

South-Jersey Republican

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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, March 17, 1883.

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SWAYNE'S
FOR THE
CURE OF
ITCHING PILES
THE GREAT
CURE FOR
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Senator Sherman when asked for his understanding of the act repealing taxes on capital and deposits of banks, bankers and national banking associations (he was a member of the conference committee which prepared the bill as finally passed) said: "The bill repeals all taxes named from the date on which they were last due and payable. The law prescribes semi-annual periods for these collections, and the fact that the bill passed in March does not mean that taxes are to be collected for January and February. That could not be done. All taxes, however, which were due on January 1, and which have not been paid, must be collected."

The President entertained at dinner last evening a party of friends, as a farewell entertainment to his sisters, Mrs. McElroy and Mrs. Haynesworth, who will conclude their visit here shortly. The table was spread in the state dining room, and covers were placed for twenty-six guests. The plateau of glass along the centre held an oval cushion of pink tulips and deep red roses, and tall vases at either end were filled with bouillottes and long-stemmed Marshal Neil buds. Flat bouquets of pink roses, sprayed with violets and pansies, were at the extreme ends of the table between the silver candelabra bearing shaded waxen lights. Corsage bouquets of Jacqueminot or tea roses, heliotrope, mignonette and lilies of the valley were at each lady's plate, and boutonnières of a single rosebud for the gentlemen. The menu included sixteen courses, and seven varieties of wine. The dining room was elaborately decorated with azalea bushes in pink and white bloom. The mantels were hidden under a fringe of long grass. The guests assembled in the blue parlor, the ladies using the green and the gentlemen the red parlor as cloak rooms.

Shortly before eight the President with his sisters and Mr., Mrs. and Miss French joined the rest in the blue parlor. When dinner was announced, the President led the way to the dining room, escorted Mrs. Brewster and Mrs. Bancroft Davis, Attorney-General Brewster following with Mrs. McElroy and Mrs. John Davis. The other guests were Mr. John Davis, Mrs. French, Mr. Field, Mrs. Haynesworth, Mr. Thompson, Miss McCallister, Mr. Wadsworth, Miss Frellinghuysen, Mr. McCallister, Mrs. Duer, Mr. Bancroft Davis, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mr. Winthrop, Miss Walker, Mr. Duer, Miss McElroy, Mr. French, Mrs. Field, Mr. Phillips and Miss French. At the conclusion of the dinner the conservatories were lighted, added much to the brilliancy and interest of the scene.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop gave a dinner party last evening at their residence on Massachusetts avenue. Internal revenue receipts to-day, \$418,536.30; customs, \$520,975.93.

HOWARD.

TOWN MEETING.

The attendance was quite slim at ten o'clock, Wednesday, when the meeting was called to order; but the hall was soon well filled. Mr. G. F. Saxton was Chairman; Mr. A. J. Smith, Secretary.

After reading the "minutes" and minutes of last meeting, the salaries of town officers were fixed as follows: Councilmen, \$15 per year, with \$2 per day for committee work; clerk, \$75; Collector and Treasurer, \$100; Constable and Overseer of the Poor, \$25; Assessors, Chairman, \$75, others, \$25; Overseer of Highways, \$2 per day of actual labor. The question of wages for road work was referred to Council and Overseer.

Mr. Passmore offered a resolution that the meeting consider a case of conspiracy against him on the part of Town Officials. Laid on the table.

Mr. Matthews offered a preamble and resolutions in regard to Hammonton Park; stating that said park is for sale, and requesting Council to ascertain price and terms, and whether this town could legally purchase and hold it for public use; to report at the next meeting. Carried.

The question of a road scraper was introduced and discussed; and it was voted

that Council purchase a Pennock scraper, and pay for the same out of "surplus fund."

Council was authorized to pay all small-claim claims and costs of enforcement of law; also all necessary expenses above the amount voted for "town purposes," out of surplus fund.

Rev. Wm. Passmore was given permission to address the meeting. He stated his grievances in relation to alleged over-assessment, and in regard to streets through his property; charged certain parties with conspiracy to wrong him; and protested against the payment of his taxes as assessed. He also presented a written preamble and resolutions, asking that they be adopted, stating as an alternative, that he would publish a pamphlet giving the names and criminal acts of all parties concerned in the conspiracy referred to. The Secretary proceeded to read said document, but was interrupted by a motion made by Mr. Sprout, that the manuscript be referred back to Mr. Passmore without further reading. This motion was carried unanimously.

Adjourned to two o'clock.

On re-assembling a resolution was offered in regard to town hearse. Laid on the table, and referred to Council.

Mr. Brown defended the action of the Assessors in the Passmore case. Mr. A. J. King read Supreme Court decision in relation to roads once dedicated to public use, either by mapping or selling lots thereon—that such streets could not be reclaimed by the previous owner of the land.

