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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, Feb. 28, 1885.

Five Cents per Copy.

Received
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A handsome
stock of
Spring
Prints,
Gingham,
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Stockwell's,

Bellevue, Avenue,

Hammonton, New Jersey.

D. W. JACOBS

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Orders sent by mail (Hammonton Post Office) or left at Stockwell's store, will receive prompt attention.

Leave your order at the Republican Office if you want
Calling Cards,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
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DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and ACUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections.
**DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER,**
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 331 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Death of W. D. Wharton.

It was with a feeling of sadness that the news of the death of Mr. Wharton was received by me, and my mind ran back over the years, to the time he first came among us. It is almost twenty years. Hammonton was then struggling to maintain its place as a town, so recently founded in the pine barrens of South Jersey. He and his good wife were considered an acquisition of value among the pioneers of our town. Less than a decade had passed since the first house was built. Mr. Wharton, then full of ambition and energy, took his place with the pioneers, and entered heartily into every measure that tended to promote the best interest of the town. From that time to the present, or until his disability forbade it, he was one of the spirits that believed in "action! action!" He was a great reader, and remembered what he read with such tenacity that he could give you history, poetry, and Bible, with wonderful accuracy. He was a Spiritualist of the sternest sort, and looked anxiously and peacefully forward to the day when his spirit should be delivered from the bondage of the clay tenement, to soar away to the realms of everlasting joy and peace. His faith in the bright land that awaited him, and to which his life-long companion had gone but a short time before, was of the strongest nature, and enabled him to endure his affliction, which was very severe, with the fortitude of one who sees beyond the veil a happy release. He was an ardent Republican, and entered into the campaigns of the last few years with a will, speaking with power of the principles of the great party to which he was an able exponent. With no advantages in youth, he yet had a rich fund of useful knowledge, gained by reading while working on his bench,—showing what a will and a well-directed effort can accomplish. He sleeps the sleep of the just. Whether his religious belief be true or not, his faith was beautiful, and his aspirations high and holy. For him, death had no sting, and the grave no victory. M. E. B.

Woman to the Front.

MR. EDITOR:—I have, within a few days, heard a woman address a public audience. And why not? If she has the gift of speaking in public, edifying hearers, I ask again, why not? How things are changing! Well, sir, if a woman has the capacity and the wish for such a position, I say, let her enjoy it; let her turn her gifts to account. Who so fit to call her sex (and the other too) to a higher stage of elevation, to leave their old treadmill round of duties for the position of guide and instructor? Old styles are passing away: let us try and adapt ourselves to the new! Let us, if need be, send the obsolete collection of things found in the garret of old ideas, representing the past only—the things that were—to their quiet abode.

Let the now order be unencumbered with the rules that might have been useful in the past, but are now only in the way. It will never do to look back and sigh for the "dread pots" of old times. The word is "Onward!" and may the world be benighted thereby in days to come. LISTENER.

Despatches from Gordon have been published, showing that since April last he had been vainly supplicating the British Government to hurry the relief expedition to Khartoum.

The Federal Council of Switzerland has rejected the proposed naturalization treaty with the United States.

A conference of dynamiters was held in Paris Monday and resolutions adopted to extend the war with England.

The bony finger of political destiny has not as yet beckoned any mugwump to the distribution of cabinet honors. The finger aforesaid is likely to give the mugwumps a suspicion that it is paralyzed.

The silver question: Must the cart-wheel dollar go?

Steamers going through the Suez Canal must stop wherever the pilot gives the word, and when the sun has gone down, no matter where the vessel is, whether at a "station" or not, it must tie up at the bank. There is no risk in this, as no other steamer will attempt to go on after sundown. The pilots are a fine set of men, of different nations, English, French, Greek, Italian, etc. They dress in simple uniform, something like naval officers in undress.

WHAT DO THE DRUGGISTS SAY?—They know what the people call for, and they hear what their patrons say as to whether the medicines they buy work well or not. Martell & Johnson, Rush City, Minn., say, "Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to our customers." Klinkhammer & Co., Jordan, Minn., say that, "We sell more Brown's Iron Bitters than all other bitters combined." L. E. Haskell & Son, Winona, Minn., say, "All our customers speak highly of Brown's Iron Bitters." A. C. Whitman, Jackson, Minn., says, "Brown's Iron Bitters is giving good satisfaction to purchasers." These are only a few. We have hundreds more just as good.

