and Mr. Podbury thrust their heads out of opposite windows and as suddenly drew them in again. A guard plodding

his way along and bending to the tempt-
ed, showed the most remarkable in-
stance of railway-official-forbearance on
record, for he waited to hear and an-
swer the two heads out of one and the
same window.

"Why have you stopped, guard?"
asked the one.

"Why don't you go on, guard?"
asked the other.

"We're fast in a drift, sirs, and can't
get no further."

At this astounding news the ques-
tioners became momentarily dumb;
even from Mr. Podbury's cheerful face
the light died out.

"It's disgraceful! too late of all days,
guard—I shall be too late, after all,"
said Mr. Dolman in angry re-
bust. But the guard passed quietly
onward, and the gentlemen shut up the
window.

The only one of the three who wore
an air of comfort and composure was
Mr. Weaver. He read a short para-
graph in his scientific journal, and mur-
mured to himself:

"Most interesting! Wonderful!"

"What is, sir?" testily inquired Mr.
Dolman. "Our being stuck in the
snow?"

Mr. Weaver glanced up from his rev-
erie with a mild remark: "I have been
engaged for some years in the study of
the glacial period, sir. As it was in the
past it will undoubtedly be again. I see
a beautiful corroboration in the scene
around me of the evident near approach
of the extraordinary cold phenomena we
are led by the most learned of our men
to expect."

"Every one to his taste," cried Mr.
Podbury, shivering. "I hate ice my-
self," and he drew out a well-filled
pocket-task. Mr. Dolman, evidently
put out by some private, serious com-
plication, frowned and glowered silent-
ly. The snow was getting uncom-
monly deep, and presently the guard
appeared again.

"No chance of moving, gentlemen.
till we can get some men to dig us out.
Nearest station just one mile off."

And away he went.

"Does the fellow think we can
walk?" demanded Mr. Dolman of Mr.
Podbury.

"No, no. We must grin and bear
it."

"I can't bear it, sir!" said Mr. Dol-
man, unreasonably. "If I don't get to
Paddington in an hour, my niece and
my niece's fortune will be lost to me
forever."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr.
Podbury, with keen pleasure at this
chance of a little amusing scandal,
"how's that, sir?" Even the Glacial
Period man looked across with mild
interest.

"My niece, a charming young lady,
is also my ward," said Mr. Dolman.
"I have always intended that she
should marry my son. Unfortunately
I was persuaded to allow the girl to
visit her aunt—one of those dreadful
women who act for themselves and
think they are cleverer than men—and
under this misguided person's roof she
has been permitted to renew a dis-
graceful affair of which I had entirely dis-
approved and put a stop to. The re-
sult is that they are to be married this
morning at Paddington Church at half
past 11. A clerk of mine found that I
out and telegraphed for me, so that I
might be in time to stop the mischief
for this—this—"

and finding no adequate
word ready to express his wrath, Mr.
Dolman glared fiercely out at the fair
but impeding snow wreaths.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody
any good," smiled Mr. Podbury, with
an attempt at pleasantry, which the
aggrieved uncle bitterly resented.

"How jolly glad the young couple will
be, sir, when they hear that you stuck
fast on the right side of Reading!"

"Ugh!" growled the miserable Mr.
Dolman. "Her money's all tied up
that's one comfort. Young Weaver
can't make ducks and drakes of it!"

"Weaver, sir?" said the scientific
gentleman, with difficulty recalling
himself from antiquarian dreams.
"That's my name—and my son, Tom
Weaver, of the Engineers, is going to
be married to-day. I was on my way
to be present at the wedding. He is a
downright good fellow, sir, and the
pretty young girl is Mary Dolman."

"Good gracious?" cried Mr. Pod-
bury, laughing heartily, "one on his
way to assist, the other to prevent, and
both stopped by the snow! Ha! ha! ha!"

"I must say it's good!"

If Mr. Dolman could have roared
Mr. Podbury and converted Mr. Weaver

into a permanent glacial monument he
would have done it. That he should in
his storm-bound desperation have con-
fided his hopes and their disappoint-
ment to the father of that young rascal,
Weaver!

But the snow got worse and worse.
They reached Reading toward nightfall,
and there Mr. Dolman stopped, wildly
desirous to send off telegrams; one of
reproach to his wicked niece, one to his
home to say he was not lost. As the
wires were damaged by the storm he
could not send either. He made his
way to a hotel in the town, and went to
bed, roughly desiring the chambermaid
not to call him until the line was clear
for him to get home. As the young
woman did not know where he lived
she wisely remarked that it might be a
week or more to care if he sulky re-
plied he didn't care if it were ten. The
girl looked a moment at the door as it
closed, and then nodded her head know-
ingly.