Moved and carried, that Council be instructed to open, this year, all streets heretofore accepted by the Town. This includes Cherry Street, running from Egg Harbor Road to First Road, between lands of Messrs. Potter and Passmore.

Voted, that the sum of \$200 due for damages to the Griffith property by opening Union Road, be paid from surplus fund.

Moved by Mr. King, that the Council be authorized to procure, if they consider it advisable, a new assessor's map and block-book of the town, to be paid for from surplus fund. Carried.

Adjourned at 3:40 P. M.

Egg Harbor Road.

To the Editor of the South-Jersey Republican.

The favor of your presence with Frank A. Fenton, Esq., Civil Engineer, on Tuesday last the 13th, with Mr. D. L.

Miller and Mr. Wm. Rutherford, enabled you to see the manner that Messrs. Brown and King's line should have been run from the bolt at Pressey's hill, parallel to the line 24 ft. 0 in. from the mark on the corner of Mr. P. S. Tilton's store, and the errors found at the termination of the line, both at Fifteenth Street (6 ft.) and the county line (5 ft. 6 in.), which errors throw their supposed line from their mark on Mr. Tilton's store. Therefore produced through Egg Harbor Road does not touch the monument that was set and claimed as the point of intersection on of the Egg Harbor Road and Bellevue Avenue. Consequently, all these monuments are wrong. Thus far, and to the end, I have aimed to determine and unravel the mystery that has shrouded these two lines (of Brown and King's survey), and the result is that it has determined nothing so far as the centre line of the road is concerned, and as I in the beginning claimed. Respectfully, CHARLES WHITNEY.

[The following explains itself.]

CAMDEN, March 13th, 1883.

CHAS. WHITNEY, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—According to your request to-day, I measured out 24 ft. 0 in. from the mark shown me on Mr. Tilton's store (this mark being 18 1/2 inches from the corner of the building) from this point I prolonged a straight line from the pole set up near Pressey's House, to the county line, with the following result: at the first side of Mr. Porter's house 10 ft. 0 in. inches to the left of the front of the house; on the far side of Porter's house 12 ft. 11 1/2 in. from the front, thence continuing on the same straight line I made it 30 ft. 3 in. to the left of the county line stone. At a place I was told was known at Fifteenth St. 1

was 6 ft. to the left of a stone which Mr. Anthony informed me was placed there by Messrs. Brown and King.

Yours with Respect,
(signed) FRANK A. FENTON

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair cells to healthy action, and promotes a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the natural hair beautiful and abundant; keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy.

The stamps of the largest denomination used under the Internal Revenue system which is pretty well broken up by the Tariff bill, were for \$5000, and they were used to stamp \$10,000,000 railroad bonds. Of course they were not called for every day, but there was an actual demand for them. The \$5000 stamp was two inches wide and three inches long.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By Virtue of a Writ of Fieri Facias, to me directed, issued out of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, will be sold at public vendue, on

Saturday the 14th day of April, 1883, at TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House in May's Landing.

All that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the town of Hammonton, in the county of Atlantic and state of New Jersey, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the centre of Pine Road at a distance of three hundred and twenty rods northeast of Main Road; thence extending [1] north forty-five degrees thirty minutes west, eighty rods to a point; thence [2] north forty-four degrees thirty minutes east, twenty rods to a point; thence [3] south forty-five degrees and thirty minutes east, eighty rods to the centre of Pine Road aforesaid; thence [4] along the same south forty-four degrees and thirty minutes west, twenty rods to the place of beginning, containing ten and one-half acres of land, strict measure, being the same tract of land that Frederick Davis et al., conveyed by deed, dated March thirty-first, 1866, to Mary J. Griffith, and is recorded in the Clerk's Office of Atlantic county, in Liber 23 of Deeds, folio 287, relation thereto will more fully show.

Seized as the property of George Olivit et al., and taken in execution at the suit of Anna Glueck executrix, etc., and to be sold by ISAAC COLLINS, Sheriff. Dated Jan. 27, 1883. DAVID J. PANCOST, Solicitor.

SCROFULA

and all scrofulous diseases, Sores, Erysipelas, Eczema, Itches, Ringworms, Tumors, Carbuncles, Boils, and Eruptions of the Skin, are the direct result of an impure state of the blood.

To cure these diseases the blood must be purified, and restored to a healthy and natural condition. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has for over forty years been recognized by eminent medical authorities as the most powerful blood purifier in existence. It frees the system from all foul humors, cures, and strengthens the blood, removes all traces of mercurial treatment, and proves itself a complete master of all scrofulous diseases.

