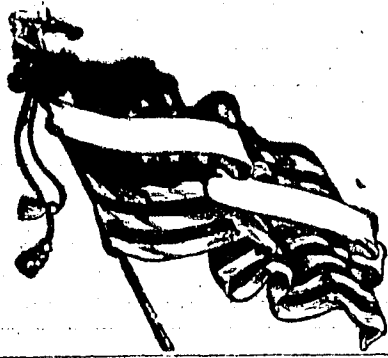


South-Jersey

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.



Republican

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Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, May 20, 1882.

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EXECUTED.

County Physicians Report.

To the Honorable the Board of Chosen
Freeholders:

GENTLEMEN—As County Physician
of Atlantic county, I beg leave to offer
the following as my annual report:

During the past year I have been called
to investigate the cause of death of
thirty-one persons. Six of these deaths
were caused by accident, twenty-four by
disease, and one by homicide. Of the
six accidental deaths three were from
railroad accidents, two from drowning,
and one from an explosion of gasoline.
Of the twenty-four deaths from disease,
five were from heart disease, four from
apoplexy, three from consumption, two
from Bright's disease, one from brain
fever and nine from diseases incident to
childhood.

I have ordered but four inquests dur-
ing the year, and have made but one
post mortem examination, a less number
than has occurred in any one year for
a number of years past.

Of the deaths caused by railroad acci-
dents the first was that of Charles Goodes,
which was caused by a freight train on
the Camden and Atlantic near Egg
Harbor City. An inquest was held and
developed the fact that he was a house
painter who had been at work in Atlantic
City, but had come to Egg Harbor
to see a person who lived some distance
above that city toward Elwood, and
while walking upon the track became
tired and being intoxicated sat down
and fell asleep, and though seen by the
engineer some time before, yet as it was
a heavy train and a steep down grade,
he could not stop the train in time to
avoid a collision. The jury fully exoner-
ated the railroad officials and em-
ployees.

The second was that of Lewis P.
Campbell, who was killed by a gravel
train on the West Jersey railroad, June
18th, near Buena Vista. An inquest
was ordered which developed the fact
that he was a track walker on this road,
and having been up most of the night
before, it is supposed he sat down on the
track and fell asleep, and was thus run
over by the train. Unsuccessful efforts
were made to stop the train to avoid
accident. The jury rendered a verdict
of accidental death, exonerating the
railroad and employees.

The third was that of Joseph Thomas,
a workman on the Camden and Atlan-
tic gravel train. He was killed by a
bank of earth falling on him while load-
ing the cars. An inquest was held in
his case which rendered a verdict of
accidental death and exonerated the
railroad and employees.

On July 14th I ordered an inquest on
the body of Wm. H. Mussen, who had
been brutally murdered. The inquest
developed the fact that the said Wm. H.
Mussen came to his death by wounds,
caused by an axe, in the hands of John
Somers, said wounds I believe to have
been inflicted while the said Somers was
in a fit of insane intoxication. In this
case a post mortem examination was
made.

On the 14th of August, Thomas Tre-
own, a plumber engaged in repairing
some defect in a pipe, was so severely
burned by an explosion of gasoline at
Hotel Albion at Atlantic City that he
died the next day. The explosion was
accidental and not attributable to any
unusual bad arrangements, though the
frequency of accidents from the same
cause suggests that there should be a
law to regulate the use of this dangerous
explosive. No inquest was deemed
necessary.

Of the two deaths by accidental drown-
ing, one occurred at Atlantic City, and
was that of James Lynch, of Philadelphia,
an excursionist. He was last
seen alive, swimming beyond the break-
ers, and about an hour later, his body
was discovered floating in the water.
Efforts to resuscitate were unavailing.
It was manifestly a case of accidental
drowning, and no inquest necessary.
The other was that of Jesse A. Naylor,
of Smith's Landing. He was knocked
overboard from his boat near Great
Egg Harbor inlet, and his body was
found several days after, near the place

where it was drowned. After careful
inquiry I was satisfied that the death
was accidental and so certified.

Of those that died of disease I have
been very careful in every case to exam-
ine the circumstances and symptoms
attending the death, the history of the
person, and in fact all that would throw
light on the case, that I might form a
correct opinion as to the real cause of
death. Because of this my examina-
tions have sometimes been necessarily
protracted, yet for the reasons men-
tioned in my last report I felt it to be nec-
essary.

Of the nine deaths from diseases inci-
dent to childhood, I can but believe
that death in some instances might have
been averted had proper sanitary regu-
lations been observed, and proper
medical attention, nursing and diet been
given to the little ones. The parents, by
way of excuse, say they are too poor to
pay the physician, and for the same
reason proper diet is not given them,
and the want of proper nursing, and
proper sanitary measures must be at-
tributed to ignorance combined with
indisposition. I have thought as I have
visited these abodes of suffering, that
were it possible for our government, in
this land of the free to adopt the laws
of Lycurgus, and thus care for the phys-
ical character of our people, it would be
eminently proper. The law of vital
statistics and the efforts of the State
Board of Health if properly seconded by
the several township boards may do
much to lessen this terrible condition.
But this will not be done until the evil
is properly appreciated by those who
are able and willing, either by their in-
fluence upon others, or by their finan-
cial ability to act in this matter.

I cannot close this report without
calling your special attention to the fact
that though there have been to say the
least one million baths taken in the
waters of Atlantic City during the past
year, but one single case of drowning
has occurred. This speaks volumes of
praise to the excellent regulations of the
authorities, and to the very efficient
life saving service of that deservedly
popular seaside resort.

D. B. INGERSOLL, M. D.,
Atlantic County Physician.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1882.

The legislative, executive and judi-
cial appropriation bill which has been
completed by the House committee on
appropriations, provides for 1,210 addi-
tional clerks and other employees to ex-
pedite pension work in the offices of the
adjutant general, surgeon-general, sec-
ond comptroller, second auditor, third
auditor, and in the pension office; 51 ad-
ditional clerks in the sixth auditor's
office; 48 in the general land office; 37
in the patent office; 41 in the post office
department, and 10 in the Department
of Justice. The bill prohibits the em-
ployment in the executive departments
of any other clerks than those for which
it specifically provides.