"E looks old, but there's no mistake
in the symptoms. E's bin—and pro-
posed to some one, and she won't have
him?"—*Traveller's Magazine.*

Children's Droll Sayings.

Children's remarks are at times even
more entertaining than their comical
queries and replies.

A BLUE COW.—One of the two
children who were amusing themselves
by coloring pictures, suddenly exclaim-
ed—

"How stupid of you to paint that
cow blue!"

"Oh, it's blue with the cold!" quick-
ly observed the other. "Don't you see
it is winter, and the poor thing is most
frozen?"

A GOOD TIME TO WRITE IT DOWN.
—A little girl on being told something
which greatly amused her, said that
"She would remember it the whole of
her life, and when she forgot it she
would write it down."

VERY CONSIDERATE.—A gentleman
had a cat which had five kittens. On
ordering three of them to be drowned,
his little boy said: "Pa, do not throw
them into cold water. Warm it first;
they may catch cold."

OPINIONS OF OLD FOLKS.—The fol-
lowing remark of a little girl shows an
opinion of her elders the reverse of flatter-
ing—

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed to her
doll, "I never saw such an uneasy
thing in all my life. Why don't you
act like grown folks, and be still and
stupid for awhile?"

In contrast with this was the delicate
compliment which a little boy paid to
his mother. The family were discuss-
ing at the supper table the qualities
which go to make up a good wife. No-
body thought that the little fellow had
been listening, or could understand the
talk, until he leaned over the table and
kissed his mother and said—

"Mamma, when I get big enough
I'm going to marry a lady just exactly
like you."—*Christian at Work.*

A GENTLE HINT.—A small boy of
four summers was riding on a hobby
horse with a companion. He was seat-
ed rather uncomfortably on the horse's
neck. After a reflective pause he said:
"I think if one of us gets off, I could
ride much better."

DEATH AND LIFE.—A little four-
year-old boy was greatly troubled
with the idea of dying, having been
told that everyone must die sometime.
"Will papa die sometime?" "Yes."
"Will grandma die too?" "Yes,
dear, sometime." "Will Auntie die?"
"Yes." So he went through with the
family, mournfully asking about each
one, then suddenly brightening up, he
said, "Then God will hab to make
some more folks! He will hab to!"—
Pittsburg Catholic.

His Lordship Declined.

Like many other professional "wits,"
Sergeant Ballantine never takes a joke
against himself kindly. On one occa-
sion he had a lady client with the pecu-
liar name of Tickle, for whom he ap-
peared before the late Baron Martin in
a breach of promise case. A point of
law arose, and Mr. Ballantine began an
address to the Judge in these words:
"Tickle, my client, my lord—" Here
he was interrupted by his lordship's
saying: "Tickle her yourself, my
learned brother." Everybody in the
Court roared with laughter except Mr.
Ballantine, who looked glum and was
very grumpy throughout the day.

Recent Legal Decisions.

SALE—WARRANTY—REPRESENTA-
TIONS.—The purchaser of a reaping
machine sued the vendor for damages
upon the warranty he had given. The
defense was that there was no warranty
given. On the trial of the case—Neave
vs. Arnitz—the plaintiff proved that the
defendant in the negotiations for the
sale represented that the reaper was
one of the best machines made and of
great efficiency, and he got a judgment.
The defendant appealed to the Supreme
Court of Wisconsin, which affirmed the
judgment. Judge Cassaday, in the
opinion, said: "Undoubtedly any as-
sertion or affirmation made by the
seller to the purchaser during the nego-
tiations to effect the sale respecting the
quality of the article or the efficiency of
the machine sold will be regarded as a
warranty if relied upon by the pur-
chaser in buying. Here the negotiations
were conducted by the seller in person,
the words employed were his own.
While he denies giving a warranty he
admits using the words proven, and as
these words were representations con-
stituting a warranty this denial is
simply that the law is what it is."

CONDITIONAL SALE—GOODS TO BE
SOLD BY DEALER—TITLE TO GOODS
UNSOLD.—Merchants sold liquors to a
retailer upon the condition that the
title to the goods should remain in
them until paid for, with the under-
standing that sales might be made in
the course of business, the condition to
be enforced against the unsold liquors.
No payment whatever was made, and
the vendor, learning that the creditors
of the vendee had attached the liquors
which remained in the store, brought
suit to recover them. In this case—
Lewis vs. McCabe—the defendants had
judgment, and the plaintiffs carried the
case to the Supreme Court of Errors of
Connecticut. Judge Loomis, in the
opinion in favor of merchants, said:
"The title of the vendee to the unsold
stock is good against the attaching
creditors. The Courts of this State are
in harmony with those of Maine, Ver-
mont and Massachusetts on this ques-
tion, who hold that the condition that
the right of property shall remain in
the vendor until payment is good, not
only as between

