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cocoanuts, etc., etc.

Thanking the public for the liberal

share of patronage so generously bestowed, we hope by strict attention to

business and fair dealing to merit a

further continuance of the same.

W. D. PACKER.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 27, 1882.

The Senate Committee on the Improvement of the Mississippi River and its Tributaries have agreed upon a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the Mississippi River, and \$1,000,000 for the Missouri River, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War, in accordance with the plans of the Mississippi River Improvement Commission. A part of the appropriation for the Mississippi is to be made immediately available, in order to repair as quickly as possible some of the damages caused by the recent floods.

The action of the Senate in confirming Samuel Blatchford as Judge of the United States Supreme Court gives that body a full bench for the first time in nearly five years. The latter appointment has notably strengthened it, and it will now be able to do work which has been neglected from sheer inability to perform it. It is, too, a very respectable judicial body as now constituted, although it does not come up to the standard it has reached during some periods of the history of the country.

The President having signed the anti-polygamy bill the suppression of the crime which has so long flaunted itself in Utah will now begin in earnest. No differences have existed as to the desirability of legislation which would remove this rank offence from the soil of the United States, though there have been disagreements concerning the policy which ought to be pursued to make it effective. Now that the bill has passed into law there will be general acquiescence in the desire that it should be executed with the simple intent of removing the evil. With wise management it is not improbable that polygamy will in two years have become a thing of the past.

General Grant, accompanied by Mr. John Russell Young, the newly appointed Minister to China, took a three hours' stroll about the city one day last week. The General seemed interested in noting the many improvements established since his residence here in the Executive Mansion. General Grant has always been an ardent friend of Washington. It was during his administration—that the comprehensive plan of public improvements was inaugurated, whereby the National Capital was reclaimed from the filth and foul stenches of its repulsive and dilapidated condition, and made the most attractive city on the American continent.

Doubts as to the efficacy of the anti-Chinese bill are already being expressed. Mr. Colby, one of the employees of the House, who has spent some time in China, called the attention of the writer to an easy way for Chinamen to evade the restrictions placed upon their emigration to the United States. Said he: "The island of Hong Kong is a British colony, and large numbers of Chinese go there and become naturalized. Mongolians wishing to come to this country can go to Hong Kong and become British subjects, and then come here without violating his new prohibitory law. I understand that the Six Companies are fully away of this fact, and have made arrangements with British companies who were previously interested in the Coolie trade, to import Chinamen into Hong Kong, have them naturalized there in due season, and send them in large numbers to the United States."

All the papers received by the President bearing on the case of Sergeant Mason have been referred to the Secretary of War, who has placed them in the hands of Judge-Advocate General Swain for report. It has leaked out that sufficient irregularities have been discovered in the proceedings of the court-martial to nullify the verdict. While declining to divulge in advance the nature of the report he should make, the General remarked significantly that he "would be heard from."

The complimentary dinner given by President Arthur to Gen. and Mrs. Grant, his guests, was a most brilliant

event. The State dining room had been under the care of expert hands for several days, in anticipation of the occasion, and it never looked handsomer than it did that evening, decked out as it was in one mass of flowers, placed at every conceivable place, and with ferns and grasses peeping from the mantles and cornices and window-tiles. The table was unusually handsome, both in floral and more substantial decorations.

JOHN.

Mr. Passmore's Reply.

As for what Mr. King said, I am glad to say that this time I have no fault to find with what he did say, but only with what he did not say. I will explain by showing what the law means, which Mr. King did not do. He says: "If a man has plotted a tract, laid out streets, mapped the same, and sold lots therefrom, he has no power to withdraw such streets, and the town could claim them when desirable." That is all true; and I never denied it. But I did deny that the town could assess my land as "town lots" while I owned the streets. But I do not think of withdrawing my streets, i. e., to shut them up, or to violate my own engagements—which is what the law means. But I did mean to withdraw my offer, and not allow the town to take them now, and then be able to say that they could legally assess my land as town lots, because the town owned the streets. That is what Mr. King tried to make it appear that the town can do; but that is not true.

As yet, the law and equity are both on my side; but if the town should ever take Mr. King's idea of what the law will allow, then, if I ever do have to go to law, I will go to a Court of Equity, where the equities of the case will be fully considered and regarded, and where the case will be considered solely on the equities, without any reference at all to the letter of the law. For "Equity is the correction of that whereon the law, by reason of its universality, is deficient." And equity will not allow the town—especially now, after formal withdrawal of my offer, for an attempted violation of equity, just to take my streets for nothing, and then to tax my land as town lots, to the point of practical confiscation. And if the town is ever foolish enough, as well as wicked enough, to attempt to do that, then, as I love right, and hate wrong infinitely more than I care for either land or money, I will gladly spend the value of the whole tract in trying to uphold law and equity, and public honor; and public policy and private honor,—rather than feel that I have no rights to my property which anybody and everybody is not bound to respect.

