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The Pearl of Great Price.

BY MRS. A. V. MUMFORD.

What seek you, my child,
The hours are fleeting,
Old time the same lesson
Is ever repeating.
Though pleasures allure
And seek to entice,
I would have you be sure
Of the "Pearl of great Price."

But where shall I find it?
Instruct me to be
More watchful and prayerful
Of all that I see.
I fear that the glitter
Of pleasure and vice,
Will shut from my vision
The "Pearl of great Price."

This Pearl is in reach
Of all who may seek;
Pride shuts out the vision
Enjoyed by the meek;
Self is the obstruction
Of cunning device,
Which we must overcome
For the "Pearl of great Price."

To the glitter of wealth
Must I close my eyes?
And never behold
What others would prize?
And if I should find it,
What use would it be?
For a stronger than I
Might wrest it from me.

You need not fear, my child,
I once you should gain,
This treasure on earth,
It will ever remain.
'Tis the gift of Our Father,
And by His command
No one shall be able
To pluck from thy hand.

Hammonton, May 22, 1882.

Guiteau MUST Hang.

The published announcement that the decision of the motion to annul the verdict and sentence in the Guiteau case would be delivered Monday morning by the Supreme Court of the District attracted to the court-room a large audience, among whom were many members of the bar. District-attorney Corkhill and Mr. Walter R. Davidge were present, representing the Government, and Mr. Charles H. Reed, representing the condemned man. At a quarter past ten the Judges—Chief Justice Carer and Justices Hagner, MacArthur and James—took their seats on the bench, and Judge James, having before him a pile of manuscript, proceeded to read the opinion of the Court. The reading occupied an hour and a quarter.

After reciting the facts of the murder, the removal to Elberon and the death of President Garfield, the opinion goes immediately to the question of jurisdiction. The Crime Act of 1790, providing for the "trial and punishment of any one committing murder in territory exclusively under the jurisdiction of the United States" is cited. The prisoner's counsel argued that this law did not apply to the District of Columbia; but the opinion of the Court in banc declares it to be applicable to the District, as well as to other territory under the jurisdiction of the United States.

The point made by Mr. Reed that the assassination and the death must occur in the same jurisdiction is next discussed. After citing many authorities and going very exhaustively into the precedents of common law, upon which it is argument for Guiteau relied mainly, the Court says:

"We believe that the authorities establish the conclusion that at common law, where a felonious blow was struck in one county and death ensued in another, murder was held to have been thereby committed, in the county where the blow was struck."

Turning from the common law to the United States statutes, the Court asks whether it can be supposed an injured party must die in a fort or dockyard, if there assaulted by another party, for the crime of murder to be legally made out. A dockyard is (one of the places mentioned in the statute as under the control of the United States) is not a suitable place for a wounded person to remain, and the intent of the statute is evidently that the crime is committed where the blow is struck, regardless of where injured party may die. In concluding on the question of jurisdiction, the Court said:

"We hold, therefore, that the Criminal Court had upon the case shown by the record jurisdiction to try, convict

and sentence the defendant for murder committed within the District of Columbia."

Continuing, Justice James said:

"We have now to inquire whether error occurred in the trial. It appears that several experts in insanity and unprofessional witnesses, who had knowledge of the defendant, were asked whether, in their opinion, he knew the difference between right and wrong; and to this question and the affirmative answer exception was taken on the ground that a witness can only state an opinion as to sanity or insanity, and that knowledge of right and wrong is a conclusion which must be left to the jury. If a witness is competent to give his opinion as to the mental condition of the accused, he is competent to state his opinion as to the degree of capacity or disorder, and whether the degree of insanity was such as to deprive him of the knowledge of right and wrong."

The testimony given by some of the experts was quoted by the Court, which declared it could find no error in its admission.

The portion of the opinion which was looked for with most interest by both the lawyers and laity was that ruling on Mrs. Dunmire's testimony regarding Guiteau's sanity. This was next taken up, Judge James saying:

Mrs. Dunmire, who was married to the defendant in July, 1869, and was his wife for four years but had been divorced from him, and was asked the following questions:

"I will ask you to state to the jury whether in your association with him (the defendant) you ever saw anything that would indicate that he was a man of unsound mind?"

The Court had ruled that the confidential communications between husband and wife were protected in the examination.

The question was admitted under exception and the answer was "I never did."

This question called for the witness' observation of the defendant's soundness or unsoundness of mind, and the objection goes partly on the ground that, notwithstanding the ruling of the courts, the confidential communications between the husband and wife were protected.

The Court also held that none of the remaining exceptions to testimony admitted or to the charge of Judge Cox are well taken, and sustains his rulings and his charge to the jury in every particular.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22, 1882.