A Recent Cure of Scrofulous Sores. Some months ago I was troubled with scrofulous sores (ulcers) on my legs. The ulcers were badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy I tried failed, until I used AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, of which I have now taken three bottles, with the result that the sores are healed, and my general health greatly improved. I feel very grateful for the good your medicine has done me. Yours respectfully, Mrs. ANN O'BRIEN, 148 Sullivan St., New York, June 24, 1882.

All persons interested are invited to call on Mrs. O'Brien; also upon the Rev. Z. P. Willis of 74 East 64th Street, New York City, who will take pleasure in testifying to the wonderful efficacy of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, not only in the cure of this lady, but in his own case and many others within his knowledge.

The well-known writer on the Boston Herald, B. W. BALL, of Rochester, N.H., writes, June 7, 1882:

"Having suffered severely for some years with Eczema, and having failed to find relief from other remedies, I have made use, during the past three months, of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, which has effected a complete cure. I consider it a magnificent remedy for all blood diseases."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

stimulates and regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, renews and strengthens the vital forces, and speedily cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, Catarrh, General Debility, and all diseases arising from an impoverished or corrupted condition of the blood, and a weakened vitality.

It is incomparably the cheapest blood medicine, on account of its concentrated strength, and great power over disease.

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

Dr. SHIDLE,
DENTIST,

Has Removed,

To Mr. Cogley's new Building, east side of Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

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.

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 is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are looking for work in the ladies' make as much as \$100, and some pay and make great pay. Anyone who is willing to work will make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who are engaged at once will find a short road to fortune. Address, H. HALLAT & Co., Port and 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 \$500 to \$3,000

in easy instalments.

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.

G. F. Jahneck, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at his residence, corner of Vine St. and Central Avenue.
Office hours, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

COAL!

We are now prepared to receive orders for coal to be delivered at any time during the Fall and Winter at lowest prices. We deliver coal in bulk and in small quantities. Our coal is of the best quality, and is constantly on hand at our Railroad Avenue, opposite the railroad shed. Coal furnished direct from cars, monthly. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Give us your orders early.

G. F. SAXTON.
HAMMONTON, N. J.

George Valentine,
DEBATER.

Is prepared to furnish Gowns, Caskets (with handle and glass), Shrouds, Robes of any quality, and to receive promptly attended to. Also, to collect, and Furniture repaired and re-upholstered.
SHOP on Egg Harbor Canal, next to Aiken's Carriage Works, Hammonton.

T. Hartshorn,
Painter and Paper Hanger.

Hammonton, N. J.

Orders left in P. O. Box 21 will receive prompt attention.

From the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mar. 10, 1883.

The Treasury Department is in receipt of all sorts of inquiries in regard to the proper construction of certain provisions of the new tariff bill. It is stated upon authority that none of these tariff questions will be passed upon by the department until the new law goes into effect.

THE FAIR SEX.

The largest shoe owner in Texas is a woman known as the widow Callahan. Her herd numbers 50,000.

Louise has discovered that women are particularly fit to be drug clerks, and a number are already employed in the best stores. "They seem to learn by intuition," says an employer, "one word or look suffices where a man would require a hundred words of instruction. When my woman clerk has a matter in hand, I am certain that my order will be carried out."

Girls are cautious. Girls, beware of transient young men. Never suffer the address of strangers. Recollect one good, steady female boy or industrious mechanic is worth more than all the floating trash in the world. The allurements of a dandy Jack, with a gold chain about his neck, a walking stick in his paw, and a brainless though fancy skull, can never make up the loss of a kind father's home, another's counsel and the society of brothers and sisters. These affections last while that of such a man is lost at the wane of the honeymoon. Girls, beware! Take heed lest ye fall into the snare of the devil. Too many have been already taken from a kind father's home and a good mother's counsel, and made the victims of poverty and crime, brought to shame and disgrace, and then thrown upon their own resources, to spend their few remaining days in grief and sorrow, while the brainless skull is making its circuit around the world, bringing of its ignoble will all that may be allured by his deceitful snares, and many a fair one to the shame of this artful villain.

WOMAN CAN DO NO. Woman need not become a coarse, noisy, bawling politician, in order to be useful, nor wear pantaloons, nor try to unsex herself generally. She cannot, if she tries, get out of the place for which God made her. The old hen can't crow, work at it as hard as she will.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning or how adverse a fate may be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirit, shaken by the anxiety of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health, if disease has overtaken his power. By her counsel and love she can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her examples, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however adverse their dispositions, into noble men and women. And by leading in all things a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach; so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen and reformers that ever legislated.

She can do much, alas! more to degrade man, if she chooses to do it. Who can estimate the evil that woman has power to do? As a wife she can ruin herself by extravagance, folly, or want of affection. She can make a demon or an outcast of a man who might otherwise become a good member of society. She can bring bickering, strife and discord into what might be a happy home. She can change the innocent babes into vile men, and even into vicious women. She can lower the moral tone of a city, and thus pollute the fountain of the spring head. She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good.