The last of the prisoners taken during the Franco-German war have just left Germany. Some Torcos who, during their imprisonment, had killed a keeper by whom they had been badly used, and who, in consequence, had been condemned to imprisonment in a fortress, reached Cologne on Monday last from Wesel. They were dressed in new uniforms which had been sent them by the French Government.

The longest deed ever offered for record in Atlantic county was handed in a few days ago. It is a division of the estate of Maurice Raleigh, deceased. It contains 25,000 words and covers twenty-four printed pages, the consideration being \$15,000. Another deed substantially the same, conveying the same property to the Raleigh Land and Improvement Company, is also being recorded, the consideration being \$500,000. As the property is located in Camden, Burlington and Atlantic counties, the deed must be recorded in each of these counties.

It is a good rule to accept only such medicines as have after long years of trial, proved worthy of confidence. This is a case where other people's experience may be of great service, and it has been the experience of thousands that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best cough medicine ever used.

A three-masted schooner, the F. J. Collins, from Galveston to Boston, loaded with cotton, iron and tar, caught fire Sunday night when off Ocean City. The fire is supposed to have originated from the explosion of coal oil lamp in the cabin. Before the discovery of the flames they had been burning for fully half an hour, and the crew found it impossible to save the vessel. They therefore took to the lifeboat and landed in safety at Ocean City. The schooner was burned to the water's edge. The loss is \$70,000; insured.

The railroad companies throughout the State have begun to pay the taxes levied by the State Assessors under the amendment passed by the present Legislature permitting quarterly payments. Of the taxes already paid Jersey City will receive \$48,353 from the United New Jersey railroad and canal companies, and \$8,146 from the National Docks Storage Company. There are many more railroads to be heard from.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine for every one in the spring. Emigrants and travelers will find 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.

Captain Mack, a Chicago inventor, tells of an interview with Cuninghame, who is accused of the London Tower explosion, during which he exhibited two infernal machines.

Opponents of liquor prohibition at Athens, Ga., are threatening to dynamite the town if they are defeated at the polls.

**BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS**
THE BEST TONIC.

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

20 ACRES of good land for sale, adjoining the west side of the Camden & Atlantic Railroad, half way between Elwood and DaCosta Stations. Price, \$200. Address E. WRIGHT, Atlantic City, N. J.

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 Bean Poles for sale, in the swamp or delivered at Elwood or DaCosta Station.

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and cheap reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alternative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

Is composed of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla, with Yellow Dock, Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as a

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest, practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Dealers in Drugs, &c.; Six bottles for \$5.

BUY YOUR Bread and Cakes

Pies, Rolls, Buns,
Etc., Etc.,
Baked Fresh Every Day,

At Packer's

"Old Reliable" Hammonton Bakery.

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

Baker's Liquid Yeast

Which most people prefer, made fresh every day.

Fruits and Confections

As usual.

Wm. D. PACKER.

90 CHOICE BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

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

Prices Reasonable. Terms Easy.

Call on, or address,

A. J. SNEYD, Hammonton, N. J.

P. O. Box 290.

Established 1842.

R. W. Woodruff & Co.,

Commission Merchants in

FRUIT, VEGETABLES

POULTRY, Etc.,

43 & 44 Fulton Pier & 43 Merchants Row,

West Washington Market, New York.

Shipping Cards and Bills, and Information furnished by Wm. D. Packer, M. D., who says of this firm: "I ship all my produce to them in preference to any other house in New York."

HERMANN FIEDLER,

MANUFACTURER

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

CIGARS,

Hammonton, N. J.

Wm. Bernshouse,

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER

[Of 32 years' Experience.]

Steam Saw and Planing Mill

Lumber Yard.

Doors, Sash, Mouldings,

and Scroff-work?

Window-Glass.

Odd sizes cut to order.

Lime, Cement, and

Calced Plaster.