WILLIAM PASSMORE.

Should you be a sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion, malaria, or weakness, you can be cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Part of a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic cured me of rheumatism. My dyspeptic wife got so much relief from the balance that she tried another bottle, and now we can truly say we have never had better health.—A Boston Mechanic.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness."

The woman who does not require of a man the form of respect, invites him to discard its substance; and there is one violation of the form which is recent and gross, and might well be cited as a striking illustration in the decay of manners. It is the practice of smoking in the society of ladies in public and private places, whether driving, walking, sailing or sitting. There are *preux chevaliers* who would be honestly amazed if they were told they did not behave like gentlemen, who, sitting with ladies on a hotel piazza, or strolling in a public park, take out a cigar, light it and puff as tranquilly as if they were alone in their rooms. Or a young man comes alone upon the deck of a steamer and blows clouds of tobacco smoke in their faces, without even remarking, "Tobacco is disagreeable to some people." A man when he unconcernedly sings false betrays that he has no ear for music; and a man who smokes in this way shows that he is not a gentleman.—*Harper's Magazine.*

It is asked if a note dated on Sunday is legal under the laws of the States of New York and New Jersey. In answer it may be stated that a note made and delivered on Sunday for a purpose rendered illegal by statute on that day is voidable by the maker. If made on Sunday and delivered on a secular day it is valid as if made on the day of delivery. If simply dated on Sunday, as such obligations frequently are to represent the average date of account, and made or delivered on a secular day, the note is as valid as if it bore a different date. This will apply to all the States.

The Central Railroad Company discharged a number of their hands a few days ago, because they refused to square up their store bills.

Hon. George M. Robeson has been selected by the New Jersey Republican delegation in the House as the New Jersey member of the new Congressional Campaign Committee.

The public is warned against a fellow who travels about the country fixing silk hats, attending prayer meetings assiduously, and making temperance speeches, and in due time leaving town in a hurry with board bill and other little matters unadjusted.

The State Gazette, of Trenton, insists that not a cent should be appropriated by the Legislature for monuments in this State, until one in commemoration of the battle of Trenton has been erected, and says: "There is probably not another State among the original glorious thirteen whose capital is so totally barren of public artistic adornment as the historic capital of New Jersey."

The American Newspaper Directory, which will be issued this month by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York—10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all other in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine and Massachusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

Mr. Tilden has never been in such health as now. He has felt well, been able to take his ten-mile constitutional and split his cord of wood before lunch time; but he never was so robustly robust as in this year 1882, and a Presidential campaign only two years off. By the year 1890 Mr. Tilden will be so stalwart in health that he won't be able to sit down and pass away if he wants to.

Mrs. Mary Armstrong died at Trenton last week Tuesday, aged ninety-five. She was of Revolutionary and historic stock, her father having been a classmate at Princeton with Aaron Burr, and afterward a chaplain in the Army. Her mother was one of the Matrons who met Washington, on his journey from Mount Vernon to New York, for the purpose of being inaugurated as the first President.

Victor Hugo feels the shadow of the tomb gathering round him, but is not troubled by it. "My instinct tells me," he recently said to a friend, "that when I pass through the black tunnel called Death, I shall open my eyes to a higher and brighter existence. Why should I not believe in this instinct? It is one of the rare things that never lie." Victor Hugo is happy that he has taught the French people to reverence childhood; the infant is to him a sacred thing.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy.

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 1881. For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing Brown's Iron Bitters advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time. Mrs. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

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Are entirely the product of our own farms, and are unsurpassed by any in the world for purity and reliability. Buist's Garden Almanac, containing 123 pages of useful information, with prices, mailed on receipt of 3c. stamp.
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Scientific and General Notes.

Water-gas is now used in fifty cities and towns in the United States.

The friction of a belt is claimed to be double as much on wood as it is on iron.

The Mount Elina observatory, recently completed, is 6653 feet above the level of the sea.

Silver is the most perfect reflecting metal, absorbing less than 3 per cent. of the rays of light.

To tin small castings clean and boil them with scraps of black iron in a strong solution of cream of tartar.

If you wish to produce a glue that will resist water, boil one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk.

The use of salicylic acid for the preservation of food has been prohibited by the French Government as injurious.

Lighting of railroad trains generally in Germany by means of electricity is considered to be merely a question of time.

A novel fan is made of net and wire, circular in shape, to be filled with natural flowers which, of course, must be fresh each time.