Numerous applications have already
been made to the President for appoint-
ments on the civil commission of nine
persons authorized to be appointed by
the bill which recently passed both
houses to revise the tariff. So nearly as
may be it will doubtless be the purpose
of the President to so form the commis-
sion that all interests and all sections
will be represented. The Pennsylvania
delegation have united in a unanimous
recommendation of Mr. Henry W.
Oliver, Jr., of Pittsburgh, as a representa-
tive of the protection interest upon the
commission. Mr. Oliver is a prominent
iron manufacturer, and was the caucus
candidate for the U. S. Senate from
Pennsylvania when the present Senator
Mitchell was chosen as a compromise.

Postmaster-General Howe has issued
an important order. It directs that
after the first of July next, all letters on
which a full rate of postage has not been
prepaid, instead of being forwarded to
the dead letter office, shall be held by
the postmaster of all letter carrier or
free delivery offices, and the addressee
informed by official postal card that it is

only necessary to remit the postage due
to receive the letter.

The House agreed to the conference
report on the agricultural appropriation
bill. The bill as agreed upon increases
the salary of the commissioner to \$4,500
a year and gives the chief clerk \$200 a
year additional. The salaries of the
chief chemist and entomologist are fixed
at \$2,200 each; the assistant entomolo-
gist at \$1,400. The statistician of the
department is fixed at \$2,500.

Secretary Teller has determined, as a
part of his policy, to disarm all the In-
dians, holding that as they do not need
arms for hunting purposes, there is no
occasion for them to be thus equipped.
The army, it is said, will receive orders
to take arms from any roving bands of
Indians that may not be on the reser-
vations.

Governor Luke Blackburn, of Ken-
tucky, occupied a seat in the Senate
Chamber one day last week.

Senator Don Cameron has returned
from his victorious campaign.

The House Appropriations Committee
reported the pension bill, amounting to
\$100,000,000.

The total amount of the River and
Harbor bill is \$15,000,000, of which
\$4,000,000 is for the improvement of the
Mississippi river.

The President is somewhat embarrass-
ed in the selection of the Utah Com-
mission from the fact that, while the bill
creating the commission provides for
the amount of compensation to be al-
lowed its members, no appropriation
has yet been made out of which they
could be paid.

A bill was reported in the House to
aid in the support of common schools.
It provides that for the next five years
there shall be annually appropriated the
sum of \$10,000,000 to aid in the sup-
port of free common schools, which
amount shall be known as the common
school fund, and which shall be appor-
tioned to the several States and terri-
tories according to the number of their
illiterate population over 10 years of
age. An amount not exceeding 5 per
cent of the sum apportioned may be
used for the education of teachers in
public schools.

JOHN.

News Items.

The Conference of Methodist Church
South has had the question of the use
of tobacco before it, and a committee
has reported that "while we recognize
the fact that much evil grows out of
the intemperate use of tobacco, yet we
could recommend no special legislation
on the subject." This may be consid-
ered by some as dodging the issue, but be-
fore a Conference composed of delegates
from the tobacco growing region of the
country it is doing pretty well.

A recount of the vote on Chosen Free-
holder in the Third ward of Camden,
elects the Republican and gives that
party control of the next Board.

A suit in Passaic county arising out
of blows and a bloody nose in a contest
between John J. Kimble and ex-Assem-
blyman Vreeland has resulted in a ver-
dict of \$20 for Kimble, who wants \$250.

Richard H. Cornwall, of Plainfield,
the defaulting clerk of the New York
Fourth National Bank, has been indic-
ted by the United States Grand Jury,
for embezzling and making false entries
in the bank's books.

In the case of Julius Chambers, Phila-
delphia correspondent of the New York
Herald, charged with libelling Senator
John R. McPherson, of this State, in an
article concerning the Peruvian Com-
pany, the Grand Jury has returned a
true bill of indictment.

Judge Parker has given notice to the
Freeholders of Gloucester county that
unless they provide better accommo-
dations the Court will be compelled to
leave the Court House and occupy the
Town Hall, and he has directed the
Sheriff to ascertain the cost of holding
the September term in the Town Hall.
The Judge has had one attack of mal-
aria from the odors and gases of the old
court-room, and he does not propose to
have another.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, mala-
ria, kidney disease, liver complaint,
and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the
system; cures weakness, lack of
energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that
does not color the teeth, and will not
cause headache or constipation, as
other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neu-
ralgia, hysteria, and kindred com-
plaints, will find it without an equal.

1828—RELIABLE—1882

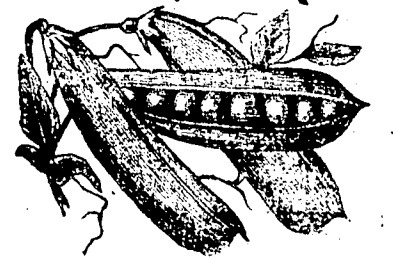
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are unexcelled for purity and reliability. Buist's Garden Almanac,
containing 12 pages of choice and reliable advice,
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For Wholesale Prices, send for our price list.
ROBERT BUIST, Jr., Seed Grower,
PHILADELPHIA.

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HAVE MADE
A CROP IN 40 DAYS!
For Earliness, Productiveness,
and FINE FLAVOR they have NO EQUAL!



They are now preferred above all others by the
extensive pea-growers of New Jersey, Virginia,
North Carolina, Florida, and Tennessee—in-
variably taking First Premiums whenever
put in competition. They are dwarf in growth,
exceedingly productive, entirely distinct in
character, and all market gardeners pronounce
them "THE BEST EVER PLANTED."
If you want the Best Extra Early Peas, plant

BUIST'S PREMIER

and buy it only in a sealed bag bearing our
name and "eaten seal," or direct from
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PHENOL SODIQUE

Prepared by HANCOCK BROTHERS & WHITE, Philadelphia.
Is an invaluable remedy in DYSPEPSIA and
INDIGESTION, and is equally effective in
CURES OF ANIMALS AND POULTRY; destroys
LICE and other VERMIN. Applied by washing
fowls, their roosts and nests with a solution of
strength of one part Phenol Sodique to about fifteen
or twenty parts water. A solution of the same
strength is also recommended given internally,
for the cure of other DISEASES OF CHICKENS.
For all kinds of HURTS, GALLS, and other
DISEASES OF ANIMALS, such as Ulcers, Erysipelas,
Croup, Quicker, Rab, Mange, Cattle Typhus, Foot
and Mouth Disease, Scalds, etc.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL RETAILERS OF CHEMICALS.