Manufacturer of

FRUIT PACKAGES

Berry Chests

Cranberry and Peach

CRATES

Odd 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 winter

fuel, for sale. CEDAR CRATES

five and a-half feet long, for chicken

yard fences.

Dr. GEORGE R. FIDLE,

DENTIST.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

Office Days,—Wednesday Thursday

Friday, and Saturday of each week

Pay the Rent.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Years know more than books.
Difficulties give more to diligence.
Silence is the virtue of the feeble.
Discreet steps make speedy journeys.
Deliberate slowly, execute promptly.
Better be alone than in bad company.
Silence is the sanctuary of prudence.
Buyers want an hundred eyes, sellers none.

He who seeketh trouble never miseth it.
Diffidence is the right eye of prudence.
They that govern most make least noise.

What is duty? It is what we exact of others.

Bear, and blame not what you cannot change.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Experience bought by suffering is instructive.

Wine is a turncoat first a friend, then an enemy.

He whose losses hope may then part with anything.

He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.

One feels the best things without speaking of them.

Charity and pride have different aims, yet both feed the poor.

A thief passes for a gentleman when stealing has made him rich.

Discontents arise from our desires oftener than from our wants.

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable to us.

The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.

The certainty of punishment is of much greater value than its severity.

We find beauty in itself a very poor thing unadorned by sentiment.

He who wants to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.

—The dog is decidedly a musical animal, for he often gives his barcarolle.

Give what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.

Good housekeeping lies at the root of all the real ease and satisfaction in existence.

To fill the hour and leave no crevice for repentance or an approval—that is happiness.

Labour to keep alive in your heart that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

You will never convince a man of ordinary sense by overbearing his understanding.

Humility is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else for giving another.

Many men have just enough faith to make them misanthropes, but not enough to make them hopeful.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

Any man can pick up courage enough to be heroic for an hour; to be patiently heroic daily is the test of character.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch—in our families our temper, and in society our tongue.

Ignorance is a sorry jade which causes every one who mounts it to stumble, and each who leads it to be laughed at.

The life of a man consists not in seeing visions, and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

Discretion and hardy valor are the twins of honor, and nursed together make a conqueror; but, and a mere talker.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as pearls slipping from a broken string.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

We are designed in the cradle, perhaps earlier, and it is in finding out this design, and shaping our lives to it, that our years are spent wisely.

There are some individuals all of whose ideas are in their hands and feet—make them sit still, and you stop the machine altogether.

The fewest things in life more interesting than the greatest, because of change of ideas with a congenial spirit, and there are few things more rare.

I am sick of opinions. Give me a humble, gentle, jovial God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits, without pith and without hypocrisy, man having himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

The mark of the man of the world is absence of pretension. He does not make a speech; he keth a low business tone; he never says much, but he performs much, speaks in monosyllables, hugs his fact. He calls his employment by its lowest name, and so takes from evil tongues their sharpest weapon.

What You Might Call Nervous.

"I saw an exhibition of what you might call nerve, the other day in Delaware county, N. Y.," said Deacon Chas. N. Bean, of the public stores, at last week, "and an awful and an acquaintance took me out to fish for pickerel through the ice. On our way to the pond we came to a couple of men chopping in the woods. My friend reported to me the other day that he talked with him. The other man kept on chopping. He had made but two or three strokes with his axe when it flew off the handle. The sharp blade whizzed through the air, passed close to my friend's head and, striking the other, whose whose name was Hagar, cut his nose off close to his face as clean as if it had been done with a razor. The man who had lost it put his hand up to a startled sort of cry and looked down at the severed nose as if he could hardly believe his eyes. When the full force of the situation struck him he looked at his fellow-chopper with an expression of surprise and deep injury on his face, and said:

"Well, Jack, you're a nice fellow, ain't you?"

"Hagar then stooped and picked up his nose and, pressing his handkerchief to his bleeding face, astounded both my friend and myself by resuming the subject upon which we had been talking—which was the making of a contract for chopping—as if nothing of consequence had occurred to interrupt it.

My friend, however, started the other speaking of them after a doctor, and wanted to take Hagar home to his backhoe. Hagar wouldn't hear to this, and said he would cut across to his cabin through the woods and wait for the doctor, and he started off, without any apparent hurry, carrying his nose in his hand.