Instead of making dowers of truth, purity, beauty, and spirituality, springing up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles with a loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert covered with the scorn of all evil passion, and swept by the bitter blast of everlasting death.

What is the woman called for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her mission a little angel? Has she no worthy work, as has the cry of Jesus? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.

Fashionable Dots. Trains are again worn, more of them being noticed at all festivities than in

any season for two years. A noticeable feature is their plainness. No matter how much the costume may be trimmed, the train hangs in straight, plain drapery, sometimes having a plaiting or shell ruffling edging it. We have often witnessed the desirability of a detachable train, especially in the useful for use of us who must economize in expensive dresses, and who are only occasionally forced to wear the costly ones. To the society woman, however, a costume is a necessity, and must be always ready for use, but the occasional finds a trained costume out of style while yet unsold; but, if a handsome walking dress, it can be worn for the promenade and quiet receptions, the train added, and giving an entirely different style for full dress.

Often Ottoman or other silk or satin is used for the corsage and petticoat of the dress, while the train is of Ottoman silk, brocade with velvet. A very stylish evening dress at a leading house is in baby-blue satin. The lower skirt is laid in plaits, with a fan-shaped front, the drapery plaited crosswise, caught in the middle with a double bow of satin and edged with white silk embroidery; the back drapery in a full plait, box-plaited into a flounce, falling over the main plaiting; the basque pointed in front; elbow sleeves edged with embroidery; Directors collar also of embroidery, an adjustable train ready to be added under the box-plaiting that forms the puff. Ottoman silk is found to wear nicely, merchants predicting for them a successful run; indeed, all-rep'd silks are now more in demand than the soft, fine silks to which we have so long been accustomed. White Ottoman has formed some of the most elegant wedding costumes of the winter. Plain velvet costumes are worn for full dress. A ruby tint is made a princess or, if preferred, a polonaise, with separate skirt of silk lining with the front of antique lace. The polonaise is gathered in front, below a long-pointed vest of the antique lace. The back is draped in soft folds, the lower part hanging straight and full, with a border of the lace; it cuts border the sleeves, and a square collar is also made of the lace. Basques for full dress, as well as those for street and home wear, have the bottom cut in battement-points, leaf-points, or square tails, a fashion that has never been so generally followed as this. Sometimes only the fronts are slashed, while the back tapers off into a point over the full drapery, or it can be slashed around to the waist. Another fancy, where a basque is trimmed with embroidery, is to cut the basque pointed back and front, curved short over the hips; then trim with the embroidery or lace in a flat border, the selvidge turning under the basque edge. The sleeve and a flat collar should be bordered the same while the skirt may be bordered each side of the front, or have contrasting panels, with the trimming put across in three borders. Inexpensive evening costumes are made of satin, in light tints, have figured or satin-striped girdles for over-dresses, these prettily trimmed with lace and ribbon.

French corset-makers are reintroducing the old-fashioned corset that had a board-like back down the front, but no fastenings, the lacing now being done at the back. This method, though causing extra time and trouble in arranging, produces, it is claimed, a more graceful outline to the form than the usual manner of fastening the corset. Sain corsets—of which there must be at least two, to wear with dark or light dresses—are extremely fashionable with those who can afford them, as this elastic fabric molds itself more closely to the figure than either Jean or French coutille. Over the hips of these new corsets are set wide gussets of silk elastic webbing, which give a peculiar ease to the wearer. Still further comes a rumor from over the sea that French belles, who are troubled about their too ample proportions, very frequently display the corset altogether, and have the things to their dresses made of extra heavy material, almost covering the dress bodice inside with strong white-bones, finished with silk tassels. Later still, word is brought to us by returning modistes that those too, too solid French ladies who are determined to look ethereal have taken to wearing nickel-plated corsets, warranted never to "give an inch."

Smoke will soon be at a premium. From 2,800,000 cubic feet of smoke given out by 100,000 cars of wood, it is said 12,000 gallons of acetate of lime, 200 gallons of alcohol and 25 pounds of tar may be obtained.

Pious Reflections.

The Pilgrim.
"Out of darkness into His marvelous light."
What, nearly home? The sun is sinking fast.
Around us rise the mountains dim and vast.
And for the night the sentinel they stand,
The herds of all the border of the Promised Land.

Longer and longer seemed the toilsome way,
Touched by the sunlight of the waning day.
We feared the night, our souls were sore distressed,
And yet—God knew we were near our rest.

Behind us lie the deserts black and bare,
The valleys haunted by the fiend Despair.
The flowers whose sweetness was a poisoned breath,
The groves where chilly, shadows harbored death.

Before us, shining through the sun-gilt mist,
The vision of the Great Evangelist.
The heritage of all the saints in light,
Jerusalem the Golden, meets our sight.