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AMERICAN
WATCHES
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PHILADELPHIA.
WATCHES & JEWELRY REPAIRED

"This moon I will weave my web," she said,
And she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully gazed and clear,
Followed after the moon as it sped o'er the sea;
"As soon as the moon has spun the first task: are done;
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will harken to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to no mortal eye."
"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And I'll show the colors will glow!" she said;
"So delicate and strong will I weave my web,
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the hours sped on, and the moon sped on,
And the great sweet with the breath of June,
And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as she hummed a tune,
"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And moon is short, though the days are long."
This noon I will weave my beautiful web;
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong;
But the sun rode high in the sky,
And the moon sped on in the day she wore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still at its glood before;
"Ah! life is too busy at times," she said;
"My web must wait till the evening is done."
And the moon took of her the thread she chose,
And the great web grew calm in the alone
wide;
"So, one of the hours passed;
Till the evening shadows came and longer grew;
Till the moon was still, and the breezes stopt,
And the singing birds to their nests had
flown.
"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom once more;
And she sang and sang in the weaving threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hued was tired and heart was weak;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she;
And the pattern is blurred, and the colors
faded;
And not so bright or so fair to see!

The Missing Jewels

"It hath a plan, but no plot. Life hath no home."
—Festus

Anne Bardulph was not very young, full, nor was she particularly handsome; and she was housekeeper for the alling Mrs. Dorman.

This inviolate lady resided in a fine wooden house, the body of many rooms, through which ran a wide hail with walls of a warm red, and a gilt-edged ceiling that was painted in some curious and uncertain tint of pale pinkish brown. The floor was tessellated in brown and red, and the dark, carved doors opened upon a columnar portico with broad, brown steps leading down to a great lawn flanked with tall trees of beech and pine.

Across the garden, in the sward, early April sunshine, walked Anne Bardulph—a slim, straight woman with regular and severe features, and wonderfully large eyes of darkest gray. She had an abundance of neatly arranged dark hair, and she was attired in a suit of some clinging, dull blue fabric, with collar and cuffs—white prim and immaculate.

Two young men coming upon the portico saw her—an interesting and not unlovely figure moving under the great overhanging eaves.

"The new housekeeper of madam's, please you—her you admire, perhaps," one remarked rather quizzingly.

"Would you suggest that Miss Bardulph may not merit admiration returned the other, evasively.

"I now do nothing suggest," was the protest, in sharp foreign accents; "I here am come to see much, to think; but nothing say until the house is shown to it?—till the one expires grand."

Tony Dorman smoked thoughtfully, or several silent minutes. Finally tossed away his cigar and turned toward his companion.

"D'razzely," he began, pleasantly, "you are here ostensibly only as a guest and the other, finally—"

"On the what do you call the ostensible? I impose not," interrupted Louis D'razzely, quickly and proudly. "I but the detective am—the service of madame to her diamonds value find, and the thief to discover."

"Yes, I know," interposed the young gentleman, "but I have become aware of your worth as a man, and really regard you as a friend. I friend will ever be more warmly welcomed to my home than you. It did not feel like this I should not likely to confess to you that I have been refused by Miss Bardulph—ehem—" he supplemented with hesitation—"I fancy you have some reference, even though you would appear to disparage her."

The young Frenchman winced, and his bright black eyes were

expression of trouble and distrust as he gazed steadily toward the tall, stately pines that loomed up like sharp spikes against the sweet blue April sky.

"It is so," he acknowledged, presently, a hot color reddening his face. "For her I have the one liking thing, very tender, that is, she has the doubt that is much more than good. What of this, my dear, think?"

D'Reazelly—who had become a detective only because he had an odd and inborn fondness for what he considered an exciting and most delectable vocation—opened what one would presume to be, from its exterior appearance, a quaintly bound book. It was, however, a "theory" camera, by which he could shortly have obtained a series of pictures without her knowledge, and he showed striking photographs of the woman of whom he had been speaking so dubiously.

"What of this do you think?" he iterated, exhibiting a picture of Miss Bardulph as she was standing in a curious attitude of eager and fearful interest beneath one of the thickest of the trees beyond the lawn.

As he showed her the pictures, opened beside a pile of stones, over which she was bending, while holding low in a loosening grasp, what was quite surely a number of jeweled ornaments.

"I do not know what to think," enunciated Mr. Dorman. "It would seem that my mother's jewels have been secreted in that place; and I should say that Anne has accidentally discovered the deposit." He looked at the madame, she comes not—all so glad to animate—and tel the discovery so happy and not so to be understood?"

D'Reazelly demanded with emphasis.

"But—good heavens, Louis! do you mean—that you suspect Miss Bardulph of wrong doings?" was the pained exclamation. "I must absolutely refuse to believe that Anne—that ingenuous and angelic girl, with her pure eyes and innocent brow—is a thief. Without there may be something ill enabled to be so serious about her. I could never associate with the mystic of crimes which she might do."

She was but his mother's housekeeper; she had refused his love and the name and station he would have given her, yet was he a right loyal friend and would not listen unmoved or acquiescent to any accusations made against her.

While D'Reazelly, who professed for his tensest liking, although he doubted her, much, shrugged his shoulders, slyly and looked vastly consequential and melancholy, albeit he was not a sentimentalist, and had determined to be austere, practically benefits a professional of his kind.

"I know nothing of the mystery, not evil, that you do mean," he said. "And to me it does seem that without themonds of mystery must now to themonds of no disconcert to restore and the woman of the eyes pure, are the ways that no puzzling are, must to the custody go."