The miserable, damp, Arctic weather of the past two weeks has given away to the mild and balmy atmosphere for which the capital is renowned. Inspired by the change from overcoats to Panama hats, the Senate distinguished itself by going to the calendar of bills reported from the Committee on Public Buildings and passing bills for erection of public buildings amounting to \$1,975,000. Louisville, Ky., gets \$500,000; Hannibal, Mo., \$75,000; Detroit, Mich., \$600,000; Council Bluffs, Iowa, \$100,000; Galveston, Texas, \$125,000; La Crosse, Wisconsin, \$120,000; and smaller amounts divided among a dozen or more places.

The five per cent Land Bill, so-called, also passed the Senate. The bill provides that lands entered by military scrip or bounty land warrants in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Oregon, Nevada, and Colorado, including the Virginia military and United States military land warrants located in Ohio, shall be construed to come within the provisions of the law for the payment to the States of 5 per centum of the proceeds of public lands to be estimated at the rate of \$1.25 per acre, and payments to be made in cash. It is also provided that money remaining on the books of the Treasury to the credit of any of the public land States under the act of 1836, which distributed the Treasury surplus, shall not be charged as an offset against any part of the amount coming to a State under the bill. The bill prohibits the States from paying any part of the money received by them to agents or attorneys for services in procuring the passage of the act,

or in connection with the claims of the States, unless such payments are authorized by the State laws passed after the date of the act.

In the House of Representatives, notwithstanding the superior attraction of the spring races of the Washington Jockey Club, some business was transacted. The bill extending the charters of the National Banks was passed by a vote of 125 yeas to 67 nays. The bill is too long to even give you a synopsis of it in this brief letter.

In the House Post Office Committee a pending resolution proposing that newspapers of regular subscribers be permitted to pass through the mails free of charge was taken up, and an adverse report decided upon.

The session of the Cabinet was short. All the members were present. The principal question under consideration was the proposed tariff commission. It was generally discussed in all its bearings and an understanding reached that the leading interests of the country should be represented upon the commission by the best men obtainable, but beyond this nothing was determined. It is stated upon the authority of a Cabinet officer that not a single name as a member of the commission has yet been decided upon. The question will again be considered at the next meeting on Tuesday, and present indications are that the full commission will be nominated some time this week.

JOHN.

News Items.

Atlantic City receives more money for hotel and saloon licenses than Cape May, Cumberland and Salem counties combined.—Ex.

The independent course of the Morristown *Jerseyman* in the late local election is endorsed by many of the Republican papers in the State.

The body of an unknown man with the head severed from the trunk was found on the New Jersey Central track near Bayonne on Friday morning.

Governor William A. Newell, of Washington Territory, is on a visit to his friends in this State. He will remain in the East for the next three or four months, during which time he will make Trenton his headquarters.

In the suit of James McKnight vs. the West Jersey Railroad Co. in the Camden court last week, for damages for the killing of the wife of plaintiff, Judge Parker granted a non suit on the ground of "contributory negligence."

The Summer reunion of the New Jersey Editorial Association will be held at Cresson Springs, fifteen miles beyond Altoona, on the Allegheny Mountains, at a height of 2,200 feet above the sea. The party will probably start from Philadelphia on Tuesday morning, June 27th.

Since April 25th there have been forty-seven cases of small-pox officially reported at Trenton. Of this number twenty-eight were treated by physicians at the homes of the patients, seven died and twelve are in the hospital. All these cases, except two, are reported to be getting better. No new cases have been reported since Friday morning, last week. The cases are confined mostly to the eastern part of the city. The Board of Health do not regard the matter as very serious.

Mrs. Kilpatrick has sent home by Mr. Briggs the tattered battle flag which the General carried through the war, and which he took with him to Chili, and it has been given to Governor Ludlow to be deposited with the trophies of the State. Senator Hobart has been given charge of the settling up of General Kilpatrick's estate, with full power of attorney. The President has approved the bill to bring the remains home at public expense.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration in the Academy of Music, New York, on Decoration Day. Gen. Grant will, reside. President Arthur, members of the cabinet, Gens. Sherman, Hancock, Doubleday and Shaler, Admiral Porter and staff, the Mayor of New York and others will be Vice-Presidents.

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Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.

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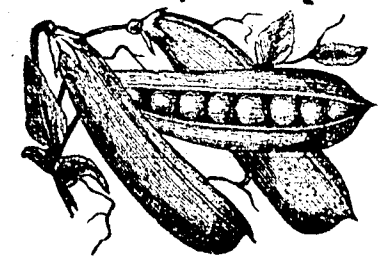
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BOHEMIA'S LAND.

A Song of the Season.

Which is the way from the crowded city,
To land of shadow and still peace,
Where women can love and men can play,
And tears from sorrowing eyes may cease?
For the tolling town is harsh and hollow,
And late points eastward, westward west;
Though many may fall, yet some will follow
To a home of dreams and the haven rest.
For the love of heaven, stretch forth
Your hand,
And point the way to Bohemia's land.