A superb and minutely-engraved thick glass drinking vessel, made by Giovanni, has been bought by the King of Italy for \$25,000.

Over 500,000 bushels of charcoal are used every month in the smelters in Leadville. The price ranges from 12 to 14 cents per bushel.

Another French physician, Dr. Clavel de Boyer, has died from diphtheria contracted in the course of his duties at the Paris Children's Hospital.

A sheep-cake factory, to consume the milk of 500 to 1000 sheep, has been started at Chattanooga, Tenn., by some Austrians, backed by local capital.

It is proposed to hold, in 1894, an Italian National Exhibition in Turin, with the view of stimulating the general industrial interests of the country.

A piece of zinc placed on the live coals in a hot stove will effectually clean out a stove-pipe, the vapors produced carrying off soot by chemical decomposition.

A varnish for producing an imitation of ground glass may be composed of the following substances: Sandarac, 18 parts; mastic, 4 parts; ether, 200 parts; benzol, 80 to 100 parts.

It is generally supposed that a thick covering of snow affords the best protection from the severe frosts of winter to the soil beneath. Experiments by Dehner and Kayser prove that grass turf is much more effective.

Within the last fifteen years no fewer than 2800 houses in Edinburgh, Scotland, have been pulled down as unfit for human habitation. In 1893 the death rate in that city was 26 per 1000; now it is down to 20 per 1000.

A patent recently granted in Vienna and Berlin uses bands of steel, which are tempered and hardened, to transmit motion from one pulley to the other, the faces of the pulleys being turned perfectly flat and then faced with a varnish of rosins, shellac and asphalt.

The commission appointed by the Government of South Australia to inquire into the matter of the sparrow nuisance recommends that the sparrows, who have multiplied excessively should be destroyed, and that rewards be offered for the heads and eggs of the birds.

A Remarkable Gun.

In the late war between Chili and Peru a curious accident befell an eight-inch Armstrong gun on board the Chilean warship Angamos. The last time it was fired, the gun, which was on deck, slipped out of the trunnion ring, flew backward across the ship, and leaped into the sea. This was the singular end of a rather remarkable history. The gun was supplied to the Chileans before the war by Sir William Armstrong's firm, and proved a formidable terror to Peru. The Angamos was previously an Irish pig-boat, and was acquired by Chili for the purpose of carrying this one gun, which, standing off at long ranges of 10,000 yards or so, she could do with impunity. The Peruvians at length sent out their fleet of gun-boats to destroy their wretched antagonist, when the Chilean ships, with their short rangers, came into action, and drew off the gun-boats all but one, which was sent to engage the Angamos at close quarters. The Armstrong gun however, sent a shower of Shrapnell bullets on her deck, and the gun-boat retreated. As she was nearing port, a pot shot from the 8-inch gun, fired at long range and high elevation, managed to hit and sink her. The gun, therefore, did plenty of hard work and valuable service before it finally gave way and was lost in the sea.

Agricultural.

Poor shelter, care and feed will, in a few generations, make scrubs of the finest thoroughbred stock. Thoroughbred scrubs are but little better than native scrubs, and the farmer who raises either will always be poor. Breeding the best stock and keeping it in the best possible manner pays the largest profit.

Never set a hen in a box above the ground or floor of the chicken-house, if it is possible to do otherwise, as the eggs dry too fast and lose their vitality. Much better success may be expected if the nests are made upon the ground.

WHAT HENS NEED.—Green food, lime, cooked meat, fresh water are all necessary for the production of eggs in winter. Why? Because in the spring and summer the birds obtain these foraging. Hens must be in good health in order to lay eggs.

Vegetables are as much a necessity to them as to us. Unless able to obtain green food of some nature, your poultry cannot keep healthy.

Lime you must give them, either in the form of powdered oyster shells, old mortar or plastering. Where they have limestone water to drink, it would not be necessary, but they must have it in some form.

FERTILIZING VALUE OF CLOVER.—A speaker in a Western agricultural assembly recently, referring to the exhaustion of prairie soil, by continuous grain cropping, said he knew of a field that had borne corn and wheat for seventeen years without manure, and had become so poor that the crop did not pay for harvesting. The owner decided to do over, which grew well.

He cut three crops of clover hay, then he turned the soil, planted corn—with out manure—and got a crop as good, or better, than the land had ever produced in the years of its greatest natural fertility. The experiment shows that clover does have the power to draw fertilizing material from the air or from the subsoil, or probably from both. It is in accord with our own experience for many years.

PLAN THE CAMPAIGN.—Spring is apt to come on us suddenly, and work will crowd. Everything seems to want doing at once. We have not thought out our plans for the season's campaign, and often much time is lost because when we get to it, we have not decided how this or that work shall be done. If we had taken time by the forelock and planned out the Spring's work completely, as fast as one thing was done another could be begun.