"But she never entered this house until days after the diamonds were missed," remonstrated Tony Dorman. "I am decidedly mystified. What is your theory or your explanation of all?"

"She the accomplice of one other I think," announced the detective with grandiloquence of manner. "She is no longer here will stay. She is ill, illness (eign, as it may be, and then the other she will go away, the diamonds with her taking, if her will not could prevent."

"That is all very plausible," he turned her defender, unconvinced. "But we will secure the diamonds, and the mystery, and then I shall have a positive and irrefutable evidence against Miss Bardulph here. I shall allow you to denounce her."

The early dusk had already suffused the lawn with a purple haze. The cool air was delicious with the fresh odors of violets and hyacinths, a sweet young grasses. The new, red, brown and a great, golden star glittered in the blue sky, and a curve of the moon, gleaming, complaining, per the night birds were tunelessly calling.

The two young men crossed the lawn and entered the dim grove, of restful scenes, strange, derelict noises, and uneasy and fantastical shadows. Mutely and with soundless steps they followed the grassy, winding walk that led to the umbrageous beach of D'Reazelly's singular photograph.

Suddenly both started, and simultaneously, reentered, around a curve of the path where they stood as idle and motionless, as the shade in which they were hidden. Beyond, in the nearly effulgence of starlight a

noonlight, they saw the suspected young woman bending over that old repository, from which she removed the moss and pebbles until her faint watchers beheld the black mottling—doubtless fire of the precious gems gleaming within that dark black mould.

"What do you say now?" whispered D'Arzely excitedly. "The diamonds she will take. Is it not so?"

And before a word could elence or restrain him he leaped forward and confronted Anne, who stood quite still, and only lifted her comely head fearfully, smiling with calm defiance and some assumed amusement.

"Hush!" she murmured, imperiously, as he began to speak. "In another moment the mystery of what you have presumed to be a robbery will be elucidated, and precisely as believed it would be. Look!"

Down the path, with an unsteady and unnatural gait, came a surprising apparition—first, a tall, broad-headed man, and then gray, drooping hair was uncovered, and her thin white robes glistened with the damp night dew.

Straight on came the somnambulist. Pausing at length before the treasure she had secreted to her abnormal state, and gazing with unseeing eyes upon the priceless sparkling things that she looked longingly with her delicate fingered hands, and then carefully covered again with the thick, silky moss. Then she smiled faintly, sighed as with satisfaction, turned and slowly moved away.

The countenance of Louis D'Arzely at that moment was not that of an individual conscious of superior discernment, and the glance he ventured to vouchsafe Anne was deprecatory.

"What I should say I know not," he stammered. "What I did think—that what I did so—very too stupid would be Ah, if the kind mademoiselle would be very patient," he concluded, with gallant courtesy.

"But surely she assured him that his suspicions were quite pardonable, and perhaps creditable to his zeal as a detector and denouncer of the unrighteous.

Some time later, coming through the handsome, brilliantly lighted hall, Anne met the young master of the house.

"The tempting reward offered for the recovery of Mrs. Dorman's Diamonds induced me to come here as your housekeeper," she explained. "I find an inexplicable feeling that I might find the missing jewels. I consulted no one—not one advised me. I was really ashamed of my project that I knew was quixotic, if not impracticable, and a failure would have made me ridiculous. Shortly after coming to Mrs. Dorman's I learned that she had been haunted by an excessive and increasing fear of being robbed. I learned, too, that she had only recently manifested somnambulic symptoms.—The truth came to me as an inspiration, but only by merest accident—and only this morning, while I was exploring for gentian that I did not find, did I espie the tiny, suggestive mound of moss, dyng me coming to which I perceived a twinkling spark of something glimmering like a glowworm." She waited and watched, hoping she would visit her buried treasure just as did the discovery was very simple, and is now clear to you all."

"And now you have won the reward, you will leave us, I suppose?" he observed, soberly.

"Oh, Anne, if I could only persuade you to stay! He has been so much kinder to me than I deserve!"

"It is not that," she said, with the frank, serious manner that had always pleased him. "It is that I could not make you my husband. Do you see? reasonable, Mr. Dorman, for you must be well aware that I am not at all the sort of person whom you ought marry. And, beside," she added, with a quaint little laugh, "I have no profession now, and I must not neglect what I may call my business and requirements of my calling."

The handsome young fellow was somewhat agitated by her speech which he considered daring and sufficient.

"Surely, my dear Anne," he faltered, "you do not wish to become a professional detective? nor would you tolerate that you have an affection for Louis D'Arzely?"

"No, indeed, no one who would willingly have placed you in jeopardy."

"My friend," she replied, sweetly, tear sparkling in each large eye, and a lovely new color on each soft cheek—"we have just now had an understanding—Mr. D'Arzely and I. He regrets"

"You are the logic of love, Anna," the young man murmured fervidly. "And would you understand the heart of a woman? You will be Louise's wife one of these days."

His prediction was verified. And so it happened that a very happy and satisfactory marriage was affected by the incident of Mrs. Dorman's Missing Jewels.

Stories of Marshal Saxe.

His mother, who was an excellent French linguist, wished him to excel in that language; and although Maurice learned to speak it with fluency, he was so little grounded in its orthography that he could only write it phonetically. He was quite conscious of the imperfection of his elementary education, as the following letter will show. It was prompted by the fact that the French Academy wanted to elect the conqueror of Foutenay a member—an honor which Saxe had the sense to decline. The Academy expostulated, and asked why he refused the honor; here is the Marshal's own account, given in a letter to his friend and benefactor, Marshal Noailles: "It has been proposed to me, my master, to become a member of the Academy, which means that I do not know how to write, and that I do not know how to spell, and that I would become me as a ring would a cat. The reply I got was that Marshal Villars did not know how to read, let alone write, and that he was a member. This is persecution. I don't want to be made a laughing stock, and that will be the effect of this proposal." That the Marshal's estimate of his literary attainments was not far from the fact was obvious if we give us a glance or two of the above letter in the original: "*Je vœux me fere de la Cademie, mais m'iront comme un chat, un chat; ça*" a phonetic guess for "*Je vœux me faire de l'Academie, mais m'iront comme une bague, un chat.*"