"When we returned at night we went out of our way two miles to inquire after Hagar. We found him chopping in the fire wood in front of the cabin. There was a bundle around his face. When we asked him if the doctor had seen him, he said:

"Yes, he's been here. He stuck the nose on in its old place and bound it tight, and said he believed it would grow again, but he had known of such things happening—

"I have seen him gettin' mad at Jack when that axe flew off to-day. He's always cutting up some dinko or other."

"I have drove back to Haverfield, and I had a letter to-day from my friend, and he had just come from a visit to Hagar. He says the man is gettin' along, and that the nose will grow fast again, sure. Now, these are facts, and I tell you that Hagar's truck me as giving an exhibition of what you might call nerve."

A New Kind of Dog.

A wild looking man who resembled one who had just wrestled with a misfortune in a catch-as-catch-can hold, and been thrown in the contest, went into a Woodard Avenue bird store the other day, and approached the affable proprietor.

"Look here," he said, "may I take you apart for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the man of animals, "if you can put me together again."

"Well, here's a letter from my wife—say, come out and have a drink with me. They went out and had something."

"She writes me to get her a white canvas bag, in cross-stitch, with a birdman, severely; 'business is business, and I've no time to fool away!'"

"He sat down on the curbstone to rest. He was still reading the letter, when a sympathetic fellow stopped to look at him.

"Four men, are you ill?" she asked, very kindly.

"Heaven bless you, Madam! Will you read that letter?" If you can and will, I am a saved man!"

The lady again, as the letter was, was humming the whim of a lunatic, and hastily ran it over.

"It is easy enough to read," she said. "Your wife, who seems to be an excellent woman, wishes you to buy her a canvas bag, in cross-stitch, stamped on a white silk bag, with a birdman to finish it, and send by express at once."

"I'm sure there's nothing about it that isn't plain enough."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'll never forget you. Where is the man you say is the cross stitched dog-on-canvas could be found?"

"At any art-embroidery store," and the lady walked away quickly, remarking:

"O all the uppisidens men are the stupidest. Not to know what cross-stitch is!"

An Intellectual Hermit.

Another genuine hermit has been discovered in the Temple in London, and an inquest has been held upon his remains by the city Coroner.

This old gentleman's name was Oliver. He was a barister who for many years abandoned practice, or had been abandoned by it, and he was seventy-five years of age. He was found dying at his hearth, and the doctor, who was summoned too late to render any aid, said that the unfortunate man was in a very neglected condition of health.

There are a number of other hermits in the Inns of Court and Chancery. They are usually baristers who have failed, but who haunt the place like living ghosts, and exist in the most extreme solitude. No friends or family men of ability, who with more help in early life, might have done great things.

"Oh, not for worlds! I hate writing to a polka; besides I adore the polka, but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!"

Rhe— "Oh, goodness gracious, not let us dance it any way you like!"

The paper bottles made in Paris are cemented with a composition of alum, lime and blood albumen. Neither water nor alcohol has any effect on these bottles, and of course they are not easily broken.

The Wrong Title.

A German scientist declares that there is such a thing as transmigration of impression. People, he thinks, unconsciously transmit to their clothing, or anything with which they are in contact, the associated, certain conditions of their own temperamental state. He gives the following as an example: A student at Heidelberg was suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of gout, accompanied by a strong belief that he was about to die. He was lying on his back, and his friends thought that he was losing his mind, for every one knew that he had been a sufferer. One day, throwing off an old robe, which he had worn for some time, he experienced immediate relief. This startled him. He put on the robe again and the gout returned, took it off and again was free from pain. This caused an investigation, which led to the discovery that the robe was once the property of a gouty old professor. Here is another instance, which is equally strengthened by the argument: A young lady while examining a collection of relics put on a richly embroidered coat, and with a gasp exclaimed: "Oh, I shall be shot within an hour, and I shall die!" She was wearing a coat that had been worn by Maximilian just one hour before his death in Mexico.