The farmer has plenty of leisure during our long winters, to plan for the coming season. He can decide what to do. He can locate his corn fields, and his wheat and oat fields. If old fences are to be mended, or new ones built, it is a new building to be put up, or alterations made in old ones, he can arrange for it all, and plan such work in such a way that there will be no conflict. By a careful and systematic way of doing business, very often half the time can be saved that would be used for no forethought was taken. It pays to plan to save time and labor; thereby we save money.

During the winter, all the preparations for Spring's work can be made. Go into the shop where you store the machinery you use on the farm, and look it over carefully. You will find that the plow needs a bolt, or possibly a moldboard, or a coulter. May be one of the handles is badly fractured. If you put in the bolt then, and a new handle, and remember to purchase the coulter or the mold board, the first time you are in town and put them on, when it comes time to use the plow, you will find you are ready for use. If you wait until Spring opens, the time for plowing will find you obliged to devote perhaps a whole day's work to putting the implement in proper order. You will be in a hurry, and perhaps slight the work. If it had been attended to in winter, you would have plenty of leisure to do it well.

Corn may be sheltered for seed. Wheat can be cleaned. Changes can be made in machinery, where the change will result in improvement of the work to be done, or making the doing of it easier. If you will only take the trouble to think over the hundred and one things to be done when spring comes, and check off a list of those which can be done in advance of the season, you will be surprised. If you go to work in the spring, you will find you are surprised to find how much your work seems to be than it does when everything is in confusion, and

you don't know what to do next. It will save time and vexation, and you will do your work better, because it will all be thought out and arranged beforehand. If we decide to-day what we will do to-morrow, when to-morrow comes all we have got to do is to go to work. We haven't got to work and plan at the same time; and every farmer knows the planning is often the hardest part of the work. If a farmer has work enough for two or three men to do, a systematic arrangement of what is to be done, in advance of time to do it, will often save one man's work. I know this to be so, because I have tried it, and I have seen it tried by others. We waste a great deal of time by putting off till we can put it off no longer, much which might be done more advantageously now.

Take Care of the Stable.

1. Let your stable be well drained and sufficiently lighted. The vapors from a damp, putrid floor and the sudden change from darkness to light will almost certainly cause blindness.

2. Let the floor of the stable be quite flat and level. Standing on a sloping place is very painful, and causes lameness by straining the ligaments and membranes. It also produces grease and sore heels.

3. Every stall should be at least six feet wide, and nine feet high. This will enable the horse to turn around without bruising himself, and to lie down and stretch himself with comfort.

4. Let the stalls be separated by partitions, not by bars. They prevent the horses from fighting and kicking each other.

5. To escape openings be made just under the ceiling to permit the hot foul air to escape, and proper ventilation at the bottom of the wall to admit fresh air. Impure and confined air will cause broken wind.

6. The fresh air should enter through a number of small holes, rather than a large hole, such as an open window. This prevents draughts, which cause chills and cough.

7. The temperature of a stable should be that of a sitting-room or a parlor; not over seventy degrees in summer, not under forty-five in winter. For close or foul stables will bring on glanders or inflammation, while a variable cold or damp one may cause an incurable cough or disease of the lungs.

8. Do not keep the hay over the manger. The steam and breath of the animal make it both unpleasant and unwholesome. If the hay must be kept over the horse, the ceiling should be kept as high as possible.

9. Have no opening into the manger from the hay-loft. Dust is very often thrown into the horse's eyes when fed in this way, and thus blindness is begun. The breath ascends directly to food through the opening, which at the same time pours a continual draught down on the horse's head, thus causing chills as well as bad food.

—Valentine & Co's "Stable Hints."

How the French Workman Lives.

The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His bouillon is the liquid essence of beef, at a penny per bowl. His bread, at the restaurant, is thrown in without any charge, and is the best in the world. His hot coffee and milk is peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou per cup. It is coffee, not slops. His half-bottle of claret is brown in a at a meal costing twelve cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening at one of the minor theatres for a nicely-cushioned seat at the theatre. No gallery gods, no peanuts, pipe-smoking, drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jardin des Plantes; the vast galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Clugny, and the Luxembourg and Versailles are free to him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their choicest treasures at a small cost, or no cost at all. French economy and frugality do not mean the constant retrenchment and self-denial which would deprive life of everything worth living for. Economy in France, more than any other country, means a utilization of what America throws away; but it does not mean a pinching process of reducing life to a barren existence of work and bread and water.

New college joke.—Professor says: "Time is money; how do you prove it?" Student says, "Well, if you give twenty-five cents to a couple of tramps, that is a quarter to two."