Ourself and Others.
A second degree of love, always rare in practice, is a plain and level dealing with each other's needs. What is worse than too much candy and coddling, too many honeyed words? We must not lose sight of progress, or that life is in its use. Love should be a surgeon as well as a nurse.

The unwelcome truth may be the only mercy in many a case, and should be spoken out. Severity may be charity. Our state attorneys complain that there is growing up a cruel tendency to concede to rogues and avert the claims of justice, to the injury of the guilty and the innocent.

"Mercy is not 'till that of looks are,"
Pardon is still the nurse of second vice.

It is a question, whether humanity pays; but by every sensible person that should be looked upon as the same question as whether there is a God. The existence of Deity is guaranty of just compensations; that every pound shall be balanced by another pound; that we shall get as good as we give; that no gold goes through the perfect sieve, but that, to the very minutest atom, all will be rescued and rated and paid for. There need be no insurance on risks, for there are none. Morality is not a venture, nor charity a lottery, but these are tied to blessed ends by unailing laws. There is no art that can win against nature. Honesty always throws loaded dice.

When the Earl of Flanders sought refuge in the smoky hut of an old woman in Bruges, crying, "O good woman, hide me; I am thy lord, the Earl of Flanders!" Froissart says, "she knew him well, for she had been often times at his gate to fetch alms, and she slide him safe away."

Giving is getting, only silver is paid in gold. What we nobly give, we give into our own hands. Le Grice, the school companion of Charles Lamb, wrote: "I never heard him mentioned at school without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the same name, the addition was quite unnecessary; but there was implied kindness in it and it was proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness. The sweet-hearted boy was on the winning side. He could not lose in that game, because the cards were all trumps. His more indifferent selfish ends was his fine playing, the more surely were those ends guarded by the sharp-eyed watchers of the world."

When we divinely forget, there is One who divinely remembers and repays.

Home Gospel.

Very elegant little tables are now covered in deep crimson plush, and the bordering, instead of being equal round, is in panels, some long, some oval and others short and square. Upon the surface of the table a design in flowers is worked in fine ribbons, while leaves and tendrils are in arseane. Each panel is finished off with tassels of different color, to match the design, and they depend from brass ornaments in the shape of a crescent.

These brass crescents are very much in favor for ornamenting lamprequis, bracket hangings, and the many decorative objects to which needle-work is devoted. They make a very pretty finish to fringes, etc.

The latest style for bureau covers and tidies consists in the introduction of colored designs either in the borderings or centres. These colored designs are either oval or square, and are surrounded by a pattern to be worked in silk,

Modelled, or creased to match them in color.

One of the latest fashions in fashion to-day is intended for the use of a gas-log. The background is of wrought iron in representation of an elaborate coat of arms, the andirons are of the same material in front design; the facing of the stove is of silver-plate enamelled in relief, which are framed in burnished brass. The hearth which accompanies this elegant fire-place is of mosaic tiles, while the fender is of burnished brass.

For a large vestibule or hall the most appropriate stove is of terra cotta and wrought iron, the frieze being of the former material very highly ornamented in carved relief. As an accompaniment, an old fashion has been revived in the shape of a fire-fixure of wrought iron, which is of pyramidal shape, in elaborate floral decoration. From it depend hooks, suggesting possible cooking, and branches for vases.

The favorite style of tile decoration for hearths to-day is in imitation of polished wood. Deep browns, reds and black represent maples, mahogony, ebony and walnut, the high glaze of the tile giving the exact effect of the polish of natural wood. Minton tiles and Japanese tiles are always in demand.

The frame-work of a curious hall chair is composed entirely of old horns mounted in silver. The back and seat are of embossed leather, and the bordering is studded with brass nails.

A very beautiful candleabra with crystal pendants has a stem of Mexican curly and branches of the same material. Bands of cloisonne give it an exquisite finish, and the shades are of delicately tinted glass.

A masterpiece in bronze ordered for an English gentleman incloses a clock. The design represents a Christian expounding the gospel to a Saracen; this piece is flanked by two Saracen figures armed cap-a-pie.

Mats and rugs for halls are of polar white bear, leopard and tiger skins mounted in black furs, the edgings being extremely deep.

Terra-cotta plaques are mounted in black or deep-toned velvets or plush. The genuine specimens, which come from Dieppe, are very wonderful representations of the life of the fishing populations. In one of a group of fishwives surround a comrade who reads the news of the day from *Le Petit Journal*.

Handsome hall chairs are in illuminated leather, and are framed in heavily carved mahogany. The latest fashion has the tall upright back and narrow seat which was characteristic of the eighteenth century.

Sea shells are mounted on terra-cotta plaques. Figures carved in terra-cotta peer over the edge of the shells and appear as if perfectly at home in their curious tenement.