I cite these facts to inspire public confidence in a statement which I shall make with great hesitation. That part of the public which has been acquainted has several times fancied that truth was not safe in my keeping so no one can blame me for the great precaution which I have taken. Several days ago, after eating dinner at the hotel, I went out to enjoy a bracing atmosphere. I felt a sensation of cold, and I stopped and cordially shook hands with a man from whom I had a few weeks before borrowed \$10. "Come out with me," said I, "and you shall have some money; and, by the way, I added with a generous air, 'surprised myself, if you should want to borrow \$25 or \$100, I can accommodate you. Good morning.'"

He had gone but a short distance after he had said, when I saw a horse that impressed me with his noble appearance.

"What'll you take for that horse?" I asked of the man who was riding the animal.

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Get down, I want him."

The man dismounted, and after looking in the horse's mouth, gathering up the skin on his shoulders and lifting up one of his hoofs, I decided to buy him. "Here," said I, feeling for my check-book, "you had better go right down and get your money."

"I couldn't find the check-book. I became confused. 'That's strange,' said I, searching my pockets.

"What are you looking for?"

"Check-book, you looking for?"

The fellow smiled maliciously. "Probably it's in your iron safe," said he.

"No, I am certain that I put it in this pocket."

"Probably you mistook it for a book of cigarette papers."

"Look here," said I, angrily, "don't talk to me that way. I understand my business. I must have left it in my office."

"Say," called a red-headed fellow, who stood on the sidewalk, "is he talking about my wife's that loss?"

"Yes," replied the owner of the animal, "but he has lost his check-book."

"Heck! he left it at my butcher shop. He ought to, for he's been gettin' meat that for some time."

"Now you go," said the bird-man, severely; "business is business, and I've no time to fool away!"

He sat down on the curbstone to rest. He was still reading the letter, when a sympathetic fellow stopped to look at him.

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"O all the uppisidens men are the stupidest. Not to know what cross-stitch is!"

A method of spectroscopic observation, Mr. W. N. Hartley has reached the conclusion that ozone is a constant constituent of the upper atmosphere, and that it is present in larger quantities than is nearer the earth's surface, and that it is the cause of the blue color of the sky. Either in its gaseous form or condensed into a liquid, ozone appears at a deep blue.

A project has been brought before the French Academy of Sciences for the construction of a sewer and drainage system, to convey the sewage of Paris to the sea, pumping stations being established at two places. It is estimated that during two-thirds of the year almost the whole quantity of sewage would be absorbed by irrigation without its reaching the sea at all.

"It's a polka; but we can wait to sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!"

Rhe— "Oh, goodness gracious, not let us dance it any way you like!"

The paper bottles made in Paris are cemented with a composition of alum, lime and blood albumen. Neither water nor alcohol has any effect on these bottles, and of course they are not easily broken.

Another genuine hermit has been discovered in the Temple in London, and an inquest has been held upon his remains by the city Coroner.

This old gentleman's name was Oliver. He was a barister who for many years abandoned practice, or had been abandoned by it, and he was seventy-five years of age. He was found dying at his hearth, and the doctor, who was summoned too late to render any aid, said that the unfortunate man was in a very neglected condition of health.

There are a number of other hermits in the Inns of Court and Chancery. They are usually baristers who have failed, but who haunt the place like living ghosts, and exist in the most extreme solitude. No friends or family men of ability, who with more help in early life, might have done great things.

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Another genuine hermit has been discovered in the Temple in London, and an inquest has been held upon his remains by the city Coroner.

This old gentleman's name was Oliver. He was a barister who for many years abandoned practice, or had been abandoned by it, and he was seventy-five years of age. He was found dying at his hearth, and the doctor, who was summoned too late to render any aid, said that the unfortunate man was in a very neglected condition of health.

There are a number of other hermits in the Inns of Court and Chancery. They are usually baristers who have failed, but who haunt the place like living ghosts, and exist in the most extreme solitude. No friends or family men of ability, who with more help in early life, might have done great things.

"Oh, not for worlds! I hate writing to a polka; besides I adore the polka, but we can sit out this dance, if you like—and I will talk to you!"

Rhe— "Oh, goodness gracious, not let us dance it any way you like!"

The paper bottles made in Paris are cemented with a composition of alum, lime and blood albumen. Neither water nor alcohol has any effect on these bottles, and of course they are not easily broken.