He inherited the great muscular strength of his father, who, it is averred, could break a horse shoe with his hands. Jostled once on the streets of London by a scavenger, Saxe expostulated with the fellow for his rudeness. The brother Englishman answered Saxe's suspicion that the gentleman, besides being well dressed, was a foreigner, and therefore a doubly legitimate object of insult; he gave for answer a gesture of contempt—either threw himself into boxing attitude, or used the street-boy's digital sign of derision, which Saxe himself employed after the capture of Tglau to acquaint Marshal Valour with his estimate of his military attainments; the great Valour, it was written, and signed Saxe, after the same fashion and the two commanders stood glaring at each other with thumbs at nose and fingers spread, till Saxe grew tired of attitudinizing, and jumped into the Mortal flesh could stand the indignation when a French marshal in uniform and with jewelled fingers was the victor;—and, but not when it was the street sweeper; and so Saxe, turning his insolent round, and his eyes horizontally above his head for a moment sent him by the projectile's curve into the heart of his own well filled mud cart, and passed on without further comment. He had the stolidness of stature and good looks of his father, which, as Polnitz, says "made his father very much in love with him; black eyes full of lustreous shining, pale skin rather than ruddy, and a great mass of black hair. His wild career—first, in addition to a powerful frame, another legacy his father left him was a great and undisciplined nature—and then, too, it may be said, exhaust the paternal bequests—his wild career made him a premature wreck. In 1747 when he was only fifty years of age, Voltaire met him in the streets of Paris some days before he left for the battle of Fontenoy, and asked him how he, labouring under consumption and dropsy, could think of going to the camp. "Sir!" replied the marshal sentimentally, "the question is not about life, but duty." He was so feeble that during the battle he could not wear a breast-plate; he wore sort of buckler, made of several folds of quilted taffeta, which rested on the points of his fingers.

He was able to mount his horse when he was carried about the field in basket woven of withes of willow supporting a leaden bullet to quench an intolerable thirst.

The Dispensary

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—According to *The Practitioner* a simple and effective remedy for removing the pain of wounds caused by burns or scalds, is a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda in either plain or camphorated water. To apply the remedy all that is necessary is to cut a piece of lint or old soft rag, or even thick blotting paper, of a size sufficient to cover the burned or scalded parts, and to keep it constantly well wetted with the sodalio lotion, so as to prevent its drying. By this means it usually happens that all pain ceases in from half a quarter to half an hour, or even in much less time. When the main part of a limb, such as the hand and forearm or the foot and leg, has been burned, it is best when practicable to plunge the part at once into a jug, or pail, or other convenient vessel filled with the sodalio lotion, and keep it there until the pain subsides, or the limb may be washed or enclerched with a surgeon's cotton saturated previously so with the saturated solution and kept constantly moist with it, the relief being usually immediate, provided the solution be saturated and cold.

MALE AND FEMALE LONGEVITY.—The recent official returns in regard to the health and mortality of the population of Europe have supplied the statistical department at Vienna with the means of making some interesting determinations in respect to longevity. It results from this, that of 102,831 individuals who had exceeded the age of ninety years, 69,876 were women, and 42,955 men. Again, the superior longevity of women is exhibited by a far greater chance, it seems, in the cases of women, of attaining or exceeding the hundredth year. Thus, in Italy, there are found 241 female centenarians for 141 male, and in Austria 229 women for 168 men. There are also, in Austria, 1,568,359 sexagenarians, or 7.5 per cent. of the population.

LIGHT AND COLOR AS AFFECTING THE VISION.—Dr. Croft, in discussing the question of color as affecting weak or deficient eyesight, expresses the opinion that in some cases spectacles fitted with yellow glass afford more relief to the wearer than do those provided with blue glass. Tests made with the Argand burner show that it affords the steadiest and best light, and it is believed that the arrangement of the Argand lamp to give the light to be obtained by the interposition of a shade so placed as to screen all direct light rays from the eyes, at the same time, of course, that adequate illumination is obtained at the place required for work, a tinted paper is found less fatiguing to the vision than if the paper is of a pure white color.

London Fogs—Their Formation.

In a recent lecture, Prof. Edward Frankland stated that six millions of tons of coal are probably burned in London during the winter months, and the quantities of steam, soot, tar, any sulphurous acid discharged into the air, are produced at the same rate to form the London fog. The products of the smelter the London fogs. Steam supplies the basis of all fog, and the vapor particles become covered with soot, which renders them more permanent; dirt is necessary to produce fog while sulphurous acid is not. Dr. Frankland illustrated these points by experiment. To prove the effect of dirt in the air he filled a large flask with moist air freed from dirt by filtering, and collected the fog by allowing the mist was formed which disappeared at a moment; repeating the experiment with air containing its normal charge of dirt, the fog was more dense and lasting. Tarry matters render fog persistent by retarding evaporation. He believes that the general substitution of anthracite for bituminous coal would do much toward freeing the metropolis from its fogs, as the discharge of the soot into the atmosphere would thus be vastly lessened.

The mail train on the White Water Valley Railroad was thrown from its track near Metamora, Ill., by the turning of a rail which was caused by broken tie. The baggage, express and mail car and one passenger coach were thrown over a feet embankment. James Miller, the co. was killed. A passenger was dangerously injured; Charles Gardner, the baggage-master, was badly hurt about the breast, and Brittingham, the postal clerk, and about twenty others, were slightly injured.

Patsy Devine, who murdered Ann Goodfellow, was hanged at Clinton, Ill.

OF KINGSTON BRIDGE.