Where are the fields and their emerald cover,
The wayward flowers and traveling cars,
The low-sound love and the long tried love?
They are better by far than our feverish art,
We are sick unto death of jealousy's letter,
The secret digger, the false, but freedom's bet-
The's triumph in time, but freedom's bet-
The's triumph in time, but freedom's bet-

So give us a taste of a wandering life,
The senses drowse in Bohemia's land,
Pain and endless love in Bohemia's land,
Bohemia's ways are strewn with flowers,
Her children free from the revel of wine;
Her dust is washed by the sweetened showers,
'Neath covering trees a they toast and dine,
When stars creep close, why away they wan-
der.

To seek whatever the mind loves best;
For those who dwell when the heart sees yonder
A prairie life and a surer rest.
How many despise, but how few with-
stand,
The ceaseless joys of Bohemia's land.

To the fields away! For Nature presses
On toiling foreheads' balmy kiss;
There's nothing so sweet as her wild caresses,
No love more full to the lips than this;
God grant, my brothers, when all is over,
And holiday hours cut short by fate,
That the sense of flower and scent of clover
May soften sorrow and silence hate.
Old time soon measures the fatal sand,
And the curtain falls on Bohemia's land.
(Chorus) Scott.

Mrs. Davenport's Dilemma.

Mrs. Davenport hated society, but Mr. Davenport adored it, and so like amiable married people they agreed to differ, and each to go their own way, quite cordially enjoying, after the battle was over, narrating to each other what had happened, and counting up the dead and wounded. When Mrs. Davenport was very young Mr. Davenport had carefully accompanied her to her carriage, and sent her maid to take care of her, and had himself sat up to receive her when she returned. But as she grew older this sensitive care relaxed, and as he found that she was quite content to go alone, he allowed her to do so, with the family coachman on the box. She in her turn was entirely dependent on his restraint, but should allow some lesser and more youthful satellite to sit up and watch for her as she came home late from opera or ball.

There had been talk of a night key, but Mrs. Davenport thought that looked too masculine, and she also had a suspicion that she should never learn how to use it. It is a secret difficult of solution to the feminine mind, that of a latch key. So Mrs. Davenport, strong in the confidence of her husband's love, serene of conscience, and enjoying the devotion of a large family of servants, who loved her, went off to Mrs. Appleby's ball on the evening of November 12th, looking lovely.

The ball was a large and fine one, and Mrs. Davenport enjoyed it. She would have left at one o'clock, but that Herr von Dergmann, the German philologist, was presented to her, and talked so well, and was so evidently inspired by her bright eyes, that she stayed on; and then the hostess had the great singer, Larumburnian, who must be spoken to in Italian, and Mrs. Davenport spoke Italian with the true Tuscan purity.

So she left the ball very late. Sick-nell, her coachman, was sleepy and cross, and after depositing her at her number (which is thirty-nine by the way) he drove off very quickly. It was a fine night. Mrs. Davenport liked to look at the stars, and she gazed up admiringly, almost regretting to leave a scene which decidedly paid the ornamentation of the ball room ceiling she had just left.

She was destined to see a great deal more of these same stars than she had bargained for on that particular night, poor woman!

She rung sharply. Nobody came. She rang again. Nobody came. She rang a third time. Davenport began to feel chilly about the feet, which were delicately clad in white satin slippers and silk stockings.

She wrapped her fur cloak about her and looked up at number thirty-nine, her own familiar brownstone house. No sign of movement, although the gas burned in the hall. She rang and rang. No response. And then she realized that she was locked out, that everybody was asleep, and that there she might stay the rest of the night. She remembered, also, too late, that she had trusted to her waiter, a gen-

leman of African descent, who had been known to go to sleep on these night watches, to let her in. Now he seemed to be sunk in the deepest oblivion. But then, if Orlando slept, some one else had generally waked, and either roused him, or let her in, individually. Mrs. Davenport shut-door. A night on her own front steps!

She kept on ringing desperately. Presently a policeman came along, and to him she appealed.

"Oh, got a key?" said he. "Let me help unlock the door."

"But I have not got a key," said the miserable woman.

"Bad, bad," said the officer. "I never knew them to wake up. However, I will rap for you."

So he pounded the bluffs with his club and made a terrible noise. Two or three heads looked out of the opposite windows. One inward raised a window and begged that her rest might not be ruined.

"Lady looked out," sang the policeman.

"Well, is that any reason why you should try to wake the door?" asked the late policeman opposite.

The policeman walked on, leaving Mrs. Davenport in despair.

"Haven't you any friends in this neighborhood?" he asked.

"I should think not," said she feebly.