An Automatic Cook.

A patent issued to a St. Louis man for an automatic fire-lighting machine, was made the subject of investigation. This new-fledged genius, a native-born Irish-American citizen, imbued with genius, ingenuity, has just been granted letters patent for a device that will prove a comfort to solitary old maid, fill a desolate void in the widows' household, and prove a savior to hen-pecked husbands. This great boon for mankind is to be taken, at first sight, for an informal machine, but it is not. It has clock work that reminds one of a dynamite fume, but it's not dangerous. When the thing goes off it startles the beholder with a fit and a dash of flame suggestive of instant death; but it will not explode. It will have a depressing effect on the matrimonial market. The women of single blessedness will be more than twice blessed by it. They need no longer for a handy, good-natured husband, or a light fire for the very cold of winter. All you have to do is to wind it up and make it go off any hour you choose, and then set the clock on the hearth. At the desired time a sulphur match is ignited at the end of a hollow brass tube, which is charged with chloroform, potassium and sugar, that flashes into a burning flame, setting fire to a ball of asbestos saturated with turpentine at the further end, readily lighting a coal fire.

The inventor explained the mechanism, and made a practical experiment of its working. For nearly two years he has been doing without his breakfast because he could not get up in time to make a fire for his wife to do the cooking before he went to work.

"But," said he, "I've got her now. I am a great eater, and breakfast is my chief delight," he added, as the reporter went away, after exhorting him to invent an automatic cook.

Nicotine and Death.

Schuyler Colfax, who died so suddenly at a railway station in Minnesota, was attacked by vertigo while at the head of his career at Washington many years ago, and he was then advised by his physicians to gradually reduce him to the use of tobacco. He was almost as great a smoker as General Grant, and it may be that his sudden death can be traced back to the same source. It is a fact that the President prostrated him when he was in the Federal Capital. General Grant is understood to have been in peril of cancer of the tongue as the result of excessive smoking, and his physicians are amazed as well as gratified to find that he has wisely abandoned the use of tobacco. They are almost requested him to be moderate in smoking, and not to smoke the last half of his cigars, from which part the nicotine is always received. The pernicious effect of the use of tobacco can be too vigorously pointed out, and it is well for every man to reflect that the best physicians are unanimous in the opinion that to neither smoke nor to chew is the best rule. Impartial observers who find the companionship of one who smokes and is irascible, rather than otherwise, are forced to admit that in advanced age the habit seldom falls to become injurious and fifty as expensive. This is a free country, and where one will make a tract such a habit, but use of tobacco should bear in mind that to go beyond the bounds of moderation is to expose themselves to death from nicotine.

Dedicated to Our Family Physicians.

"How'd you find your patient, doctor?" "Went to his room."

"Yes; but I mean how'd you find him when you got there?"

"Well, but he is better."

"Well, he must be." "Does he improve any?"

"Hasn't any to improve; he sold his farm and lives in a boarding house."

"Is he worse?" "Worse than that."

"Is he better, then?" "Better than who?"

"Oh, doctor, what is there about him?" "A double sheet and two blankets."

"But what ails him?" "Gentle as he is dangerous?"

"No, but he is dangerous?" "Nav, gentle as he is dangerous?"

"Don't you want to tell what ails, doctor?" "No matter at all; they don't want him?"

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A Terrible Night.

Good night!
Landward, the moon has set behind the hills,
And the white-capped wavelets ebb and flow.
Each with silver rattle
Beats the moon, and shivers in its glow.
Good night!

Good night!
A frail, fragrant will the silent air,
As fancies the day with all its duties o'er,
And schemes with memories rise,
Of friends who once thought dear, are so no more.
Good night!

Good night!
The shadows of departed day are past,
The stars shine out and gleam
Upon the moonlight and the dewy earth.
The quiet habitations, as the green
Like us, to wait the coming morn's birth.
Good night!

It was in 1844, a stifling hot summer day, when I decided to accept Balzac's invitation to visit him at his fantastic house in the Rue Bassa, at Paris. It was half-past seven when I entered the dining-room, where Balzac was finishing his dinner. Opposite him was seated a man with a bovine countenance, indolent and morose, and animal lower face, solid, perplexing and of an ungracious character. His hair, now gray, gave evidences of having once been red; his eyes, once blue, were now a wintry gray. His whole person was complex, rude but not unbecoming.