On All Souls' Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge. (Old Legend.)
On Kingston Bridge
 Through hurrying mist with shrouded glow,
 The bidding night-wind made its moan,
 And the great bridge of stone
 'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro
 The quick and dead together walked,
 The quick and dead together talked,
 On Kingston Bridge.
 Two met who had not met for years—
 Their hate was once too deep for fear;
 One drew his rapier as he came—
 He leapt the anger like a flame,
 A stroke he meant he would lay flat,
 And made him stand and met him so,
 He felt a gash of wind go by—
 He could not wash the wound from his face,
 A stroke of horror he did him,
 The D and locked with a ghastly stare,
 And sighed, "I know thee not," and passed
 Like the wind and left the other there,
 On Kingston Bridge.
Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro,
 The quick and dead together walked,
 The quick and dead together talked,
 On Kingston Bridge.
 Two met who had not met for years;
 With grief that was too deep for tears
 They parted in that.
 He clasped her hand, and in her eyes
 He sought Love's rapturous price,
 "Oh sweet!" he cried, "I know thee come back
 To say thou lovest thy lover still?"
 Into the starlight pale and cold
 She gazed and answered him was chill,
 "I do not remember how we met
 Our ardent vigils—how we kissed?
 Take thou this kiss—on cold!"
 As to her heart she brought his
 "I know thee not," she sighed and passed
 Into the dim and shrouding mist
 On Kingston Bridge.
'Twas All Souls' Night, and to and fro,
 The quick and dead together walked,
 The quick and dead together talked,
 On Kingston Bridge.
 KILLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

Gates Ajar.

The vital instinct of the soul, its heaven-born, upspringing life, flung back the silver veil, and reveals the thingethal lie beyond, to him who has eyes.
 The Gate of Life stands ajar before us. Thousands press eagerly forward along the broad avenue leading there to. Yielding to the united force, the great gate creaks upon its ponderous hinges, and slowly opens wide. The threshold is crossed. The world is entered, and the strife for the fulfillment of desire is begun. All the confusion; the great crowd of waters, surges, rates, and eddies, the individual begins his great race. The aspiration of some reach almost to the skies; others are content with lowlier things but upon each face there seems a finger a look of unrest which must be satisfied.
 As we glance across the wide stretch of the broad field before many gates meet our view, all the nations to be entered before we arrive at that gate through which we pass into the great hereafter. There are few with prophetic vision, and could not beyond the misty clouds down to long years of state, and there behind the chain of life-casts that one by one are linked to some tidling deed, carefully uttered word, that may determine our pathway through life, but different would our words and actions be.
 With trembling hands do we try to the key to unlock the massive gate, knowledge which looms up before us. Thus we insert it in the lock, slowly turn it; greater strength the key is needed, for we find—
 "The gate is hard to open."
 For the weeds and ivy vine,
 With their dark and trailing tendrils
 Entangle and the hinges twist."
 Here then is work for us to do, if weeds must be torn away. The bright joyous sunshine, aided by the glow-glow, has nourished them. The ivy has grown high, thick and tangled. Tall, noxious weeds of ignorance, disobedience, presumption, arrogance, and vice, flaunt their dishonesty and mock our attempted entrance. They must be destroyed, the soil carefully cultivated, and good seed sown there. The ivy too must be removed. It closely it clings! See the thousand of thy tendrils clasping the bars the gates! As the rust costumes, the closer does the loving plant entwine itself. Patiently I stand now, to work is slow, but many days are in the compass. The Gate swells and bulges and we enter.
 We approach the gate of steel and find them up to the heritage."
 The key has already been turned for us, for it stands ajar. Every strand which crosses the weary traveler thus far may enter; thousands enter, but comparatively few the temple which can be but seen in the distance, for we find the ways are dark, and many days are ahead—
 "The dreams of youth are but the growth of age."
 And the heart gets hardened, and the growth of age.
 We turn them up for the heritage."

But the temple can be gained. Gato after that is seen, leading on, on down into the greatest depths of mystery. Unceasingly, trustfully must we labor. Ever before us to be the glittering plains with tall, graceful trees, sweet singing birds, and bright fragrant flowers, we have all the glorious sunshine—God's golden truth.

"God alone

Beholds the end of what is sown ;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is ours with him."

And so we come to the gate of the future. It too stands slightly ajar. A mist obscures our vision ; at times light and flaky, and as a gentle passing breeze scatters it, we catch a glimpse of some bright fancy, woven by the quick shuttle of imagination ; or dark, thick and heavy, covering all with a mantle of gloom. Here all eyes are of good cheer ; all is brightness beyond that misty veil ; all is brightness.

"No mistiness, no darkness, no gloom," shall be ours ; "a heavenly eternal noon."

"There is no death ; when the veil of mist shall be torn asunder ;

"Nearer and nearer do we come to the gate of Death, through which all must pass. Dark, grim and terrible it appears ; how we shudder as we approach it ! Beyond is the cold, cold grave. Even now we seem to feel the dampness of the tomb. Yet, why is this ? 'The gate of death' is not a door ; it is a heavenly opening, means the gate of Life. Life !

"There is no death ; what seems so to transmute ;
This life of mortal breath,
The life of the life of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Friend after friend have we watched, "breathing slowly life away," the smile upon the face concealing bodily pain and assuring us of happier joys beyond. Perhaps they saw that golden gate opening.

"Beard with the kneeling spirits wait ;
The angel of the angel pound those kneeling close to the door ;
He, that lightened from that place since
With none but the savior's face."

"No, no, the grave is not deep. It is the soft low tread of an angel that seeks us. 'When the unknown hands throw the fatal dart, then man bows his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds.'"

"Through the gate of Death, Heaven is gained. Christ forever blesses stands ready with a crown of glory for the head of him who has won the victory."

Anecdotes of Dumas.