She drew her fur cloak about her and sat down on the door mat. She did not regard that useful article in the light of a divan before; now she was glad of even that medium between herself and the cold doorstep. To ring would not mend the matter; to ring and pound, and rattle the blinds was useless. Everybody was asleep. She had been forgotten. She, the core of the whole thing, the mainspring of that establishment. Her husband and children and her servants had, each trusting to somebody else, gone to bed and forgotten her.

She looked up at the moon and stars, at Jupiter and at several other illustrious denizens of the sky, and found them cold and unympathetic. She began to think of her sins, and feared that she had not been sufficiently kind to homeless outcasts. Even the cats, who were the only people abroad in her quiet street, came in for her sympathy.

"They have a hard time, poor things," said she, "always locked out."

It was a cat, however, who gave her an idea. Evidently a predatory Arab of a cat who thought he owned her front steps, for after stealthily creeping up and finding her in possession, he leaped on to a neighboring balcony. She looked after him.

"Dr. Montgomery's and a speaking tube!" said she. "Why did I not remember that before?"

Mrs. Davenport drew up her long yellow satin train, laid her fan and handkerchief on the doorstep, and as fast as high heels and satin slippers would allow, went down her own steps and up those of her neighbor who lived at thirty-seven.

"He is a doctor accustomed to be awakened at all hours," said she.

She rang and heard a sleepy voice come down.

"What do you want?"

"Help! help!" said she.

"What help? Who? What number?" asked the doctor.

"Thirty-nine; great trouble! Immediate!" said Mrs. Davenport.

The doctor seemed to be hours in coming down. She was nearly in despair again, but at length he opened the door in his heavy overcoat and hat.

"Oh, doctor! doctor! let me in!" said the lady, now quite hysterical.

"Your house is warm, do let me in!"

The doctor was, of course, astonished to see his fashionable neighbor, but he was not unhelpful.

"Will you go up and knock at the partition wall in your front room, doctor, and try to wake Mr. Davenport?" said Mrs. Davenport, now in tears.

"Yes, madam, if you say so. But had you not better spend the night here?"

"What, next door to thirty-nine! Oh, no! I could not, I must go home. Please, doctor, if it will not disturb Mr. Montgomery, do go up and make a dreadful noise at the head of Mr. Davenport's bed; it means up against your parlor, for he always hears your piano."

The doctor obeyed, and knocked loudly on the wall.

Mr. Davenport heard a distant thunder in his dreams, turned over, with his deaf ear up and slept again.

After a half hour's fruitless knock-

ing, Mrs. Davenport consented to allow the sleepy doctor to retire to his well-earned repose, while she declared that she would rest as well as she could in an easy chair down in his consulting room.

Thirty-seven, thirty-nine and forty-one were at peace at last, and Mrs. Davenport, wrapped in her cloak and in a warm room in the house of a neighbor and a friend, grew composed, and finally laughed at her adventure.

It would be a good joke next morning; but as for Orlando, her colored waiter, there was a lookout for him of the blackest! Then poor Mr. Davenport, how alarmed he would be! But she would wait and see the servants begin to open the house, and steal in before he waked up. So saying, she fell sound asleep in the chair.

At length, Mr. Davenport, like all heavy sleepers, woke up suddenly and entirely. He did not know why, but it seemed to him that he had a disturbed night. As he lay trying to collect his faculties, he heard the clock strike four.

"How quiet Coralie is!" said Mr. Davenport. "I fired after the ball, I suppose."

Mrs. Davenport listened to hear, through the open door and curtained recess, the quiet breathing of his wife in the next room. She was strangely still, and Mr. Davenport arose softly and crept in to see what could be the matter.

"Heavens!" said he; "nobody in the bed! Coralie not home at four o'clock!"

Mr. Davenport paused a moment. Could the horses have run away? Could the coachman have been drunk? That had happened before. Could his poor wife have been thrown, dragged—no, the idea was too horrible. Could she have been locked out. He felt the cold perspiration start on his brow. He rang every bell in the house; he proceeded to dress himself. He danced, in his agony and agitation. Then, as his sleepy servants began to appear and one after the other disclaimed any knowledge of their mistress, he descended to the front door. There lay Mrs. Davenport's fan, handkerchief and gloves. She had been home; she had failed to gain admittance; she had either been ruthlessly carried off, or she had committed suicide. Mr. Davenport lost his head.

"She may have gone to her sister's or to some hotel," said her maid.

"What, at three in the morning, you wretched sleepy head!" said Mr. Davenport wildly.

To discharge Orlando, to go for the police, to rouse the world, these were his first ideas. He rang up every signal officer in town. The whole machinery of public service was at work to find the missing lady.