A pair of Sevres vases, valued at \$6500, are exactly copied from a pair ordered for Queen Victoria's birthday. They are mounted upon a pedestal of Mexican onyx, decorated in French bronze. The vases are surmounted by a crown of flowers in bronze, of rare workmanship, and have handles of the same rich material. Upon a ground-work of old blue enamel the design represents upon the one Venus rising from the sea and upon the other the fable of Europa.

The rage for tambourines may be supposed to be dying out, but unfortunately this absurd fashion is likely to be closely followed by a still more ridiculous adaptation of guitars and violins to purposes of decoration.

Little wall-brackets are entirely covered with plush and decorated with brass nails and the crescent ornaments to which allusion has been made.

A Chicago clothing store gives a present of a coat-stove with an overcoat. That is a great deal better than painting a coat of steam pipe in the back lining. Some of the ready-made coats need a furnace in them to keep a man warm. More wool and wadding and less coal stoves is what the boys want.

Barber-ous: "It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in hard times you ought to lower your price for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber; "now-a-days everybody wears such a long face that we have a great deal more surface to shave over."

Outcome of a Spelling School.

A graduate from the High School in this city had a call from a country school about two hundred miles north of Detroit, and he went his way, provided with several written recommendations and a whole lot of enthusiasm. He found the school house to be a one story affair, made of logs and large enough to hold thirty scholars in case the teacher stood in the door. When school commenced the score of scholars could only muster a geography printed in 1848, an arithmetic a few days younger, a dozen leaves of a speller and the half of a broken slate. The teacher, however, went to work to hammer knowledge into their craniums, and he had convinced most of them that the world was round and that the sun neither rose nor set in that county, when it came time to have a spelling school. For convenience sake it was held in a big barn, and the turn-out included everybody, from the boy who spelled "corn," the same as "horse," for convenience sake, to the old man who always put "in haist" on his letters to his brother-in-law. It wasn't much of a contest, until the last half dozen towered aloft, "Catach" and "photograph" laid 'em out by the dozens, and when only the champions were left "Constantinople" felled all but two like a bolt of lightning. Then came the word "petasite." One rendered it "petasight," and the other gave it "perrysite," and when the teacher shook his head one cried out: "I've writ that word over a hundred times, and I guess I know it." And I've seen 'em every day of my life for forty years, and I don't sit down for anybody," added the other. "It is parsite," replied the teacher. "I dispute it!" "So do I." "That's the way Webster gives it." "Who's Webster?" Yes, trot him out. Then the friends of either rose up. In the shindy the teacher came in for two black eyes, a cracked rib, kicks in the shin and bites on the ears, and the minute he could get clear and over the fence he headed for Detroit, and reached home in want of so many repairs that it took two months to make him presentable. He had a few dollars due him, and he left a change of clothes up there, but he doesn't want to hear from the directors. They may think he has resigned, and any parasite desiring the situation can have the vacancy without paying bonus.

Sanitary.

OPEN FIRE PLACES.—Dr. Frank Hamilton, in the *Popular Science Monthly*, insists that safety lies alone in open fire-places, ordinary washbowls and the banishment of all sewer connection to an outbuilding entirely separated from the living rooms. Authorities are quoted to prove that no plumbing can exclude sewer gas, and that no traps can be considered safe. Dr. Hamilton insists that typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlatina and the general weakness and prostration which afflict so many city dwellers are all traceable to sewer emanations.

TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA SORE THROAT.—Every now and then we meet an epidemic of a form of sore throat which, in many particulars, resembles diphtheria. The onset is sudden. The disease is ushered in by chilliness or actual shivering, followed by fever, loss of appetite, headache and pain in the throat, aggravated by swallowing.

On examination, the tonsils, the arch of the fauces, and in many cases the uvula, are red and swollen. Occasionally small ulcers are seen. The serous and submaxillary glands are frequently swollen, and in some cases albumen is found in the urine. The temperature may reach 105, while the pulse is much accelerated. It is distinctly infectious, for wives become infected subsequent to their husbands, and in some families all the members are attacked. Such an epidemic has recently appeared in Edinburgh, and Dr. Allan Jamieson, who makes a report of it in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for December, has found the most marked benefit to result from the internal administration of salicylate of soda and the local application of a solution of boroglyceride in glycerine, frequently during the day.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Not Much of a Show.

The other morning, while the urbane manager of Woodward's Gardens, was smoking a four-bit cigar and meditatively listening to the muffled walls of a tomb that had just been swallowed alive by the big anacantha, a tall, thin, scientific looking man, with a goatee and blue glasses, entered the gates and remarked in an insinuating manner: "Of course you pass the scientific fraternity?" "Of course we do not," said the showman.

"What, not the savans, not the pioneers in the great march of the mind into the hitherland of the infinite beyond?" returned the Professor, with great surprise.