A Parisian ballist dying in extreme poverty, some of his friends organized a subscription to defray the expense of his interment, and the organizers, who knew Dumas intimately, solicited the aid of the novelist, with the understanding the applicant as to the destination of the money, immediately gave him a louis ; on which the other observed that the sum collected would not be sufficient to lazure poor F. a decent burial. "Ah," said the novelist, "is that what you want it for, to bury a ballist ? Why didn't you say so before ? Take another louis with you. When would it be and I bury two more." "Well, then," "Kean" was present at the Varities it was speculated between him and the manager that, should the receipts of the first thirty performances should amount to 60,000 francs, Dumas was to have 2000fr. for his share ; but that if even less were wanting to complete the sum he should receive nothing. However, the first twenty-five shows had brought in but a total of 57,900 francs ; the manager, still tolerably sure of the promised "gratification" and toward 9 o'clock on the following evening strolled into the manager's private room at the theatre, where, to his infinite surprise and disappointment, he learned that between actual total of the receipts and amount stipulated there was a difference, not in his favor, of 7 francs ! "Twenty francs will be quite enough to repay me," said Dumas, "and I will to the sum in question, and strolled to the room, and there he found that more than a quarter of an hour later more stalls had been taken, and receipts of the thirty nights had risen to 60,005 francs, the managerly having hit upon the original plan of securing his

The night before his death Ridley was supped with the family of the mayor. At the table no shade of the stake was darkened his face or saddened his talk. He invited the hostess to his marriage; her reply was "I will be true to you, but I will not be present on any joyous occasion, saying at the same time, "My breakfast may be shared, but I am sure my supper will be most sweet." When he rose from table his brother offered to watch with him all night. "No, no," he replied; "I shall go to bed and (God be ever true) sleep as quietly and as ever I did in my own little place." He was away at half past five, leaving no word of the town, or against the College. Ridley came first, dressed in his black furled gown and velvet cap, walking between the mayor and an elderman. As he passed Bocard's where Crannmer was confined, he looked up, expecting to see the archbishop at the window; and exchanged final adieus with him. Crannmer, Foxe informs us, was then engaged in debate with a Spanish scholar, and flew soon after that the fellow-prisoner was taken to the stake, the archbishop hurried to the roof of his prison, whence he beheld their martyrdom, and with his knees begged God to strengthen them in their agony, not to prepare him for his own. On the following day the Ridley saw Latimer following him—the old man making what haste he could. Ridley returned, and, folding him in his arms, kissed him, saying: "Be of good cheer, brother; for God will give us the victory of the town, or else we will use it to abide it."

They knelt down and prayed each by himself; afterwards they talked together a little while, "but what they said," says Foxe, "I cannot learn of any man." After the usual usual on such occasions, both were dressed over the fire, Latimer, stripped with his garments, stood in a shroud, and put off the burden on many a year, and was accordingly straightened. He then seemed vigorous manhood; standing bolt upright, he looked; "as though a father as one might lightly behold." All was now ready. Iron chain had been put around the martyrs, and a staple driven into the oak frame. The two were fastened at one stake. A lighted faggot was brought and laid on Ridley, and then Latimer addressed his companions in words still fresh—after centuries—as on the day of our forefathers: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; for shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out." The flames blazed up towards the martyrs, and Ridley bent bravely as if eager to embrace those who were so terrible only in aspect, gave a most sorrowful farewell kiss from the window to his face with his hands, he stepped and with little pain, departed. Not so Ridley. His sufferings protracted and severe. The flames blazed high and loudly around him, stifled the flames, and his lowly terrors were burned, while the upper part of his body was untouched, and his garments on his arms were hardly scorched. When he had said, "I will be true to the faith," he was understood; the faggots were pulled away; the flames were Ridley leaped towards the fire and crying: "O Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" his body turned over the chain, the legs being already consumed, and he fell at Latimer's feet.

About Editing.

A good many people besides politicians and chronic office-bearers of opinion they ought to be easily and readily to make a living journalism. We know plenty of men and women too, who have at that because their clever off-handness of authors and their big descriptive sketches have more admiration of the *London Standard* drawn eulogy for its editorial contributions, and therefore they are equipped to "write for the papers." We may inform the men that journalism is work, a tedious drudgery, a profession exacts of its votaries the most constant and voracious labor, dry and not infrequently repulsive. To read a book at one's leisure, then sketch the pleasant details of a story for a friend or a neighbor in the

[illegible]

In a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and, pointing to the hyphen, asked the scholars, "What is that for?" After a short pause a young son of the Emerald tilted up his head and said, "That's for a bird to roost on."

"Practice makes perfect." It was at railway station. The trains were being made up. Puff went the locomotive whirr went the wheels, and the whistling was terrific. There was backing and forwarding, and all manner of chattering on a labyrinth of rails.

"What the deuce are they doing?"

"Practicing for a railway accident!"

"I'm not very proud of your progress."

In school," remarked a New Haven mother to her son, who was struggling along in grade five. "The re's Charles Stuart a grade ahead of you and he learned it first!"

"Teacher said I didn't learn it," answered the boy. "There were twelve boys there who learned all those words to learn in my class, and that left me without anything to learn." The boy well knew without lie.

"My son," said a fond New Haven mother to her oldest son, who had just attained the cigarette-smoking stage, "few you are not making the most of your manhood, of your selfhood, of my dear. I do so want you to become a man of great heartbread. Oh, James, for my sake do exercise it! James, do it!"

"Selfhood," ("Jeez," thought the young fellow.) "How long before I'll get ready? My stomach needs a brace" and the dad-tad smiled because his mother was shocked at such flippancy.

Anecdote of Barthold Rothchild.

Barth James de Rothschild died at a dinner perceived that the artist Delacroix, who was his guest, was looking at him in a peculiarly earnest manner. The baron ascribed this reason, and Delacroix responded that having for some time been vainly searching for a head such as he would like to copy for a prominent beggar in his new picture, he was suddenly struck with the idea that his subject would make a splendid article of Barth James, who was sitting at the head of the banquet, who was stout, fat, graceful, carefree in dress, and next morning appeared in the studio of the painter who dressed him in rags, placed a staff in his hand, and put him in mendicant's posture. In this attitude he was discovered by a young friend and pupil of the painter, who alone the privilege of being admitted to studio at all times. Surprised by the excellence of the model, he congratulated his master at having got for exactly what he wanted. "No," replied the painter, "I am not so satisfied. You're troubling that the model is just being gagged at the porch of a church or at the corner of a bridge, and much struck by his features, the young man enjoying a moment while the artist's eyes were averted, slipped a twenty-franc piece into the mender's hand. Rothchild kept the money thanking the giver by a look, and the young man went his way. He was the banker soon found out, and Delacroix, obliged to give lessons in order to end his living. Six months later youth received a letter mentioning charity bears interest, and that accumulated interest twenty francs which he, prompted by a generous impulse, had given to a man in appearance a beggar, was lying in disposal in Rothchild's office, the amount of ten thousands francs having borne five hundred fold.