Mr. Davenport went after his coachman who, though fully testifying to the fact that he had been drunk, could swear that he left the lady at her own door, at about half-past two in the morning. To take a carriage, to drive to Mrs. Davenport's sister's, to all the hotels, these were the duties which the wretched man took upon himself.

In the meantime Mrs. Davenport slept sweetly in the doctor's arm chair until the household coming in, uttered a loud shriek and cried—

"Rabbers!"

To peep after, to rouse herself, to step out of the doctor's front door and into her own house was the work of a moment. Mrs. Davenport found all of her people at home and thoroughly awake, but where was Mr. Davenport? Knowing his temperance, Mrs. Davenport felt sure that he would not return until he had dragged the East river. She was at home, all right, and proceeded like a calm woman to get off her ball dress, satin shoes and silken hose, and to put on her dressing-gown, take a cup of tea, get warm and then reflect upon what should be done with Mr. Davenport's case.

"It will all be in the papers," said her present soul. "This very evening at the farthest; I will telegraph everywhere," she remarked, ringing for a messenger boy.

"Hello!" said a man at the signal station; "this is queer! Here is a man trying to find his wife, and now there comes along a woman trying to find her husband, and they are both named—Davenport!"

"I dare say—nothing to each other—common name—coincidence," said the telegraph operator, who had least to talk in jerks.

"Let me see the number?" said the signal man.

"Thirty-nine. Yes; it is the same queer case!"

"Wonder what it all means?"

It was late in the day before a hag-

gard man was found standing on the brink of East river hanging a fan, a pair of gloves and a handkerchief.

When he was taken home, after the usual expressions of mingled affection and disgust, anger, joy, reproach and great contentment, which all married pairs will remember, and furnish for themselves, Mrs. Davenport remarked, plaintively:

"Why did you not think of Dr. Montgomery's, and the speaking tube?"

"I don't know why I never thought of it; how did you happen to, Coralie?"

"It was the cat!" exclaimed Mrs. Davenport, gratefully.

Mr. Davenport, unwilling to trust to this somewhat uncertain benefactor, had a bell put in which now rings in the garret, and a speaking tube which communicates with his own room; and Mrs. Davenport carries to all the balls now a large and inconvenient latch-key.

Ants may be easily destroyed by dissolving sugar of lead in water, and moistening brown sugar with the solution. The sugar is then spread upon pieces of paper or shavings, and these are scattered about where the ants run. C. W. states that the green fly upon house plants can be disposed of by sprinkling weak tobacco water on the plants.

IRS ORIGIN.—The Chinese are very expert in telling the time of day by looking in the cat's eyes. They will run to the nearest cat, open her eyes, and at once tell what time it is, all depending upon the size of the aperture of the pupil of the eye, which is affected by the position of the sun and the character of the light, even when the day is cloudy. This method probably gave rise to the well-known nursery rhyme:

Sickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
WEATHER WISDOM.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you can see. Keep your eye upon it, and if it decreases and disappears, it means a state of the air that is conducive to be followed by fair weather; but if it increases in size, take your great coat with you, for if you are going from home, for falling weather is not far off. The reason is this: When the air is becoming charged with electricity, you see every cloud attracting all lesser ones toward it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off, or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

MEDICAL ATTENDANCE BY TELEPHONE.—A few evenings ago a physician of North Adams, Mass., was called by telephone about one o'clock at night. The call came from Briggs, about two miles away. A child was there suffering with croup, and in a critical condition. The night was dark and stormy, and the doctor found nothing pleasant in the contemplation of the trip which he was asked to make. When preparing to go out into the darkness and rain, his mind conceived a bright thought, which was immediately followed by act. He called the Briggsville house in which the little sufferer lay, and requested the parents to bring it to the telephone transmitter. This was done. The child coughed its croupy cough, and the doctor listened intently to every sound that came from his patient. He prescribed a remedy, and one of the family prepared and administered it. The relief was immediate and the recovery rapid. The doctor waited at the telephone until he heard of the favorable results of his prescription, and then sought again the repose of his couch, pronouncing blessings on the inventor of the telephone.

The Age of Great Expectation.

It is perfectly true that our age has a thousand times the resources of any that preceded it, but the question still remains, "Does it use them to a thousand times better purpose?" He must be indeed a sturdy optimist who can bring himself to answer that question in the affirmative. That it is an age of great opportunities there can be no doubt; that it is not simply what critics like Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin have represented it to be: "the age of money-bags and can't, soot, hubbub and ugliness," may be granted; not need it be denied that in such high matters as science, religion and social organization "great things are in the air." But in these respects it can only be called at best "the age of great expectations," and great expectations are sometimes very slow in getting realized, after the precedent of Mr. Micawber. We may perhaps be on the eve of the millennium, but as yet we discern no signs of the dawn.