Clips.

"Well," said an Irish attorney, "if it please the Court, if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

An enterprising showman in northern Michigan advertises that he has found the missing lynx.

A man is like an egg. You can't tell whether or not he's good until he's broke.

Mustapha Bey, the ruler of Tunis, bought 100,000 umbrellas while in Paris. Mustapha is evidently preparing for a long reign.

"You had better change that rug," said a lady to her servant. "Don't you think it corroborates better with the carpet in this way?" was the response.

The Doubt Resolved.

To go or stay, I scarcely know, Perplexed by mandates twain, For while my love pronounced "Adieu," Her aspect said "Remain."

"Twist what I saw and what I heard, To make his choice mine, In duty to his lady's eyes To disregard her voice."

Whether the man or woman word To part us or unite, But now each lover I advise, Like me, to make his choice, In duty to his lady's eyes To disregard her voice.

Such words with kinder light are filled, The nearer we adore; And pointing him to heaven's portals, Will banish us no more.

The man that says that women never invented anything should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing-machine.

"I declare," said Julia, "you take the words right out of my mouth." "No wonder; they are so sweet," said Henry. The day was set that evening.

Student fresh from college, to conductor: "I wish to get on the penultimate car." Conductor—"We have no peanut car; you can take the smoker."

Western Newspaper Enterprise.

The great Italian tenor, Signor Campanelli, was careless enough to feel an indisposition a week ago in Detroit, and did not stop singing as announced. A careful search was made among the dirty dishes in the hotel where he lodged, and the following was published as the slight repast he had taken as a supper on the night that he was unable to appear: Soup, boiled shad, six pounds of roast beef, two pigeons, mashed potatoes, one pound and a half of dinner bread, three bottles of claret, one bottle of Apollinaris water, extra coffee, three hard-boiled eggs and lettuce, three hard-boiled eggs and young onions. "If a man had not a light to lead him after a supper like that, what would constitute such a right. But the able investigator who made up the list published it with the observation: "Naturally enough the Detroit people are somewhat sceptical as to Campanelli's illness." The Detroit people must have large ideas of the capacity of the human stomach. Miss Cary was the next victim. She was unable to sing in Chicago recently because of a sore throat. It was at once announced that she was in "excellent voice but very bad temper" at the rehearsal the night before the concert, and a letter was published from a "reliable party" saying that the sore throat was a mere excuse, and that "she was in high dudgeon" because she had to sing without orchestral accompaniment. The "reliable party" added the valuable and polite information that, "it is said she used some very vehement expressions." A few years ago Salvini and Theodore Thomas happened to be giving performances in Chicago at the same time—one acting "Hamlet" the other giving concerts with his orchestra. Some bodies of both were put under the heading, "Tom and Sal."

Freaks of Fashion.

It is difficult to account for the rise and fall of the freaks of fashion during even the period of a single decade. Like the rhythm of the ebb and flow of the tide, they come and go each marked by some striking peculiarity that makes it for a longer or shorter time an almost universally accepted feature. In the fashionable world, it would be a curious undertaking to trace, if trace we could, the origin and development of a single one of these; to find out when, where, and under what necessity or craze it had its origin; or out of whose brain it sprang, and whose were the hands which first modified and perfected it for public approval. The search would

often prove fruitless, and the searcher, vain to "give it up," would be compelled to follow Mrs. Stowe's Topsy in disposing of the vexed question of her age and origin. Who, for instance, is answerable for the high-heeled boot, tapering forward to the curve of the instep, forming and torturing the wearer? Out of whose self-consciousness sprang the ideal that a coal-cuttle bonnet was a thing of beauty? Whose sense of fitness and modesty suffered total eclipse when his or her model of a sitting hoop was launched upon the sea of fashion? And by what model in art or nature were the lines drawn that gave to an astonished world the earliest specimen of a "Grecian Bend"? The past season has given us hints of immensity, proportions and wonderful circumstances. At the present moment has arisen a mania for dotted fabrics of every description. How this fashion came to be revived is a question which no man, importer or otherwise, can answer; but the counters of every leading house in the city show which way the fickle wind of fashion is blowing just now. Holedry of silk, knit thread, and cotton has caught the polka-dotted melody, ruffs and fichus of polka-dotted net are trimmed with fillets polka-dotted lace; percales, calicoes and satines look as if they had been vaccinated all over. New French fabrics of silk and satin gleam forth with lunar dots, crescents, and stars. Great moons of gold and silver shine out from fabrics of surah or mervelux over changeable groundworks resembling the aurora-borealis; and a month hence, arrayed in all these "heavenly" looking garments, the young lady of the period will "walk in beauty like the night."