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the latter part of November, and Thanksgiving, when gathered in Midgeville that agriculture society from centre to place.

A new thing for Midgeville was agitated. "It would be much better thing for it to be unagitated for any me."

Willia Downs often said that was the exciting town he assisted in. "As her soul went in the whirl of gaiety and merriment, and the years of

son had formerly lived in
but three years before had

But the brother had died, and the purchase, and being unable to pay for himself, the money was to be turned out of home into the cold, cold street. Such was the story, and it was told by Mrs. Muggins, the wife, had just stepped down on Monday, "while the water was boiling," to get a little more time. "I thought I should better tell you now," she said, and found her packing ready to move, and in

er inquiries as to her object in cold weather she said that she wanted the house for one week."

"I don't 'pear to want to talk it," said Mrs. Muggins. "I suppose she felt so bad. I don't think she has the nerve she's agoin' to live, al- going to her sister's at a spell, but her sister has of her own and of course expected to provide a home and two children."

Mrs. Muggins was terribly indignant, and every one to whom she told

was thought best to hold the Union Sewing Society's next day (although it was for their meeting) and see if it could be done about it. The meeting was held at the President's residence, who lived directly opposite Mr. Holmes' residence. It was a success, and never did Union Society show a more united front in denouncing Dr. Holmes and his sympathy for the unforgotten.

Mr. Sharp boldly proposed a subscription (of \$100) by a widow herself, she expected to give anything.

ladies, after making some calculations, concluded that it best; "Widow Benson was high-spirited woman and fronted."

seemed nothing they could expect to free their minds, but that thoroughly.

fectly scandalous, they doctor Holmes, the richest evile, and not a child or world, to oppress the widow

ed woman as she is in Mrs. Taylor, whose had a run of measles, and a virtuous grandma, Nan

ing where her pretty caps
from now. "But nothing
ever see her rigged out in
furbelows," added Mrs.
with a side glance at the
Muggins' dress. "And"
wood band to mind her own
as the significant tribute
Smith's wife. There were
outing voices: Mrs. Bean,
d kept store, said "wid-
ought to buy what they
for," not, as she after-
ended, because she "blamed
nenson, but she wanted to
er Sharpe a dab for not

ra Piper, who was afflicted with headaches, remarked that ways found Dr. Holmes and affection—"and suddenly as if she had in she intended to although specially the Widow Sharpe n't.

ie doctor's hired man bar-orse," said Mrs. Murch, at the front window, "and alive that's a brand new what a big one for just

yelled Toby Murch, tum-doorsten in his hurry to

"Will Benson said his married last night to Dr. he's going to call him pa goin' ter Flinwood to

h the doctor put the two the carriage and helped with a most lovelike de-

does 'pear affectionate," dow Sharpe, looking at with an exasperating smile. "s fool like an old fool," air Eudora.

ver?" asked the President, age rolled past, and she the window and gazed upon

members admitted that they really, although they had

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ABILITIES, and securing an
Actual Net Available Surplus
of Over \$30,000,

the Directors feel that they can offer to all who
desire insurance not only as **LOW RATES** and
UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but also
greater probability of immunity from assess-
ment for years to come, than other Companies
since this surplus is large enough to pay all
probable losses on the policies now in force.
until their expiration, without any depen-
dence on receipts from new business—a condition of
things that can be shown by but very few com-
panies in the State. The present Directors
pledge to the Policy Holder, an

ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT
and a
Careful Supervision of the business
and will continue in the future, as in the
past, to act on the principle of
PROMPT PAYMENT

OF
HONEST LOSSES

without seeking to EVADE them on technical
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New Jersey
State Normal & Model Schools
TRENTON.

Fall Term will commence Monday,
Sept. 15th, 1884.

TOTAL COST for Board, Tuition, Books,
etc., at the Normal School, \$35.40 for Ladies,
and \$40.00 for Gentlemen; at Model School,
\$20.00 per year. Buildings thoroughly heated
by steam. The Model School offers to both
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The New York Tribune
FOR 1885.