There is one very simple way of testing the comparative moral value of our progress. Of the sudden and enormous change in our external and material life between 1782 and 1882, a change beyond all example or idea or expectation of any previous period in the world's history, there can be no manner of doubt. But it may well be questioned if England was not as much wiser, stronger, and better in 1782 than in 1882, and in 1882 than 1882, as it is better now than in 1782; and if we were to go further back the change in these respects would be still more noticeable. Or again, compare England with other European countries; the material progress has been very much more rapid here than anywhere else, while in some countries, like Spain, there has been hardly any at all. "Has the relative position of these nations in the scale of true civilization altered so much? Not at all!" If from ungodly we pass to scientific progress, it is obvious that to place the marvelous tools of modern science beside those used by Copernicus or Galileo would be like putting a modern ironclad by the side of a Chinese junk. But will it be pretended that in scientific genius the age even of Faraday and Darwin towers above that of Newton and Herschel, or of Bacon, Leibnitz and Descartes? "You may raise your mechanical apparatus of science to a thousandfold, you do not double your scientific genius once!" Still less could it be plausibly maintained that we have advanced in philosophy or in art, or in the quality of our literature, immensely as is the increase in quantity, when the press turns out more matter in legible type every day than in Dr. Johnson's time it turned out in a year, or in Shakespeare's time in a century. We have not excelled Mozart or Beethoven in music, or Reynolds and Gainsborough in painting, nor speak of the great painters of an earlier age. "We are as much superior in material appliances to the men of Milton's day and Newton's day, as they were to Africans or Zulus. Are we equally superior in cultivation of brain, heart or character, to the contemporaries of Milton and Newton?"

It may perhaps be argued that, if no serious claim can be preferred to any moral superiority at all corresponding to our huge material advance, we have at least gained much in all that adds to the grace and charm, "the bloom of social life." But such a claim is hardly more admissible than the other. Can it really be maintained that life a hundred or two hundred years ago, before steam, electricity or photography existed, was so cramped and helpless a thing, so borne and ill provided? "Somehow it was not." In some ways indeed, this very same material advance, with all the hurry and skurry of modern life—if such a phrase may be allowed—has served to rub off the bloom as Mr. W. B. Greg was never tired of reminding us.

Instructive.

Life hath its barren years,
When life seems all unlovely done,
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil, when nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days,
The golden promise of the morn,
That seemed for right and gladness here,
Meant only noontide woe and sore,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys, too,
Where we must walk with vain regret,
With mourning cloths, with wild rain wet
Toward midnight hopes that soon must set,
All quashed in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple-weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of patient sowing and bread pure and rich
Of plenteous ripening and pure rich
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruition, its bliss answered prayer,
Sweet for waiting long, whose holy air,
Indrawn to silent rest, breathes forth its
rare,
Grand speech by joy forthwith.

A Lecturing Experience.

It is bad enough to realize that you are a failure; but it is quite too harrowing to be told so to your face, and all the more harrowing when your informant does not know whom he is addressing. Once, long ago, I gave an isolated lecture in Manchester, on the Carlist war in Spain, from which I had recently returned. It was a poor sort of lecture, it was a bad lecture, and it was a worse lecturer. I felt rather miserable as I stood in the auditorium, trying to converse with the secretary while the fog end of the audience slowly dispersed. A young gentleman sauntered up, and, not recognizing me as the lecturer, addressed the secretary. "Infernal poor lecture," this friendly creature observed. "Don't you think so?" he asked of the secretary. That official remained dumb in embarrassment. "Don't you think so, sir?" said he, addressing me. "Quite agree with you," was my reply, made in sad truth. "Of course it was," he continued. "We all know the fellow can write first-rate; but he ought to stick to his pen, and not try to lecture, for he can't lecture worth a blank! Isn't that so, sir?" again addressing me, as a previous sympathizer.

Again I expressed agreement with him, and he was proceeding with detailed criticism of an emphatic character, when the secretary, in a cold perspiration, clutched hold of him, dragged him to one side, and whispered something to him. The next thing I saw of the frank and ingenuous critic was his fluttering coat-tails, as he dashed headlong from the hall. He could not rally himself even to apologize; and, besides, what had he to apologize for?

Culinary Art.

BREAD SAUCE.—Put into a half pint of cold milk one small onion, three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few pepper-corns and a little salt. Set the whole to boil, then strain the milk over a tea-spoonful of fine bread crumbs. Stir well on the fire for a few minutes, adding at the time of serving either a small pat of butter or a tablespoonful of cream.

ORANGE CAKE.—Two cups of flour, two of sugar, a half-cup of water, yolk of five eggs, whites of three, pinch of salt, a half-teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, juice and grated rind of one orange. Bake in jelly-cake pans. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, and two tablespoonfuls of soft sugar; the juice and grated rind of an orange spread over each cake, then place one on the other; let the top be leed.