Sponge Underclothing.

Sponge underclothing is the very latest, some German genius having recently invented and patented a line of underwear manufactured from this porous substance. It is claimed for it that it can be cleaned more easily than woolen goods, and, being more flexible, does not chafe the skin so much. It is a bad conductor, and tends to keep the temperature uniform. One who wears this underwear it absorbs the perspiration without checking it. After the mineral and vegetable impurities in the sponges have been sufficiently beaten by a heavy hammer to admit of being readily washed out, the sponges are dried and packed with a sharp knife. The fabrics are then sewed together, the fabric is prepared, and the use of poisonous dyes which, as incorporated in cloth underclothing, sometimes prove very deleterious to the system by great emergencies, as when stricken with disease. Every pilgrim to Mecca—and thousands come thither from all countries—visiting the well and is purified by drinking the water or pouring it over his person, or both. The water is described as unpleasant in taste and cathartic in effect—qualities which are now to be accounted for without recourse to miracle.

With Occidental irreverence the British Consul-General at Jeddah has sent a bottle of the water to the Royal College of Chemistry at South Kensington to be analyzed. Dr. E. Frankland, in his report of the analysis, says that the water is of the most abominable character. "In fact, it is sewage more than seven times as concentrated as London sewage, and it contains no less than 570 grains of solid matter per gallon. Knowing the composition of this water, and the mode of propagation of Asiatic cholera by excrementitious matters, it is not to be wondered at that outbreaks of this disease should often occur among pilgrims to Mecca, while it would scarcely be possible to provide a more effective means for the distribution of cholera poison throughout Mohammedan countries."

It would be interesting to know the composition of the waters of other holy wells of which Islam has by no means the monopoly.

The Holy Well at Mecca.

When Mohammed captured Mecca, which had been regarded for ages by his countrymen as a place of peculiar sanctity, he interfered with the worship of the Black Stone (probably a meteorite) which the angels had brought from heaven, and of the Zamzam, or Holy Well of Hagar, only so far as to suppress the ancient polytheistic rites. This well is close beside the Casbah or Square House, the chief sanctuary of the Mohammedan world,

A MORRISIAN LOVE SONG.

Lovest thou but me, I will love thee, All my days on earth so truly; Short were summer's days, Now the lower decay's, Come again with Spring so kindly.

What you said last year Still rings in my ear, As I all alone am sitting, And your thoughts to try In my heart to dye— Future life in sunny sitting.

Let me tell you, Well I hear the bird, Sings behind the birches waving, I am in dreamy, Then must show the way, For the night her strand is weaving.

Thimble looms, Ay, Sang I of a kiss, No, then surely art mistaken, Dotted thou hast it, Cast the thought away, Look on me as one forsaken.

Oh, good-night! good-night! Dreams of eyes so bright, Hold me close in soft embraces, But that wily word Which thou thought'st unheard, Leaves in me of love no trace.

In my window closed, But I hear thy voice, Songs from thy throat returning, Calling me thy smile, And my thoughts beguile— Must I ever for thee be waiting?

—Bjornstjerne Bjornson

The Century Plant.

"Now, mamma, we're all ready," cried a chorus of sweet voices, and four pairs of bright eyes looked pleadingly into hers.

"There is time for a long, long story to-night," said Addie, of the golden locks.

"Never, never so big, mamma," added little Dick.

"And, mamma," said Julie, "let it be about the old blue jar; you know you have often promised to tell us about it, and we have all chosen it for to-night."

"The old blue jar! Well, Robbie, push it around here where we can all see it, and you shall hear its story."

It was a large, old-fashioned jar, or small tub, of Dutch ware; dark blue, with funny white figures all over it. It was on small wheels, and Robbie rolled it carefully out of its corner, so that the bright fire-light fell upon it. The children drew their low chairs closer to mamma's, and she began:

"One evening, ever so many years ago, it was very stormy. All day long the snow had been falling, and everything was covered with a soft, white mantle. We were poor in those days, and had no pretty home like this. Your grandfather, my papa, you know, was dead, and grandma worked very hard to get food and clothes for her three little girls—your Aunt Nannie, Aunt Julie and me. We lived in a tiny house, and everything in it was very plain and cheap. There was but one pretty thing, and that was a magnificent century plant, which stood in this blue jar. We often knew its history by heart, and loved it nearly as we did each other.

"When our grandmother was a little girl, and came from England to America, she brought it in a little blue mug. It was a wee, little thing then, but it grew nicely, and after she was married her husband brought her this jar from Holland. He was a sea captain, and sailed often across the ocean. The jar was put on wheels so she could move it easily, for it was large and heavy by this time."