A Paper devoted to American Interests

Largest Republican Circulation in

America.

The Tribune begins the new subscription year with

prospects unparalleled in its history. Its circulation

for the seven days ending Nov. 9, 1884, was as follows:

Monday, Nov. 9, 1884..... 99,100

Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1884..... 101,500

Wednesday, Nov. 11, 1884..... 101,500

Thursday, Nov. 12, 1884..... 101,500

Friday, Nov. 13, 1884..... 101,500

Saturday, Nov. 14, 1884..... 101,500

Sunday, Nov. 15, 1884..... 101,500

Weekly, Nov. 15, exclusive of all

short-term campaign subscriptions..... 145,910

Semi-Weekly..... 38,790

Total number of copies printed

and sold during week ending

Nov. 15, 1884, exclusive of cam-

paign subscriptions..... 1,292,110

Ninety-four tons of paper were used in printing the

week's issues. This was of course an additional week

"spurt," which "makes the record" in New York. Set-

ting back into its "steady state," the Tribune's record

stood on the following week:

Average daily circulation of the

New York Tribune, for week ending

Nov. 13, 1884..... 121,400

Weekly Tribune, Nov. 12, 1884..... 112,650

Semi-Weekly..... 36,750

During 1884 the Tribune's circulation was steadily

and hospitably growing. The Tribune's circulation

is the largest of any paper in the United States, and

is the largest of any paper in the United States, and

is the largest of any paper in the United States, and

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A sweet thing in crockery—the sugar bowl.

When a couple are making love by moonlight, their feeling is one of in-fine-night bliss.

The unit rule,—one oyster to a forty-gallon stew.

Circuit court—sneaking around the house to avoid the dogs.

Official reports from the scene of the late earthquake in Spain show that 200 persons were killed.

The wedding coat of Andrew Johnson is shown at New Orleans. It was made in 1838.

It is now pretty well settled that a man who purchases a limited railway ticket can complete his journey if he starts on the day the limit expires, notwithstanding it may take him several days longer to reach his destination.

The ancient fishing industry on the Sea of Galilee still exist but is much run down. There is but one sailing craft on the lake. The waters swarm with piscatorial life, just as they did eighteen centuries ago, but the Galileans are too lazy to try to secure the property.

*The Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo., must have confidence in the Pastille treatment for weakness, nervous exhaustion, etc., in men. They offer free trials and trust results for orders.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.** Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the U. S., and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cts. per bottle.

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To all wanting Employment.

We want Live, Energetic, and Capable Agents

in every county in the United States and Canada,

to sell a patent article of great merit or

its merits. An article having a large sale,

paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no

competition, and on which the agent is pro-

vided in the exclusive sale by a deed given for

each and every county he may secure from us.

With all these advantages to our agents, and

the fact that it is an article that can be sold to

every house-owner, it might not be necessary

to make an "extraordinary offer" to secure

good agents at once, but we have concluded to

make it, to show, not only our confidence in

our invention, but in its salability by any agent

who will handle it with energy. Our agents

now at work are making from \$150 to \$800 a

month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us

to make our offer to all who are out of employ-

ment. Any agent who will give our business

thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least \$100

in this time, above all expenses, can return all

goods unsold to us, and we will refund the cash

paid for them. Any agent or general agent

who would like to see more counties and work

them through sub-agents for ninety days, and

fails to clear \$750 above all expenses, can re-

turn all unsold and get their money back. No

other employer of agents ever dared to make

such offers, nor would we if we did not know

that we have agents now making more than

double the amount we guarantee, and but two

months per day would give a profit of over \$125 a

month, and that one of our agents took eighteen

orders in one day. Our large descriptive cir-

culars explain our offer fully, and these we wish

to send to every one out of employment who

will send us three one-cent stamps for postage.

Send at once and secure the agency in time for

the boom, and go to work on the terms named

in our extraordinary offer. We would like to

have the address of all the agents, sewing ma-

chine sellers and carpenters in the country, and

ask any reader of this paper who reads this

offer, to send us at once the name and ad-

dress of all such they know. Address at once,

or you will lose the best chance ever offered to

those out of employment to make money.

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.,