WHIPPED POTATOES.—Whip boiled potatoes to creamy lightness with a fork; beat in butter, milk, pepper and salt; add the frothed white of an egg; toss irregularly upon a dish, set in the oven two minutes to reheat, but do not let it color.

BROILED OYSTERS.—If you have a wire gridiron with the wires close enough together to prevent the oysters from dropping through, small ones can be broiled without much trouble. They do not need to be turned over. When done lay them on slices of buttered toast, pepper and salt and butter them.

TO STEW FRESH PORK.—Cut about two pounds into a dozen pieces; put into a saucepan with one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, one of sugar, a half-teaspoonful of pepper, two medium-sized onions, sliced, and a half-pint of water. Set on the fire for ten minutes, till a thick gravy is formed. Add a teaspoonful of flour; stir for a few min-

Stagnation.

Quill, having spoken rather disparagingly of the opposite sex in the hearing of a lady friend, was rebuked for his impudence. "What," she asked, "would be the effect upon the man if all the little 'dears' should perish?" "The result," replied Quill, "would be a universal stagnation!"

Our efficiency depends so much on our concentration that Nature usually, in the instances where a marked man is set into the world, overloads him with bias, sacrificing his symmetry to his working power.—Culture.

Scientific Economy.

There are only six charcoal furnaces in Great Britain, and they all belong to one firm. The annual yield of charcoal from one is about 5000 tons.

False Ipecacuanha is distinguishable from the pure drug by being more branched, by its dirty white color, and by the absence of the annular rings present in the genuine article.

Wood piled in a tank and covered with quicklime, which is gradually slacked with water, is said to acquire great hardness and consistency, after the lime has acted upon it for a week or more.

The Kizankil Valley, in Roumania, is entirely given up to the cultivation of roses. The essence is sold wholesale in Paris at from £30 to £40 per pound, while it is retailed at £100 or more per pound.

An exchange says a bee-keeper in Los Angeles, Cal., has received an order from Australia for several colonies of bumble bees. They are wanted to distribute the pollen of the clover fields, so as to fertilize the seeds.

De Fosse of Paris, has introduced a paper covering for furniture. It is made in imitation of Cordova leather, and is said to be so effective in its purposes as to promise competition with textile fabrics for upholstery work.

In Switzerland small coins are now made from pure metallic nickel rolled by the Flettman process. These coins are said to be much superior to the alloy of 25 per cent. of nickel and 75 per cent. of copper heretofore used there.

This cheap and simple remedy is recommended by somebody for the nose-bleed: Move the jaws rapidly, as in the act of chewing. A wad of paper, or gum, or tobacco, or a piece of boarding-house beef, will answer for the experiment.

Lard butter seems to have obtained a tolerably firm hold on the New York market. A Boston firm has shipped to New York this winter over 1,000,000 pounds of lard, to be sold for making butter, for which it cents more was received than for rendered lard.

The uses to which paper is applicable are almost unlimited. Paper pulp, treated with chloride of zinc and subjected to a resure, forms a substance resembling both leather and wood. Steam packing is made by impregnating plumbago into paper while in its pulpy state.

The average life of an English gold sovereign is about eighteen years—that is, the coin loses three quarters of a grain in weight in about that length of time. It then ceases to be legal tender. It is said that of the £100,000,000 of British gold coinage, 40 per cent is worn down below the legal weight.

Dr. Finzelberg reports excellent success from the use of pepsine and hydrochloric acid as preventive of sea sickness. As much pepsine as will lay on the point of a knife is mixed with five drops of hydrochloric acid, and enough water added to give it a pleasant acid taste like lemonade. It is taken after the meal or at other times.

Mr. Muybridge has been exhibiting some remarkable rapid process photographs in Paris, one of which is said to have been taken in one-hundredth of a second. He has obtained a series of six photographs during the leap of a clown, which when projected on a screen by a zoetrope exhibit the clown as in motion, with all his changes of position.

According to Les Mondes MM. Scarpio and Baldo, with an induced current, arranged in two blocks, placed on the poles of the magnetic nucleus and communicating with each other so that their poles of junction may be at equal distances from the nucleus, have obtained effects of much greater power than is possible with the usual arrangement of the Ruhmkorff coil.

It is discovered that perfumes exert a healthy influence on the atmosphere converting its oxygen into ozone. Cherry, laurel, clove, lavender, mint, juniper, fennel and bergamot develop the largest quantity of ozone. Flowers without perfume do not develop it, but the flowers of narcissus, mimosa, heliotrope and lily of the valley develop it in large vessels. Odorous flowers, cultivated in marshy places, would be valuable in purifying the air.

A well-known lawyer declared one day at a dinner that the biggest thing he had ever done was to cross-examine a man until he did not know whether he was married or not.