The Storage of Power.

During an address by Prof. W. Ayrton on the "storage of power" the lecture theatre was lighted, culars drawn and an elevator rated by means of electric which had been stored the previous day in Faure accumulators. The total quantity of energy was 900,000 foot-pounds—a little more than fifty horse-power exerted one hour. A single cell containing eighty-one pounds of lead and lead, is found to store 1,410,000 of energy.

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Philadelphia & Atlantic City

Time-table of May 1, 1882.

	M'd	Acc.	Acc. Sun.	
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.
Philadelphia.....	4 45	8 30	5 00	8
Camden.....	4 57	8 20	5 20	8
Delaware.....	5 08	8 27	5 29	8
Wilmington Junction.....	5 20	8 36	5 40	8
Cedar Brook.....	5 31	8 47	5 50	8
Winslow.....	5 43	9 02	6 11	8
Hammondtown.....	5 55	9 14	6 23	8
Del. Co. Sta.....	6 07	9 26	6 32	8
Elwood.....	6 19	9 38	6 45	8
Long Harbor.....	6 31	9 51	6 53	8
Presidentsville.....	6 43	10 15	7 10	8
Atlantic City, A. R.....	6 55	10 27	7 22	8

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Atlantic City.....	6 19	10 45	9	4
Phoenixville.....	6 13	11 10	9	4
Egg Harbor.....	6 38	11 47	9	0
Edwoud.....	6 38	12 10	4	40
Del Costa.....	6 20	12 20	4	50
Hammon.....	7 02	12 20	5	00
Windsor.....	7 12	12 20	5	15
Chesbrook.....	7 23	1 10	5	25
Williamstown Junction.....	7 23	1 10	5	25
Oakland.....	8 10	2 40	6	00
Camden.....	8 10	2 40	6	00
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		A.M.	P.M.	
Philadelphia	8:00	5:00	8:00	
Catonsville	4:45	8:27	5:00	8:00
Baltimore	4:55	8:27	5:00	8:00
Williamstown Junction	5:00	8:05	0:05	9:00
Cedar Brook	6:00	9:12	6:11	9:12
Wind Gap	6:31	9:28	6:27	9:28
Hammonton	7:45	9:28	6:22	9:28
De Co. Sta.	7:20	9:35	6:28	9:35
Frederick	7:45	9:41	6:45	9:41
Frederick	8:00	9:51	6:55	9:51
Frederick	8:15	9:51	7:10	9:51
Frederick	9:15	10:00	7:10	10:00
Atlantic City, Ar.	9:15	10:00	7:10	10:00

	Acc.	Mtd.	Ag.	Sen'y.
Atlantic City	6.18	10.45	0	4.00
Pleasantville	6.18	11.49	0	4.00
Egg Harbor	6.18	11.47	0	4.00
Edwood	6.18	12.16	4.40	4.00
De Costa	7.00	12.76	4.57	4.50
Hampton	7.00	12.76	5.03	5.00
Weymouth	7.12	12.76	5.17	5.13
Camden, N. J.	7.20	1.16	5.27	5.25
Williamstown Junction	7.20	1.20	5.29	5.25
Oakland	8.00	2.26	5.67	5.63
Camden	8.12	2.49	6.07	6.00
Philadelphia	8.25	6.30	6.30	6.30

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Camden & Atlantic Railroad
UP TO INS.

STATIONS.	A. L. C. a. m.	Mail T. m.	S. A. C. a. m.	H. A. C. a. m.
Philadelphia	9 50	5 50	9 50	
Camden	9 13	5 40	9 40	7 28
Patuxent R. R. Junction	9 08	5 35	9 35	7 23
Highland	8 58	5 25	9 25	7 13
Baltimore	8 52	5 21	9 21	7 07
Attleboro	8 42	5 15	9 15	6 58
Watertown	8 33	4 47	9 07	6 49
Lowell	8 08	4 35	8 55	6 13
Wilmington	8 00	4 28	8 25	6 05
Haverhill	7 50	4 20	8 15	
Danvers	7 40	4 15	8 10	
Lowell	7 36	4 05	8 05	
Egg Harbor City	7 15	3 40	7 45	
Atlantic City	7 00	3 30	7 30	

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	A.C. in.	Mile a. b.	Su. Ac. p. m.	Ha. Ac. p. m.
Philadelphia.....	4 30	8 00	4 20	6 00
Camden.....	4 40	8 10	4 40	6 10
Penna. R. R. Junction.....	4 45	8 15	4 45	6 15
Ha. N. Knoll.....	4 56	8 26	4 56	6 26
Exilla.....	5 00	8 30	5 00	6 30
Atco.....	5 27	8 47	5 27	6 47
Waterford.....	5 35	8 51	5 35	7 01
Winslow.....	5 48	9 16	5 08	7 23
Hammonton.....	5 57	9 22	5 08	7 31
Elm.....	6 02	9 27	5 15	7 36
Elwood.....	6 10	9 35	5 24	7 44
Egg Harbor City.....	6 18	9 45	5 32	7 52
Aspen.....	6 38	10 07	5 48	8 08
Aspen City.....	6 50	10 20	7 03	8 21

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This Company have no knowledge of all
a STOCK ORGAN B... having
been RE-ORGANIZED, has decided to
in the future do a

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Having succeeded in paying out the LIABILITIES, and securing

**Actual Net Available surplus
of Over-Solvent**

...DIRECTOR feel that ... all who
desire insurance not only ... RATES AND
UNQUESTIONABLE SECURITY, but much
greater probability of ...
... 1968.

ment for years to come. Since this surplus is not probable, losses on the bonds until their expiration. On receipt from new issues the surplus will be

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and will continue in the
past, to act on the
PROMPT PAY

without seeking to lay
grounds.

Hereafter, no notes
must, until they are
We would call espe
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