"I will not deceive you," sarcastically replied the proprietor of the only salamander; "we pass nothing but the quills on the fretful porcupines—I mean the wags." "You pass the ostriches unless you come down and put up." "Dear me, dear me!" sighed the scientist, reflectively, "To think that a professor of cosmographic conchology should be denied admittance to a third-class Zoo! Has the skamgattibus been fed yet?"

"Skam—which?" asked the tiger importer.

"The skamgattibus. You've got one, haven't you?"

"Y-e-s; I believe we've a small female somewhere," said the grizzly's friend, doubtfully.

"I never knew a first-class collection to have less than two pairs," said the Professor, contemptuously. "How do your animahs stand this cold weather, eh?"

"Admuths?" asked the Napoleon aggregator of curiosities; "what's them? Some new kind of bird—you don't mean ostriches?"

"Ostriches be hanged!" said the successor of Darwin; "ostriches are nothing. I've shot more ostriches with quail shot than you've got hairs on your head. You don't actually mean to tell me that you haven't got a single admuth to your back?"

"Don't believe I have," admitted the alligator breeder, mortified; "what are they like?"

"Oh, they're of the order Spinalis spinoidea, about eight feet high. Four feet off in the spring, you know—the Siberian species, I mean. I suppose you've got one of those rectangular African figpoodles that reached New York the other day?"

"No; I'm darned if I did," said the much agitated showman. "Here I've been keeping an agent in New York on a big salary to look out for attractions, and he doesn't catch on to the first blamed thing. Spends all our money on second-hand panthers and kangaroos with the rheumatics. I'll bounce him by telegraph!"

"Haven't even got a figpoodle, eh?" mused the scientist, in a tone of great pity. "And I shouldn't be surprised if you didn't have a golden-crested cuspidor in your whole show."

"Neither I have; neither I have," replied the wretched promoter of pelicans, in a tone of great bitterness. "S'pose you just step in, sir, and look round; maybe there's something else you could say."

"No-o, I guess not," said the tall man. "It would hardly pay me to spend so much valuable scientific time in a fourth-class show like this. Not even an admuth, eh? I should think you'd be afraid of being actually mobbed some time. I'm sorry for you, my good man; sorry for you. I've no doubt you mean well, but—not a solitary skamgattibus? Great Scott!"

He was up and away at daybreak the next day. An early train bore him eastward, and nine o'clock found him lauded at a little station called Seabrook.

The dismal little building was set in a field of clover, around which a road wound away among meadows of verdure.

After a glance around, Mr. Faxon took this road, and walked slowly along. The robins hopped across it; the bobolinks sang in the trees over it. The unassuming white clover among the grass perfumed the cool morning air.

He passed only a few houses, but he observed them attentively. They were all old and humble farm houses. Apparently this property, which had been the foreclosure of a mortgage fallen to Mr. Faxon, was not situated in a very rich or enterprising neighborhood.

"When he had walked nearly a mile he came to a green dooryard, among wide spread apple trees, with a well-sweep

Vanished Hours.

Where are they, those dear, dead days? These sweet, past days of long ago? When evening leads us through her maze? Where are they gone? Ah! who can tell? Who can once more that long-passed day repeat?

They did exist when we were young. We need not live with strength and trust. We deemed all things were pure and just. No shadows of the future dimly hid. We lightly sang a happy song. Nor dreamed our way could e'er be wrong.

And then all changed; as life went by. The friend deceived, or bitter death. Smiled as he drank our dear one's breath. And would not also let us die. Day followed day; as on they went. Each took some gift that life had sent.

Yet it was ours, that perfect past! We did have days that knew not pain. We once had friends that had not to die. And flowers and songs that could not last. Were ours in that most blessed time. When earth seemed heaven's enchanted clime.

And so I think when lights burn low And all the house is fast asleep. From out a silence vast and deep These dear dead days we worshiped so. Breathe on us from their hidden store. Their long-lost peace, their faith once more.

God keep those dear old times; ah me! Beyond our reach, yet ever near. Till on some perfect day and bright Once more those dear dead days will be; For death, who took all, may restore The past we loved to us once more.

After Long Years.

"What is this, But?"

"This is the mortgage of an estate called the Derby Place, Mr. Faxon. I've foreclosed more than a year, I believe."

"Well, its what I've been looking for. I will take charge of the papers and attend to the matter soon. Down east, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Faxon put the papers into the breast pocket of his coat, came down the office stairs, and stepped into the glittering, purple-lined phaeton, beside his wife.

The delicate Arabian, Mrs. Faxon's horse, sped away out of the city corners, and soon tossed his jety mane along the open roads, lined with gardens, ornate cottages and villas.

"Going away?" "To-morrow, dear?" asked Mrs. Faxon, suddenly lifting her fair countenance, as she interrupted her husband's musing.