It isn't the girl that is loaded with powder who goes off the easiest.

The Latest Modes.

Nymphs ennuie is the newest shade of pink.

Long silk gloves of pale sage green are very fashionable.

Yellow linen lace trims many of the new spring bonnets. The patterns are in thick, raised figures, resembling gurgling lace in design.

Newly imported silk hose, showing handsome shades of dark wine color or ruby, are embroidered over the instep with pale yellow butterflies.

The new Alpine hat called the Montagnarde, with high peaked crown and broad brim shading the eyes, is to be a very popular chapeau at the seaside this summer.

Sumatra straw is a new braid which has the appearance of heavy canvas, and is of a soft shade of beige or buff. This new fiber is quite as popular as Manila or Belgian straw.

All dressy bodices for young ladies are laced at the back; they open in a square heart-shape in front, and are usually bordered with lace, embroidery, or beaded applique bands.

Four different materials, harmonizing in color and effect, are sometimes used upon new French wraps. Two materials at least are used, and few outside garments are exhibited which are made wholly of one fabric.

Stylish traveling costumes are exhibited, made of Vigogne of a dark almond color, a neutral shade of beige, or pale silver gray, with waistcoat, pelerine cuffs, and bias band for the tunic, made of plush of a contrasting color.

Summer silks of light texture are now shown with groundworks of olive, claret, moss-green, marine-blue, and golden-brown, with handsomely executed designs of birds and flowers, printed in natural colors upon their surface.

Raw silk in Roman plaided designs, showing artistic combination of color are much used for children's and young ladies' spring costumes. Some of the handsomest of these are made up in conjunction with dark myrtle-green velvet.

Large gypsie bonnets of Tuscan straw, adorned with plaques of cream-colored Spanish lace, nodding ostrich tips of pale willow-green, and bunches of pink clearest blue corns are novel and pretty. The brim inside is faced with pale pink tulle veiled with Spanish lace.

Favorite artistic combinations of color are pale green and silver, turquoise-blue and violet, copper-red and vandyke-brown, fawn-color with gold, sage-green with heliotrope and silver, olive with coral-pink, sapphire-blue with amber, amber willow green, and butterscup-yellow with black or Venetian-red.

Gossipping Reports of Fashionable Foibles for the Fair.

Thus far, this season, there seems to be no style of dress which seems to be the leading one, so that one may wear what accords with her particular style or fancy. This is best seen by studying the representative toilet which the "harlot," our American modistes, to be in fashion, then, seems to be an easy matter. One moment we notice a costume severely plain, with narrow skirt and long, straight ash or pelisse, worn above it but with little draping, and at the next attention is attracted to a toilet resplendent in shirtings, puffs, and platings, with wide panniers and full scarf draperies so voluminous as to defy all artistic boundary lines. The little cap bonnet is quite as much the vogue as the large Gainsborough hat. A short visite, dolman, coat, cape or basque, is as fashionable as the long clinging mantle. It is crinoline or no crinoline as you please. You can wear your hair high or low, puffed, waved, braided, banded or Montague, cut short, or combed down flat over the temples as to Mrs. Hayne, and be still in fashion. Every thing reasonable that one is likely to have in her possession can, just at present, be worn without the fear of special notice, except perhaps a one-button glove. There is a larger choice in hats than bonnets. Some of the most important are covered like the bonnets, with beads, the beaded lace falling softly over the face. They are often bent into three cornered form. The Marlborough is a large flat shape, worn slightly on one side of the head, and is singularly becoming; it is made in lace and Tuscan straw, and is trimmed with long shaded feathers. Much of the split shiny straw is used, especially in the Carlingford, which

Scraps of Humor.

It takes several scruples to make a dram, and yet there are men who can take a dram out of a scruple.

Douglas Jerrold said sagaciously: "Truth is like gold, people manage to make a little of it go a long way."

"Jane," he said, "I think if you lifted your feet from the fire we might have some heat in the room." And they had been married long.

Washington scene.—Deep-voiced grizzler—"Hi, waiter! bring me three more schooners!" Awe-struck spectators, whispering—"That must be the new secretary of the navy."

A little girl, who had been to a children's party, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be happier unless I were to grow."

"Grandpa, the sun is brighter in summer than in winter, is it not?" "Yes, and it's warmer and enjoys better health." "Why does it enjoy better health?" "Because it gets up earlier."

So said: "A pretty girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor but deserving lover and it froze in that position. Now she doesn't know whether to retire from the world or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hatrack."

A traveler who had just read on the guldpost: "Dublin two miles," thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking: "If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "an if yer heels is as slow as yer wits ye'll get there about the judgment day, bebad!"

Dr. H. H. Hubbard, late Surgeon General of the Confederate army, died at San Francisco, aged 55 years.