"There were a great many hostile Indians in those days, and one afternoon my grandmother saw a band of them coming over the hill toward her home. Grandfather was away from home, and she knew that the Indians would look as likely to kill her as not. So she took her baby and ran through the woods to go her nearest neighbor's, half a mile away. But it was nearly dark, and she became bewildered and lost her way. Grandfather came home, and found that the Indians had ransacked the house from top to bottom. Some hunters in the woods found his wife and child and brought them home. My grandmother was completely exhausted, and could only tell them, very feebly, that she ran from the house and got lost. Very soon after she died from the effects of her exposure. The baby was not at all injured by her night in the woods, but grew to be a lovely woman. Her father gave her the century plant, and she had it still when she was a widow with three little girls to take care of."

"It had blossomed that winter for the first time in its long life, and to us children it seemed the most beautiful thing in the world. A very tall stalk, crowned with beautiful white blossoms, rose straight up from its long curling leaves, and filled the humble little room with its bright bloom."

"This snowy, cold evening we were sitting by the fire, waiting for mamma to come home, and talking of the quest of the jar. We had pulled it out so that the plant stood fully in the fire-light. Presently the door opened and our mamma came in. We sprang up to meet her; one took her umbrella, another her waterpail, and little Julie brought her slippers. We loved our 'pretty mamma,' as we called her, very dearly, and often wished we were boys so we could work for her."

"You can imagine that we were frightened enough when she turned very white, and laying her head down on the table, began crying very hard. With us she had always been bright and cheerful; and we thought something dreadful must have happened. In a few minutes she looked up, and smiling through her tears called us to her."

"My dear little girls," she said, "you will think you have a very foolish mamma, but just for a minute I seemed almost like paring with one of you," and then she went on to tell us that a gentleman with whom she had trusted her small property, had used it in speculation and lost it all. She had, as we knew, sold all her jewelry and valuable furniture; and the only thing left us was our century plant. She had thought of this, and stopped at a florist's to try and dispose of it so we should not suffer until she could get some work. Fortunately she met there a gentleman who would give fifty dollars for a plant in full bloom, and he was to come that very evening to take it away."

"We could hardly believe this strange news. To think that she had sold our dear old plant! No wonder she cried. We cried too. How could we part with it? Every day of our young lives we had seen it and tended it so lovingly. It had indeed seem like a part of our own selves. It was the last of the treasures of our home, the last thing that bound us to the happy past."

"In a few minutes there was a knock at the door, and mamma opened it to admit a gentleman who was followed by two stout negroes. He had a kind, pleasant face, and spoke very politely to mamma, saying that he had never seen a finer plant."

"Nannie watched him very closely, and I saw her shut her lips in a way she had when she was thinking hard. Then she stepped forward and asked him if he would not keep the plant. The gentleman smiled down at brave little Nan, and she told him how it had belonged to our grandma, and how much we loved it and the beautiful plant too. 'And, sir,' she added, looking up at him with very bright, earnest brown eyes, 'you can get another jar, but we can never have another like this.'—How proud we, Julie and I, were of Nannie then! We looked eagerly at the gentleman."

"He spoke very kindly, laying his hand on Nannie's curly head: 'True, my little child. You shall keep your jar. Here, James,' turning to the men, 'go over to Palmer's and get the new stone tub we looked at this morning. Be quick!'

"Then he sat down and talked with us all very pleasantly, and in a few minutes the man came back with the tub. They loosened the earth carefully from the sides of the jar. It was not an easy thing to do, for the leaves were so long and prickly, but the gentleman took off his gloves and helped them, while we looked on with great interest."

"At last it was all free and they lifted it out. They moved it slowly and steadily so the earth should not be shaken away from the roots, but just as they were about to set it into the stone tub, some of the earth gave way and something heavy fell to the floor. It was a small tin box, three or four inches square, and as many deep. And what do you think it was? Mamma opened it, and there fell out a little piece of paper. It was yellow and faded, and still could be easily read."

"The Indians are coming. I dare not take this with me so leave it here. If I don't come back you will find it some day."

"Julia Durano."

"Our grandmother! Yes, it must be! When she saw the red men coming she must have buried her little box of treasure in the jar with the century plant. All these years the faithful old plant had kept its secret well."

"We all gathered about, and mamma emptied the box in her lap. There was a good deal of money, more than we had seen for many a long day. Golden English sovereigns and guineas, Spanish doubloons, and a few bank notes folded in the bottom of the box. Besides these, there was

some valuable jewelry that our grandmother had brought from England."

"It seemed too good to be true, just like a fair tale! We could keep our little money plant, and our little mamma need not work so hard any more."