"You seem to be away all the time lately. Take me with you?"

"Not this time, Violet."

And Violet Faxon's husband fell into a fit of abstraction, from which the smartest chaff failed to arouse him. They came at last to the Faxon mansion, grand and simple, and fulfilling the promise of a beautiful interior.

Amid the white lace and crimson silk of her chamber, Violet was brushing out her long fair hair, when her husband paused in the doorway, and looked at her sharply. Then he came slowly across the room, and lifting the oval face in his hand, looked closely at the rosy cheek, pearly ear, and curved eyelashes.

"What is it?" asked Violet; a freckle?

"No," he answered, smiling faintly, and looking across the chamber. "You looked like my sister then—that was all."

"Your sister, dear? You never told me about her."

"No," he answered, and said no more. Mr. Faxon bore no resemblance to his delicate patrician wife. A little less than thirty—dark, strongly built, active, vigorous, he impressed one as a strong character. It was a remarkable richness of countenance, there were some unusual lines, there was also a certain evidence of strong, good sense, and a look of deep experience. Mr. Faxon looked like a man who carried weight.

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"When he had walked nearly a mile he came to a green dooryard, among wide spread apple trees, with a well-sweep

Among them, and a residence, though plain, more pretentious and more comfortable than the others.

There was a narrow, well-worn path among the short grass, and buttercup to the porch, where a bitter-sweet twined its strong arms. In a corner, under the verdure, was an arm-chair, with a book on the seat, and a cane lying across it—a garbled, twisted stork of hickory that Faxon looked twice at the book he saw was a Bible.

There was an old lady, with a sweet faded face, and snowy cap-strings tied under her double chin; knitting at a window nearby, but his quiet step had not disturbed her.

He had put his hand to the knocker; he took it down again as he caught sight of this placid face. He stood there quite still for several minutes. A gray cat came and rubbed against his leg. Some apple-blossoms floating down, touched his cheek.

At length the gentle life moved. "Fisher," said the "mid old lady," "you had better lie down and take a rest."

"Such old people, and I have come to take their home away," said Mr. Faxon.

There was a strong pain in his dark face now, as he stood looking down at the porch floor.

After a moment he stepped off the porch on the further side, and walked away under the apple trees.

When Mr. Faxon came back from his brief stroll his presence, as he crossed the yard, was observed.

A white-haired old man, who had come to the open door and taken up the hickory stick, turned back hastily with a few hurried words, and the aged women dropped her knitting and rose up, with a paleness dropping over her face.

But, while Mr. Faxon hesitated on the porch again, both came to the door. Sad, startled faces they both had, but they were civil. Their greeting was kindly, as to a friend.

"My name is Faxon," said the visitor; "I—"

"We know who you be, sir," said the old man; "we know who you be, though we have never seen you before. Will you come in?"

Mr. Faxon stepped across the white hall floor into the quiet, cool and comfortable sitting room.

The rough blue paper, like chintz, on the wall, some "honesty" and dried grasses in opaque white vases upon the high, narrow mantel-piece, unconsciously struck his eye while he took his seat, his mind occupied with other thoughts.

"We've been expecting you," said the old lady, who came early from the kitchen, and brought her best doctors who could get some early patient; delegate like you. We've missed it at first, but her cheeks grew thin; and too red; a cough she had from childhood grew harder; and though the best doctors we could get came early and late, it was only a year after Selwyn died before we laid Annie down among the snows. Thank you, sir, for your pity."

"Mother?" "Mother?" "I have shed most of our tears."

Mr. Faxon put his cambric handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Your other son, Roscoe, Mr. Derby—did he ever come home?"

"Never. It's nigh on to eight years since we have seen Roc. He knew he was disappointed us; but that was nothing, was it, mother?"

"I never think of it," said Mrs. Derby, shaking her head. "Perhaps—I don't know—we took the wrong course with Roc. He was restless and active. He was wild, but he was loving."

Her voice broke.

"Mr. Derby," said Mr. Faxon, "I find I know something of your story already. Your son, Roscoe Derby, who ran away at nineteen years of age, is probably living; and it may come in my way to obtain some information of him for you."

The old people had risen from their seats, and he went on quickly: "Meantime, be at no inconvenience regarding your stay here in your old home. Your right to occupy it is unquestioned in my mind, and let me say you will never during your lifetime be required to go hence. There is the mortgage,"—he placed some papers on the table—"Derby place is your own."

He rose, pressed them gently back to their seats, and he was gone, trying to express their gratitude.

"No—no thanks! Believe me, you owe me nothing—nothing."

He took his hat. The old man, Mr. Faxon turned to Mrs. Derby, and taking her hand, bent low and kissed them. Then he turned to the door, but in a moment he had come back.

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