"We had a gay jubilee that evening, and you may be sure that the century plant and its quaint blue jar had a large share of honor. But hark! there comes papa—!" and the children ran away to tell him the wonderful story."

Observe the Birthdays.

Let the birthday of each member of the family be always remembered when it comes. Let there be something a little out of the ordinary routine in the arrangement of the table; cookies fashioned as Johnny like them best; one of Frank's favorite plum puddings, or Julia's special liking, a loaf of ginger cake; or a wonderful lemon pie, such as only mamma can make."

Then there must be presents. Sometimes people may think they cannot be afforded; but reflect. The little one needs shoes, dresses, aprons and many other things—Purchase one or more for the birthday. It will seem just as much a present to the recipient as though they were not obliged to have it."

Next comes school-books and story-books, a set of furs or a pair of skates, (should the birthday occur in the winter,) a pretty little dinner-basket, or, if the parents can afford it, a little gold band for one of the white girls, a necklace, a watch with a shining chain, or the pony that has been wished for so long."

Encourage the little ones in giving to each other, and also remember father and mother's birthday; be lieve me, it will be bread cast on the waters; the days will only be a few ere some returns, and there will be a never-failing supply of pleasure as long as you and your children live."

Women and Girls.

Girls as Wood Engravers.

A contemporary asked a wood-engraver why he did not employ girls. His reply was: "I have employed women very often, and I wish I could feel more encouraged. But the truth is that when a young man comes to me and begins his work he feels that it is his life's business. He is to cut his fortune out of the little blocks before him. Wife, family, home, happiness and all are to be carved out by his own hand, and he settles steadily and earnestly to his labor, determined to master it, and with every indolent spurting him on. He cannot marry until he knows his trade. It is exactly the other way with the girl. She is as poor as the boy, and as wholly dependent upon herself for a living, but she feels that she will probably marry by and by, and then she must give up wood engraving. So she goes on listlessly; she has no ambition to excel; she does not feel that all her places depends on it. She will marry, and then her husband's wages will support her. She may not say so; but she thinks so, and it spoils her work."

A Jetties' Wife.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so; if you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in the world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had no living, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching of all the pews in walking along the street, no eating or drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he never would have worn that ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know is about, oddly dressed or talking absurdly, or exhibiting some peculiarity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away, in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady."

The Prussian Government is to buy this year, 20,000 tons of iron railroad sleepers at a cost of about \$30 a ton.

The Pepper Plant.

Few condiments are more common than pepper, or need than pepper, yet it will surprise many to learn that it is comparatively a recent comer to our culinary department, and like potatoes, tomatoes, Indian corn, coffee and tea, an object unknown in ancient times, and even in the Middle Ages.

One Le Polvre, governor of the Isle of France, was the first to appreciate it, and when he introduced the pungent seed into France, it took his name and bears it to this day. We, of the English tongue, were never very skillful at mastering French words, so in time Mr. Polvre became Mr. Pepper.

Although not so costly as cloves or cinnamon, pepper is of much greater commercial value, as its consumption is at least a hundred times greater. It grows on a beautiful vine, which, incapable of supporting itself, twines round poles prepared for it; or, as is more common in the Transverse plantations, the pepper vines are planted near mango and other trees of straight high stems. As these are stripped of the lower branches, the vine embraces the trunk, covering it with elegant festoons and rich bunches of fruit in the style of the Italian vineyards.

The leaf of the pepper plant is large, resembling that of the ivy, and of a bright green; the blossoms appear in June, soon after the commencement of the rains; they are small, of a greenish white, and are followed by the pungent berries, which hang in large bunches, resembling in shape those of grapes, but the fruit grows distinct on little stalks like currants.

In Malabar, pepper is gathered in February, and has the same appearance as in Europe. Although the vine begins to bear in the fourth or sixth year, it is not in perfection before the ninth or tenth, and continues bearing as many years longer, if in a congenial soil.

Acidity and dullness are essentially necessary in a pepper garden, not a weed is permitted to grow, the produce, however, amply compensates this trouble, as a plant in full growth is able to furnish six or seven pounds of berries.

This valuable spice grows chiefly on the Malabar coast, in Sumatra, Borneo, Java, and Singapore; its cultivation has also been introduced in Cayenne and the West Indies, but our supply comes mainly from Java and Sumatra. The black and white sorts of pepper are both the produce of the same plant.

The best white peppers are supposed to be the finest berries which drop from the tree, and, lying under it, become somewhat bleached by exposure to weather; the greater part of the white pepper used as a condiment is, however, the black merely steeped in water, and decocted, by which means the pungency and real value of the spice are diminished, but having a fair and more uniform appearance when thus prepared, it fetches a higher price.

The Tay Bridge.

